TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The London Times still continues its cks on Parnell.

The Mexican Senate has ratified the treaty with France.

Berlin rejoices at Boulanger's failure to. The Nanaimo sufferers' relief fund at

San Francisco has reached \$11.619. Kissane, alias Rogers, says he will de-fend himself against Darr in the courts.

The Canadian Pacific has reduced freight rates 40 per cent. to British Co-lumbia points.

A papal rescript has been issued, order-ing high mass and Te Deum to be sung in all the Catholic churches of England, in honor of the queen's jubilee.

The United Presbyterian general as-embly decided by a vote of 101 against 54 that there was no church law pro-hibiting the use of music instruments in

The terrible plague of locusts has visited the central portion of Spain. The insects are so thick that gangs of men have been sent to clear railroad lines. Crops have been fearfully ravaged. The cortes is about to vote a credit for the sufferers.

Twelve hundred coal miners at Bachmut, Russia, who are out on a strike, attempted to rob a brewery owned by a firm of Englishmen. Fifty English workmen attached to the brewery mounted horses and resisted the attack of the strikers. During the fight which occurred, three of the workmen were killed. Many of the strikers, who are all Russians, have been arrested. The conflict was ended before military aid arrived.

Parnell's health is much improved. Gov, Sawyer inaugurated governor of New Hampshire.

Ex-Vice President Wm. A. Wheeler is dying at his home in Malone, N. Y.

President Cleveland contemplates a trip to the west, and may visit Portland and Oregon.

O'Brien arrived at New York, and was given an enthusiastic reception at the academy of music.

A Butler club was formed at Boston. However, Butler said he failed to see any field for it, as he did not intend entering politics again. This is thought to be Ben's prodigal campaign lie.

Sherman held a brilliant reception in the parlors of the Grand Pacific at Chicago at which over 4000 persons were present. He said he was going straight to his home at Mansfield, Ohio, from Chicago, and there retire to private life.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is spending the summer in California.

Ex-Vice President Wheeler's malady is softening of the brain.

Trains are delayed by slides, tunnel caves, and washouts, on the Northern

The jury in the third trial of Andrew Hamlin, for rape, at Jacksonville, could

It is rumored that the general offices of the Oregon & California line are soon to he removed to San Francisco.

Abe Ward, aged 65 years, was accidentally shot and killed by a young man named Turnbull, near Vancouver, while

The Spokane river is reported very high, and fears are entertained that it will do a great deal of damage to the city

of Spokane Falls. Mrs. Ray Delane, of Eugene City, has

been appointed assistant national in-spector of the Woman's Relief corps, by President Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne.

STATE AND TERRITORY.

A rich quartz ledge has been discovered near Grant's Pass.

The West Shore will illustrate Astoria, in the July number.

Martin Welch, a miner, was killed in the coal mines at Roslyn, W. T., last

Milton Harper, a pioneer of Whitman county, W. T., was kicked to death by a horse a week ago.

Dr. M. M. Murphy, who was arrested in this city for illegal voting at the last city election, is "spouting" prohibition at Coquille City, and practicing medicine, between drinks.

A Chinaman shot and killed a brother celestial at Marshfield, on Friday last. The grand jury, which was then in session, at once indicted the murderer for murder in the second degree, and the trial was postponed till the September term of court, in Coos county.

Boat No. 1, of the Ocean Canning Co., capsized below the breakwater, at the mouth of the Columbia, about 9 o'clock last Friday night. The captain, John Reed, was found dead, in the net; the body of the boat-puller was not recovered. A boat belonging to the James Williams Co. went ashore about the same time, at Sand island, but the men were both saved.

THE POWER OF BOODLE.

Boy-Father, is "pants" a good word? Parent-It has been trying to get into the language a long time, my son, but I believe the best judges prefer the word

Boy-How does it happen that this word "boodle" was adopted in all the pa-pers as soon as it came out?

Parent-Boodle, my son, is a different thing. It can force its way anywhere.— [Chicago Inter-ocean.

WHY THEY DELAYED.

"What's the trouble now?" asked a hervous passenger on a new Dakota road, as the train came to a sudden halt.

'Oh, nothin' much," said the brake an, struggling to get away, "the freight bead of us got off the track and run to the depot, knockin' it clear out o' me, and our engineer can't tell just here the town site is."—[Dakota Bell.

ROYAL LOVE OF MUSIC.

"The bomb-ridden erar of Russia be-guiles the interiors of time while he is not dodging Nihilistic missiles by play-ing on the French born, with which ining on the French horn, with which instrument he is an adept. On one occasion while he was the crarowitz, he played a French horn obligate to a song given by Mme. Nilsson. When his imperial majesty last visited Copenhagen he attended a concert in which Nilsson sang the same air and he was affected to tears by the memories of a time when he could toot his horn in peace, undisturbed by revolutionary subjects and the cares of government. When late King Victor Emmanuel visited the small cities of his realm one of the first questions al-Victor Emmanuel visited the small cities of his realm one of the first questions always was regarding the condition of the opera house. If there was none he would suggest and aid in the construction of one, even in towns having no greater population than 3000 inhabitants. I always feel an affection for the king, for he gave me this decoration—the cross of San Maurizio de Lazzaro—after the series of concerts given by Patti in Florence. Victor Emmanuel was a protector of Verdi, and made the composer a senator, although the composer had no longing for pelitical honors. His son, King Humbert, pays a subsidy of 10,000 Humbert, pays a subsidy of 10,000 frances a year out of his own personal income to the Apollo theatre of Rome. Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain used to sing very well, but, her voice being no longer fresh, she now has a preference for instrumental music. The queen of Belgium is very fond of music, and by her efforts she has contributed much to the progress made in musical art in Belgium of late years. The emperor of Austria disburses over \$1,000,000 francs a year to the Vienna opera house, it being his idea that his

LADY CLERKS IN WASHINGTON

Women clerks are disappearing from the departments in Washington, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

It may not be many years before woman will be a rare sight in a department. Slowly, but surely, they are being got rid of under the civil service system. They are not now seen walking arm-and-arm through the treasury corridros or standing by the windows at noon time with their cups of tea. It is

dismissed, a requisition goes to the civil service commission for a man to fill the vacancy. I was asking why this was—if it was true that women did not make as good clerks as men.

The reply was that some of them made better clerks than did the men. The trouble did not lie in that. The fact is they are hard to deal with. Most of them depend upon the gallantry of the superior officers and are constantly asking favors, many of them not hesitating or seeming to think it improper to ask high officials—even as high as sccretathe law in their interests. The most trouble is when examining them for promotion. Some have not hesitated before hand to ask for a list of questions. So persistent are that it reflects upon the some

whole class, and the departments have entered upon a systematic effort to get rid of them.

WORD TWISTINGS.

"My dear boy," once asked a head master of a Philistine member of his sixth form, "do you mean to say that tiny darts made of his own unworthiness. you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo, by Moses?" Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous, and to those of their congregation who are gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous such slips are excessively trying, from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation. "Sorrow may endure for a joy," so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with great feeling; "but night cometh in the morning!" With the transposition of initial letters, a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to his hearers. "My brethren," so he once said, "we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish in our hearts"-intending to say "a half-formed wish." He has been known to speak of "kinquering congs," and, on one occasion, speaking to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in church, he politely remarked, "Pardon me, Sir, but I think you are occupewing my pie." Here we are next door to the carrying out of the portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the feats of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from "the Colostle to the Episians," while the other read "knee of an idol," for "eye of a needle." The rector of an Irish country parish, was liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in a strange fashion. Thus we have heard him speak of the "imperfurities" of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between "imperfections" and "impurities," and ended by amalgamating the two words into

AS MANY WOMEN AS MEN.

There are still a few theorists who justify polygamy on the ground that more women are born into the world than men, but the theory has long been exploded. August Bebel, in his remarkable work, recently translated into English, shows that in ten states, with a population of 250,000,000, the excess of females over males was only 2,500,000; and when we remember the extent to which men outnumber women in the colonies, and the fact that in India there are 6,000,000 more men than women, the natural inference is that if the inhabitants of the earth were distributed according to the sexes, men and women would be found to exist in about some? in about equal proportions.—[All the Year Round.

Out of a Clear Sky.

For several years two entirely differ-ent ideas have been associated in my mind in what was to me for a long time

a mysterious way.

I read somewhere in a book of Mexican I read somewhere in a book of Mexican travels a startling account of a happy wedding party assembled in an adobe think this is what they had said: building which was struck by an enormous aerolite that killed everybody and buried the building out of sight in a twinkling.

In one of Walt Whitman's poems there is a line, "Where the lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed." I have never read or heard that line, but instantly comes up in my mind the picture of that awful event in Mexico. Invariably the perfume of one suggests the dire and sul-phurous cruelty of the other. There are no lilacs in Mexico. Nor is there any mention of flowers at all in the naive and terrible story of nature's dramatic ca-

Will you tell me why a fleeting scent of spring flowers brought with it a picture of pampas grass, a sound of mandolin, a half-Spanish song, a bride in black lace and yellow skirts, a group of happy, swarthy faces and a thunderbolt that buried them all forever and instantly in indistinguishable ruin?

You cannot. And it is my purpose to tell you—that is why I have written this

In the late spring of 1884 there was living at Dobb's Ferry, on the Hudson, near the city of New York, in a very over \$1,000,000 francs a year to the Vienna opera house, it being his idea that his capital should have an opera house to rival the grand opera of Paris.

LADY CLERKS IN WASHINGTON

Hear the city of New York, in a very pretty half-Swiss cottage that glowed warm with redwood shingles through the lilac bushes, my friend Binninger. I used to go and see him quite often, for he had the ideal home of the romancer. His was the only perfect realization of love in a cottage, unmarred by any of the dis-turbing elements of life, that I have ever

He had married a beautiful girl, with whom he had fallen in love. He had won her in spite of wealthy rivals and the opposition of wealthy parents. The whole courtship was a kind of beautiful infatuation. He had a good position in a commercial house in Beaver street, New York, and on a moderate income they had furnished this little home and settled down into that holy selfishness which benignantly regards the rest of the universe as subsidiary and contributive.

And the rest of the universe appeared

treasury portfolio and the new order of things was begun nearly 20 per cent. of the women have gone and hone have come in their places. When a female clerk dies or gets married, resigns or is dismissed, a requisition goes to the civil service commission for watched them billing and cooing up there over the blue Hudson like a pair of rob-ins without feeling a kind of happy envy, mixed with a protest against the decrees of fate for having concentrated all human

happiness in one pair.

Lou, as he called her, was literally a radiant woman. Her pale beauty was of Lou, as he called her, was literally a radiant woman. Her pale beauty was of that beamy order that emits an aureole. You never could quite divest yourself of the notion that a lambent, psychic light fell on things when she looked at them. She was, I suppose, that perfect equippoise of gentleness and sweetness and tenderness that the poets have found no other name for than woman.

"Nothing here, sir," said the girl at the telegraph office. "I'd a sent it up if there had been."

He'd wait for the next train. It thundered along in a few minutes. He told the notion that a lambent, psychic light fell on things when she looked at them. She was, I suppose, that perfect equippoise of gentleness and sweetness and tenderness that the poets have found no other name for than woman.

"Nothing here, sir," said the girl at the telegraph office. "I'd a sent it up if there had been."

He'd wait for the next train. It thundered from plies, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external the craw years I have suffered from plies, both internal and external the external and external with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external and external with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external with all their attendant agonies, and like many another suffered from plies, both internal and external with all their attendant agonies

other name for than woman. Mrs. Sherman, who used to drive up there from the Clock Tower House, called miring the bush lilacs that hung drowsy in their own perfume in great masses round the porch, and she came and put it was. She lit the scene in an instant. After all, flowers and sunshine itself were only frames for that face. I remember the shade of disappointment that crossed it. She thought Binninger nad come. Such women pierce every man with

But the aerolite! Yes. Well, listen. Do you recall the 29th of May, 188-? Let me remind you of two things that occurred in New York. In the first place we had one of those unreasonable hot spells that sometimes visit us for two or three days in the spring. People fell down in the streets, struck by the sun as if with a bludgeon. Then there was a kind of incipient riot up town, caused by a strike of railroad men.

It was a Friday morning. The shadows of the lilacs were dancing across the white cloth on the breakfast table in Binninger's cottage. A bobolink was pouring out a bravura air exultingly on the rail of the porch. You could hear the stroke of a steamer's paddles on the river below. Every thing at this early hour was drowy and cool and musical.

Binninger sat there at the table, drinking his coffee and trying to look at the morning paper at the same time. Lou sat opposite at the same table, drearily

watching him. In a high chair, rather prematurely, was the curly headed Binninger, trying to hit the dancing shadows with a spoon.
"Jack," said Mrs. Binninger, with a
pause. And Jack threw down the paper,
and with his coffee cup in his hand re-

garded her with concentrated admiration and tenderness. "I'm going to the city to-day."
"Ha, ha!" he cried. "'Pon my word believe you're afraid to tell me what

von want. "No, no," she replied quickly, "I don't want any thing; it's not that." "Isn't it?"

"No, no. I must go down to the dressmaker's, and I've some shopping to do. But I can't wait and come back with you.

not mind, will you?"
"Yes, I shall mind," he said. "To

"I really must. I want my dress for Sunday, and there's a lot of other things." "Well," he said, getting up and look-ing at his watch, "by Jove, I've only got seven minutes to catch that train. Goodby, Bobbles!" and he kissed the curly-headed boy, put his arms round his wife, seized his hat, stood there at the door a moment and came back and kissed her

"My dear, if you must go, don't be vertise town, and don't, on your life, fail to out of the pot to run for it. There's the whisters the state of the pot to run for it.

breakinst-room. The bright morning was full of inarticulate voices. But he did not understand them, and a moment

"Don't let her go! Don't let her go! train."
Don't let her go!"

Seven hours in the counting-room. A long desert of calculations broken by a half-hour's easis of lunch at Delmonico's; a passing word with Saunders, who asked after Lou. Saunders had been in love with her himself. Two minutes with Brainsby on the corner, who said he had got his steam launch and was going to drop in at Dobb's Ferry some day with a cargo of presents for Dobbles.

An hour's worry over a firm complication, in which one of the partners had

been unreasonable and curt; one by one the hours, full of hard application, melted away. The voices of the newsboys told him the afternoon papers were out. Slow-ly the day, which had been an exasper-atingly hot one, drew to a close. Four o'clock came at last, and he was flying up town to the Forty-second street depot. There was the usual crowd of business fellows on the train. They talked horse steamship, oil. They were light-hearted, careless and communicative, and the train dropped them all along, at Yonkers, Riverdale, Hastings.

At a few minutes past five o'clock Bin-

At a lew minutes past five o'clock Binninger stood on his gravelled walk. He had a little surprise in his pocket for Lou. He waited for her to put her head through the lilacs. He had grown accustomed to this little luxury of expectation and impatient welcome.

For the first time he was disappointed. But in the three or four seconds that he stood there making a noise on the gravel stood there making a noise on the gravel with his cane, he noticed how strangely still the afternoon was against the blitheness of the morning. Then he went into the house with a sudden eagerness.

Bobbles was tied in a high chair at the window, his head hanging over on his arm. His eyes were red. He had evident and the street arm.

dently cried himself to sleep. The table stood empty in the middle of the room. He had pictured the dinner waiting and

the copper tea urn singing and steaming. The voiceless place maddened him.

"Lotty," he cried encouragingly, and then imperatively, stamping his foot.

Lotty put her head through the kitchen door looking a little scared.

door, looking a little scared.

"Where's Mrs. Binninger?"

"Shure, and thin she's not come yet!"

"Well, where's the telegram? Why don't you give me the dispatch?"
"Indade, there's nary dispatch at all. He was losing his temper. He damned

he country telegraph service. "Get the dinner on the table. She'll be starved to death when she gets here. I'll go down and get the dispatch."
"Nothing here, sir," said the girl at
the telegraph office. "I'd a sent it up if

on the next train. The harder he tried to think himself into a reasonable condition of calmness her an "alabaster lamp." I stood there the more resistless became his fears, and on the graveled path one afternoon ad- his helplessness made him furious. The one sharp thought that kept singing in his mind was: "If she had been detained she would have telegraphed. Her first her bright face through them to see who thought would have been of me and my anxiety." Then he began to realize that he did not know exactly where she had gone in the city. He telegraphed to two or three friends. The answers were cruel-"Have not seen her to-day." Train after train came along. It seeme to him that every man's darling was coming home except his. It was 7 o'clock before he knew it. The sun had gone down behind Piermont and the river was bloody with color. His growing impulse was to take a down train and fly after her. His reason held up the city, with its million people, and reminded him heartlessly of the needle in a haystack.

He tried to laugh at his fears; called himself a fool. But no sooner had he done so than up rose with terrible distinctness the great, sweltering city, with its myriad dangers, its colliding life and death and the possibility of his darling having fallen into some snare or met with some accident. He invented a

into his consciousness

He walked the floor with his teeth set as though to keep the phantoms of his imagination back. And so the long night passed with no wife, and only the sobs of the child, waking at intervals and calling for "Ma."

As soon as it was light Lotty went over and brought Mrs. Chamberlain, a neighbor. She looked at Binninger with con-

cern. His whole face had changed. "What a boy you are," she said; "Lou has been detained by somebody, and she has neglected to wire you because she expected to come back. You are borrow-I must hurry home by 2 o'clock. You'll ing trouble. It's annoying, but certainly not serious. I've done it myself. You will go down and make some inquiries, know you are coming, and into that dingy old office at 4 o'clock, makes the whole day light. Must you go?"

"I really must. I want my dress for Sunday, and there's a lot of other things."

The aerolite had fallen.

The next day passed hopelessly and

Lou never came back to the cottage.

She was lying there on a slab in the morgue, waiting to be identified.

Love was searching the earth for her, and made sure to come at last, when all other hope gave out, to this ghastly finale.

Lou had hurried across-town from her Lou had hurried across-town from her dressmaker to see a maid who had advertised. She had been compelled, on account of a street disturbance, to get out of the vehicle and walz. In Forty-second street at 1 o'clock she fell under the rays of the sun and was carried into the hallway of a tenement house. Tou minutes later a mob surged through the

bouse. One woman pulled the dress half off the insensible lady and wrapped her own dirty and ragged shawl about her. Rough men fought over her body. She was mistaken afterwards for one of the same class, and an ambulance carried her to the hospital, where she died while Binninger was waiting for the 8:31 train.

I went up to the funeral. I didn't know Binninger. He looked so tired and frightened.

But I shall never forget the strange odor of those lilacs. I stood there and heard saw them carry out the coffin and heard Bobbles somewhere upstairs sobbing and

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. He value is incalculable It will relieve the poor little sufferor immedi-It will relieve the poor little sufferor immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures disentery and diarrhoes, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colie, softens the guma, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the tasts, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughthe World. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the sabdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application, of Dr. Bonsanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts effected, absorbing the tumery, aliaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. E. Geod.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has eften proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphillitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and deblilty, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

WHY WILL YOU DIE ?

Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup for the cure of Scrofulous taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Goitre, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous debility, Malaria, and all other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, enforcing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the bost known remedy for the cure of the above named diseases.

PILES CAN BE CURED.

RICHARD BENNETT.

Go to Wm. Brown & Co.'s for a bargain in ladies' French kid shoes. "See their advertise-

The Greatest Curative Success of

the Age--- A Voice from

the People.

Wonderful Popularity of the Re-

nowned Medicine.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

death and the possibility of his darling having fallen into some snare or met with some accident. He invented a thousand absurd reasons to account for her absence and silence, and they only added to his misery by their ingenious shallowness.

At 9 o'clock a new and terrible idea was springing up in his mind in spite of every effort to keep it down. It was this: "She will never come back."

He heard Bobbles crying as he approached the cottage. He felt a cold sense of something down in his soul, as if a relentless iron were working its way into his consciousness.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884.

Gents.—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble ake was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one buttle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her room and walk out to her neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. 8. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gentam, N.H., July 15, 1886.

Gents:—Whoever you are, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago, I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

A Husband's Testimony.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (7) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

SKIN AND SCALP

A Soar, an exquisite fair being a Soar, an exquisite fair being and Curreuna Reservant, arrifer, internally, are infallible A COMPLETE CURR.

I have suffered all my life with shin die of different kinds and have never found manentrelief, until, by the advice of a ledy fi used your valuable CUTICURA REMINISTRATION them a thorough trial, uning str bottle the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA SOAT, and seven estes of CUTICURA S

SALT RHEUM CURED.

I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a numi of years, so that the skin entirely came off of my hands from the finger tipe to the wrist. tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to surpose until I commenced taking Curron itsuspress'and now I am entirely cured. E. T. PARKER, 379 Northampton St., Bost

DRUGGISTS ENDORSE THEM.

Have sold a quantity of your Cuticura Rem cdies. Oue of my customers, Mrs. Henry Kints who had tetter on her hands to such an extens as to cause the skin to peel off, and for eight rearrashe suffered greatly, was completely cure by the use of your medicines. C. N. NYE, Drug ist, Canton, Ohio.

ITCHING, SCALY, PIMPLY.

For the last year I have had a species of itching scaly and pimply humors on my face to which have applied a greet many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by CUTICURA. MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

NO MEDICINELIKE THEM. We have sold your CUTICURA REMEDIES for the ... t six years, and no medicines on our shelves e better satisfaction. C. F. ATRERTON, Bruggist, Albany, N. Y.

CUTICURA RENEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents. RESOLVENT, \$1.05; Soap, 25 cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass. "Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases." GRUBS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and CURA SOAP.

CATARRH to CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to tud undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this foarful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant preten-

remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have waskened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palllatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the mose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so clongated, the throat so laflamed and irritated as to produce a constant and irritating cough. Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and nevertailing.

Each package contains one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and an improved inhaler, with treatise; price, \$1.

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-This is a cut of the new-REEVES AUTOMATI Oscillating Straw Stacker.

Elevating as high as desirable to place the the straw and chaff in a stack. It oscillates and stands in any position without guy ropes or props. The above machine is for sale by W. J. HERREN & SON at 55 State street. Also a full line of farm implements, consisting of

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