When in thy glass thou studiest thy face, Not long, nor yet not seldom, half repelled And buil attracted; when thou hast beheld Of Time's slow ravages the crumbling trace Deciphered now with many an interspace characters crewiile that Beauty spelled),

And in thy threat a cheaking fear hath swelled Of Love, grown cold, cluding thy embrace: Could'st thou but read my gaze of tenderness Affection fused with pity-precious tears Would bring relief to thy unjust distress; Thy visage, even as it to me appears,

Would seem to thee transfigured; thou would'st Me, who am also, Dearest, scarred with years!

DVENING. Age can not wither her whom not gray hairs Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of

For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime, And violets know the victory is theirs. Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares, Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime; So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.

O face yet lair, if paler, and serene With sense of duty done without complaint! O venerable crown: - a living green. Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint-Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but

Fresh bends upon the rosary of a saint! -Wendell P. Garrison in Century.

RESCUED BY LUCK.

In the fall of 1866 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in southern Indiana. The store, a church and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant and the blacksmith were the only residents. The country about was thickly settled up, however, and trade was always good. Before the merchant engaged me be announced that I would have to sleep in the store o' nights, and that unless I had pluck enough to defend the place against maranders he did not want me at any price. He showed me a shotgun, a revolver, and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds, and the doors by double locks. The The war had drifted a bad population into Indiana. The highways were full of tramps, and there were hundreds of men who had determined to make a living by some other means than labor. Several attempts had been made to rob the store, and it had come to that pass that no clerk wanted to sleep there alone.

The merchant seemed satisfied with the answers I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work. That same night a store about four miles away was broken into and robbed and the clerk seriously wounded. Two nights later three horses were stolen in our neighborhood. At the end of the week a farmer who was on his way home from our store was robbed on the highway. If I had not been a light sleeper from habit these occurrences would have tended to prevent too lengthy dreams as I lay in my little bedroom at the front of the second story. The revolver was always placed under my pillow and the shotgun stood within reach. The spring gun was set about midway of the lower floor. It was a double barreled shotgun, each barrel containing a big charge of buckshot, and the man who kicked the string and discharged the weapon would never know what hurt

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room. and after the people in the neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store. I had looked the place over for a weak spot, and had failed to find it, but my own confidence came near proving my destruction. I should have told you, in describing the store, that just over the spot where we set the spring gun was an opening through which we hoisted and lowered such goods as were stored for a time on the second floor. When not in use this opening was covered by a trap door. Toward evening on the tenth day of my clerkship, I he ed up a lot of pails and Pabs, and had just finished when trade became so brisk that I was called to wait upon customers. Later on I saw that I had left the trap door open, and I said to myself that I would let it go until I went to bed. The store had the only burglar proof safe for miles around, and it was customary for the farmer who had \$100 or so to leave it with us. He received an envelope in which to inclose it, and he could take out and put in as he liked. On this evening four or five farmers came in to deposit, and, as I afterward figured up, we had about \$1,500 in the safe.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who annonneed himself as a drover, and the other to a professional tramp. I gave the latter a piece of tobacco and some crackers and checie and he soon went away, and we were so busy up to 9 o'clock that I did not give the drover much attention. When we came to shut up the store he had gone from my mind altogether. We counted up the cash, made some charges in the day book, and it was about 10 o'clock when the merchant left. I was tired out, and I took a candle and made the circuit of the store, set the spring gun and went to bed. I had to pass within six feet of the trap door as I went to my room, but I did not see it. It was a rather chilly night in October, and we had no fires yet, and as I got under the blankets the warmth was so grateful that I soon fell asleep. It was the first night I had gone to bed without thinking of robbers and wondering how I should act in case they came in. I did not know when I fell asleep. I suddenly found myself half upright in bed, and there was an echo in the store, as if the fall of something had aroused me. It was I o'clock, and I had been asleep almost three hours. Leaning on my elbow, I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound, and after a minute I heard a movement down stairs. While I could not say what it was, a sort of instinct told me that it was made by some human being.

Everything on the street was as silent as the grave. My window curtain was up, and I could see that the sky had thickened up and was very black. I did not wait for the noise to be repeated. was just as sure that some one was in the store as if I had already seen him, and I crept softly out of bed, drew on my tronsers, and moved out into the big room, having the revolver in my hand. There was no door at the head of the stairs. I intended to go there and listen down the stairway. As I was moving across The room, which was then pretty clear of goods as far as the trap door, I suddenly recollected this opening and changed my course to reach it. It was terribly dark in the room, and one unfamiliar with the place would not have dared to move a Half way to the trap I got down on my hands and knees, and as I reached the epening. I settled down on my stomach. There was a dim light down stairs. That section the fact that some one was in the store. After a minute I heard whispers,

then the movement of feet, then a certain sound which located the intruders to a foot. I drew myself forward and looked down the opening. I could see a lighted candle and two or three dark figures at the safe, and I could bear the combination being worked. My first thought was to drop my hand down and open fire in their direction, but I remembered that we had so many articles hanging up that no bullet had a chance of reaching to the safe. I was wondering what to do when I heard one of the men whisper:

"It's all d-d nonsense. We might work here a week and not hit it."

"But I told you to bring the tools and you wouldn't," protested another.
"Oh, dry up?" put in a third voice.
"What we want to do is to go up and bring that counterhopper down and make

him open the box." "Til give the cussed thing a few more trials," said the first man, and I heard him working away again. My eyes could not have told me the number of robbers, but my ears had. There were three of them, and they were no doubt desperate and determined men. They spoke of bringing me down to open the safe as if no resistance was anticipated or taken into account. Indeed, they might well reason that they lead me at their mercy. The rain was now falling, the night was very dark, and a pistol shot in the store could not have been heard in either of the dwellings. If they had reflected that I might be armed, they would have offset it with the fact that I was a boy of 18, with a girl's face and probably a girl's nerve. I don't deny that I was a bit rattled, and that my lip would quiver in spite of me, but I was at the same time fully determined to protect the store if it cost me my life. How to get at the fellows was what bothered me, but that trouble was soon so'ved.

"There," whispered the man at the combination, as he let go of it, "I won't fool here another minute. That kid knows the combination, and we can make him

work it. Come on.' They were coming up stairs. The best place for me would be at the head of the stairway. The stairs bad a half turn in them, and I would fire upon the first man who came within range. I heard the men coming back to the stairway, and my nerve gave way. It wasn't from cowardice, but the knowledge that I was to kill a human being upset me, I decided to retreat to my room, and, if they persisted in coming that far, I would shoot. The trio had rubbers on their feet, but they came up stairs without trying very hard to prevent making a noise. The one who came first had the candle, and, as he got to the head of the stairs, I saw a knife in his other hand. They made no delay in approaching my room, and with a great effort I braced myself for what I saw must happen. They could not see me until within three or four feet of the door, and their first intimation that I was out of bed was when they heard me call out: "Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

I had them covered with the weapon, and for fifteen seconds there was dead silence. Then they got a plan. The man with the candle dashed it on the floor, and I suppose they meant to rush in on me in the dark but I checkmated it by opening fire. They then either meant to retreat down stairs or toward the rear of the floor, for I saw the three together hunting party swung to the left of the slope moving off, and fired at their dim figures. of the long ridge where, from 150 to 200 Three seconds later there was a great shout of horror, followed by the tre-mendous report of the double barreled rough rattle of shots, the hard hitting of spring gun, and then there was absolute horns against horns, and the drumlike clatter silence. I think I stood in the door, of the hoofs, there was a singular silence, shaking like a leaf, for fully three incongruous with so much rapidly varying minutes before the silence was broken by excitement, for orders had been given that a groan. Then it came to me that the robbers had fallen through the open door had broken in an organized run in a definite upon the cord leading to the gun. I struck a match, lighted my own candle, and, going to the opening, saw three bodies lying below. Running back to the bedroom to recharge my revolver, I then went down stairs to investigate. It was as I suspected. The three had pitched down together. The top of one's head had been blown off by the shot, a second had a hole in his chest as big as your fist, while the third, who was responsible for the groans, was severely wounded in both legs. It was three months before he could be put on trial, and he then got four years in prison. The whole thing was a put up job. The "drover" was a Chicago burglar called "Clawhammer Dick," and he had hidden himself in the store that night, and then let his pals in by the back door. They had a horse and wagon in the rear of the building, and the plan was to rob the store of goods as well as to get at the money in the safe. A bit of carclessness on my part not only saved the store and probably my life, but wiped out a very desperate gang.-New York

A Royal " Case of Emergency."

caught in the spur of an officer of lancers; for, as the herd surged ahead, there came result, a tremendous rent in the sweeping from their feet one of the most persistent skirt, and a long whisp of gown trailing showers of snow balls, of iron like conon the floor. Before the princess had sistency, that any one was ever called on to time to appeal to one of her ladies in face, and was surpassed only by those thrown waiting, the crown prince of Prussia had by the horses themselves, which, strung out produced a pretty little morocco etui, from which he extracted a dainty pair of had to face as well. Every ball that struck seissors, and kneeling down at the feet of a horse delayed him. One man, struck on the bride skillfully cut away the wreck. the head, was disabled from managing his After he had effectually relieved the princess of her incumbrance he rose, bowed profoundly, returned his "case of emergency" to his pocket and resumed his place by the king's side, amid the subdued murmurs of satisfaction of all the ladies near

The tremendous social success that attended his graceful little action was tenfold enhanced when, later son in the evening, it came out that, on Victor Emmanuel complimenting him anent the forethought he displayed in carrying a complete trousse about with him, even in the ballroom, "our Fritz" replied: "The whole merit of the idea belongs to my wife, sire, not to me. Long ago she gave me a pocket necessaire with all sorts of useful things in it-needles and thread, button hooks, sticking plaster and scissors, as you saw just now-and made me promise to keep it always in my pocket wherever What took place just now only I went. proves that I am a lucky fellow to have such a clever wife to look after me,"—"Mon-archs I Have Met," W. Beatty Kingston.

Flats in New York. The flat system is more and more extending, and while it gives rest for the weary and freedom from annoyance on the one hand, it on the other hand, a la Paris, covers up some amount of immorality. It enables, however, a great many poor girls employed in stores, telegraph offices, theatres, etc., to go by twos and threes together and get cheap and comfortable homes, which they cannot get in large hotels or poor, overcrowded boardthat houses with wretchedly cooked food. lesides, they get to have a pride in their little homes, which they adorn with tasts. and comfort .- New York Cor. Kansas City Journal.

Mayn't diamonds and rubles be correctly called atrata gemar

A HUNT ON THE PLAINS.

HOW SOLDIERS CHASED ELK IN THE NEBRASKAN HILLS.

Exciting Moments for Horses as Well as Men-Plan of Attack Upon a Herd-A Big Bunch of Sleepy Elk-A Shower of

Not more than a hundred yards away was a fine grouping of game that would have delighted the heart of Landseer, and certainly delighted mine. Slowly retreating until the friendly ridge once more covered us, we crawled back through the cactus to rejoin our horses and our impatient comrades. As I mounted I said briefly that our time was at hand and the battle not far off. I believe the horses knew this better than the men, for as I came crawling back through the snow every equine ear in the party followed me as closely as if I had a bushel of oats in my possession; and when I mounted my own little sorrel he was trembling from head to foot, and he laid his nose against my knee as if to gain information in his own peculiar way. Every horse in that platoon knew as well as every man what was ahead of himand better, too, for all of them had been in those exciting chases more times than twothirds of the party. The only noises that broke the hush of the still morning were a few hurried whispers and the ominous clicks of the breech locks as the cartridges fell home in their chambers. All the horses' ears were as rigidly set toward the crest, about a hundred yards away, as if they were a charge of fixed bayonets, and the red dilated nostrils, the fixed eyes and the heaving breasts showed that they, too, felt all the excitement

of their masters. THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN. We had arranged our plans the night before, and now we hurried to carry them out. Down the hollow of the ravine the hunters, separated from one another by a space of from three to four yards and facing the ridge that hid us from the unsuspecting elk, were stretched like a skirmish line, while I rode out in front of the center of the line just far enough to be easily seen by all. Looking hurriedly along the little line, I saw that all were ready, with the loaded carbines pointing in the air, the butts resting on the added to the long list of sad suicides from la Journal. right thighs, and a couple of spare cartridges in each man's hand. Raising the butt of my carbine high in the air as a signal for starting, I took a half dozen steps forward at a prancing walk, brought the carbine down to a level, and the line took up a trot for a dozen yards. Then I raised the carbine muzzle up and the party broke into a long, swinging gallop. Half way across the frosted slope, the carbine was raised to full arms length, and we burst over the ridge at a gait that Hanover or Iroquois might envy, and with an unbroken line worthy of the Cent Gardes. The swift impetus carried the sweeping crowd half way from the ridge to the sleepy elk before the latter gained their feet, and by the time the dumfounded brutes had "bunched"-the first act of an affrighted

herd-we were right in among them, Many of the older lainters dropped their carbines across their saddle bows, and, drawing their revolvers, delivered a deadly fire at blinding range. Dashing through this little bewildered herd like a gust of wind, the yards away, the main herd had "bunched," not a whisper should be heard till the elk course. As the western wall of elk horns opened in that direction, with a princely buck at the head, there went up from us a yell that clove the very clouds, and scattered the band only to bunch again. That shout delayed them hardly three seconds, but that three seconds made a success of the hunt. and before it ended we were among them, every citizen and soldier now his own individual commander, and responsible for his

A SHOWER OF SNOW BALLS.

Far down on my right the marshal's carbine had been knocked from his hand by the horns of a plunging buck, while near me, on the left, a burly Wartumberger corporal, with empty, smoking pistol, brought the barrel down like a club on the head of an eik that was trying in the crush to push its way directly over his horse. The elk fell to the ground stunned. It was hand to hoof and horns for a brief second or two, and then the great surging mass broke to the westward and the long chase began. It had been all our way so far, but to the assistance of the herd there now came one of the most unexpected allies that even an old hunter could magine. It was the soft snow, that up to The Princess of Piedmont's dress this time had helped us in tracking them; in disorder, the men and horses in the rear reins, while another, struck full in the face, had his upper lip split open to the teeth. Many followed his example and withdrew from the battle. The chase over, the party slowly assembled near the bodies of the first victims, and the two wagons with a number of men putting in an appearance from camp, we retraced our steps to it, each one recounting his personal adventures.

It was growing dark as the sergeant in charge of the wagon party rapped at my tent and reported: "The wagons are in with the carcasses of nineteen clk, and I am satisfled we have gotten them all, sir." The next day we started for home.-Frederick Journal. Schwatka in The Century.

The Watters of America.

It is twice as difficult to keep waiters under control here as in European cities. They have to be constantly watched or they become careless—they lose the manners of good waiters. The fact is, the average American | Press. diner is the best natured man on earth. The swells of the highest rank in this country will accept attendance in the dining room that would drive a Frenchman into hysterics, The full-blooded American, if his digestion is perfect, will bear anything with an easy good nature. If a trained waiter from Paris or London is placed in one of our leading hotel or restaurant dining rooms, he is conspicuous for his deference and respect. Ho is polite, quick and dexterous, and attempts to assist good digestion by showing a desire to please at every movement. But among American patrons those habits will wear out in less than a month if the waiter is not watched closely They become lax first, and that step is followed by too great familiarity. The lenience and good nature of the guests and the tall and air of the other waiters ruins him. No head waiter can keep a large restaurant or dining room supplied with good kelp in the west, and it is little better in eastern cities. -Hotel Boarder in Globe Democrat.

His Retort.

Customer-What's the charge! Burber-Thirt's cents.

C .- Thirty cents! Why, I thought you ci arged only fifteen cents for a shave. B - Yes, sir, but you see you have a double

C.-Do you shave yourself!

B.-Yes, sir. C .- It is well that you do, or your shaving would ruin you. You would be charged sixty cents every time. B .- Why sot

C .- Because the way you talked to me during the operation of shaving shows you have a quadrupie cirin. - Boston Courier,



Bracer the tought-That chump sandbugged me, Mr. Officer!

Mr. Mellersoil-San'bagged be nothin'! Pm down from Dutchess county t' buy a hoss. That feller tried t' grab my bank, 'n' I jest give him one with th' instituotion.-Puck.

Another Victim.

Romantic Lover (to himself)-She has refused me. She shall suffer! I will darken her life at the cost of my own. Ah, ha, proud beauty! You shall drag through the coming years knowing that a suicide's blood is upon your head.

[Shoots himself. Curtain.] The Proud Beauty (reading from the paper the next day)-Mr. A. S. S. Softhead, a boarder at Mrs. Slimdiet's boarding house, No. 33,333 Avenue X., committed suicide last evening in his room. He has appeared unwell for several days. Thus one more case is

A Mean Fling at the Central City. First Manager-St. Louis is a pretty dead

grippe,-New York Weekly.

heatrical town, isn't it? Second Manager-Dead is no name for it. You have to send carriages to the deadhers; First Manager-But a good deal depends upon what the attraction is, doesn't it?

Second Manager-Doesn't make any difference at all. You couldn't get a good audience for the Declaration of Independence with the original cast.—Chicago America.

Retribution.

The salesman in the music store had succeeded at last, after an hour's hard talking, in working off a cheap, wheezy, screeching fiddle on a customer at four times its value, "Where shall I send it?" be inquired,

"To No. 914 Slugg street, flat A." The salesman's jaw fell. He had moved with his family the day before to No. 914 Slugg street, flat B, on a two years' lease,-Chicago Tribune.

The Duke Gets the Last Word. "You always say 'I guess," said the duke,

and really, I detest your Americanismsthey're so jolly vulgar.'

"I noticed you did not object to borrowing a few legal tender Americanisms from my brother last evening "True, my dear young indy, but you also

might have observed that I got rid of them as fast as I could."-Life.

An Alarming Discovery, Gus-Why, Aigy, what is the matter? Are-

You sick? Algernon-No, my deah fellah, but I'm fwightened about myself. A dector told me vesterday that the air is pwessing on me with a pwessure of fifteen pounds to the inch. That's a tewwilde thing, and I don't believe I can stand it much longer! - Munsey's

They Were Good.

"Go get me some matches," the baron ordered his valet, "and see you try them before you bring them. The last were no good." The valet goes and returns. "HeW"

"They are all good, sir. I tried them every one."-From the French.

She Lived to Learn.

Mr. Caustique-And so old Mrs. Gadd is dend#

Mr. Cary News-Yes, dead and buried, Mr. Caustique-Dead and buried! Humph! I'll wager that by this time she knows all the family antecedents of the woman in the adjacent lot .- 1. fe.

She Mistook the Number.

"You ought to have seen that young fellow travel when he left the house last night," said Mabel's younger brother at the breakfast table. "He struck a 2:40 gait." "No," said Mabel's pa, thoughtfully; "it

was a nine guiter."-Washington Star.

A Vast Difference. Spingle-How did you come out in that em-

bezzlement case against you! Spangle-On, I was discharged Spingle-By the jury!

Spangle-No; by my employer.-Lawrence American.

The Difficulty.

Mamma-Oh, children! why can't you be good and stop quarreling all the time! Jimmie-Well, ma, I want to be a blacksmith and Jennie an anvil, but every time I hit her she hollers.-New York Morning

Looking for Number Two. Shoe Dealer (to young widow, who is hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers)-Are you looking for number two, ma'm!

Young Widow (blushing)-Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man!-Burlington Free An Exchange.

One day in an excess of folly,

The date I have reason to note, To take for a drive my dear Molly I "spouted" my spring overcoat

The sleigh bells they merrily jingled, The air was as sparkling as wine, My Moily's cheeks heat nfully tingled, Her appetite too was divine.

A nice little tere a tete dinner, The cost I neglected to note Till after, and, as I'm a sinter, We are up that apring overcoat.

I wear a fur coal now amonying t-I feel like an aften gout,

A self furnished both I'm enjoying, For want of my spring overcoal.

I'll take this fur garment and "pop" it. (The words of toine ancie I quote)
"I don'd gif you nothings, I should it Mit you for that Bloring of regout. " - Winning diftings

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash th smile that well her pain dissembles, While beneath the drooping lash One starry teardrop hangs and trembles, Though heaven alone records the tear, And fame shall never know her story—

Her heart bee shed a drop as dear As e er bedewed the field of glory. The wife who girds her husband's sword Hil little ones who weep or wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word.

What though her heart be rent asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear. The bolts of denth around him rattle, Hath shed as sacred blood as e'e Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief While to her breast her son she pre-

Then breathes a few brave words and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses, With no one but her secret God

To know the pain that weighs upon her,

Received on freedom's field of honor,

-T. Buckanan Read. How Paper Car Wheels Are Made. Richard N. Allen, the inventor of the paper car wheel, is in town just now. He is here to meet George Pullman. When Allen made his first set of paper car wheels in 1869 he was laughed at, and it was with difficulty that he got the use of a wood car for six months to test his invention. The Pullman the Allen Paper Car Wheel company made first sets of wheels experimented with under

a sleeper is now on exhibition in Hudson, N.

Y. It has a record of 300,000 miles travel. Only the body of the wheel is of paper. The material is calendered rye Ills. This is sent to the works in circular sheets of 22 to 40 inches in diameter. Two men standing by piles of these rapidly brush over each sheet an even coat of flour paste, until there are a dozen of them, which make a layer. The layers are subjected to a hydraulic press, with a pressure of 500 tons, After various other manipulations several of these twelve sheet layers are pasted together, until there are formed circular blocks containing 120 to 160 sheets each, compressed to 5 1-2 or 4 1-2 inches thickness, just the size to fit the inner circle of the tire. - Chicago

A New Application for Electricity.

Pathologically considered, the electric current has been and is doing a vast amount of good, and physicians of the highest repute do not to-day consider themselves fully provided with the quota of their requisites until they have a standard set of instruments. Electricity is by them applied to nervous disorders, and by surgeons in cautery to great advantage,

But why not go a step farther? It is a fact that, properly applied, the electric current effectually destroys all disease germs in impure water. Then why not destroy similar cerms and organisms in cellular pathology? Why not apply this attribute to the extinction of all cancerous growths and skin or tissue diseases? There is room in the suggestion for much interesting experiment. We do not mean electro-cautery, but the application of what we may term electrolysis to organic life, and its resolution into its harmless elements.—Electrical Review.

Bangs for Colored Belles,

All the world does not know that there are hair stores in New York where colored belies can fit themselves out in artificial bangs, switches and knots all ready to set on. These institutions are few, to be sure, and are located on unpretentions avenues and humble but they undoubtedly fill a very noticeable "long felt want." The hair used in the manufacture of these things is blacker than Egyptian night, very shiny, and seems to lend itself to the kinking process with the greatest abandon. Where does it come from! Echo answers "where?" The proprietress of one of these stores, on being questioned, evaded the point. In fact she said she didn't know. She bought it of a dealer. Where he got it she could not tell. Anyhow, it is long enough to put into respectable switches and bruids, and would go a good distance in en hancing the attractiveness of ladies of color. -New York Press "Every Day Talk,"

German Syrup"

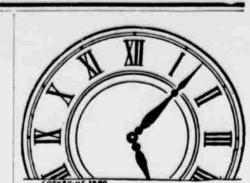
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contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

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