THE KISS.

The snow is white on wood and wold,
The wind is in the firs,
So dead my heart is with the cold,
No pulse within it stirs,
Even to see your face, my dear,
Your face that was my sun;
There is no spring this bitter year,
And summer's dreams are done.

The snakes that lie about my heart
Are in their wintry sleep;
Their fangs no more deal sting and smart,
No more they curl and creep.
Love with the summer ceased to be;
The frost is firm and fast.
God, keep the summer far from me,
And the snakes' sleep last!

Touch of your hand could not suffice
To waken them once more;
Nor could the sunshine of your eyes
A ruined spring restore.
But, ah—your lips! You know the rest;
The snows are summer rain.
My eyes are wet, and in my breast
The snakes' fangs meet again.

—Leaves of Life.

DOCTOR BOB.

Unc' Primus' wife, Priscilla, who kept the dairy on Tom-in-Luck plantation, died about midsummer, in the twelfth year after Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie were married and settled on a place of their own. She left, among other valuables, a flowered pitcher that was the cause of quarrel between Unc' Primus and his sister-in-law, Aunt Tempe.

Aunt Priscy had left no children, but Unc' Primus had a niece to whom he wished to present the flowered pitcher, while Mom Rhody declared that Aunt Priscy had willed that particular pitcher to her nearest of kin, Aunt Tempe.

Backed by Mom Rhody, Aunt Tempe got possession of the pitcher, but in the struggle the spout was broken off, and this small fragment Unc' Primus pocketed, vowing vengeance.

"Hit's a gret pity," said Mom Rhody, uneasily, "det Primus is sister's son's wife's nephew ter ole Unc' December over ter Mawse Coe's," and she speedily procured a rabbit's left hind foot for Aunt Tempe to wear in her bosom.

Thus panoplied, Aunt Tempe defied Unc' Primus, who, in less than three months, took a second wife, professed himself at peace with all the world, and made over to Aunt Tempe whatever possessions of her deceased sister he had not already bestowed upon his niece.

"Dat 'ceitful Primus!" said Mom Rhody; and when, on a day in September, Aunt Tempe was taken ill, Mom Rhody declared, mysteriously, that it was just what she had expected.

But it was not what any one else would have expected, for Aunt Tempe was a robust, cheerful woman, brisk and tidy, and frolicsome as a kitten with Mis' Nannie's children. That Aunt Tempe should be ill was incomprehensible, and so strangely ill! She had no fever, she complained of no "misery" anywhere; she simply stopped in the midst of cutting out the plantation clothing, and announced with solemnity that "somethin' ur 'nother wuz wrong." As Mom Rhody stated it:

Of a Friday by noon,
'Cordin' ter change ob de moon,
Sis' Tempe her wuk wuz done.

Mom Rhody had a gift at oracular jingles that procured her great esteem on the plantation. It was not hidden from the negroes that this old nurse, who had "raised" Mawse Tom, was deep in the lore of the evil one and all his works—not to do them, but to give warning thereof; for Mom Rhody was a sister in the church that stood in the sandy bottom beside the creek, a shouting and fasting member, a leader in "prah meetin's," as one called to wage a perpetual warfare, so she said, against Satan and his imps, and Mom Rhody held that Friday was the devil's own day.

"Hukkom I know dat?" said she. "De is signs a-plenty. Doan' ev'ybody see jay buds is skaase o' Fridays, 'long o' totin' sticks ter men' de fiahs below? When you see mischance happen o' dat day debbil got a han' in dat job by means o' his ministers, sho'ly—mo'n perticklar effen moon changes."

When it was suggested that the doctor should be sent for, Mom Rhody shook her head, and said: "No white man's doctor top side o' de yeth couldn' do Sis' Tempe no good."

Mom Rhody did not hesitate to express this opinion to Mawse Tom himself, seeing that she had "raised" him. But Mawse Tom would not listen to such nonsense, he said, and as Aunt Tempe had now been lying ill some days without improvement, Christopher Columbus was dispatched for the family physician, who felt Aunt Tempe's pulse and looked at her tongue, and asked if she had any pain.

Aunt Tempe said, "No; only a general gin out." The doctor thought at first that she was "playing 'possum," but day by day she grew worse, until at last it was indisputable that she was very ill. She could not move, except to turn her poor head upon her pillow, and roll her eyes beseechingly. The power of speech was gone.

"I done told Mawse Tom he gwan fling away his money on whfte man's doctor!" grumbled Mom Rhody. "En now I tell you, Mis' Nannie, honey, Sis' Tempe is done gin up ter die, douten Doctor Bob is sont fur."

Doctor Bob should have borne some outlandish, tongue twisting name, for he was a native African, but time out of mind he had been known as Doctor Bob, a healer of the "kunjered," and the negroes far and near regarded him with a sentiment bordering on veneration. He was a slave on old Maj. Wheaten's place over in the next county, but his master never hesitated to allow him to lay down the hoe whenever there came a summons from a victim of the 'kunjer."

Indeed, Doctor Bob's fees were a liberal offset to the loss of his labor in the cotton row, for, between the major and the doctor, the charges amounted to $50, more or less, and whoever employed Doctor Bob had the trouble of hauling him and his paraphernalia back and forth. There was not very much of Doctor Bob, it is true, but there was a great deal of the paraphernalia.

Mawse Tom grumbled much at paying such a price for humbuggery and superstition, especially as both he and Doctor Henly had decided that Aunt Tempe's case was hopeless; but ole Mis' and Mis' Nannie said that they could not see Aunt Tempe die with any wish ungratified, and little Nan and Roy and Susy, and even baby Tom, began now to clamor for Doctor Bob; therefore, though Mawse Tom had often declared that Doctor Bob should never set foot on his plantation, he was sent for.

Had Doctor Bob refused to come, the negroes of Tom-in-Luck would have felt themselves doomed by wholesale to the powers of darkness; but Doctor Bob had never been known to refuse. It was, as the negroes say, "a half hour by sun," when the ox cart that had been sent for him was seen toiling up the hill beyond the peach orchard, and, by Mawse Tom's indulgence, the negroes stopped work, and assembled to receive the illustrious doctor—all except Unc' Primus. Primus was mauling rails in the woods, and he went on mauling rails.

But he was not missed from the company that crowded around the big gate, as the cart approached. Little Miss Nan and Roy and Susy were mounted on the topmost red bar, and Mom Rhody was there with baby Tom in her arms; a score of little pickaninnies swarmed over the fence rails, and lost their balance and tumbled into the sand, and picked themselves up again, afraid to cry. The older negroes formed a line on each side of the way, bowing obsequiously as the cart passed through.

The cart was full of something—no doubt of that, but at first Doctor Bob did not make much of a show. It was Christopher Columbus, seated on the buckboard and shouting to the ox, that chiefly struck the eye—"Christopher Columbus, swellin' wid his own insignificance, dat boy," Mom Rhody remarked severely; for Mom Rhody did not believe in forwardness in youth.

However, Christopher, though he sat exalted, did not command the eye for long; when the cart halted in front of the cabin assigned to Doctor Bob's exclusive use, there was seen in the midst of a motley array of squat and bulging jugs, a dwarfish figure, clad in dingy brown, and crouching with arms a-kimbo, so that he was hardly to be distinguished from the uncouth vessels that surrounded him, save for the bright and scintillating black eyes illuminating his ebon face, and darting fire at every glance.

When, at Mawse Tom's approach, he removed his dingy cap, and revealed a peaked head as white as snow, the effect was so startling that the awe stricken negroes fell back, and some of the pickaninnies stifled a yell in their mothers' skirts.

"Sho' cuore, massa," said Doctor Bob, with a gleaming grin, as he scrambled out of the cart. When he stood upon his feet, his resemblance to his squatty jugs was more marked and more ludicrous than ever.

He was very short and very bow legged, with a pronounced paunch, which he supported with his two hands. He said he was a thousand years old, and the negroes believed it, but he had none of the feebleness, none of the apathy of age.

"Doctor Bob en he jug neber fail," he said to Mawse Tom, with another grin, as he proceeded to remove the numerous vessels of different sizes, and to set them within the cabin door.

Lastly, he took from the cart a long, stout, knotty stick, black and polished, and cut into three spikes at the top. At sight of this there was a more pronounced retreat on the part of the beholders, and some of the very young ones ran away howling.

Doctor Bob evidently enjoyed the commotion he excited; his eyes twinkled and glanced, taking in every movement of the crowd, while he raised his stick aloft, waved it around his head, muttering strange words, then, walking backward around the cabin, he cast handful after handful of a curious kind of hard, shriveled red berry or bean, which he took from his pockets, and of which his supply seemed to be inexhaustible.

This done, he paused in front of the door, waved his hands thrice, which the negroes seemed to accept as a dismissal, for with one accord they straggled away; a few of the older ones whether through inherited tradition, whether through an instinctive sense of decorum characteristic of many of their race, advanced, one by one, did obeisance to Doctor Bob, and solemnly retired.

Doctor Bob entered his cabin, and and was seen no more until about noon the next day. This was the time fixed for the initiation of his ministrations to Aunt Tempe. He began by walking backward around her cabin, as he had walked around his own, throwing handful after handful of his shriveled scarlet beans. There were not so many witnesses on this occasion, for the negroes were at work, but Mis' Nannie was present, and Mom Rhody.

Aunt Tempe's cabin with its little garden was one of the tidiest on the plantation. Her little flower bed had been gay all summer with "four o'clocks" and "old maids," which toddling baby Tom would pull and lay on her pillow, saying: "Pitty fowers make Mom Tempe well."

At first Aunt Tempe smiled at the child and feebly strove to stroke his curls, but she had not smiled now for many days. When, however, Doctor Bob looked at her and said: "Doctor Bob know; Doctor Bob cuore," Aunt Tempe smiled once more.

To Mis' Nannie's great alarm—for it was a chilly day in November and Aunt Tempe was almost a skeleton—Doctor Bob uncovered his patient's feet, and with great solemnity laid his staff across the soles of Aunt Tempe's feet, uttering some cabalistic words that Mom Rhody evidently understood, for she made a response in similar gibberish, at which Doctor Bob seemed greatly pleased.

He now took his position in the middle of the room, fixed his eyes on Aunt Tempe, and bending his crooked legs to an extraordinary angle, began swaying slowly back and forth, waving his arms and crooning a wild chant.

His voice never rose above this low, monotonous crooning, but his movement presently grew faster and faster and at that instant Mom Rhody entered upon the same performance, which was maintained with great vigor until both fell to the floor exhausted. Doctor Bob was the first to recover. He removed his staff from Aunt Tempe's feet with one hand, and with the other he held up to view two small balls of hair.

"See um?" he said to Mis' Nannie. "Come outen foots, but trabeled de body froo."

"Do you expect me to believe such nonsense?" said Mis' Nannie, indignantly.

"Honey, honey," panted Mom Rhody, "dean balk de cuore?"

"Um gwan see," muttered Doctor Bob, in dudgeon, as he wrapped the balls of hair in a fabric, the like of which Mis' Nannie had never seen before. He then left the cabin, but presently returned with one of his smallest jugs full of a steaming liquid; this he placed at Aunt Tempe's feet, and covered all closely with a marvelous patchwork.

"Um no better, eh?" he said to Mis' Nannie, jerking his thumb toward the bed. Certainly Aunt Tempe was no worse.

So the "powwow," as Mawse Tom called it, went on day after day, with this difference: that it took place after dark when more of the negroes—special selections of Mom Rhody's—could be present "to assist" in the ministrations, and Mawse Tom came to look on, instead of Mis' Nannie.

Every night Doctor Bob drew bigger and bigger balls of hair from Aunt Tempe's feet, and put a bigger jug of some mysterious steaming compound in her bed, and Aunt Tempe began to recover the power of speech and the use of her hands.

At last, when for eight consecutive days he had exhibited those mysterious balls of hair, supposed to travel through Aunt Tempe's body and come out at her feet, and Aunt Tempe all the while visibly growing better, on the morning of the ninth day, that being Friday, Doctor Bob announced that she would be loosened from the "kunjer" at sundown, and that whoever had been instrumental in putting it upon her would "drap in de tracks," and only Doctor Bob's mercy could save that person from the effects of that same "kunjer."

At Doctor Bob's requisition all the negroes were summoned at sundown to march in procession around Aunt Tempe's cabin, ole Mis' and Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie being there as lookers on with all the children, except baby Tom, who was asleep on a blanket in front of Aunt Tempe's fire.

Aunt Tempe lay on her bed opposite the door, which was wide open, that egress might be allowed the invisible "kunjer," and that she might be seen of each one in the procession. She was very feeble still, not having yet recovered the power to move herself freely. Doctor Bob stood outside, facing the door, at a sufficient distance to allow the procession to pass between him and the cabin.

Despite his diminutive size, despite his deformity, this hoary headed black dwarf wore an air of majesty, and humbuggery though he felt it all to be, Mawse Tom could not laugh; to these ignorant creatures it bore a significance so terrible.

Mis' Nannie, when Doctor Bob began his unearthly crooning, clung trembling to her husband, and was half sorry she had permitted the children to be present.

Most negroes incline to a rocking gait, and Mawse Tom's slaves, under the influence of Doctor Bob, swayed and swung heavily, and doubtless, had the marching and the crooning continued many minutes, they would all have passed into a convulsive dance, but the march presently came abruptly to an end.

In obedience to a fascination none could resist, each negro, in passing, looked in at the invalid on the bed, but when Primus looked in he uttered a yell and fell flat upon his face.

He had seen what nobody else stayed to see, for the negroes scattered far and wide, as if a bombshell had burst among them. Primus saw Aunt Tempe, who had not moved for so many weeks, spring out of bed and rush to the fireplace, for Aunt Tempe, too, had seen what nobody else saw: she had seen the log in the fireplace burn asunder and scatter in its fall the burning coals over baby Tom.

No one could understand at first the apparition of Aunt Tempe in the doorway, with the sleeping child in her arms, and the tears running down her wasted cheeks. Even to Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie it seemed a sort of miracle, and I make no doubt that Doctor Bob himself was in a measure astonished, but he said, complacently:

"Um done loosed, feed um, warm um, um walk bombye."

Then he turned his attention to Primus, who upon recovering his senses, forswore Unc' December and all his arts.

As for Aunt Tempe, she did not recover her full strength immediately, but she improved rapidly, and never was ill again. She died in freedom at an extreme old age, cheered to the last by the affectionate devotion of baby Tom, whom she was accustomed to pet and scold long after his beard was grown.

Mawse Tom paid Doctor Bob's fee without questioning his skill, but it was not to be doubted by any reasonable mind that Aunt Tempe's faithful affection for baby Tom was a powerful factor in her cure, though Doctor Bob took to himself all the glory of it.
—Elizabeth W. Bellamy in Youth's Companion.

A Large Fee.

One of the English government physicians in India, Dr. Tryer, was recently called upon to treat the rajah of Rampur, and in return received a fee of 100,000 rupees. The officials learned of this and attempted to make the doctor refund the greater portion of his honorarium. This he very naturally refused so do, and now an order has been issued fixing a rate beyond which none of the government physicians will be allowed to go in making charges for services, no matter what the rank of the person attended.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Clearing Away Dust.

For some time it has been known that dust, as well as fine particles of commingled water vapor and carbon, which make up the London fogs, can be removed from the atmosphere by means of a brush discharge from an electric engine. It is now seriously proposed to make use of this interesting principle in removing the flour dust from mills, in which experience shows that explosions are likely to occur, to the clearing of tunnels from smoke, and even to the diminution, if not the removal, of those curious and destructive fogs which affect cities where bituminous coal is used in large quantities.

Although this method of condensing dust and smoke is doubtless practicable on a small scale it does not seem likely that it can be used in an effective way to combat the evil out of doors. Nevertheless, it is interesting as one of the many varied practical experiments and suggestions which have been brought before us by the marvelous progress of electrical invention.—Boston Herald.

Whose Voice Warned Her?

Sunday night, while the snow and wind storm was at its height, a Blinman street lady was awakened by a buzzing sound in her ears, and was startled by a far off voice repeating in melodious tones: "Wake up!" "Get up!" The lady obeyed the strange summons, and was terribly frightened on discovering that the house was on fire. The soot in the old fashioned fireplace in the kitchen, which was over a foot deep, was burning, and the flames were shooting out through the fireboard. The lady soon aroused the household and the fire was extinguished before any serious damage was done. That the warning was given no one who knows the lady will doubt, and but for the warning it is probable that the house and some of the occupants would have been burned.—New London Telegraph.

IT NEVER FAILS—TRY IT YOURSELF.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1890.

Manufacturers of the Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure.

GENTLEMEN: I have been a sufferer from kidney complaint for several years, and have used medicine upon medicine without any apparent relief until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures accomplished by your remedy. I was induced to buy a bottle, but without much faith. After using the first bottle I noticed such an improvement I kept on until I had taken three bottles, and can safely say that I am entirely cured and never felt better in my life. I can gladly recommend the Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure to all people that are suffering in any way with kidney or urinary disorders. Respectfully yours, L. H. COHN,
Atlantic and Pacific Publishing Company, Room 52, St. Ann's building, city.

It is a melancholy fact and much to be regretted that good people who want only what is right often get what is left.

HE WON WEALTH.

The Fortunate Winner of Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

[El Paso Times.]

Yesterday the El Paso National Bank paid to Wells-Fargo Express Company $15,000 cash for the lucky holder at Gonzales, Texas, of a quarter of ticket No. 17,303, which won the capital prize in the Juarez lottery drawing last Wednesday. The ticket was sent for collection through the express company, and the money was paid over by Cashier W. H. Austin, who gives a card to that effect in these columns this morning. The Texarkana paper gives these two items:

"Sam Falk is the happiest man in town. He ordered the ticket that drew the $15,000, and if he had just held on to it, his bowl of happiness would now be running over."

"Mr. J. Fain, State Agent for the El Paso del Norte Lottery Company, came down from Dallas this morning to pay off the prize captured on ticket 17,303. The holder has not been found to this date."

Texarkana captured another quarter of the winning ticket. El Paso's time will come next. An official of the lottery company said yesterday to a *Times* reporter:

"We are glad Texas has made a winning. But, of course, it is to our interest that the winning tickets are sold in large cities, as a larger number of tickets could be sold in the large cities. Still we have no control over that, and believe that it will do us just as much good, no matter where drawn, if promptly paid; and we always have money in the El Paso Bank to pay all winnings by parties in the United States."

A Card.

I, W. H. Austin, cashier of El Paso National Bank of El Paso, Texas, do hereby certify that quarter ticket No. 17,303 of the Grand Lottery Juarez was presented by the Wells-Fargo Express Company and the sum of $15,000 was paid for same to G. N. Dilworth, banker of Gonzales, Texas. This ticket winning one-fourth of the grand prize of $60,000 drawn in drawing of June 25, 1890, of Grand Lottery Juarez at the Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. W. H. AUSTIN,
Cashier El Paso National Bank.

Very many people who are taking in summer boarders are people who have seen better days and lived better. So have their boarders.

INFERNAL INGENUITY

Could scarcely devise more excruciating tortures than those of which you see the evidences in the face of a rheumatic or neuralgic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by skillful medical practitioners to possess not only remedial, but defensive efficacy, where those diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this puissant but safe botanic medicine, bearing, too, such high specific sanction, is better than the poisons often employed, but most unsafe, not only in continuance, but in isolated doses. The blood is depurated thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly impurged upon, saved from ultimate and direful throes by this benign, saving medicine, which likewise exhibits marked efficacy for malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

Sunday-school Teacher—Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath? Freddy Fangle—Please, ma'am, he was rocked to death.

NEVER TRAVEL WITHOUT THEM.

Persons should never travel without a box of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. A few doses taken before going on ship will prevent seasickness, and one pill every night on shipboard will counteract the costive action of the sea air. When sick, troubled with pains, colds or dizziness, or having rheumatism, take from three to five pills, and if they do not operate in an hour or so, take three or four more.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

Slightly Different.—Minister—Are you in the church, miss? Miss Highsee—No, sir; I'm only a member of the choir, sir.

For coughs, asthma and throat disorders use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25 cts. a box.

A great many of our would-be reformers are like the man who stays up all night trying to get people to go to bed.

After dinner smoke "Tansill's Punch."

Spontaneous combustion is sometimes caused by an accumulation of oiled rags and sometimes by a collection of insurance policies.

Six Novels Free will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the United States or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

We do not know what Clay's last words were, but Noah Webster was alliterative to the end. His last words all begin with Z.

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., Pittsburgh, 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., Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is easy enough to tell on Sunday who belongs to the church and who to the world, but it is not so easy to distinguish church members during the week.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl street, New York.

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So enthusiastic are thousands of people over the benefits derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla that they can hardly find words to express their confidence in and gratitude for this medicine. "Worth its weight in gold" is a favorite expression of these warm friends.

If you are in need of a good medicine to purify your blood, build up your strength, cure dyspepsia or create an appetite, be sure to get only

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100 Doses One Dollar

AN OPEN LETTER

From Professor J. P. Looney, Principal of Fulton Public School, in Favor of Drs. Darrin.

Editor Oregonian—DEAR SIR: I am not in the habit of puffing advertising doctors, but I cannot let this opportunity pass without mention in justice to the afflicted as well as Dr. Darrin. The doctor has cured me of a troublesome catarrh and bronchitis of seven years' standing by electricity and medicine. The cure is perfect and permanent, and I will answer all letters addressed to me at Portland.
J. P. LOONEY.

There is something about the success Drs. Darrin are meeting with which is truly hard to credit, yet we have it from persons whose veracity we cannot doubt that their cures are remarkable. The above case is peculiarly striking. Professor Looney is a man of undoubted integrity and well known throughout the State and nation. The above card about Drs. Darrin is positive proof of the unexampled success which attends their treatment. It shows how radical, as well as unexpected, are many of their cures, and how chronic diseases of many years' duration are unable to resist their skill, and is but one of the many cases which the doctors have undertaken, and is only one of the scores of patients whom they have restored to health. The author of the above statement, we have full assurance in saying, was actuated in publishing the same by no other motive than gratitude for his cure and a desire to make known the means to others as unfortunate as himself. When we reflect what a great boon is health—when we consider that without it the slightest approach to happiness is impossible—that it is, in short, the greatest earthly blessing—can we be otherwise than immeasurably surprised to find any one who has lost this great treasure and hesitate to follow a plainly defined path leading to its recovery? To see a sick man or woman neglect or refuse to visit Dr. Darrin, who may do him or her some good and cannot do harm, is equally an inexplicable mystery. Try them, at all events, common sense would suggest. A consultation will cost you nothing. The doctors could fill this page with responsible certificates, but their fame is so widespread it is unnecessary. The doctors treat all chronic diseases at their parlors in the Washington building, corner Washington and Fourth streets, Portland.

FOURTH OF JULY IN ROUMANIA.

Farming and implement men will be interested in news by cable dispatch July 4 from Bucharest that the reaper manufacturer, Walter A. Wood, has captured for our country on its national holiday the first prize, the gold medal, in the important Roumanian sheaf-binding harvester field trial. Bucharest, with a population of a quarter of a million, is capital of Roumania and beautifully situated in the heart of a great grain producing part of Europe. Wood's ingenious machine is doing credit to this country by gaining the high prizes and also aiding in improving the conditions of farming everywhere.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the bloody, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

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Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

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

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