#### THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Grace Hazelton was a happy woman; she had been married but a few months to the man she loved; but perfect bliss is impossible in this world and she was not in a very thoughtful mood; for had not all her friends warned her against a mother-in-law? And her husband had ust informed her that he would like his mother to share their home.

"It is true," he continued, "that she has all she requires in a worldly sense, but she resides in a distant city among strangers; she is advanced in years, and I think she should be with her children. You are very young, dear Grace, and are motherless; and if you were to know my mother, I am sure you would love her.

But these very words hardened the young wife's heart; she had resolved not to love her mother-in-law, and was sure she was a meddlesome old woman, who thought no girl cared enough for her son Harry; and with womanlike consistency was sure that the few faults her husband possessed he inherited from his mother.

The door opened, and Mrs. Candid entered. She greeted Grace by exclaim-

"Moping already, and only been mar-ried a few months! Have you had your first quarrel, or did Harry forget to kiss you good-by?"

Mrs. Hazelton laughingly assured her friend that none of these misfortunes had occurred, and she was anticipating the arrival of a guest.

"Do tell me who it is !" cried her gushing friend. "Is it Harry's brother; or one of his bachelor friends?" "Oh, no!" was the reply. "It is-his

"Horrors !" was the emphatic rejoinder. "You are going to live with your mother-in-law! I would never endure such an infliction. I am older than you, so take my advice ; do not consent to have her a permanent inmate of your house. But I have many more visits to pay." And she left Grace Hazelton in no very enviable state of mind.

Day after day she pondered on the dreaded arrival, until she became quite low spirited; and one morning she awoke and found herself so weak that she was obliged to keep her bed and consult the family physician, who declared that she was suffering from nervous prostration, and inquired if she had any trouble on her mind. She answered. Her husband endeavored to cheer her by telling her that his mother was a good nurse, and that under her care his little wife would soon be quite well. Innocent man! he little suspected that the only cause of her malady was the dreaded mother-in-law.

Grace was not so ill as to require the care of a professional nurse, and she was sure that among her numerous friends she would receive all the attention that was necessary. She had been alone many hours when she heard a tap on the door, and her most intimate friend, Mrs. Gushington, entered.

"My poor dear!" she exclaimed in loving tones, "are you sick?"

"I was going to spend the afternoon with you, but I am so sensitive that I cannot see any one suffering, and the atmosphere of a sick room always affects me unfavorably; so good-bye my dear. I hope you will soon be better.'

A few more hours passed away, and the invalid longed for a friendly voice to cheer her. At last Mrs. Lemon entered the room, Her countenance corresponded with her name. The sound of her voice sounded sharp as she ex-claimed: claimed:

give way, I am sure that your sickness live with them I told her to go around and work it off. When your mother-inlaw comes I am sure that she will give you the same advice, for we both come of good, old-fashioned stock. But you look tired, so I will go.

Our young friend endeavored to forget her troubles in slumber, but thoughts of her mother-in-law had banished sleep.

Harry Hazelton returned home and found his wife weeping like a child. ',Oh, Harry!" she cried, "I am so glad that you have come! I am so lonely, and

I feel so ill." "Why, what is the matter, little woman?" he asked in cheering tones. "Did all your friends desert you?'

One or two called," she answered, "but they appeared in a hurry, and only stayed a few minutes. It has been such a long day, and I feel as if I were alone in the world. I have no mother-no now that I require their attention, I discover that I have only acquaintances." ties quite "My child," replied her husband, "It cellent.

is only the way of the world. Selfish? ness is the nature of mankind. Get well, be able to entertain visitors, and your guests' visits will not be hurried."

The next morning the young wife awoke ill in mind as well as body. The long hours dragged along, no friends to cheer the poor invalid, only polite messages of inquiry respecting her health. She felt desolate and forsaken. Suddenly a faintness came over her; her eyes closed, and she became un-When she recovered she conscious. saw a sad, gentle face bending over her. This lovely old lady could not be a mother-in-law. She then heard the ques-

"Has the poor child no friend, that I thus find her alone when she requires a woman's care?" "Mother," was the reply in her hus-

band's voice, "are you not old enough to know that the world is selfish?" Then she realized that the dreadful mother-in-law had arrived. Presently she heard her husband say:

"I will now leave you, and I am sure you will be able to take better care of Grace than I can, for I do not understand

her sudden illness. "My son," was the reply, "you should cheer your sick wife; and not sadden her by unkind speeches.'

The door closed, and they were alone. The old lady embraced her daughter-in-

law, and said: 'My child, do not fret over those foolish words of Harry's;men are not so sensitive as we, and he did not intend to be | pected of having murdered him. unkind, Now tell me what has prostrated you? You not only are ill, but you are | musicians" torturing a tune at a recent enduring mental anxiety. I do not think concert, said, "Ah, I understand they my boy can treat you harshly, for I always taught him that it was uumanly to | Boston Score.

be unkind to a woman. Confide in me, my child, and tell me the cause of your unhappiness,

The young wife's reply was to thow he arms around the speaker's need and seb out these words:

"Do not speak so kindly, for I must make a confession that may change your affection to dislike." "Grace," was the reply. "I will spare you the humiliation of any explanation by attering one word; that word is mother-in-law. You dreaded my arrival in the light of a social monster. And now we will change the subject, for you are too weak to talk. I have made you some jelly, and you must endeavor to eat it, then try and rest, and I will soon

return. A few hours later Mrs. Hazelton entered the room. She gently approached the bed, and glanced at the young wife's pale cheek; she looked but a child as she slept, She moved uneasily, and softly murmared, "mother!" She was dream-

ing of the dead. A tear fell on her upturned face. She awoke and for a moment imagined that her mother had come from heaven to watch over her child; but it was her mother-in-law who bent over her and shed the tear of sympathy, and it was on her mother in-law's breast that she sobbed out her childish grief.

"Now, my dear," cried the old lady, you must not become morbid; try and set up; I have laid the table in the sitting-room so we will surprise Harry when he comes home with company to

dinner. When the husband returned he was surprised at the wonderful recovery of

wife. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, "you must be a witch.

But the daughter-in-law answered: "No, she's an angel. With noble forbearance she refused to hear the confession of my ignorant prejudice against her, but I must acknowledge my fault. Harry, my illness was caused by grief at the idea of receiving your dear mother

"My child," replied Mrs. Hazelton, "do not repreach yourself. When I was your age I almost hated my husband's mother, and in after years we had many a laugh over our first meeting; and I learned to love my mother-in-law with true affection, for she was a noble

Five years passed away. Grace Hazelton knew both joy and sorrow. She was a mother-death claimed her babe-she stood by its tiny coffin bowed down by grief. It was the mother-in-law who hared her sorrow and taught her read. Right in the middle of the cable resignation to the will of God. Now news, or the Herald P. I. column, the resignation to the will of God. Now other little ones enliven her fireside, and it is a mother-in-law who shares her joy.

#### A Woman With a History.

Mrs. Ellen Adair Beatty passed through the city last evening en route from Blue Ridge Springs, Va., her accustomed place for spending the summer, to Craggie Hope, where she will spend some time with her niece, Mrs. Murray, and family, of Memphis. Mrs. Beatty is a remarkable woman. She is a daughter of Governor John Adair, of Kentucky. At the age of 18 she married Joseph M, White, of Florida, who was elected to Congress from that State and cortinued to represent it at Washington for twelve years without ever going to the State or even asking the suffrages of his constituency. He declined to serve longer before each election, and finally was allowed to retire on the pretext that his wife's health required a change. He then went and it wortant foreign mission, and remained abroad many years, whereby his gifted and beautiful wife possessed extraor-

dinary advantages in sharing the honors "This will never do. You must not of dignitaries in Church and State. She was honored by a private interview with is all imaginary. My son John's wife the Pope of Rome fifty years ago without was always sickly, and when I came to paying the usual homage of kissing his paying the usual homage of kissing his toe, and not only did he pledge ever to receive whomsoever she might see proper to commend, and to remember her in his prayers, but he sent her some valuable presents, among which was an elegant diamond cross, with an exquisite representation of the Saviour in amethyst. Mr. White was a successful lawyer, and at his death left an estate of a half million dollars. Five years and more had elapsed after his death when Mrs. "Florida" White, as she was known in Washington, married Dr. Beatty, of New Orleans. He died in about five years, when she retired to the privacy of her estate in Florida. There she remained alone with her two hundred slaves until the results of the war made changes necessary. When Mr. Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation she When Mr. Lincoln issued called them together and explained to them its import. They readily understood, for she had, with diligence, taught kindred. I thought I had friends, but them to read and write. Although past 80 years of age, she possesses her faculties quite perfectly. Her memory is ex-When younger she and Mrs. President Polk were special friends. After the war she busied herself in the building of a Southern Presbyterian Church at Washington, and from one of her own sacrifices she gave a couple of thousand dollars realized on the sale of her diamond cross. It was a relie that she greatly prized, and she would not have parted with it, but, although she had educated seventeen children, she was never a mother; hence there was no person on whom she could so satisfactorily bestow it as in giving it to her Church.- [Nashville (Tenn.) American.

LATE REPORT FROM A ONCE POLITI-CAL HEBOINE .- Eliza Pinkston, the heroine of the Louisiana Returning Board, attended a political barbeeneat Calhoun Miss., recently, and being interviewed, said: "I always love to go to speakings. I have been mixed up with politics ever since I was 14 years old, but of late years I have dropped on politics and don't care much for them now. I have been married three times and might marry again, but I can't find a man to suit me, as I want a smart, educated and indus trious man. Do you see them scars on my face? Why, man, you don't see nothin'. I tell you, sir, I am covered with scars from head to foot." The interviewer says he never saw a more disfigured visage, while Eliza is in every way a most repulsive person. Her husband died suddenly and mysteriously within half a mile of Calhoun about two years ago, and Mrs. Pinkston is sus-

Jones, on hearing a band of "picked

The Unsaited Generation

The warm weather brings out, besides flies, mosquitoes and other unpleasant insects, a disagreeable variety of the unsalted generation.

This is a time when business men go to and from tewn every day between business and their families. It is not always a pleasant thirs to make a railroad journey of half an low or an hour in the morning after a first breakfast, or in the evening when a man wants his supper. It is bad enough to be shu /up in a stuffy car, while you are jolted over miles of ill-ballasted road bed.

To have the unsalted generation follow you even there with its annoyance is crewing down the discomfort a little too

But the cars are a fine field for the objectionable young animals of the cub species. They prefer the smoking car, but they have no objections to owning the whole train.

They generally begin work by talking loudly to each other. The conversation runs something like this "I say, I saw Whah to-day."
"Didjur ask him about Buttsy? He,he

he!" [a titter like an accordeon trying to angh bass, |
"Ha, ha, ha!" | a sound as if somebody
was trying to jerk a troble out of a trom-

He, he, he!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Guess Buttsy gave him enough that

'Wash was too fresh." "Oh, but that was a fearful grind on

"Buttsy thought he'd made a mash."
"I was glad of it; I told Mac, says I,
'Tm glad,' I told him?"

"Take my dying oath I did."
"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, that was low down Didjer see Nelse? on Mac. Was Nelse there?"

"Yes, Nelse was there. He, he, he."
"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, if that ain't the richest! Well, I swear Did Nelse bite?"

"I d'no. I didn't see him bite. "Ha, au, ha! Well, if that ain't a reg-

'Ha, ha, ha!" "He, he, he!" And so on for half the journey. The attention of the entire car-load is fastened upon them. Old gentlemen lay down their newspapers and gaze, more in wonder than in anger, at the disturbunwilling ear catches fragments of mystic confidences about Buttsy and Wash and fifty or sixty people who would like to be minding their own business are obliged to hang with bated breath upon the lips of the young gentlemen whose duty it is to answer the momentous

question whether or no Nelse did bite. By this time one of two things happens. Either the youths yearn for a wider opportunity for cussedness, and go forward to the smoking car to seek it, or else some one shuts them up. This latter blessed consummation is infrequent. But now and then it happens that there is a cool, taciturn, respectable yet tough American on board—a man from Mississippi, perhaps-who stands it as long as he can, and then shifts the tobacco in his mouth and says: "Give us a rest, there!"

in a tone that settled the stater.

But this blessed angel often on hand; and as a rule the unsalted adjourn to the smoking-car, and there exhaust their ingenuity in working the other travelers. There are lots of disagreeable things you can do in a smoking car. You can fence with walking-sticks across the seats occupied by quiet and weary people; you can throw paper wads about; you can stick your head out of the window and chaff the people along the road-you can make

a beast of yourself in many beastly ways. Only if you do, and if you are one of the unsalted generation, look out that some day an angered traveling populace does not arise and pitch your whole company out of a thousand car windows from one end of the United States to another. - Puck.

### The North Star State.

An alleged correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean writes from Minneapolis: My business in Minnesota this summer seems to be the correction of impressions that I recorded in the Inter Ocean last su amer. At that time I said Minnesotians had too much regard for the truth; that they treasured it so highly they always used it in a superlative manner. That is, if they raise twenty five bushels of wheat to the acre it would be false to say they raise but fifteen, so, in order to get as far as possible from falsity, they say fifty bushels is an average yield. I thought at this time this was evidence of too much use of truth. know better now. That they love truth dearly is not to be doubted; but it is because they love it so devotedly that they do not intend to wear it out with use. Truth is the Minnesotian's priceless treasure and I do not blame him for striv ing to keep it bright by refusing to carry it with him every day. It is a sort of ornament which common use might rob

Coming from St. Paul to Minneapolis, sat with a healthy-looking man, to whom I was about to put the question: "Are you a resident of this State?" When he said to a passing gentleman,

'Good morning. How's business?"
I did not ask the unnecessary ques tion. Had he inquired about th tleman's health, I might have had doubt, but "business" is the one thing which Minnesotians talk about, and I had my seat-mate located. Yet I did not know which of the two cities, St. Paul or Min neapolis, he called home. To settle this

I asked, which is the larger? "Why, sir, you can stow away St. Paul in one corner of Minneapolis, and the street commissioner wouldn't notice it

He is not a resident of St. Paul. If he were, Minneapolis would have been described as a tolearable ornament for a St. Paul back yard.

I said, "They make some flour in Minneapolis, do they not?" 'No, sir, it makes itself. Minnesota wheat is so full of flour it would be use less to try to keep it shut up in the ker-

out on its own book if it were not taken out. "I understand," said I, "that Misseap-

olis flour is sold in England cheaper than

it is retailed at home. How is that?"
"Clear enough, sir; clear enough," replied the healthy-looking Minnesotian. "You see our railroads charge for freighting by the hundred weight. Our flour is so light that the more they put on a car the lighter the load grows. A cargo of Minnesota flour goes through for nothing, and is entitled to a drawback at the other end of the ronte. As for selling cheaper in England, that is clear enough; its buoyancy makes it destrable for ships to carry. A ship-load of Minneapolis flour could not sink." "But if it should get wet?" I sug-

'The wetter the better. A swamped ship load of our dour would sop up the Atlantic in two hours, and let the people walk across as the children of Israel crossed Lake Minnetonka when the hosts of King Faro were after them.'

"I have heard it is very life sustaining," I added in compliment.
"Well, I should emphasize," and he straightened up as if to startle me, but I was beyond that. "Life austaining Well, I should smile in capital italics There is an effort being made by the medical fraternity and the undertakers to get an injunction against its manufacture. It is fairly driving them out of business And if the government would require vessels to carry a loaf of Minneapolis bread for each passenger, we would hear of no more sea disasters because of inad-

equate life preservers. 'And you a dealer in flour?" I asked "Oh, no; I am a clergyman. If I were a dealer in flour I could probably tell you many wonderful things about it."
I don't want to meet a Minneapolis miller until I get tired of life.

#### A Preacher who Wouldn't.

Half an hour before the Pacific Ex-press left for the West yesterday morning a big giant of a chap, lugging a satchel in one hand and leading a big dos by the other, entered the depot, followed by a clean-faced, tidy-looking man with an umbrella. Both reached the ticket office at the same time, and while the gi ant inquired the price of a ticket to som point in Kansas, the other laid down the eash for a trip to Jackson. "Thunder and blazes and wildcats!"

shouted the giant, as he learned the price of a ticket-"why, I hain't got so much

'Can't help it - regular rates," said the ticket seller.

"And extra for the dog?"

"I'll be hanged if I pay it!"
"Very well," and down went the win

"Say, mister!" called the giant, as he beckened to the man sticketed for Jack on-"say, see here. What can I do for you?" asked the

other, as he came up. 'Say, I want to go to Kansas.'

"And I haven't quite 'nuff money. I'm bound to go, for I left home and sot out, and I must raise some more money. Say, did you ever carry a revolver?"

"Well, you orter," he said, as he pulled out an old navy and worked the cylinder around. "Times is mighty scrumpshus jist now, and every man orter protect his life. I'll give you this old barker for seven dollars. I'll warrant it to shoot blazes out of a hoss thief twenty-six rods away."

"My friend, I am a minister of the gospel, and I never have use for such "Preacher, eh? Say, I'll knock off a dollar on the price. Say six dollars and

'It would be useless to me. "Useless? Say, suppose you are go ing home from prayer meeting and some rough tackles you? Click! click! biff! bang! and where is your rough? You may get into a dispute over at the church with one of the deacons. He thinks he has the dead-wood on you as he peels his coat, but you keerlessly draw this out and wipe your nose on the

barrel, and whar's your deacon?" "Oh, but I do not want it at any price. I should never sleep easy if it was in the house, even.

"Then take this 'ere," said the man, as he drew out a buck-handled knife with a "She don't burn any blade a foot long. powder nor make any noise, but she's chuck full of business. "My friend, a preacher does not want

such weapons as that.' "They don't eh? S'posen you were over to the hoss-race and a crook smashed your plug hat down your shoulders? S'posen some feller comes along and Once fully embarked on the sea of loafspits on yer boots? Say, I'll part with this 'ere home-defender for five dollars, though she cost me 'leven and I never stabbed but one man with 'er.'

"Couldn't-couldn't think of it. As I told you before, I am a clergyman and have no use for weapons.

"Say, take the dog! A preacher can't be throde over the bar for keeping a dog, and if you're looking fur sumthin' about four times as wicked as a b'ar-trap here's the anamile. Say-

"I do not want a dog." "Don't? Great hooks! but do you let tramps git outer your yard with two hull legs! Do you drive hogs outer your garnen with switches? Say, I'll part with old Typhoon for eighteen dollars, and I'll swear on four Bibles that I've been offered twenty-five dollars more'n a dozen

times. "No-no. I should not know what to do with him. I hope you'll get to Kan-

"I'll say fifteen dollars, though it's a burning shame.' "I'll say twelve dollars, if you'll agree

to keep still about it. "No; that's my train and I must be going. I hope-"Say, I'll sell ye a recipe to tame a

I've tried it, and if it don't tame him higher'n a kite in a week I'll chaw sand. "No-no; good day." "Say, gimme two dollars for a recipe

to pizen wolves?" "I'll l'arn ye how to pick a poker hand for a dollar and a half! Say-But the clergyman had passed the gate, and after a hungry look around him the stranger gave the dog a kick and growled

"Git ready to carry this 'ere sachel, old feller, fur we are going as fur as nel. It is such vigorous flour it would get | Chicago on the dirt road. Hang these 'ere preachers-they reckon on making their muscle pull 'em through !"- Detroit Free Press.

#### Demand for Horses.

The demand for good horses adapted to the varied wants of the country is active, and, from present indications, will remain so for sometime. The inquiry is not confined to horses of any particular class, but embraces serviceable roadsters, carriage horses, saddle horses, draft horses, etc. This is one result of the business prosperity of the country. Every branch of industry is active; bus-iness depression has been succeeded by an era of substantial prosperity, which bids fair to continue. The horse—the most serviceable of all snimals to man and an indispensable factor in carrying on the industries of the country at all times-is, at such a time as his, in great demand. The growth of the country calls for a greater number of korses. Increased transportation for comperce has largely increased the requirements for horses instead of diminishing them, as was predicted. Fifty years ago when traveling was done almost exclusively by stage coach and private conveyable, it was believed that the steamboat and the railroad would so greatly interfered with the use of horses that comparatively few would be profitably raised. But instead of such a result the vast multiplication of such means of travel and traffic has vastiy enhanced the requirements for good horses. So also in regard to labor saving inventions intended to cheapen the cost of farm products. These things have created uses in other directions for horses, and there is every reason to believe that the same condition of things will continue. New industries and new methods born of the progress made in almost every department of human effort, have called into large use the services of man's chief reliance among the animals that minister to his wants; and as this is to be the case still the matter is worth every farmer's atten-

tion for men to decide for themselves. Individual taste in such matters sometimes should govern. Some men delight in the stylish roadster, and another's idea of utility makes him admire the heavy breeds. The draft horse is a necessity of the times, and the stylish stepper. the carriage horse and the fine saddle beast will always be sought. If a man's tastes are in the direction of heavy horses he should select them as his specialty rather than undertake to raise light and speedy stock, and if another sees his ideal in the thoroughbred or blood horse, it is hardly to be supposed that he would take as much interest in raising draft stock as he would in breeding and rearing his favorite kind The demand for horses embraces all the breeds, and, as a rule, it is wise to select that class for which a man has a proference. In a large majority of instances, however, a man may not be wedded to any particular breed, or have no special preference one over another. In such cases he cannot do better than to select as his specialty what has been called serviceable business horses, stanch, of good size and style, moderate speed and nervy action. For horses of this class there is a steady and increasing demand they are quickly purchased at good prices, and it is in this field that Western farmers will find remunerative work. By a judicious selection of sire and dam such horses may be secured; but, as we have frequently urged, this cannot be done by indiscriminate breeding, for, instead of obtaining what may be desired. the progeny may be a nondescript, un-gainly and undesirable. It is indispens-able to success that the conditions shall be unfavorable to obtaining it. We have stated them heretofore, and need not reeat them here. The ferred to are scarce and high, and of this many farmers have doubtless taken no-

What class or kind to raise is a ques

### Loafing.

Does the young man who persists in seing a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loaferism is more economical than gentility? Any body can be a gentleman if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive to be a loafer. It costs time in the first place, days, weeks and months of it; in fact about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting his whole time The occupation, well followed, hardly affords enough time for eating sleeping, dri-, we had almost said drinking, but on reflection we except that. The loafer finds time to drink whenever invited, at the cost of friends. erdom, you will bid farewell to every friendly craft that sails under an honest, legitimate flag. Your consorts will be the buccaneers of society. ' It costs money, for though the loafer may not caru a cent or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money if devoted to industry instead of It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect and the respect of the world when living, and, finally, all right of consideration when dead. gentleman, then; it is far cheaper,

### A Little Dane's Long Journey.

A little boy about eight years of age

got on a Niagara street car Thursday evening, but as he spoke a foreign lanruage it could not be ascertained where his destination was. He had a through ticket to Sioux City, Dakota Territory, a satchel full of food and a big coffee-pot Not knowing what to do with the young traveler, he was handed over to Sergeant Kemp, who kept him at the station house for the night, Yesterday morning he was taken to the Postmaster's office, when it was learned through an interpreter that the lad's name was Christian Andrew Lorsen, and that his parents resided at Hjorning, Denmark. He is on his way to his uncle, Christian Larsen, who resides at Danville, D. T. He said that he had been well treated on his journey and had had plenty to eat. Besides food he had \$3 in money. It seems that on reaching this city he got astray, and, seeing a street car, he got on it, thinking it would take him to his destination. Buffalo, (N. Y.,) Express.]

Fogg thinks it strange that nobody thought of reducing the temperature in the President's room by holding a church "social" in it. Fogg says that one of the 'socials" they have in his town would put a coating of ice ten inches thick on a fire of blazing sea coal in less than five

## DR. SPINNEY.

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