

CHANGE.

The moon was fair and promised true—
A day of sun in summer land—
And love was fond, and love was new,

THE MOOR'S CAVE.

Fronting the bathing establishment of
Fitero, on a peaked rock, upon which flow
the waters of the Allama, the traveler can
still find the forsaken ruins of an Arabian
castle.

This castle, in the palmy days of the re-
conquest, was famous as having been the
scene of great and memorable exploits, as
much on the part of those who defended it
as on the part of those who valiantly planted
upon its ruins the standard of the cross.

Of its walls a few fragments alone remain.
The stones which had once shaped the watch
tower have fallen into the moat, one heaped
on the other, forming, as it were a complete
ford.

In the court of arms grow briars and mat-
ted vines; on all sides naught can be seen but
broken arches, grim and moldering stone
benches; here a sheet of wall, between the
crevices of which the ivy straggles in its
growth; there a dilapidated tower standing
as if by miracle, and further on pillars of
cement, still enlivened by the iron hoops
which once upheld the drawbridge.

During my stay at the baths much exercise
was recommended to me as being conducive
to my physical improvement. Impelled by this
motive, or perhaps by one of curiosity, I
often followed the rugged path which led to
the ruins of the Arabian fortress, and there
spent hours carefully examining the soil, in
hopes of finding some old armor, sounding
the walls to ascertain whether they were
hollow, or to discover the hiding place of
some forgotten treasure; searching in every
corner with the anticipation of seeing the
entrance of some of those famous subterranean
dungeons which, as tradition has it, are
to be found in Moorish castles.

My diligent perquisitions were fruitless.
At last, one evening, feeling disheartened at
not discovering something curious or new on
the rocky heights upon which rests the castle,
I forsake my plans and limited my walk to
the banks of the river which flows near by.
Following the drift of the river, I saw a gap
in the rock, half hidden by a luxuriant
growth of briars. It was not without some
emotion that I parted the tangled shrubbery
that covered the opening of what seemed to
me a cave dug by the hand of nature, and
which I later found to be a subterranean
vault cut through the rock.

I dared not penetrate into its depth, which
was just to sight in shadowy darkness. It
sifted me to observe the peculiarities of
the dome and of its arches, which rose seem-
ingly as a gigantic stairway, stretching to-
ward the castle, in among the ruins of which
I remembered having encountered a blind
postern. Without a doubt I had at last
found one of those secret paths which are by
no means uncommon in the military con-
structions of that day, and which must have
served either as an exit or as a means to facili-
tate the carrying of water from the river
which flows near by.

In order to verify my suppositions I left
the vault, and addressing a workman who
was busy trimming one of the vines growing
on the roadside, I approached him under the
plea of asking a light for my cigarette.

At first he spoke of indifferent subjects—
of the medicinal properties of the waters,
of the past harvest and of the one to come,
of the women of Navarre, of wine culture in
that province, etc., and, in short, discussed
all the topics which occurred to the good
man, including the cave, the object of my
curiosity.

When at last the conversation fell upon
this point I asked if any one had ever de-
scended into the cave.

"Penetrate into the Moor's cave!" ex-
claimed he, terrified at my question. "Who
would dare venture within it? Do you not
know that from this cavern there comes a
soul every night?"

"A soul?" said I, smiling. "Whose soul?"
"The soul of the daughter of a Moorish
chief, who even to this day wanders about in
the still hours of night, robed in white, gen-
erally going in the direction of the river to
fill a jar with water."

Through the information given by this
good man I came to the knowledge that con-
cerning the Arabian castle and the cave
communicated with it there was a history,
and as I am partial to traditions, especially
when coming from the lips of the natives, I
begged that he relate the story of the Moor's
cave, which he did in words very similar to
those which I will use in telling it to my
readers.

When the castle, of which now only re-
mains a mass of shapeless ruins, was yet held
by the Moorish kings, and its towers, which
overhung the valley made fertile by the
waters of the Allama, there occurred in the
vicinity of the city of Fitero a bloody battle,
in which fell prisoner of the cave
Abraham a famous Christian cavalier, equally
as worthy of renown for his piety as for his
military valor. He was led to the fortress
laden with chains, and remained for several
days in a dungeon, struggling between life
and death, when, miraculously as it were,
his kindred redeemed him by force of gold.
The captive returned to his hearth; returned
to press in tender embrace those who had
given him life. His comrades in arms and
his soldiers were heartily rejoiced at seeing
him, taking his return as an omen that the
hour for new combats had come. But the
soul of the knight was filled with profound
melancholy, and neither the affection nor
the kindly efforts of his friends had power to
dispel the strange sadness which had taken
possession of him. It happened that during
his captivity he chanced to see the daughter
of the Moorish chief, the fame of whose ex-
traordinary beauty had reached him long
before he had fallen upon her. When they
had met, and he found her superior to his
expectations, he could not resist the seduction
of her charms, and fell madly in love with
her, whom he knew could never be his.

For months and months the knight pon-
dered over schemes, most daring and wild,
by which he imagined means by which to
break the barriers which separated them; at
times he strove as earnestly to forget her;
now he decided in favor of one plan, and
then for another entirely different, until one
day, assembling his brothers in arms and
soldiers, he sent for his warriors, and with
the greatest secrecy made all the necessary
preparations for an unexpected attack upon
the fortress where was kept his beautiful
one, the object of his insane love.

From the outset of the expedition all be-
lieved the only motive which inspired the

knight was a yearning to revenge himself of
all that the Arabs had made him suffer dur-
ing his captivity.

The real cause of the enterprise, however,
did not once occur to any. Who, indeed,
would have thought that an expedition in
which so many valiant Christians perished
was solely toward the gratification of an
unworthy passion.

The knight became intoxicated with the
love which he had excited in the breast of
the beautiful Moor, and neither lent an ear
to the counsels of his friends, nor heeded the
murmurs and complaints of his disheartened
soldiers. In vain did they plead with their
commander to leave the walls, as it was
probable the Arabs would attack them with
great force as soon as they recovered from
their panic. Indeed, it happened just as they
had predicted. The Moorish chief gathered
men from all the adjoining towns.

One morning the sentinel who was on duty
in the watch tower hurried down to warn
the lovers that throughout the mountains, as
far as the eye could reach, beyond the rocks,
a cloud of warriors were fast approaching
the fortress, and well might it be supposed
that Moorish in a body was about to fall
upon the castle. The daughter of the chief
on hearing this turned as pale as death. The
knight in a loud voice called for his arms,
and all was astir in the camp. The soldiers
rushed out in a tumult from their quarters,
the chiefs gave their orders, the portcullises
were lowered, the drawbridge raised and the
towers were crowded with archers.

A few hours later the assault began; the
castle with justice might well be called im-
penetrable. Only by storm could the Chris-
tians make themselves masters of it, only by
storm could it be taken from them. Its de-
fenders resisted from one to ten assaults.
The Moors then changed their tactics, sur-
rounded the fort, and resolved to force the
besieged to surrender by famine.

Famine eventually made horrible ravages
among the Christians, still they yielded not,
and those who had most bitterly reproved
the conduct of their leader, knowing that his
life and honor were at stake, swore to perish
in his defense. The Moors impatient for
success, resolved upon a midnight attack.
The resistance was desperate, the shock ter-
rible.

During the fray, the Moorish chief, with
heavy heart, fell from the tower which he
had scaled. At the same time the knight,
who had just encountered him in a hand to
hand fight, fell mortally wounded.

The Christians wavered and retreated. As
quick as thought the Moorish girl rushed
to her lover who lay dying on the ground,
and bending over him, seized him in her
arms. Impelled by a supernatural force
which came to her with despair and the re-
alization of danger, she dragged him to the
court. There she pressed upon a hidden
spring, and through the opening which was
thus disclosed in the rock she soon disap-
peared within, carrying with her her precious
charge and proceeded in her descent until
she reached the bottom of the cave.

When the knight returned to his senses he
cast about him a look full of bewildered sur-
prise, and cried, "I am thirsty! I am burn-
ing! Dying!" and then fell into that delirium
which is so often the precursor of death.
From his parched lips, through which
whoezed his scanty breathing, only came
these words: "I am thirsty! Water!
Water!"

The girl knew that her subterranean
retreat had an exit leading to the valley,
through which flows the river. This valley
and its vicinity were closely guarded by the
Arabs, who, after having taken possession of
the fortress, were on the alert for the
Christian chief and his lady love, wishing to
shake in their blood their thirst for exter-
mination.

However, the beautiful Moor hesitated not
a moment. Taking the helmet of the dying
man, she glided like a shadow through the
thick shrubbery which covered the mouth of
the cave and noiselessly stole down to the
river bank. Already had she taken the
water; already was she hastening back to
the side of her lover, when there resounded a
whistle, and a cry of anguish was heard.
The Moorish warriors who were on guard around
the fortress had dispatched their arrows in
the direction where the foliage seemed to
move. The beautiful, brave girl, wounded
unto death, dragged herself to the mouth of
the cave; then soon joined her lord.

He, on seeing her thus bathed in her own
blood, recovered consciousness, and in that
short moment recognized the hideousness of
the sin he was so cruelly expiating. Raising
his eyes to heaven, he took the water which
his beloved handed him, and without cry-
ing it to his lips asked of her: "Wouldst thou
be a Christian? Dost thou wish to be of
my faith, and if I be saved, be saved with
me?" The Moorish girl, who had fallen to
the ground fainting through loss of blood,
made a slightly acquiescent motion with her
shapely head, upon which the knight poured
the regenerating waters of baptism, at the
same time invoking the name of the All-
powerful.

On the following day the very soldiers who
had struck the fatal blow saw traces of blood
from the river bank to the cave wherein they
found the bodies of the Christian chief and
the Moorish girl; and she it is who still
comes in the dead of night to wander in lone-
liness about the old fortress of Fitero.—Trans-
lated from the Spanish of Gustav Beckner
for The New Orleans Picayune by Corinne
Castellanos.

Getting Rid of Superfluous Flesh.
One of the handsomest men in town, a
prominent officer of the Louisville and Nash-
ville railroad, told me this morning of a
remedy for reducing flesh, which, he says,
is really wonderful. It is the same that they
mark; the German chancellor, has subjected
himself to, and from which his avoirdupois
was decreased some sixty pounds. The first
thing one must do upon arising in the morn-
ing, my friend says, is to drink a gobletful
of cool, not cold, water. In a quarter of an
hour repeat it, and just before breakfast
drink the third glass. When you first try
this you will feel like a whole watermelon
has been disposed of, but after a morning or
two this "swelled" feeling will have disap-
peared. Continue this water course for sev-
eral weeks, and your surplus of flesh will be
gone, and the fear of bursting vest buttons
will be a thing of the past.

Country Girls in the City.
Three country girls found out the other
day that there are other differences between
New York and the country than appear on
the surface. They were on the Bowery be-
having precisely as they do in the main street
of their native village, laughing, leaving a
glance upon this side and that, and gener-
ally letting loose the exuberance of rather
giddy, but innocent girlish spirits. The up-
shot of it all was that they were followed by
a crowd of men. They fled into a candy store
and the man locked the door and turned a
wall against the windows. The girls were
thoroughly frightened, and did not stir from
the store till they had tired the crowd out.—
New York Sun.

Saved by a Brave Engineer.

As Frank Repp, the engineer of the
Perkinton mail train which reaches Al-
lenton early in the morning, looked out
of his cab window on his morning trip
June 2 he saw a beautiful young woman
approaching on the track. He whistled
an alarm, and she stepped lightly and
gayly off the track his train was travel-
ing to the other track.

But it was evident to the engineer that
the noise of his train had drowned the
rear of another train approaching from
behind her in the opposite direction, and
that she was unaware of her peril. He
noted the several puffs of white smoke
that swiftly arose from the locomotive
bearing down upon her, but she evidently
heard not the whistle's frequent warning
of danger. Repp saw her death was cer-
tain unless he could in some way attract
her attention to her peril. He waved
his hand to her warningly, but she evi-
dently misunderstood its meaning, for
she slackened her pace, looking at him
more earnestly.

He immediately reversed the lever and
turned on the steam brakes with a sud-
denness that alarmed the passengers. He
sprang to the side door of the cab, and
before his locomotive had come to a
standstill he leaped to the opposite track
just as his engine got abreast of the
young woman and the other locomotive
had almost reached her.

With herculean strength and light-
ning swiftness he caught her up bodily
and leaped with her beyond the tracks
just as the other engine swept by. Then
he sank to the ground, overcome by the
effort and the narrowness of their es-
cape. The passengers were loud in their
praises of his heroic conduct, and the
young woman was almost prostrated
with shock, while overcome with grati-
tude at the noble conduct of her pre-
server.—Cor. Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Twenty-four Hour Time System.
The twenty-four hour system is likely
to come before many years. According
to the inquiries of a committee of the
American Society of Civil Engineers, it
appears that no less than 384 officers,
presidents, superintendents, engineers,
etc., representing fully 135,000 miles of
railroad, expressed themselves in favor
of the change. The report says that in
all between 500 and 600 prominent men
in every section of the country have
answered the committee's questions on
the subject, and of these only an ex-
tremely small percentage have opposed
the change. During 1899, 237 replies
were received, of which 229 were favor-
able and 17 unfavorable. As to the
time of making the change, 27 of the
229 persons who gave a favorable answer
named 1892, while 68 choose 1891, and
91 favored 1890. There were 30 who
gave no time, and the report suggests
that these would go with the majority
and make a heavy preponderance of
opinion in favor of a time not later than
1891.—New York Telegram.

A Mean Woman.
One of the most contemptible persons
in New York is the woman who is seen
daily in Madison or Union square park,
and who evades the law which forbids
dogs being permitted to run at large.
She ties her dog to a rope long enough to
do duty as a clothes line for a good sized
family wash. When the policeman is at
the other end of the park she "pays out"
rope until the dog can reach the flower
beds, where he enjoys himself to his
heart's content in scratching at the roots
of the flowers planted at the expense
of the taxpayers for the decoration of
visitors to the squares. When she sees
the policeman coming toward her, this
most aesthetic woman hauls in slack till
the curb is pulled on the walk. I am certain
that even Zury, the meanest man in
Spring county, would be envious of the
superfine meanness of this well dressed
and evidently well fed New York woman.—Epoch.

Parliament Houses Crumbling.
The British parliament houses are
crumbling to pieces so fast that there is
constant danger of some portion of the
buildings toppling down on the mem-
bers. Parts of the front of St. Stephen's
have had to be entirely refaced because
of the wearing away of the soft stone.
Only a week or two ago a heavy piece
of a stone heraldic animal suddenly fell
close to the entrance to Westminster
hall in Old Palace yard—a means of en-
trance to the house which is largely
favored. But a few days before a por-
tion of the ornamental stonework fell
close to the members' entrance itself,
and another heavy piece fell on the pave-
ment of New Palace yard not a month
ago.—Chicago Tribune.

Caught by the Locomotive Pilot.
Judge Sterling Watts, one of the most
prominent citizens of Tazewell county,
Va., had a most miraculous escape from
a terrible death a few days ago. He was
riding a very wild young horse near the
depot when the train came in sight.
This so frightened the horse that he be-
came frantic and jumped before the ad-
vancing engine, and was caught up by
the pilot and carried some seventy-five
yards before the engine could be stopped.
Judge Watts was unhurt, but the two
hind legs of the horse were broken and
he had to be shot.—Richmond Dispatch.

Professor Henry Drummond has gone
on a voyage to Australia, and will de-
vote the time he is absent to preparing a
work dealing with Christianity in the
light of evolution. It will be a sort of
sequel to his "Natural Law in the Spir-
itual World," and will be published in
the autumn.

A Bostonian just returned from Lon-
don says that he was attracted by a large
crowd one day, and on investigation
found that the people were waiting to
see the man expected to enter a railway
carriage marked, "Reserved for Presi-
dent Ames of America."

J. Leverett Story, of Essex, has a Bald-
win apple tree which presents a curious
frank of nature. One-half of the tree is
in full bloom, the line being drawn ex-
actly through the center of the tree, and
the other half showing not a blossom.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity
for over a third of a century, as a stomachic, is
soverely more wonderful than the welcome that
greeted the annual appearance of Hostetter's Al-
bum in this valuable medical treatise is pub-
lished by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa.,
under their own immediate supervision, em-
ploying fifty hands in that department. They
are running about seven months in the year on
this work, and the issue of same for 1892 will
be more than 100,000, printed in the English, Ger-
man, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Hi-
tano, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer
to a copy of it for valuable and interesting read-
ing concerning health, and numerous testi-
monials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters, amusement, varied information, astro-
nomical calculations and chronological items,
etc., which can be depended on for correctness.
The Album for 1892 can be obtained free of cost
from druggists and general country dealers in all
parts of the country.

After the barn is rifled,
When stolen is the horse,
Why do we lock the portal?
To save the door, of course.

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION.
Henry B. Archer, Receiver of Taxes of
the City of Yorkers, N. Y., says of BRAN-
DRETT'S PILLS:
" For the past ten years I have been using
BRANDETT'S PILLS for self and family. We
find them a sovereign remedy for indiges-
tion and constipation, taking one or two
every night for ten days. They are also
admirable food purifiers, perfectly harm-
less but exceedingly effective as a cathartic.
I first used them myself, particularly for
biliousness and dyspepsia. They relieved
me in two weeks. I cheerfully recommend
them."

Candido.—Baron to wealthy banker—My good
sir, I happen to be just now in pecuniary diffi-
culty, could you assist me with one of your
daughters?

"For throat diseases and coughs use
"Broken's Bronchial Troches." Price, 25
cents. Sold only in boxes.

"I suppose the baby is a delicate pink—eh,
Benson?" "No, he's a robust yellow," replied
the proud and sleepy father.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY
Leans away from superstition and blind
idolatry of isms and is—allopathic in-
cluded. It leans toward interest, all deter-
mining law; towards facts, not fancies. It
leans towards immutable principles and in-
vincible truth, and away from superannu-
ated authority, organized ignorance and
dye-in-the-wool prejudice. Blind empiricism
and dogmatic theories, with other fossilized
bivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty
of "belated crabs," but being born of dark-
ness and fear—twins sisters of intellectual
infancy—they cannot much longer with-
stand the civilizing influence of advancing
science. They are slowly but surely "dy-
ing in Egypt," before the "search
light" of investigation. The advancing
thinker wonders how it was possible for
that monstrosity—the medical science (?)
of the past—to have survived so long. But
what was the reform to come from? It
is not only passe to attempt re-
form, it is outright dangerous. It requires
a boldness akin to recklessness. Legion is
the name who have tried; they have left
their beheading blocks as a warning. An at-
tempt at reforming theology brands you a
"heretic;" in politics you are charged with
every infamy under the sun, and in medi-
cine every duck intellect "quacks" at you
and you are accused of having no diploma
when your diploma is on file in the court-
house under the very eyes of the slanders.
All this is caused by besotted igno-
rance, and since books are sent free of charge
to every applicant and we pay the postage,
there is no excuse for ignorance when it
costs nothing to be informed. People who
berate the Hystogenetic system of medicine
are either intellectual pariahs incapable of
counting five in succession or understand-
ing any 234 problem, or they are mental
stagnants and cannot screw themselves up
to the point of information by reading up
and forming a conclusion. In either case
their opinions are as valuable as that of
Puget Sound oysters.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of
ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James streets,
Seattle, Wash.
Consultations and prescriptions absolute-
ly free.
Send for free book explaining the Hysto-
genetic system.
The Hystogenetic Medicines are
sold in but one agency in each town.
The label around the bottle bears the fol-
lowing inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan,
Hystogenetic Medicine." Every other
device is a fraud.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

"August Flower"
I had been troubled five months
with Dyspepsia. The doctors told
me it was chronic. I had a fullness
after eating and a heavy load in the
pit of my stomach. I suffered fre-
quently from a Water Brash of clear
matter. Sometimes a deathly Sick-
ness at the Stomach would overtake
me. Then again I would have the
terrible pains of Wind Colic. At
such times I would try to belch and
could not. I was working then for
Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor.
Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny
City, Pa., in whose employ I had
been for seven years. Finally I used
August Flower, and after using just
one bottle for two weeks, was en-
tirely relieved of all the trouble. I
can now eat things I dared not touch
before. I would like to refer you to
Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked,
who knows all about my condition,
and from whom I bought the medi-
cine. I live with my wife and family
at 30 James St., Allegheny City, Pa.
Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

INDIAN DEPREDA-
TION PATENTS
LAND HOMESTEAD POSTAL

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The "EXAMINER" BUREAU OF CLAIMS
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against the United States Government and
which it appears advisable to
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to sample per double roll, 100 feet, 25 cents for
wholesale and 50 cents for
100 Wall Street, Portland, Or.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any
case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking
Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney
for the last fifteen years, and believe him per-
fectly honorable in all business transactions,
and financially able to carry out any obligations
made by him.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Drug-
gists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting
directly upon the blood and mucous surface
of the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all
Druggists.

"Time is money," remarked Broke with a sigh,
as he gazed at his watch and steered for the
pawbroker's.

THE PORTLAND VOCAL FOLIO,
Containing all the popular songs, "Com-
rades," "Lovers' Quarrel" and numerous
other nice songs, sent by mail to any ad-
dress for 50 cents; stamps taken. Address
WILEY B. ALLEN'S, Music Store, 211 First
Street, Portland, Oregon.

If manufacturers throughout the United
States would adopt the policy of the man-
ufacturers of Star Plug, who give the con-
sumer not only the best tobacco that can
be made, but make full-weight plugs, there
would probably be no complaints from con-
sumers about poor quality and short
weights.

ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when
Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant
and refreshing to the taste, and acts
gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,
Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-
tem effectually, dispels colds, head-
aches and fevers and cures habitual
constipation permanently. For sale
in 50c and \$1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

SHILOH'S
CONSUMPTION
CURE.
The success of this Great Cough Cure is
without a parallel in the history of medicine.
All druggists are authorized to sell it on a po-
sitive guarantee, a test that no other cure can
successfully stand. That it may become known,
the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are
placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home
in the United States and Canada. If you have
a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for
it will cure you. If your child has the Croup,
or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief
is sure. If you dread that insidious disease
Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for
SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and
\$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame,
use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!
TUTT'S
TINY LIVER PILLS
have all the virtues of the larger ones—
are equally effective, purely vegetable,
and exact size shown in this border.

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Want an agent in every town in Oregon, Wash-
ington and Idaho to sell
PIANOS and ORGANS
On commission. No stock or capital needed.
Music teachers preferred. Special rates on all
goods. Write for particulars.
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YOUNG MEN!
The Specific A No. 1.
Cures without fail all cases of Gonorrhea,
heretofore called, in matter of four days
standing. Proves its structure, it being in
its original form. Cures both every kind, and
has failed. Sold by all Druggists.
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