

# WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY  
Chieftain Publishing Company.  
JOSEPH, OREGON

## FRENCH WAITERS ARE VERY ACUTE.

Traits Which Enable Them to Size Up Customers at a Single Glance.

"I suppose the average run of people think that a waiter does not know anything beyond the knowledge which leads him to serve the soup before the entrée or the tuffi fruit in advance of the demi tasse," said an intelligent French waiter in a downtown restaurant the other day.

"Yet, as a matter of fact," he continued, "we do notice every little detail about people who seat themselves at the tables apportioned to us by the manager of our restaurant. The reason we do so is because by this practice of sizing up our guests we can generally tell how it is best for us to go to work in order to get a few out of them, or to discover that we are likely not to get any fee at all.

"You see, if we come to the latter conclusion there is no use of our wasting time on them, as we can put it in to a much greater advantage by letting them wait, while we hurry the orders of better paying customers.

"We are not afraid of any complaints which they may make to the head waiter, because while we give up freely to him we can never get into any serious difficulty. Besides, he would only listen to complaints that come from habitués, and as they always feel us well they are always well looked after.

"How can we judge people at a glance? Well, I'll tell you, sir. You see in the first place people from the country or those not used to city restaurants always enter the room with a kind of an uncertain air.

"Suppose it is a young man who is going to buy a lunch for his girl. If he is not used to the business he looks doubtful and unhappy. He does not know what to do with his hat and hesitates in choosing a table, and very likely will end by putting his hat on the floor when he takes a seat, and his girl will invariably take her place beside him instead of on the opposite side of the table, as she should.

"Then in studying the menu he is apt to look at the prices first, and it is apparent that all the French names in the list are so much Greek to him. The result is that his order is of a most inconspicuous nature, and would make any but a well trained waiter smile in spite of himself. There is no money for the waiter in people like that.

"The city man is different. At a glance he sees which available table has the best location, and instinctively chooses one as far from the kitchen and as near a window as possible. He always knows, too, exactly what he wants, and will often order without looking at the menu at all.

"Still city men often make me tired by insisting on talking French to me. I have been in this country twenty years, my wife is an American and I speak English perfectly, yet some of my customers insist on giving all their orders in French that sometimes makes my hair fairly curl. Still I do my best to understand them, and I always compliment their French, particularly if they have a lady with them. In that way I am always sure of a good fee, though sometimes I have to get them to point to the place on the menu before I can make out what dish they want."—New York Herald.

**Scratching the Back in Fever.**  
In a communication to a Vienna medical journal Dr. Fenykovy furnishes an interesting account of observations made by him on the treatment of intermittent fever by means of friction of the back along the patient's spine. Many years ago, as appears from this account, there occurred—while he was at Nisch with his regiment—so many cases of intermittent fever that the stock of quinine was becoming rapidly exhausted, and in order that the patients might not be entirely without some sort of treatment, it was ordered that they should be rubbed twice a day along the spine with simple ointment.

The result was in the highest degree satisfactory, for the day succeeding the giving of the order no appearance of the usual attack was to be seen. Accordingly since that time Dr. Fenykovy has freely employed the same kind of treatment, and commonly with most gratifying success; indeed, he states that three-fourths of his cases have done very well without any quinine at all.

**"Devil's Fruit."**  
When potatoes were first introduced into Russia by a Mr. Rowland (the exact date of the introduction of the tuber into that benighted country being a subject of some controversy, but usually set down at 1791) the people would neither plant nor touch them, saying that they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaint to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to "search the earth for fruit," which he did actually, and literally, finding only potatoes growing therein.—St. Louis Republic.

**He Mixed His Proverbs.**  
"A scclusion and a dare," said young Malapropos, as he kissed her under the friendly scclusion of a big tree. But he says he'll never get that quotation wrong again; it's "a delusion and a snare," and he can prove it.—Detroit Free Press.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Wide o'er the field dreads horrors brood;  
The wounded thick are lying;  
That gurgles from the dying  
How changed from morning's bright array  
Of martial pride and glory!  
The pomp of war has passed away  
And left its lazar's glory.

The prancing steeds, the trumpet's blast,  
The charge and sally's clashing  
No longer charm with honor's glare,  
Nor cannon's roar and flashing  
The eyes have lost their fiery glow  
The voice its clarion pealing;  
The flying pulse is beating slow,  
The heart almost congealing.

Accidant! oh, fitting name  
To mark the sanguine story;  
And yet 'twill give to endless fame,  
And crown the dead with glory.  
These heroes met the sweating tide,  
And, with supreme endeavor,  
They victory won, though thousands died,  
But Freedom lives forever!

It was a quick and deadly fight  
That sent the foemen flying,  
Arising o'er his wild delight  
From lips grown pale in dying,  
Another charge must now be made,  
The turf in furrows heaping,  
When every mound that specks the glade  
Will mark a hero's sleeping.

Ah, bury them with tender care—  
Bury heroes! how we love them!  
Where generations may repair  
To deck the turf above them.  
While history shall their deeds repeat,  
Song hold their fame in keeping,  
Our love shall keep their memory sweet,  
And guard their hallowed sleeping.

—Rev. Sidney Dyer in New York Ledger

## He Got Enough to Eat.

In one of the leading hotels a few days ago one of those blustering, independent farmers was the star figure in a very amusing incident. He came in, and sat down at a table where I was breakfasting and began studying the bill of fare. The printed list of eatables confused him not a little, but he made a bold bluff at the waiter and then leaned back in his chair satisfied that he would soon have a good breakfast. But he drew a blank. He had made a bad choice from the bill of fare and did not get enough to keep a squirrel from starving. He put it out of sight in a jiffy. He was still hungry and began to figure on some way to get another deal. He examined the card for a few moments and then began trying to catch a waiter. But they all were busy and did not notice the famished tiller of the soil.

He tapped with his knife on his plate, called "hey, there!" and tried to pluck their sleeves. It was no go, and his efforts remained unheeded. Finally, driven to desperation, he put his two thumbs in his mouth and whistled. Such a whistle, too! It could have been heard a mile. The waiters jumped as though they had been shot, and two nervous ladies screamed a little. The solemn head waiter and two or three of his nimble assistants ran to the old man, who calmly said: "I wish you would pass the victuals again. I didn't get enough." He soon had enough around him, and the head waiter bent an eye on him to see that the supply remained good.—Exchange.

## A Fine Tree.

The grandest sycamore tree in New England, perhaps, is at Newton, in Connecticut. It is 85 feet high, 21 feet in circumference and the crown casts a shade 100 feet in diameter. The foliage is so dense it is impossible to discern a ray of light falling through it, and twilight reigns all the summer beneath it. The leaves are 5 inches long, about 4 inches wide and are of a beautiful glossy hue. When the wind rustles the leaves the sound they make is like that of falling rain. The blossoms are large and like silk floss, and falling cover the ground inches deep with an elastic robe that is like a wonderful snow white silken carpet. The giant tree is a landmark in all the region, and is visible to a person on the hill tops miles away, a vast dark pillar overtopping all other trees.—Cor. New York Sun.

**Victoria Assumes Authority.**  
One of the first things Queen Victoria did on hearing that William IV was dead and that she had succeeded to the throne was to call one of her mother's ladies in waiting.

"Am I really queen?" asked the excited princess.

"You are, indeed, madam," replied the lady in waiting.

"And I can do what I choose by right?" continued Victoria.

"Certainly, your majesty."

"Then give me a cup of green tea; mamma would never let me have it, now I mean to know what harm it can do me."

And the young queen drank three cups, had a violent fit of the shivers and has never liked tea since.—London Tit-Bits.

**Reckoning Without His Host.**  
At a Far Rockaway Hotel.—Fastidious Traveler—What can I have for dinner, waiter?

Irish Waiter—Ye can orthes fwhat ye please, sor.

F. T.—Oh, then I'll have some consommé soup, a bit of salmon, a little entree to follow, what joint you may have—hot, and I'll have some dessert, some cheese, and I'll have—

Irish Waiter—Will ye, now, bedad! Then ye'll just have eggs and bacon—what ye're used to.—Chatter.

**Satisfied.**  
A squad of Tenth Maine volunteers, while out scouting at South Mountain, came across an old woman hiding in a log cabin. After the usual salutations one of the squad, named Spaulding, asked her, "Well, old lady, are you a seotch?" "No," was the answer. "Are you a Union?" "No." "What are you then?" "A Baptist, and always have been!" The scouting party was satisfied.—Lewiston Journal.

## Beautiful and Expensive Fans.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor had probably the finest collection of fans in the country. There were among the number many charming specimens of that famous Venis Martin, which time has not robbed of its soft luster. The mounts are of paper, silk and vellum, exquisitely painted, one representing the "Toilet of Venus." The sticks, in ivory, are overspread with the Venis Martin, showing a surface of great brilliancy. Another dainty one in Mrs. Astor's collection represents a champagne group of youths and maidens upon a crag overhanging a bit of summer sea. Perhaps one of the choicest fans is one belonging to Mrs. Newbold Morris. It is of crepe lisse, delicately painted, edged with point d'Alencon and mounted on sticks of mother-of-pearl.

Of other fans belonging to New York ladies one is a regency fan, with a scriptural subject painted upon the mount, the sticks being decorated with Chinese enamel faces in cartouches. Mrs. Jesse Seligman has many costly fans. One of the Louis Quinze period has depicted upon it a scene from harem life, and is decorated with gilt and silver medallions upon kid. A regal fan made over a hundred years ago for some almond eyed empress of the Flowering Kingdom is now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where this "thing of beauty and joy forever" has a large case devoted exclusively to its own royal use. This fan is an airy, fairy combination of gauze, ivory, jade and many other precious metals of exquisite workmanship.—New York World.

## A Mexican Relic.

Among the many articles of interest in the new Natural History museum at Vienna perhaps nothing has been more discussed than an old Mexican relic which is preserved with great care under glass.

This relic, which is now known as the field badge of King Montezuma, had lain for 800 years in the Ambrose collection, where it was at first catalogued as a Moorish hat of fong, heavy, glistening green and gold feathers.

One investigator held that it was an Indian hat, another an Indian apron; but in 1820 it was at last known to be a Mexican badge of high rank, and through Ferdinand Hoehstetter it was proved to be the genuine field decoration of King Montezuma, captured by Cortez in 1520 after the battle of Otumba.

This battle was followed by the wild flight of the Mexicans and the robbing of the land by Cortez, who sent the standard and wardrobe of the king, with much gold, to the Emperor Charles V, of Spain. The latter gave the standard to Pope Clement VII, who sent it to Grand Duke Ferdinand, of Tyrol, for the Ambrose collection.

It is shaped like a shield, and is made from tall feathers of the bird of Paradise, which have a glitter like gold over their red, green and blue colors. The moths had partly destroyed it, but of the five hundred original feathers only forty-one were much injured, and those have been replaced by new ones, and the former beauty is fully restored.—Youth's Companion.

**The Patient Car Conductor.**  
"There was a time not long ago when I used to kick off every boy who sought on behind my car," said a Third Avenue conductor. "I was more green then than I am now." He continued, "and I considered that it was my duty to do so. But I don't do it any more. I have been cured of such cruelty. The lesson was so impressive that I shall never forget it. It occurred late one night. A little chap ran after my car and hung on the platform. I rushed back and stepped on his fingers. He let go and fell upon the track. He was seriously hurt. I picked him up and found blood upon his head. I left the car in the care of the driver and carried him home.

"Two days later my car was stopped by a funeral procession, and I learned that it was the funeral of the boy who had sat on my car two evenings before. Yes, sir, every boy in Park row can ride on my car now. I wouldn't put one of them off if I lost my job the next day. There is such a thing, you know, sir, as being too strict."—Ernest Jarrold in New York Journal.

**Barometerometer.**  
The invention of an instrument to which the name barometerometer, has been given is announced. Its purpose is to enable observers to take readings as often as desired, and by a single wire, from barometers and thermometers placed at great heights or distances without the necessity of the observer being resident where the instruments are placed, thereby saving much expense and enabling observations to be taken at points where residence might be impossible.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Kind Hearted Official.**  
Guard (New York elevated railroad).—The doctor says I'm getting dyspepsia. Superintendent (kindly)—I'm sorry to hear that. What causes it?  
"Why, sir, under the rules I've got to take my meals while on duty on the train, and the doctor says eatin' so fast will kill me."  
"I see. You have to swallow your meals at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Well, I'll order the engineers to reduce the speed to nineteen miles an hour at meal time."—Good News.

**Dr. Smiles says:** "I never studied the art of composition. I read a multitude of the best books, and from that I learned to compose."

## HE STOOD THE TEST.

**A Prisoner Who Successfully Feigned Insanity Until at Death's Door.**

We had a case of feigned insanity in the jail about three years ago, the most extraordinary that has ever come with in my experience. The prisoner's name was Brant. He had been convicted of trying to sell goods under false pretenses. He was first sent to the workhouse, where he lived for twenty-two days without eating. They brought him from the hospital department of the workhouse to the jail on a stretcher. When he was first looked up he was a man weighing 200 pounds, but he starved himself until he became like a shadow. We stood him up on the stone floor, and he would fall his full length as if he had been a corpse, bruing his forehead, and yet gave no indication that he was in pain. For thirty-six days we placed him in his cell, but it remained untouched. He would insist on keeping his knees bent, and we thought to make him straighten his legs by stringing him up in the air and letting him hang there, but the position of the legs never changed.

We tried every possible way to make him give some evidence that he was sane, but it was no use. Finally we got a stomach pump and pumped milk into him every day. In this way he was kept alive while the doctors continued their experiments with him. He was an old soldier and the Grand Army folks became interested in the case. They visited him and they were positive he was insane. They asked me for a letter stating that he was demented, but I refused to give it because I was sure the fellow was shamming.

We had information that he had been convicted of crime somewhere in Missouri, was sent to the insane asylum and afterward discharged. The Grand Army people became in ligament at me because I would not say that Brant was crazy. In the meantime we continued pumping milk into his stomach. He was like a putty man. Anywhere you placed him there he would stick. Finally other prisoners attempted to catch Brant napping, but without success. The Grand Army gentlemen secured a commission in lunacy for Brant's case, and the commission declared him insane. He was then removed to the insane department of the city poor farm. He had to be carried to the train on a stretcher. I don't believe he weighed eighty pounds.

The second day after he had arrived at the farm he commenced to eat, and the pumping process was discarded. Before a week he had a splendid appetite, and in a very short time his form rounded out into something like his old time proportions. One day Mr. Brant got hold of a file, tried it on the bars of his window, found it worked to a charm, filed the bars to two, made a knotted rope from his bed clothes, let himself down to the ground, and has never been heard of from that day to this. It was the most remarkable case of which I have heard. Imagine the amount of pain and suffering that man had to endure. He never flinched for an instant that a person could detect. We knew he was shamming, but the proof seemed to be the other way. There have been other prisoners in here who feigned insanity, but a few sharp, severe tests would generally bring them to a realization of their senses.—Interview in Pittsburg Gazette.

**His First Day's Fight.**  
The constant hissing of the bullets, with their sharp ping or buzz whispering around and sometimes into us, gave me a sickening feeling and a cold perspiration. I felt weak around my knees—a sort of faintness and lack of strength in the joints of my legs, as if they would sink under me," writes Mr. Goss in his "Recollections of a Private."

"About 11 o'clock we saw emerging from the little ravine to the left of Fort Magruder a swarm of Confederates, who opened on us with a terrible and deadly fire. Then they charged upon us with their peculiar yell.

"We took all possible advantage of the stumps and trees as we were pushed back until we reached the edge of the wood, where we halted and fired upon the enemy from behind all the cover the situation afforded. We were none of us too proud—not even those who had the dignity of shoulder straps to support—to dodge behind a tree or a stump.

"I called out to a comrade, 'Why don't you get behind a tree?'"  
"Confound it," he said, "there ain't enough for the officers!"

**Little Love Lost.**  
This is how a parson took leave of his parishioners in a town in the far west:

"Dear loved ones, your parting does not seem hard to me for three reasons—you do not love me, you do not love each other and the Lord does not love you. If you loved me you would have paid me for my services during the past two years. You do not love each other, otherwise I should have more marriages to celebrate, and the Lord does not love you, for otherwise he would call more of you to him, and I should have more funeral services to conduct."

His parishioners did not press their pastor to stay.—Vanity Fair.

When Sir John Herschel was demanded the character of astronomical science in view of an error of nearly 8,000,000 miles in estimating the star's distance the correction was shown to apply to an error of observation so small as to be equivalent to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of 125 feet.

## HER CUCKOO.

We heard it calling, sweet and low,  
That tender April morn; we stood  
And listened to the quiet wood;  
We heard it, ay, some time ago.

It came, and with a strange, sweet cry—  
A friend, and from a far-off land,  
We stood and listened, hand in hand,  
And heart to heart, my love and I.

O, time far off and yet so near!  
It came to her in that hushed grove;  
It warbled while the wooing throve—  
It sang the song she liked to hear.

Ah, sweet it is to hear an' heed  
The wail of the cuckoo in spring;  
And not to hear it in the dead of night,  
To have the lips that fondly plead.

And now I hear his voice again,  
And still his message is of peace—  
Of fruitful days of still increase—  
It sings of love that will not cease—  
For me it never sings in vain.

—Frederick Locker.

## Remedy for Lightning Stroke.

During the heavy rain storm at Winona the residence of Police Officer Bambenek was struck by lightning and the family narrowly escaped death. The bolt struck the chimney, completely demolishing it, and following the stove pipe down into the room, thence passing through the floor into the ground. The floor was badly torn up, and several pieces of furniture were broken. Mrs. Bambenek was sick in bed, and was not affected except through fright. Her 3-year-old son had both legs badly burned and one shoe torn completely from his foot. Mr. Bambenek's young sister of 11 years stood near the path of the bolt. She was knocked senseless and both her legs badly burned. It was thought she was dead, but the neighbors carried her into the yard and buried her in the ground up to her neck. This method is always employed in that part of the city in case of a person struck by lightning, and the people have great faith in its withdrawing the electricity from the system. Both the injured are doing well.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## A Dreamer Boy's Career.

Rev. Albert C. White, of Amesbury, who enlisted in the late war when 19 years and 20 days old, is said to have been the youngest soldier of the whole army. He often walked twenty miles a day, and it was his duty to beat the taps at night. His father was a lieutenant in the same company, and accompanied him on his furloughs at night to keep him from falling asleep.

He must have been handsome as well as young, as the following amusing story would show. He once met three women of whom he begged some milk. One was a beautiful southern girl about 18, who with an elderly woman supported a decrepit colored woman. They willingly filled his three canteens and charged a kiss each for them, but White says the youngest one took a dozen.—Springfield Republican.

## Whiskers Gone Astray.

"Man Peter," said a Scotch quack doctor to his apprentice, "ye manny aye be awfu' cautious in pharmacy. Even I ance made a terrible mistake." I was attending Mrs. Kittledoby, who was said to be fashed wi' tickledoby, an' I was called upon by John McFikeit, wha's croon was sae thin o' hair—as well as sense—that he was awshamed o' especially as he was awfu' strapping young widow that had a fine red hair an' I mixed up both portions at the same time, an' both ladies were awf'ly surprised to gie them like their's medicine!

"So poor John, rubbing Mrs. Kittledoby's preparation for her tickledoby on the tap o' his head, declares he's had a hair in his bonnet ever since; an' Mrs. Kittledoby, rubbin' her jaws wi' the ointment intended for John's bald paw, in less than a fortnight had a pair o' whiskers the envy o' a' the young men o' this village."—Scottish American.

## Very Considerate.

"Well, John," said old man Jordan to his young friend, "you have just married, I hear."

"Yes, sir," he answered with a spring morning smile; "just a month ago, and I want you to go up to dinner with me to-day."

"Have you got a cook?"

"Well, my boy, s'pose we go to a restaurant this time. You must remember I had a young wife once myself."—Texas Siftings.

**A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!**  
This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder."

"But," interrupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption can be cured. If taken Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system."

"I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere.

The "Discovery" strikes at the seat of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—it working more nor does yield to this wonderful remedy.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for that time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Fever, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments.

Send for a free trial, and you will be cured. Price, 25c. Sold by all druggists.

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# "August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore, Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and of Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The Sheriff gentleman fifty-nine years of age and this is what he says: "I used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does more good than any other remedy I have used. I have been troubled with 'call Sick Headache, a pain in the back part of my head, and then soon a general headache, until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, sourness, when food seemed to 'up in my throat and mouth. I feel this coming on if I eat 'little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for the 'pepsia, &c."

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

ALL IN ONE PATIENT, of Mrs. James Nolan of this city, on Third street, was operated upon by Dr. Toel on the 20th of the month. The case was one of the worst I had ever seen in the many operations I have performed, and it has been impossible to perform any operation except by means of electricity, thus avoiding all loss of blood. By the use of an electric lamp not less than seven inches long and reaching far into the intestine, Mrs. Nolan is now perfectly well.—Portland Journal.

Dr. Toel is now located in Portland. Hundreds of cancers and tumors will fully removed by him, can be seen in his office. Dr. Toel has studied in Europe and used electricity for nineteen years, and is the only surgeon in the Northwest who operates by electricity without loss of blood.

**DOCTOR TOEL** makes a specialty of Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Neck, Skin, Ears, Organs, Female Diseases and all Surgical Operations, as for Fistula, Piles, Stricture, Cancer, Elypus and all other tumors and Ulcers. Operations performed by means of electricity without loss of blood. Office—No. 70 1/2 Washington street, corner Fourth, rooms 3, 4 & 5 Washington building, Portland, Me. See this paper of last six weeks, as last

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND** WATER CURE. The Water Cure is a simple, natural, and effective method of treating all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**FOR MEN ONLY** VIGOR AND STRENGTH. A cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**MONEY** Can be made. A cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**INCUBATOR** Broilers, chickens, in their own homes. A cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**CURE FITS** When you are in a fit, you must have a cure. A cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**WINTER IS COMING.** Send to Seattle for your winter outfit. A cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**STEINWAY, Gable and Pease** Moving the BEST PIANO MADE, and is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**DR. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELT** will positively cure all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body. It is a cure for all diseases of the body, and is a cure for all diseases of the body.

**JOHN M. A. LAU** Third and Taylor, Portland, Or. (Mention this paper.)

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