

THE STOVE IN THE VILLAGE STORE.

When the twilight had deepened to darkness they gathered from far and near. Old farmers who plodded the distance as pilgrims their shrines to reverence. At the shabby old store at the "corners" they met and they entered the door. For the mecca of all their old cronies was the stove in the old village store. It was gullible of beauty or polish. And its door was unskillfully hung. But they made a glad circle around it. And the genial warmth loosened each tongue. And they talked of the crops and the weather. Twixt subjects to gossip most dear. And the smoke from their pipes, as it blended gave a tinge to the whole atmosphere. Full many the tales they related. And wondrous the yarns that they spun. And doubtful the facts that they stated. And harmless the wit and the fun. But if ever discussion grew heated. I was all without tumult or din. And they gave their respectful attention when a customer chanced to come in. When the evening was spent and the hour for the time of their parting had come. They rapped from their pipes the warm ashes. And reluctantly started for home. Arriving to meet their wives. For the day with their labors was over. For the mecca of all the old cronies was the stove in the old village store. —Mrs. E. A. Treat.

KANE VERSUS ABELL.

Law is very uncertain—especially in a wooded country. Sometimes a suit is lost in one court and gained in another. The great case of Kane versus Abell, Adam for plaintiff, Eve for defendant, is an illustration. Nor did it happen in the Garden of Eden, as might be supposed from the sound of the names. It happened in Mountain county, which the inhabitants suppose to be a much finer place than the other. Down in Mountain county, settled by Irish mainly from Ulster, with a sprinkling from Connaught, the original manners and customs of the settlers are not only maintained by their descendants, but the Gaelic spirit of clanishness exists in full force. The old families have kept up the old stock by intermarriage, and the only things changed were the names, which were either corrupted or dropped their prefixes. Thus the McMahaons became the Mayhorns; the O'Kanes, the Kanes; the McAdams, the Adams; the MacMillens and the MacAbells, the Millens and the Abells. But their Highland-Celtic habits filtered through the Irish sense of the two leading families, the Kanes and the Abells, there had been a bitter feud from the beginning. As the rest of the people were connected in one way or other, they took their sides, and, as they said, "studied the k'nexion." Pretty far they carried it, too. One fellow, who was puffing the Abells, was asked what connection he was. "Well," said he, "not so very close, but Clarke Abell he gave me a hull pup." If a Kane married with an Abell, or vice versa, the woman in the case was adopted in her husband's family but cut off from her own. But a simple quarrel and a simple incident changed the current of affairs and brought about a truce which may be considered a peace, leaving both parties in possession of the hill possibilities.

As the eldest son in a straight line from the original Patrick, who had come to this country from Ireland and had settled here under a land grant of 1,000 acres. He was a good looking, well-to-do, less widower, 32 years of age, very well to do and looked up to by his tribe, with whom his word was potential. He was a famous bear hunter and kept up a stock of cubs, valuable for battling with bruin, but worthless for any other purpose. Clarke Abell, who held a similar position among the Abells, was over 60 years old, tall, athletic and as straight as a gun barrel. He did not look a day over 50, with his iron gray hair and smooth face where the wrinkles had concentrated about the corner of the eyes. These two, though living within three miles of each other—their possessions joining—rarely spoke when they met, and then in monosyllables, eking out the conversation by gestures.

It happened that Kane had seen bear signs one frosty morning in November and laid on the dogs. Bruin heard the baying afar off, and taking time by the forelock, made his way over a gap, and then down a dry branch hollow. "In avoiding Scylla, he fell upon Charybdis," and so on; for old Abell happened to be in his field, his rifle, a romantic companion, with him, when he saw the bear doing some tall walking in his direction. He shot the brute, and, with the assistance of his sons, had skinned him when Kane's dogs, followed by Kane, came up. A demand was made for the bear, which was denied. There was no fighting the matter there—three to one was too great odds—so Kane and his dogs went about their business. But the matter rankled. A well known pettifogger of the section, John Adam, heard of it and offered his services. The end of it was that Kane brought suit before a country justice of the peace, and, after various misadventures, the case was heard. In an action in detinue, and judgment was given for \$53. Abell secured the services of Cecil Eve, a bright young lawyer, lately admitted to the bar, and the case was removed to the county court, held by four justices. Adam was not a regular practitioner, but the county court was a sort of free and easy tribunal, with a roll of its own, and Adam was licensed by custom. He brought suit for damages—"for that the party aforesaid had detained the bear."

It was some months after the event when the county court entered on its half yearly session. In the meanwhile a little incident occurred, of the Romeo and Juliet pattern, which complicated matters. Abell's only unmarried daughter was a good looking young woman of 22, and, like her kinsfolk, "hated that Pete Kane like pizen." But one day she chanced to visit a neighbor at some distance, and on her return met with a wandering 4-year-old buck. It was at a season of the year when the animal, usually so timid, is both bold and aggressive. He charged at Kitty who dexterously dodged behind a tulip tree—popular they miscall it there—and so evaded the thrust of his antlers. But he was persistent and kept her so constantly shifting her position that she became exhausted. She was just about to drop, when the crack of a rifle and the dropping of the buck dead, saved her. The next moment she heard the voice of Pete Kane. "You ain't hurt, air you, Miss Kitty?" "No, thank you, Mr. Kane, but powerful skeert."

No wonder that the service rendered should make Kitty regard Peter with favor, and give him a romantic interest in the pretty girl when his timely presence has preserved her from a cruel death. Ignoring the buck, Peter walked on with Kitty, escorting her to within sight of her father's house, and then returning to a

dwelling, which, in spite of his dogs and his hired people, seemed more lonely than ever.

"They met by chance the usual way," again and again, until the old story, ever old and ever new, was told and listened to. Peter neglected the suit he had brought in one court, to prosecute a suit in another, and when the great case of Kane versus Abell came up before the county court, Kane was absent before a final verdict in another suit, one of more importance, with a jury of one biased in his favor.

The fame of this cause, the importance of the points involved and the antagonism of the parties, brought a large concourse to the county town. The day of the trial no living being could be seen; every one was in the court house. But horses there were everywhere tethered to the posts, pickets, porch posts and the swinging limbs of trees—horses of all kinds, from the humble claybank farm drudge to the mettle and blooded roaster, and with a variety of saddles and bridles, not all saddled, however, which was wonderful to see.

The criminal business was first disposed of; then came the civil calendar, and the case of Kane vs. Abell was called. The opening speech for plaintiff by Adam, dwelt upon the atrocity of detaining the bear from its lawful possessor, the gross violation of hunting customs, and the fact that slaying the bear was almost as great an enormity as the slaying of Abell. The facts were then proved by the admission of the offender. There were no witnesses for the defense. Eve claimed the right under those circumstances to the closing speech, but the worshipful court—the justices are worshipful and honorable—compelled with Adam's demand to "rule again him," and Eve took an exception which the court would not allow. The magistrates happened to be blood connections of the Kanes.

Eve spoke eloquently and even grandiloquently. He had received a collegiate education, and he aired his classics for the edification of the court and jury, and demolished the mountaineers with flowing Latin and Greek. He held that there could be no property in an animal which was in fere natura, as there would be in one domesticated; that the wild animal, having been killed while trespassing on the domain, its carcass had become the property of the owner of the fee; that it had broken into the close of Abell—closed his claws into his trousers, "as one of the jury explained afterward—and was properly held for damages; that being in a state of nature, property in him only vested by the fact and at the time of killing; and that Kane had no right on either hide, hair, hoof or meat of the bear. To support this he quoted Blackstone, with some side references to Grotius, Ruffen-dorf, Vattel and others, and cited a case from Johnson's Reports, which, in his opinion, covered the case. Then he wound up by an appeal to the jury to stand by their altars and their fires, the green graves of their forefathers, the constitution and laws of the commonwealth, and find for the defendant.

It was admitted that the young counselor had made a great effort, and his overwhelming weight of authority, Latin, Greek and logic, seemed to impress the jury as it did the auditors. The Abell side was jubilant, and the Kane side correspondingly depressed. But it made no impression upon Adam, who practiced and seer counselor rose to the consciousness of power, and he rose to the level of the Greek and Latin. He quoted a few lines from copious notes taken by a young member of the bar, who are enabled to give as a specimen of forensic power. It was as follows:

"If it please your worshipps, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't gwine to waste the time by makin' a long oration. The counsel for the defendant has had his share of that, and considerable of mine, too. He is a young man, peert and spry, an' of a most pleasin' dis'pose. He has spread hisself on things in ginnal, like a banty ben tryin' to kiver fourteen duck eggs. But he hasn't tetcht the subject. He has given you a heap of larnin' an' enough Greek an' Latin to set up a doctor's shop. He sot out to sock with Scrotes, rip with Eurides, an' hark with Hercules, an' I don't know when I've been more pleased meself. But it didn't edactly tetch the sore spot. He quoted from Grotius an' then, but it was larnin' an' not law. Mr. Grotius an' the rest are furriners, writin' on furrin law. What has furrin law to do with us? As for Blackstone—why, gentlemen, Blackstone was a British judge, a British judge. Our antishers fought agin British tyranny an' oppression—at an' died agin it. Is the say so of a British judge to overrule law an' justice here? I allow not."

"Then ain't no disputation as to the fax. The defendant takes the fax as they air. An' they air as plain as noonday. We had no property in the b'ar, eh? Why, that'd make a boss laugh. The young man is noo to the b'ar, but the ovvriton b'ar law of this country's nooer to him, an' that goes back so fur that no one knows to the contrary. That gives the right of possession to the man that starts the game. The b'ar wasn't in possession of Kane in one sense, but he had started to reduce it to possession, and Abell comin' in an' shootin' it, put it into possession at worst. For he was eyether an agent of Kane, an' shot it for him, or he was a trespasser, he couldn't take advantage of his own wrong, could he? That's law, ain't it? The moment the defendant shot the animal which he had started, it become our b'ar. There ain't no property in a live b'ar, but there is in a dead b'ar. We ain't damnin' nobody's live b'ar, but our dead one, an' that's what we sue for. He might have charged for his service, but he didn't. He's kilt our property agin us, and we've got to be paid for it. That's law, an' that's justice. "One more pint an' I'm done, an' then I ax a vardick from you. The larned counsel on the t'other side, knowin' of the weakness of his case, he has brought in the say so of some Noo York lawyer—a Noo York law-yer—to decide a case here. Noh his opinion eyether, but he's repoid. This is the most pnyllanomonous attempt to warp justice I ever knowed of! Johnson's Repote! I needn't tell yer, gentlemen of the jury—I needn't tell yer worshipps, who air larned in the law, that repote is only hearsay, an' that hearsay is no evidence. What's Johnson—who is this Johnson, that his hearsay should be admitted in this worshipful corte to break down the fax as sw'n to by respectable witnesses, some of 'em akin to yer, gentlemen of the jury? The case is clear. We stan' for law an' justice."

The presiding justice asked if "both sides air into cote?" "The defendant is here," said Eve, "but the plaintiff seems to be ashamed of his suit, and is absent."

"Good reason tharfor," said the foreman of the jury. "I seed him on horse-back when I was comin' to cote, with Kitty Abell on behind, a-headin' for Preacher Grimeses. Gwine to get married, I allow."

This startling announcement was succeeded by a roar, made by a small boy perched in one of the windows:

"Thar come Pete Kane on his black hoss, with Kitty Abell a-holdin' onto him."

In vain the sheriff called for order. Abell and his two sons went out, followed by spectators, lawyers, judges and jurymen, and at last by the sheriff himself, who wanted to see the fight as much as the rest.

Pete Kane had ridden up to the porch of the village "store," dismounted, tethered his horse, and assisted Kitty to alight before old Abell and his two strapping boys reached the spot. Every one was excited except Peter, who was quite cool and unmoved. There was to be a fight, beyond doubt, and every one prepared to take sides in the "scrimmage," according to his proclivities. The two Abell boys "shucked" their hunting shirts in readiness.

"Stan' back thar, boys," said old Abell, seizing an ax handle from a pile that stood on the porch, "or I'll lay yer out with this ax helve. This is my beezines, not yours. Pete Kane, ye ain't satisfied with gwine to law with me, but you're run away with my dauter, unbeknowast. Air you two married?"

"Yes, father," said the blushing Kitty. "Thar nuvver was a Abell married to a Kane that she wasn't disowned of 'er kin," said the old man. "The Kanes an' Abells has it through three generations. It's been a scandalous beezines, in my judgment. You kin take yer judgment agin me for the b'ar, for I broke hunter's law in that, an' acted ruther mean."

"Yer welcome to the b'ar, Clarke Abell," said Kane. "I don't want the money, nobow. It's John Adam's foolery."

"John Adam was right," returned Abell. "an' I'll pay. But Kitty, gal, why didn't you let me know the purty you was in, an' how Peter saved you? I only larned it today. You mout have been dead but for him. Why didn't you ax for the gal like a man, Peter Kane?" The young folks stammered their regrets.

"Jeems Abell," cried the old man to his eldest son, "don't stan' thar glowarin', but jest go into the store and get a quart of the best, an' then ride with black Betty ahead to Kane's. The boys'll give you 100 yards law. The fight atween the Kanes and Abells is busted. Buss me, Kitty, gal. I run away with yer mother myself."

Off went James Abell on horseback, with his black bottle of whiskey, followed by a heavily mounted horseman, the foremost to the privilege of bussing "black Betty," the whisky bottle, an old Irish custom still kept up in the section.

"There was a bounteous 'infare' at the bridegroom's house, and a good time. The only thing to mar it was the prospect of a fight between James Abell and an Overton Kane, but the old man Abell appeared with a hickory gad, and persuaded the two to stop.

The trial never was really concluded, but Peter Kane went over next morning, and was closeted with the county clerk. The record bears the following:

Kane vs. Detinue. Damages, \$100.00.

Suit withdrawn by plaintiff, who pays costs. Thomas Dawn English in The Independent.

Architecture East and West. The Americans are the quickest people in the world to adapt themselves to new situations. They are quick to get up and go, and they do not require a very long experience to know what is in bad taste. They are as quick as anybody—I believe they gave us the phrase—to "catch on" to quietness and a low tone. Indeed, I don't know but they would boast that if it is a question of subdued style, they can beat the world. The reputation which has gone all over the country since the exposition of 1876 in house furnishing and decoration is quite as apparent at the west as in the east.

The west has not suffered more than the east from eccentricities of architecture in the past twenty years. Violations of good taste are pretty well distributed, but of new houses the proportion of handsome, solid, good structures is as large in the west as in the east, and in the cities I think the west has the advantage in variety. It must be frankly said that if the easterner is surprised at the size, cost and palatial character of many of their residences, he is not less surprised by the refinement and good taste of their interiors. There are cases where money is too evident, where the splendor has been ordered, but there are plenty of other cases where individual taste is apparent, and love of harmony and beauty. What I am trying to say is that the east under values the real refinement of living going along with the admitted cost and luxury in the west.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

The Electric Kissing Party.

There is a large New England element in the social economy of Brooklyn, and it is responsible for many innovations that for nine days disturb the conservatism of the city beyond the East river. One of the latest fads is the electric kiss, which originated in Boston, and was introduced here by a young lady who had attended an ante-lenten party on Beacon Hill. It is thus described by a young lady participant:

"The ladies and gentlemen range themselves about the room. This being layed out the lady selects a partner, and together they shuffle about on the carpet until they are charged with electricity, the lights in the room having first been turned low. Then they kiss in the dark, and make the sparks fly for the amusement of the onlookers. Oh, the shock is delightful. I have never been but to one electric party, but I understand that after a young lady has played the game for a while it is impossible to give her a shock. Probably the gentleman don't shuffle his feet hard enough on the carpet. Gracious! I'm afraid I should wear the soles off my shoes."

The electric kissing parties are growing rapidly in popularity, in spite of this being leap year.—New York Evening Sun.

Angular Handwriting.

Angular handwriting is the rage. Like aestheticism, mackintoshes, herring bone glads, white spots, and forbidding reserve, it is an English importation, and peculiarly feminine. In the tight little island, the girls take to stub pens, blank note paper, and a flowing angularity of writing, as readily as the "Daisy Millers" f-gum and slang. The letters seem to blow into curves which, before they can be analyzed, are finished at start, and close with a funny little hinge joint, the unraveling and reknitting of which is the secret of the writing. Knowing it to be the universal style in English and Canadian society, the college girls of the east manage to acquire something which is anti-Spencerian, and hardly semi-demolished. —Chicago Inter Ocean

WE COURT INVESTIGATION AND COMPARISON.

SEATTLE, Wash., September 2, 1900.

I have been sick for four years with a complication of troubles, employing physician after physician, all of them telling me a different story, saying I had liver trouble, kidney trouble, stomach trouble, and some said I had a cancer, as I had a fearful lump in my side. I had spent about \$1,300 doctoring with different physicians, and kept constantly getting worse instead of better. In both San Francisco and Tacoma they said they must cut the lump out of my side or I would die. They thought I would die anyway; so I con- cluded not to have it cut. They all said they could not cure me. While in Moscow I heard of the wonderful cures being performed by the Histogenetic Medicines, and went to Seattle to see Dr. Jordan. I commenced the treatment, and the result has been miraculous. The lump disappeared in a hurry, and after taking the medicine five weeks I consider myself perfectly well. This was last spring, and I have had no return of the trouble.

I also took my baby with me at the same time. It had a sore ear, and we had tried several doctors with no good result. It was in a fearful condition, and was spreading all over him. We knew he couldn't live long. However, after taking the Histogenetic Medicines a few weeks he was perfectly well. There has been no trace of the trouble since. He saved the life of both myself and baby. Any one wishing to prove the truth of this statement can find me at the address given below.

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DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeeler, Third and James. Consultation and prescriptions absolute- ly FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION. The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in buy one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's 'Histogenetic' Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

All coal dealers and bread bakers are interested in the light-weight championship.

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We call attention to those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; cost you nothing to do so.

The man who lost his money is in a position to denounce prize fighting and its attendant immorality.

A GUIDE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

The following letter will show the way to health to many a down-hearted man and woman.

H. S. R. Maher, Moravia, Cayuga county, N. Y., writes:

"I have been afflicted for some years with liver complaint, accompanied with dyspepsia and prolonged constipation. I was almost in despair when I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took a course of them for a week—five or six pills every night. I found myself very much better, but to make everything all sure, continued to take one pill a night for over a month. I am now in a very fair state of health, and I know I shall continue so as long as I take one BRANDRETH'S PILL a night."

A Definition.—"Papa, what is a fat?" "A fat, my son, is somebody else's pecuniarity."

Why rub and toil and wear out yourself and your clothes on wash day, when ever since 1874 Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Restorer has been used on wash day to lighten your labor and save your clothes. Now try it. Your grocer has it.

Hypocrisy. If you don't pay your debts you had better not talk too much in class meeting.

For bronchial and asthmatic complaints and coughs and colds "Bronch's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

Some men are like blotters; they may bear the impress of 100 good things and yet they are worthless.

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We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay, and no fee until cured. Ad- dress on package to Dr. Porterfield & Leary 838 Market Street, San Francisco.

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Or for stamps any single article at the price named. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to accept cheap imitations. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at 10 cents. Chesbrough M'g Co., 24 State St., New York.

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Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretory power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach and a matchless remedy for biliousness and liver and acute. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

Accepting the Compliment.—"Your rich aunt has a grand air about her?" "Yep, I am the belle."

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CA- TARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

A boy's first cigar may smoke well, but how about the boy?



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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES. It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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"Say aye 'No,' and ye'll ne'er be married. Don't refuse all—

Our Advice

to use SAPOLIO: It is a solid cake of scouring soap, used for cleaning purposes

I asked a maid if she would wed, And in my home her brightness shed; She faintly smiled and murmured low, "If I can have SAPOLIO."

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