

LITERARY BUDGET

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"Wife," he said, "come sit by me; Put your hand in mine and lay Your dear head upon my breast, Listening to what I say."

"I have arrived to lay by something for a rainy day, Not misfortune's come, and now Everything is swept away."

Crypt the true wife closer at I— Kissed his troubled cheek and said: "Life has sad-ler lows, dear, So, I pray, be comforted."

"I, as of love we could not bear; Such a loss is worse than death; We might lose each other, dear— Think," she said below her breath,

"Thank God 'tis no worse," she cried, With a smile. "You did forget What unseasoned wealth is ours, Since we have each other yet."

—Eben E. Rexford in Good Housekeeping.

OCEAN TRAVEL.

Disagreeable Features of It Fifty Years Ago.

Dark Staterooms, Bad Ventilation, Muddy Water, Inefficient Meat, Unpleasant Lifeboats and Exposed Berths—Then the Usual Thing.

When Samuel Johnson said "A ship is a prison with a chance of being drowned," he is that aphorism gave expression to the opinion generally entertained by landmen in his day. In fact, the discomforts, and even privations, which sea-traveling then involved were such that very few persons were willing to expose themselves to them, save when compelled by imperative circumstances to do so.

When I crossed the Atlantic in 1841, for the first time, the condition of things had, in the three-quarters of a century which had elapsed since Johnson's time, measurably improved; but the disagreeable features to which passengers were even then subjected were numerous. No regular steamer communication between Great Britain and the United States was in existence. The Sirius and the Great Western had indeed crossed the ocean in 1838, and the latter vessel had continued her trips at irregular intervals. But for some little time subsequently, no other steamer attempted to follow her example, the Guard Line not having been established until 1842.

At the period of which I speak, the sailing packets running between London and New York, and between Liverpool and that port, were ships of five to seven hundred tons burden. The staterooms—the little cabins ranged on either side of the saloon—were termed—were below the sea-level. They were uncomfortable, dark and ill-ventilated. In fact, the only light they enjoyed was that furnished by small pieces of ground glass inserted in the deck overhead, and from the fan-lights in the doors opening to the saloon, and this was so poor that the occupants of the staterooms could not even dress themselves without making use of a lamp. The ventilation of them was that afforded by the removal of the saloon skylights, which, of course, could only be done in fine weather. The consequence was that the closeness of the atmosphere in the staterooms was at all times most unpleasant; whilst the smell of the bilge-water was so offensive as to create nausea, independent of that arising from the motion of the vessel. In winter, on the other hand, the cold was frequently severe. There was, it is true, a stove in the saloon, but the heat from it scarcely made itself appreciably felt in the side-cabins.

In other matters there was the same absence of provision for the comfort of the passengers. The fresh water required for drinking and cooking purposes was carried in casks; and when the ship had a full cargo, many of these were placed on deck, with the result that the contents were sometimes impregnated with salt water from the waveshipped in Leaky weather. At all times the water was most unpalatable, it being muddy, and filled with various impurities from the old worn-out barrels in which it was kept. Not only was the water bad, but the supply occasionally proved inadequate; and when the voyage was an unusually long one, the necessity would arise of placing the passengers upon short allowance.

There was always a cow on board; but there was no other milk to be had than what she supplied, no way of preserving it having then been discovered. Canned fruit and vegetables were equally unknown. There was commonly a half provision of mutton and pork, live sheep and pigs being carried; but of other fresh meat and of fish, the stock was generally exhausted by the time the vessel had been a few days at sea, refrigerators at that period not having been invented.

But the arrangements on board these ships were defective in much more important matters than in not providing a good table for the passengers. The boats—even when they were seaworthy, which frequently was not the case—were so few in number that, in the event of shipwreck, there was no possibility of the souls on board. The longboat, indeed, was practically useless in an emergency, as it was almost invariably filled up with beds for the accommodation of the crew, sheep and pigs; and it would have been several hours' work to clear the boat and launch her.

The law did not then render it compulsory for every vessel crossing the Atlantic to carry a surgeon, and the owners of the various lines of American packets would not incur the expense of providing one. The consequence was that, if an accident occurred or there was serious illness on board, no medical assistance was available. When I was returning to Europe in the Mediator in 1842, a sailor fell from one of the yards, badly fracturing his right leg. The commander of the vessel was a Yankee—that is, a native of one of the New England States—and he had the indignity

and readiness of resource which are characteristic of the people of that section of the Union. He so admirably set the injured limb with splints, that when the ship arrived at London and the man was taken to Bartholomew Hospital, the officials of that institution highly complimented Capt'n Morgan upon the workmanlike manner in which he had performed the operation. The fact, however, remains, that but for the purely fortuitous circumstance of the commander of the vessel having been able to deal with the case, the result of there being no surgeon on board must have been that the injured man would either have died, or been a cripple for life.

If the cabin passengers had good cause to complain that neither their safety nor their comfort was sufficiently studied, the condition of the steerage passengers was infinitely worse. Men, women and children were huddled like sheep in the quarters assigned them, no separation of the sexes being attempted. The berths, which ran on either side of the vessel, were not inclosed, and were without curtains.

The steerage passengers were required to both supply and cook their own provisions. There was commonly a fierce struggle for a place at the galley fire, in which the sick and feeble necessarily went to the wall; and sometimes several days would pass without any warm food being obtained by those who were most in need of it. Again, when there was a storm, or even when the ship experienced heavy weather, the hatches were closed, rendering the atmosphere of the steerage almost stifling. In fact, the condition and treatment of this class of passengers was simply abominable, and such as to reflect deep discredit upon the Government for allowing so many years to elapse ere any attempt was made to deal with the evil.

Now, all is changed. The steamer which at the present day crosses the Atlantic is a vessel ranging from four to seven thousand tons burden; and the arrangements on board of them are excellent in all respects. Besides the lifeboats—which are numerous, large, and built on the most approved models—there are rafts which, in case of necessity, can be got ready and launched in a few minutes. In the event, too, of a fire breaking out in any part of the ship, the appliances for extinguishing it are of the most thorough character. In fact, the provision made for the safety of the passengers would be all that could be desired if every ship carried a sufficient number of boats to accommodate, in case of disaster, every passenger, even when her complement was full. Note the late disaster to the Oregon.

The comfort of the traveling public is now carefully studied. The cabins for the first-class passengers are placed amidships, where the motion of the vessel is least felt, instead of, as formerly, at the stern. The staterooms are commodious, handsomely furnished, thoroughly ventilated, and heated by steam. The saloon, which is spacious and well-lighted, contains a piano, a small library, bagatelle tables, chess, etc., for the use of the passengers. There are also smoking and reading rooms and bathrooms, supplied with hot as well as cold water. The table is so luxuriously spread that there is scarcely a delicacy which can be obtained in the best hotels in London, found lacking on board these steamers. The supply of fresh water—furnished by condensers—is practically unlimited; whilst that which is required for drinking purposes is in summer cooled with ice, of which a large stock is provided. A surgeon is invariably carried, the law rendering it obligatory to do so; and his services are at the disposal of any of the passengers who need them without the payment of any fee.

Nor have the steerage passengers failed to participate in the altered condition of things. Instead of their being crowded together in the badly ventilated and unhealthy quarters assigned to them, as was formerly the case, it is now compulsory for a fixed cubic space to be allotted to each individual. Not only, too, are the berths inclosed, but the single women occupy a separate compartment, in the charge of a matron. But one of the greatest improvements which has taken place in the condition of occupants of the steerage has been effected by the act, passed a few years ago, requiring cooked provisions to be found by the owners of the ship; and although the passage-money is necessarily higher than it was under the old system, this drawback is more than compensated by the comfort which results from the present arrangement.

In conclusion, I may say that, indulging in a retrospect upon my experiences for the last forty years—during which I have crossed the Atlantic ten times—I have been forcibly struck by the contrast the peril, tedium and inconveniences then attendant upon an Atlantic voyage afford to the safety, rapidity and comfort with which it is now accomplished.—*Harbors' Journal.*

A Cruel Russian Sect.

Russia is peculiarly rich in surprising sects and associations, but the most astounding is one lately brought to light bearing the ominous title of "The Red Death." Its members affect to believe that he who consciously permits another to suffer prolonged pain commits a mortal sin. In order to abbreviate the sufferings of humanity it is a matter of conscience with them to kill the sick, that they may be put out of their pain quickly. The association takes its name from the fact that its executioners, dressed in red for the occasion, strangle their victims with red cord, placing them for the purpose upon a red catafalque, beneath the dull red light of an oil lamp. This strange and horrible association was brought to light by the energetic opposition interposed by a man in Saratoga when his mother and sister endeavored to strangle his sick wife. He called in the authorities, who have already arrested some forty of the murderous sect. Their organization seems to be a transference from India to Muscovy of the sect of the Brahmins, the religion of the Thugs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

FICKLE FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

The Col red Race in Luck—Ex-Gov Warmoth's Former Coachman Secures One-Tenth of the Capital Prize of \$150,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

In the recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co., held on the 14th inst., No. 93,174 won the capital prize, and part of this ticket, it was announced, had been sold in the city of New Orleans. Next day Mr. Ben-denagel, an esteemed local notary public, announced over his signature that he had been paid, "on account of one of his clients," the amount due for one-tenth of the capital prize. There was a find, but it was evident from the tenor of the certificate that the winner did not desire the publication of his name. Was it only a bluff? Here was the rub. But the Pelican is a fly bird, and not easily caught with chaff. It had determined to probe the mystery to the bottom, and it was going to do it. It meant to beat the daisy reporters of the great daily papers, and it has done it. It instituted a still hunt, and after patient search it succeeded. The man who won the \$15,000 prize, exists, and has a being. His name is Daniel Jones. He is a colored man of excellent reputation, and resides on Gasquet street, and can be seen at his place of business at Theo. Dumas' furniture store, No. 257 Royal street, where he is at present employed. The Pelican regrets not to have as yet made the acquaintance of a man upon whom fortune has so deservedly smiled, but it did the next best thing to it by seeing his wife, Mr. Jones not being at home. Mrs. Jones, who was just moving into her new residence, was found to be a comely and intelligent lady of perhaps 35 years of age. She received the Pelican very kindly, and cheerfully furnished all the information in her power. Her husband, who is 57 years of age, had not told her where he purchased his ticket, nor anything about it, until the golden shower poured into their laps so unexpectedly, and just in the nick of time, a mortgage upon their property of \$1,200 having been foreclosed, and they having been in immediate danger of losing it. Her husband was born in Louisville, Ky., but had lived in this city for many years. He had always been a hard-working laboring man, had worked for railroads for many years, and had been employed in the custom house and United States Mint. He had also been the private coachman of ex-Governor Warmoth, but Mrs. Jones did not care to have this fact mentioned, as it might hurt her reputation as old and respectable citizens. The Pelican, however, begs pardon of the lady for mentioning the fact, even against her wish, it being fully germane to the subject, and whatever may be the ex-Governor's merits or demerits, there could no disgrace attach to honest labor, even in his employ. Mrs. Jones herself was born and bred in this city, and was a Miss Jones before she married. They had been married for a number of years, and had two children, boys, of 16 and 12 years respectively, who have been attending Straight University.

While grateful to a kind Providence for this bountiful gift, these good and deserving people appear to have in no wise "got above themselves" by their good luck. They have kept right on working, and have not even as yet marked out any plan for the employment of their wealth, except that Mr. Jones has resolved upon a visit to Louisville, where resides his only living relative, a sister whom he has not seen for twenty years.

It would thus appear that fortune although described as blind, has not made a mistake this time, but that her blessings have fallen into the hands of worthy people, who will know how to make a good and sensible use of them.—*New Orleans (La.) Pelican, Dec. 25, 1886.*

—Counsel (for the prosecution)—You will admit that your client was in Boston at the time the affair occurred? Counsel (for the defendant)—No, sir. Counsel—You will admit that your client was in Boston about the time the affair occurred? Counsel—No, sir. Counsel—Will you at least admit that there is such a place as Boston? Counsel (emphatically)—No, sir. If the prosecution wishes to establish in evidence that such a place as Boston exists, it has got to prove it. We admit nothing.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An exchange thus classifies crimes of peculation: Taking \$1,000,000 is called a case of genius. Taking \$100,000 is called a case of shortage. Taking \$50,000 is called a case of litigation. Taking \$25,000 is called a case of insolvency. Taking \$10,000 is called a case of irregularity. Taking \$5,000 is called a case of default on. Taking \$1,000 is called a case of corruption. Taking \$500 is called a case of embezzlement. Taking \$100 is called a case of dishonesty. Taking \$50 is called a case of thievery. Taking \$25 is called a case of total depravity. Taking one ham is called a case of war on society.

—Eight years ago Samuel, the eleven-year-old son of Abraham Kentzsky, a peddler living near Pittsburgh, disappeared, and the neighbors taxed Abraham with having killed the boy. The authorities investigated, but could get no proof against the father, who was much cast down by the accusation. He determined, however, to stay where he was and live the scandal down, but the other day a neighbor brought it up against him again, and he determined to move away. He was in the act of packing his goods when a letter came from Eric, saying that his son was there. The old man at once went to Erie and there found Samuel, who had already arrested some forty of the murderous sect. Their organization seems to be a transference from India to Muscovy of the sect of the Brahmins, the religion of the Thugs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PARTICULAR WORK.

All About the Intricacies and Difficulties of Glass-Cutting.

On the second story of one of our large dry-goods houses is a department that differs entirely from the others in that mammoth store. Here there is no rush and bustle; no confusion of many voices and shuffling of many feet; no crowds that push and scramble for first chance at the bargain counter; no clerks that are flippant, familiar and independent at the same time. In fact, here are none of those many disagreeable things which are found in all other departments of large dry-goods stores. Every thing is quiet and subdued. The walls are hung with costly pictures and plaques, and the counters are covered with rare, fine glassware. The clerks are polite and customers move around slowly with the hush indicative of the art seeker. The cut and engraved glass at once attracts attention. The sun shining in through the western window fills the metallic glass with dazzling rainbows.

"You have never seen the process of cutting glass?" asks the manager. "You will be surprised at the primitive way in which it is done. We cut all our glass right in the building, and if you will follow me I will show you the way it is done."

Climbing up two narrow flights of stairs, the writer was ushered into a room that very much resembled the country pottery as it exists now in some of the New England States. The room was a frame structure that had been placed on the roof of the building. The sides were of glass, admitting light from three sides. A dozen troughs containing a mixture looking like sand and water were stationed in front of the windows. Different styles of wheels, run by machinery revolved above the troughs, while fluids dropped on the wheels from pipes immediately above. At each wheel stood a man with a heavy piece of glass in his hands.

"There are six processes for cutting glass," said the manager. "The first is termed roughing. An iron wheel, on which sand mixed with water drips continually, digs out the pattern. As there are only a few lines traced on the glass whereby to go, this is a very difficult task. All glass cut in this way is done by crossing certain straight lines at certain points. If, in glass cutting, the wheel moves slightly from the line the whole piece of glass is ruined. The workmen are therefore compelled to keep their eyes on their work all the time. The glass itself is made in Baccarat, Germany. It is the finest glass made. It is termed metallic because a large part of it is silver. It is bought by the pound and is very expensive in the bulk. It is, therefore, no easy task to hold it free, as these workmen do for hours at a time.

"The second process is called smoothing. The wheel used for this is made of Scotch Craigeth stone. Water runs freely on it as it revolves. It smooths out all the rough edges on the line, which have been dug out in the first process.

"After this comes the different modes of polishing. A wooden wheel and powdered pumice stone are used first. These take out the wrinkles on the surface of the glass. Then follows a brush with which pumice stone is used. Then a brush and putty powder. Lastly a buff wheel, made of nearly fifty pieces of Canton flannel and rouge. The pieces of flannel are loose, but the machinery causes them to revolve rapidly, about 3,000 revolutions to the minute, that the wheel seems as hard as a board. This last process not only polishes, but imparts a beautiful gloss to the surface of the glass. Then it is finished and ready for our counters down-stairs.

There have been very few changes in the art of glass-cutting for centuries. Except that we now use steam instead of foot-power, we have no advantage over the cutters of two hundred years ago. There are only two manufacturers of the rough metal in this country, and their glass is of inferior quality. Workmen have to serve a long apprenticeship before they master the trade. An expert workman receives high pay. It is very close, confining work and makes them all look pale. A green man Swiss and Bohemians are employed. The cutting of lapidary stoppers is the most difficult work it requires the greatest exactness because there are so many diamond shaped figures in a small space. Very few can do this work well. There is one old man in this country who is looked up to by all the other workmen. They say he carries a charm. He is the most expert cutter of lapidary stoppers in the country. Not only does he cut them all perfectly, but he gives them a finer polish than anybody else can. He is closely watched by his fellow-workmen, who say they have observed him take something from his pocket and rub the stopper with it. He has been offered large sums for his secret, but has always refused to sell it.

"There is of course some smashing I think it is safe to say that out of every five pieces, costing seven dollars and fifty cents each, one is broken. Sometimes the broken piece can be cut to advantage, but more frequently it is valueless. The broken glass is often returned to the manufacturer, because the breakage was due to a flaw in the glass. This sort of glass goes through an annealing process. That is, in manufacturing it is put in the oven a number of times at graded degrees of temperature. This hardens the glass. Usually a flaw can be discovered before cutting. Much more smashing is done carelessly by customers down-stairs than by our workmen. Clerks do this, too. Of course the firm has to bear the expense.

"Colored cut-glass is very expensive. The color is put on in the same way as silver plate, and then part of it is cut away. It leaves the blended effect of color and no color. The polar star is one of the prettiest designs. Many customers bring us original designs which they wish made. Many of them are very odd, and some are impossible to make."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—The Canadian Pacific railway claims to have the highest bridge in the world. It is 248 feet above the ground.

BRIGHT.

This word although in itself a cheerful one, is much used in connection with one of the worst evils known to the human race. The most important symptom of this disease is a discharge by the way of the kidneys of the albuminous substances which should remain in the blood to be the nourishment of the system. Thus the body wastes away and death closes the scene.

Is Bright's Disease ever curable? Ask Mr. Geo. W. Edwards, of Philadelphia. He inherited it from his father who died of it. He suffered for a long time, and was in a painfully weakened condition. It was in a Compound Oxygen, which was prepared by the late Dr. Wm. Edwards, and made a new man of Mr. Edwards. He is now attending regularly to his business, as he has been ever since his restoration to health. The Compound Oxygen Treatment is not sold at the drug stores, but it is to be had only of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 15 9 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Write to them for a pamphlet-treatise, sent free, which tells all about it.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Mathews, 615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

A present estimated income of \$30,000,000 per year is derived from the oil wells of the United States. The value of petroleum annually exported is \$40,000,000.

HIS OWN IGNORANCE.

How a Philosophical Colored Man Consoled His Victim.

"Nat," said a State official, addressing an old negro, "I told you to bring me a 'possum."

"Yas sah, dat's whut I un'erstood yer ter say."

"Well, you trifling rascal, why did you deceive me?"

"Did I deceive yer, boss?"

"Yes, you did, you good-for-nothing 'coon-dog."

"Look out, boss; look out! I doan mind er man playin' wid me er little, but when he commences ter pinch me, y' den I gits arter ash'y. How did I deceive yer, sah?"

"Why, you brought me a 'coon instead of a 'possum."

"Who did?"

"You did, confounded you."

"Whut did yer do wid de 'coon?"

"Ate him."

"Ah, huh! Did'n know it wur er 'coon den, did you?"

"No, I didn't."

"How long arter yer eat him wuz it fore yer found out it wuz er 'coon?"

"The next day."

"A man who saw you skinning the 'coon told me so."

"Well, now look er hesh, boss, when er man eats er 'coon fur er 'possum an' doan fine out de diff'ence tell de next day when some pesson tells him, yer ken put it down dat he ain't none de wuz off, an' dat he ain't got sich er fine appetite fur 'possum nohow. 'Bleeged ter yer, sah, fur puttin' so much confidence in me."

"I ought to knock your head off."

"Whut fur? 'Case yer couln't tell er 'coon frum er 'possum? I c'lar ter goodness, yesself's de unreasonable' man I eber seed!"

"It should have made no difference to you whether or not I could tell the difference between 'coon and 'possum, you?"

"I did'n make no difference wid me an' dat wuz de rea-on I foteh yer de 'coon. W'y, sah, ef I did'n know de diff'ence 'twix er 'coon an' er 'possum I wou'd lib on 'coon an' sell 'possums. I wuz I had yer app'rite, boss. W'y, sah, it ougten ter cost yesself nothin' hardly ter lib fur yer ken go down in de country an' git er wagin load of 'coons fur fifty cents arter dar skins hab dun been tuck off."

"Go on, now, and don't talk to me. I am mad enough to shoot you."

"'Co'se yer is, an' all on er n't er yer own ignorance. Say, if he n'ed as he turned to go, 'eff yer wuzer shoot me yer cou'dn't tell whuder yer had shot er nigger or er white man. Er sah, haw."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—The millions of New Mexico are said to be doing a thriving business in manufacturing "ancient" pottery, which they sell to credulous tourists as relics from the prehistoric mounds.

—Why, Mr. Philbrick, what are you putting that pepper sauce in your coffee for?" asked Mrs. Jarby, as Phil very coolly squirted about a teaspoonful into his coffee.

"Just warming the coffee up a little, that's all," Mrs. Jarby laughed a soft laugh, and told the other boarders, when Phil went out, that he was the funniest boarder she ever had. But she went out into the kitchen and kicked the cat all the same.

THE ONLY WAY TO CONQUER DYSPEPSIA.

It is perfectly preposterous to introduce pepsin and other artificial solvents into the stomach, in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting on the food itself. They will not. Nor is it possible thus to overcome dyspepsia. The only way to conquer that disorder, and prevent numerous diseases and disabilities which it assuredly provokes, is to renew the activity of gastric action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most intractable forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs, and those which are tributary to them. The liver, the stomach, the kidneys and the nerves, no less than the stomach, experience the invigorating effects of that standard tonic, which possesses beneficial influence, and give a permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

An Italian who fasted 50 days has opened a show at 8 bits a head.

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I deem it my pleasure to testify to the phenomenal effects of BRADFIELD'S PILLS, upon myself in eradicating from my system the most aggravated form of indigestion, the attacks of which were nearly as severe as spasms. After a medical treatment two boxes of BRADFIELD'S PILLS have put me in a better condition than I have been for years.

RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED.

We will pay your fare from any part of the United States to Portland and back, while here if we do not produce conclusive evidence from well-known surgeons, lawyers, merchants and farmers, of the liability in the cure of reducible hernia, without knife, needle or sharp instrument. You are secure against another attack the first day until cured, and the cure is permanent or money refunded. For particulars, without charge, write to our office, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Correspondents will enclose stamp for name and address. Drs. FORDEN & LUTHER, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. First National Bank, Portland, Oregon. Mention this paper.

For Catarrhal and Other Disorders.

"The Old Reliable" GORDEN'S Catarrhal and Other Disorders, is a well-known and successful, giving immediate relief.

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When Baby was sick we gave her Carter's. When she was a Child, she cried for Carter's. When she became a Maiden, she longed for Carter's. When she had Children, she gave them Carter's.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrhs in the Bladder, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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