## DON'T.

Don't check the children's laughter,
Don't stop their noisy play;
Don't cloud one joyous pleasure
As through the livelong day
Light hearts ring wild and happy
With childhood's merry tune—
Don't speed the coming sorrow
That takes its place too soon!

Don't carry a blue face with you
At eve, as home we stray,
Where loving, leal hearts linger
To drive your cares away;
Remember, there's one waiting—
Through trials tried and true—
With all in all dependent
On the little things you do.

Don't scold the bird for singing,
And hang him in the shade;
Nor seek to clad in somber
The dream bright song has made.
Don't close without the window
The morning's rosy gleam—
Its brilliant rays, so sunny,
W make home brighter seem.

Don't scorn the little Arab
You pass upon the street,
In livery torn and tattered,
With bare, blue boyhood's feet;
Perchance the whirl of fortune
That—in strange ways unknown—
Yet, makes him money magnate,
May make Arabs of your own!

Don't grudge a word in kindness
To the stranger passing by,
Nor give to wan and weary
But compassion's paltry sigh;
Perchance the rule that's golden
Will teach, in lesson, too,
What meant the humble Master
We should to others do.

—George E. Powell, in Inter Ocean.

## ALL A MISTAKE.

### How the Black-Eyed Woman Stole a March on Miss Maroon.

"I dare say all my relatives will think it very silly of me," said Miss Maroon. "But I really think I am quite old and experienced enough to manage these affairs for myself. And I've heard of a great many happy marriages that have been arranged just in this way. To be sure, it is running a risk; but, after all, life is a lottery, and one has to take things as they come in this world."

Miss Malvina Maroon (generally known as "Mally" by her friends and acquaintances) was sitting in a very stiff-backed chair in the best room of the little country tavern at Infield-on-the-Hudson. The stage had been in for an hour, at least, and Miss Maroon was tired waiting. She had chirped to the thrush in his cage, counted all the little red balls on the Jerusalem cherry tree in the window, and looked at the picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" until she knew every wig and buckled shoe by heart, and still nobody had come to meet her. She was beginning to feel a little uneasy at this unexpected delay. The landlord had peeped at her, under pretense of coming to fill up the big stone pitcher with fresh cabbage roses; the landlady had courtesied at the door, and asked her if she should cook a little piece of steak or a dish of brook trout for her dinner.

"I don't expect to be here to dinner," said Miss Maroon, with dignity.

"Oh!" said the landlady.

"My friends will doubtless be here to meet me in a very few minutes," explained Miss Maroon, glancing at the clock.

"Ah!" said the landlady.

But this was where Miss Maroon had intrenched somewhat on the strict truth. She had no friends at Infield-on-the-Hudson. She had come there—under our breath be it spoken—with the desperate resolve to answer a matrimonial advertisement. She had seen it in the paper. She had read it twice over, and rather liked the way in which it was worded. She had asked herself: "Why not?" and echo had returned no unfavorable response. And she had, so to speak, taken her fate into her own hands, and come boldly to Infield-on-the-Hudson.

But now, as the moments sped by, she was beginning to wax secretly uneasy. Suppose there should be any mistake? Suppose the advertiser should be "suited" already? Suppose any number of awkward circumstances to have interposed themselves in the way of her welfare? But just as she was beginning to make herself thoroughly uncomfortable there came a tap, tap at the door, and in walked a stout, short man with a red necktie and a countenance to match.

"Lady from New York?" said this personage, without the least embarrassment.

Miss Maroon rose with dignity. "Yes, sir," said she.

He was not exactly aristocratic looking. There was no mistake about that. He wore no gloves, and his hands were stumpy and freckled—his hair stuck up like the bristles of the fretful porcupine, and his face, although good-natured, bore in it no trace of ancient blood or lofty lineage! But Miss Maroon bethought herself of the old proverb about the deceitfulness of appearances, and plucked up spirit.

"You saw the advertisement, I suppose," said the stout man.

"I did, sir," said Miss Maroon.

"Think you'll suit?" questioned the stout man.

"Sir?" said Miss Maroon.

"Because he's a little peculiar," explained the man; "and it ain't every body meets his views, you see!"

"Oh," said Miss Maroon, a light breaking in upon her darkness, "then *you* are not the party himself?"

"Oh, no," said the stout man. "No; I'm the business man! I settle every thing for him."

"I should prefer negotiating with principals," said Miss Maroon, drawing herself up.

"It's the usual way we does it," remarked her interlocutor, picking a broom-splint from the floor and beginning to chew it.

"The usual way?" repeated Miss Maroon, more puzzled than ever. "May I ask how often the—the gentleman has been married before?"

"Never been married in his life," said the stout man. "Circumstances was against it, you see."

"Oh!" said Miss Maroon.

"He ain't hard to manage," said the stout man. "Them as he takes a fancy to can do most any thing with him."

Miss Maroon cast down her eyes and simpered at this.

"Did you bring any references?" said the stout man, abruptly.

"References!" echoed Miss Maroon.

"Ever had any experience?" he went on.

"Sir!" said Miss Maroon. "I really don't understand—"

"Your age seems quite suitable," said the man. "I calculate you're about forty, ain't you? We couldn't give you many holidays, nor Sundays out, but for a good, reg'lar, steady place—"

"Stop," cried Miss Maroon, "do stop! I don't at all know what you're talking about. Holidays—Sundays out! I'd have you to know that I am no housemaid looking for a place. And as for being forty years old, my appearance must be very deceptive if you take me for anywhere near that age. I am only six-and-thirty."

"Three or four years one way or the other don't make much difference," remarked the stout man with the bristly hair. "Our last was sixty, and she had a pretty tidy notion of her business, too, only—"

Miss Maroon looked surprised.

"I thought I understood you to say that the gentleman had never been married," said she.

"No more he has," said the man. "I ain't talking about wives. I'm talking about nurses."

"*What!*" cried Miss Maroon.

The stout man looked hard at her for a minute or two, then he plunged his hand deep down into his coat pocket and extracted thence a slip cut from a newspaper.

"It's all writ down here in black and white, plain enough," said he.

"WANTED—An experienced and trustworthy attendant for a gentleman of in firm mind. To the right person a liberal remuneration will be offered. Apply, on Wednesday next, between the hours of ten and one, at the Wedgewood House, Infield-on-the-Hudson."

"You see," he added, as he refolded the paper and returned it to his pocket, "we didn't exactly like to put it down in the paper as he was a crazy man."

"But that isn't the advertisement *I* saw at all," said Miss Maroon, growing alternately pale and red in her consternation.

"It was in the Daily Visitor," said the stout man, "as we put our notice."

"And it was the Morning Patriot that *I* saw," cried Miss Maroon. "A Mr. Delano St. John, of St. Johnsgrove, Infield-on-the-Hudson, who wanted—"

"A wife," said the stout man, with twinkling eyes. "*I* thought so! I seen his carriage go by half an hour ago, with a pretty little black-eyed woman in cherry-colored ribbons and—"

"And Rob Roy plaid polonaise?" almost screamed Miss Maroon. "And a black parasol lined with scarlet?"

"Some sort of a rig of that description," said the stout man.

"The bold, pert, unfeminine thing!" said Miss Maroon, vehemently fanning herself. "I've seen her this long time walking up and down the piazza! She's the very one that came down in the stage with me! And here she has whisked off with the advertising man, and left me all alone and deserted!"

"She's got the clear start of you, it seems," said the stout man, as he rose up and looked around for his hat. "Well, if you don't like the idee of *my* situation—"

"I decline it, most certainly," said Miss Maroon, precipitately. "Landlady!"

"It wouldn't be such a bad idea," coaxed the stout man, "if—"

"Landlady!" repeated Miss Maroon, more energetically than ever. And the stout man went out, thrusting his hands into his pockets as he did so. The landlady bustled in.

"A carriage, please, to the railway depot," said Miss Maroon.

"Won't you wait for the stage, ma'am?" said the landlady. "It'll be along in half an hour."

"I wouldn't stay here another five minutes for all the gold in Golconda," said Miss Maroon.

So the rickety one-horse chaise of the establishment was geared up, and Miss Maroon, shedding secret tears of vexation and disappointment behind her vail, went back to New York. And when her nephews and nieces asked about her sudden journey to Infield-on-the Hudson she told them that she had been to look for summer board.

"And weren't you suited, auntie, dear?" said the youngest and prettiest of the nieces, who had seen the Morning Patriot with the printed slip missing from the list of advertisements, and could put two and two together as well as any one.

And Miss Maroon answered, sharply that she was *not* suited at all.—Henrietta Gregory, in N. Y. Ledger.

## WHIPPING IN ENGLAND.

### A Mode of Punishment Practiced as Late as August, 1817.

When Landor referred to the "naked haunch" he was evidently indulging poetic license, as persons when whipped were only stripped from the waist upward, so that the haunch would not be exposed to "the stern beadle's whip." That women were whipped at the whipping post and the cart's tail is a positive fact. Women of all ages suffered, from the girl of sixteen to the woman of sixty, and the practice of whipping them only ceased in 1817, when it was abolished by 1 George IV., cap. 57. If women of the middle class escaped whipping, it was no doubt due to the fact that they but rarely committed the offenses for which women of the lower orders were punished, otherwise they would have been equally amendable, as there does not appear to have been any statutory exception in their favor; indeed, it seems more than probable that many women of the middle class were whipped, when we remember that whippings were inflicted upon women not only for crime but for being insane and having the small-pox. Whether Hannah Snell was whipped or not I am unable to say, but if she really existed and was in the army, I should think it quite likely that she was, and under certain circumstances, the whipping might have been carried out without her sex being discovered. In the army flogging was performed by fastening the soldier up a triangle, and in the navy by lashing the sailor to a grating and then flogging the bare back with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Ward, in "The London Spy," tells us that in Bridewell both men and women were whipped upon their naked backs before the Court of Governors. The president sat, with hammer in hand, "like a Change broker at Lloyd's coffee house when selling goods by inch of Candle," and the whipping only ceased when the hammer fell. In the journal of the mayor of Penzance for 1816-17 I find the following entries respecting whipping: July 24, 1817, William Trewhella publicly whipped in the open market and round the market, according to his sentence, for stealing sacks with corn. August 22, nine vagrants taken up last night, severely reprimanded and ordered to be drummed out of town by the constables, and if found here again to be whipped. Francis Peard, of Portsmouth, ordered to be whipped out of town.—Notes and Queries.

### His Reformation.

[French Wit.]

They reproach an aged millionaire with his miserly practices. "Here you are, a wealthy man, and yet you put out your ash barrel every day with your own hands to save a few miserable sous." "You are right; it is hardly the thing for a man in my position to do. Hereafter I'll make my wife do it."

## IN QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

### An Age Devoted to the Culture of Dress and Pastimes.

It was the fashion to laugh at the rusticity of country squires and to vote rural sports vulgar. Among the middle classes tastes were narrowly insular, and the traveled wit only returned to town a fop and a fribble. Without political interests, country pursuits or artistic tastes, the fashionable world concentrated its attention upon amusement or upon dress. Society cried in real earnest with the sarcastic Swift: "*Vive la Bagatelle!*" Early rising was not the vogue; Belinda wakes at twelve to summon her maid with handbell or slipper. A great part of the morning was spent both by men and women in an elaborate toilet. The young man of fashion, who lodged in some "great street near the court, like Pall Mall," lounged from one till four in the Mall or the Ring to exhibit his new sword-knot, show the height of his toupee, select a beauty for the evening's toast, or feed the ducks in the canal and "Rosamunda's pond." Dressed for the park, he wore a full-buttomed Duviller wig, and carried under his left arm his low-felt hat, looped or cocked, according to taste, and edged with silver. Round his neck was tied the Berdash or Steinkirk neck-cloth of Mechlin lace, probably dusted with snuff, and he wore his waistcoat unbottoned at the top to show the fineness of his ruffled Holland shirt. His embroidered or brocaded suits, with silk stockings to match, were of various colors. His shoes had high red heels. The tails of his coat were stiffened with wire to display the silk lining. From a button of his coat hung his foxskin muff; at his side dangled his sword. With one hand he played with his clouded cane, which was suspended from his right wrist by a blue ribbon, and trailed harmoniously upon the pebbles, in the other hand he carried his fringed gloves and one of his numerous snuff-boxes. The dress of the lady was equally elaborate. When she exchanged her mob, morning gown, and handkerchief for full dress and the park, she appeared in a laced bodice, worn open in front over tight stays, surmounted, after Addison's remonstrances, by the tucker of modesty. Her sleeves were shortened so as to show the lace hangings, which fell to the wrist. Her apron covered but a tiny portion of the rich brocaded petticoat, which was distended upon the German hoop—a huge rotunda, such as that which was brought into the Spectator's Court of Judicature. As the bodice descended the petticoats rose and revealed the bright stockings of thread or silk, which terminated in beautifully-worked shoes of embroidered satin or morocco leather. In nothing were the fashions more changeable than in the height of the headdress. Addison remembered it, "rise and fall above thirty degrees."—Quarterly Review.

## INCREASE OF KNOWLEDGE.

### It is the Necessary Substructure of Culture and Civilization.

It was a simple increase in knowledge, the discovery of gunpowder, which broke the power of the robber barons, and by confining victory to regular armies ultimately extinguished private war. It is increased knowledge, among other influences, which has given us civilized order, and what that means to mankind in happiness, and means most of all to the poor, let those who have lived in countries where order has never been or has given way describe to the men who have forgotten what ignorant warriors or brigands or populaces will do. But why seek for such evidence when it is all around us? Ask any one of those who really know, ask any really experienced doctor or missionary or schoolteacher, whether the profoundly ignorant, the men and women of the residuum who know nothing, are more happy than the cultured, whether they do not suffer more from fear, from disease—we mean, of course, when the diseases are the same—and from all the semi-madnesses which we class together in the phrase, "want of self-restraint." One ignorant woman of the slums will suffer more in a week from ecstasies of anger—anger rising to insanity—than a hundred cultivated women will suffer from the same cause in their lives. There is no reason for pitying the lowest class of Europe so unanswerable as their suffering from sheer ignorance. They know less than the half civilized, who almost everywhere possess a fund of traditional skill; and though knowledge is not culture or civilization, it is its necessary substructure. Take all knowledge from Scotland, save what is possessed by Fiji, and you would have Scotchmen more energetic Fijians—that is, a race so unhappy that in its unrest and self abhorrence it surrendered freedom. Nobody took Fiji.—Spectator.

### Berlin's City Postal Service.

The Berlin postal service, long one of the best postal services in the world has just been improved by a unique innovation. On November 1 ten large postal wagons, with sorting tables, stamping arrangements and every thing else used in preparing mail for transportation, were sent out from Berlin's Station C over ten routes to the city limits to collect the contents of the street mail-boxes. The officials who accompanied the wagons sorted, stamped and bunched the mail brought them from the boxes by a porter, while the wagons were being driven in from the outskirts of the city. In this way an hour, and often enough, two hours, was saved from the time before required for preparing mails for the trains. A letter-box was attached to the side of each wagon, so that pedestrians could throw in their letters whenever the wagon stopped. These postal wagons have been a complete success thus far, and will be continued in use. Most of them cover their routes in just an hour. The Berlin post officials boast that they now have the quickest city mail service in the world.—N. Y. Sun.

### The Ex-Queen of Spain.

Several weeks ago we had the pleasure of seeing ex-Queen Isabella of Spain in one of the shops here. She was accompanied by her daughter, who married one of the sons of the Prince Regent. No one was allowed in the same aisle with them, but we happened to be standing in the next aisle, and had a very good opportunity of seeing her. She is a fat old lady, rather short, and not at all queenly in manner or appearance. She was dressed very dowdily, and wore a false "wave." They say she is very poor, and has sold all her jewels. She stopped only a short time in Munich, visiting her daughter, and from here went on to Paris. The daughter and family live at Nymphenberg (so called from the many marble nymphs placed about the private garden), a castle delightfully situated in a natural park, through which a stream of water flows.


### READ A FEW LINES OF GOOD ADVICE—IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE.

I am broken down and discouraged, and don't know just what to do for my health. This remark we often hear from both men and women that are positively in that condition that life is no longer to them a pleasure, but instead a continual bore. THE GREAT SIERRA KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE is especially adapted for just such cases. It acts gently on the bowels, purifies the blood without unsightly blotches, renovates the kidneys and liver, the great organs of existence that must be kept clear. By thus doing its work it brings the nervous system into a healthy condition, producing sound and refreshing sleep. For all female complaints, leucorrhea, suppressed menses, no matter from what cause, attended by severe pain, and all other complaints so common among women, it immediately relieves and effects a permanent cure. Put aside all prejudice and give this most wonderful and best of all remedies a trial. Warranted purely vegetable. Delightful to the taste. For sale by all druggists. Take no other.


There was an increase of $68,000,000 in the assessed value of real estate in New York last year.


### A MIRACULOUS CURE OF DEAFNESS.

*Editor Oregonian:* I have been troubled with almost total deafness in my right ear all my life, and had no idea of being cured until I applied to Dr. Darrin for other ailments. During the conversation the doctor noticed my defect, and said he could cure me by his new mode of treatment by electricity and medicine. I am happy to say he has kept his word. I can hear perfectly, and wish others to know of the cure. I am agent of the I. O. O. F., K. of P. and F. A. M. and R. M. steel-plate degree charts; headquarters, 108 Third street, Portland, and can be referred to.

BENJ. F. NEWELL.

Hopedale, Mass.

Drs. Darrin can be consulted daily at the Washington building, corner of Fourth and Washington streets, Portland, and Hotel Gondolof, Tacoma. Hours, 10 to 5 evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12. All chronic diseases, blood taints, loss of vital power and early indiscretions permanently cured, though no references are ever made in the press concerning such cases, owing to the delicacy of the patients. Examinations free to all, and circulars will be sent to any address. Charges for treatment according to patient's ability to pay. The poor treated free of charge from 10 to 11 daily. All private diseases confidentially treated, and cures guaranteed. Patients at a distance can be cured by home treatment. Medicines and letters sent without the doctors' name appearing.


If men will have no care for the future they will soon have sorrow for the past.—Asiatic aphorism.

### Poor Humanity!

The common lot is one of sorrow—say at least the pessimists,—they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles.

In 1889, 300,000 Europeans settled in the Argentine Republic.

### THE PRIDE OF HIS CLASS.

He was a bright, handsome boy of 16, sunny-tempered, brilliant and engaging, the delight of his parents, the joy of his home and the pride of his class. But a shadow fell across his bright prospects. It began with a trifling cough; soon came premonitions of consumption, his strength failed, his cheeks grew hollow, and he seemed doomed to an early grave. Then a friend advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He tried it and was saved. Health and strength returned, his cheerful voice rang out again across the school playground, his cheeks again grew rosy, his eyes bright. He is still "the pride of his class," and he graduates this year with highest honors.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy; 50 cents, by druggists.

There is no mail delivery in the city of London on Sunday.


Do you wish to know how to have *no steam* and not half the usual *work* on wash day? Ask your grocer for a bar of *Dobbins' Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.


Small omelets are delicacies in Paris.


### PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate relief."

Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by Williamson's Manufacturing Co., Props., Cleveland, Ohio. 50c and $1.

Sold by L. Blumauer & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Portland, Or.


Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Goethe.


### CONSUMPTION, WASTING DISEASES

And General Debility. Doctors disagree as to the relative value of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites; the one supplying strength and flesh, the other giving nerve power and acting as a tonic to the digestive and entire system. But in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites the two are combined, and the effect is wonderful. Thousands who have derived no permanent benefit from other preparations have been cured by this. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable, and is easily digested by those who cannot tolerate plain Cod Liver Oil.


Any one anywhere who cultivates a hobby at the expense of other people's comfort is making a failure of life.


### SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

## What It Costs

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people before buying an article which seems absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken according to directions will average to last a month, while other medicines last but half or quarter as long. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and see for yourself.

"We could not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best medicine we ever kept in the house. My family are all taking it."—Mrs. J. M. Barber, San Joaquin and Fremont streets, Stockton, Cal.

"I have taken one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion, and it has done me a great deal of good."—Theodore Wallace, Petaluma, Cal.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.


There is rapid growth in Australia of a sentiment favoring the establishment of a Republic.

They disappear like hot cakes before a St. Louis tramp—"Tansill's Punch" 5c Cigar.

Roumania has 200,000 gypsies and Hungary 80,000.


### Bright's Disease Cured.

About two years ago our daughter had congestion of the kidneys, which developed into Bright's Disease. Her body was swollen to an enormous size—measuring 45 inches around the waist, and 18 inches below the knee. After physicians had given up her case, I determined to have her try Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," of Rondout, N. Y. Gradually the swelling was reduced from 45 to 29 inches. She began to gain strength, and was able to walk without fatigue. We do not know how to express our gratitude for what it has done for our child. We are confident the Favorite Remedy will do all that is claimed for it—surely God has blessed it in this case, and we earnestly recommend it to all suffering from kidney disorders—S. D. Van Buskirk, Demarest, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. $1; 6 for $5.

Send for book, how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders.


Brooklyn is going in for an art museum.


**An Elegant Package of Fine Cards,** Including 15 rare novelties, shapes and artistic imported oleographic and chromatic cards. This large and beautiful collection sent by mail to any one who will do this: Buy a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills from any druggist, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. The genuine McLane's Pills are prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa., and have been in constant use for over sixty years. They are superior to all others in purity and effectiveness. A certain cure for indigestion and sick headache. Address, Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.


An incandescent lamp burned 10,608 hours.


### French Tansy Wafers are the Best.

Dr. Livingston's Tansy Wafers for the restoration of suppressed menses NEVER FAIL when the directions upon the box are strictly observed.

The Tansy Wafers cannot be bought at drug stores, so don't allow yourself to be imposed upon by spurious and weak imitations of Dr. Livingston's French Tansy Wafers, and remember that the genuine can only be obtained from us, so if you do not want to be disappointed send $2 in a registered letter or postoffice order to the Livingston Chemical Company, Portland, Oregon, and a box will be sent by return mail securely sealed from the eyes of inquisitive people, to your address.


The new Society of Artists in Paris has decided to admit foreign artists to membership.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.


## After 22 Years,

St. Jacobs Oil cured a man of chronic pains from sunstroke, which took the form of chronic **HEADACHE,** which was completely cured as follows:

Paragon, Ind., July 30, 1888.

I suffered with pains in my head from sunstroke 22 years. They were cured by St. Jacobs Oil and have remained so four years.

SAMUEL B. SHIPLOR.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

You can certainly **Stop Coughing** With 10 parts molasses or honey to one part of PERRY DAVIS' **Pain Killer.** Take 1/4 teaspoonful often. TRY IT. PAINKILLER also Cures Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Rheumatism, Neuralgia

## Faber's Golden Female Pills.

For Female Irregularities; nothing like them on the market. *Never fail.* Successfully used by prominent ladies monthly. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation.

SURE! SAFE! CERTAIN!

Don't be humbugged. Save Time, Health, and money; take no other.

Sent to any address, secure by mail on receipt of price, $2.00. Address,

THE APHRO MEDICINE COMPANY, Western Branch, Box 27, PORTLAND, OR.

Sold by Wisdom Drug Co., Portland, Or.

## Reliable SEEDS

The famous Hovey Seed Store of Boston, and Hovey Nurseries of Cambridge, Mass., have been moved to East Pasadena, California, where the business will be conducted as

**The Raymond Flower and Seed Store,** C. H. Hovey, Manager, **East Pasadena, Cal.**

Send for complete catalogue.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE BEST SEEDS are those put up by D. M. FERRY & CO. Who are the largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. Ferry & Co's Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Garden, Flower or Field Seeds should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.





# DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

## MOST PERFECT MADE.

I have made a searching chemical examination of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder which I purchased from stores in this city, and find it to be free from all foreign substances, such as Alum, Ammonia, Lime, etc., and as nearly chemically pure as can be made from the purest materials.

**HENRY G. HANKS, Chemist, Assayer and Geologist.**

San Francisco, February 5, 1889.

# DOWN AND UP.

## This Week We Shall Offer Bargains as Follows in Almost Every Line:

Garden seed, general variety (not peas, beans or corn), 30 papers (prepaid) for $1.
Good quilts (comforts), full width, $1 and up to $2, and even $3 each.
Grey bed blankets, $1.25 pair up, all colors, $2.50 up to $10.
Wall paper, general variety, nice style, per double roll 12 cents up.
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Men's Cheviot shirts, extra value, 35, 40, 50, 60 cents.
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Canned corn, $1 dozen up; canned fruit, $1 dozen up.
Canned tomatoes, $1.75 per case of 2 dozen; gallon cans, $2.75.
Heavy bacon, 9 to 10 cents; lighter, 11 to 12 cents; extra light, 13 to 14 cents.
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