

A TOUCH OF PITY.

Forth they set at early morn,
Happy in their hope,
Adown the path and through the corn,
And by a grassy slope.
Then o'er a stretch of clean sea sand,
And reached a slippery pier,
And there the brother raised his hand,
And said, "We'll cast lines here."
And, oh, the tremor of her heart
As tackle straight he set:
She deemed her brother had more art
Than any angler yet.
And at each bite she felt a glow
Of pride, that made her speak
In louder tones; there came a flow
Of blood to either cheek.
At last a catch! the silvery sides
Came twinkling o'er the pier—
She shrieked with joy; but soon the tides
Of joy were changed to fear.
As full she looked upon the thing
That writhed before her eyes,
The heart felt for its sufferings,
She burst in tears and sighs!
And all her day was clouded dim
With thoughts she could not speak.
The voice was low; she stood by him,
But pale was now her cheek.
Her first glimpse of the ill and pain
That haunts the world, that day
Disturbed her heart, and ne'er again
Will she so gladly play.
Oh, little maid, that mystery
Overshadows all our work,
And unto many, as to thee,
Has turned the bright to dark.

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton! Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, and lose my love and my respect, but the money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush upon Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden earnestness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effects of his words. Truly, with his frank, brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad, white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke his voice was low his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nothing. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself, that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here; and with sudden fierceness he added, "I want no woman here, to remind me of a past I hoped I had forgotten."

Never in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle, had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any human being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love. Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful."

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the love-light of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years in Europe, and then returned here to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna. We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned. Strong as my love

I found my jealousy. I was a fool—a mad jealous fool—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant word or a cherry word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me."

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarreling and reproach. She had taken her child and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you know, went to St. Louis to see my only sister, dying in consumption."

"And to become my second father."

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my one interest in life! You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter, whose childhood is a closed sealed book to me."

"But now, Uncle George, can nothing be done?"

"We have been in New York three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, I trust her to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of the recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an expensive clasp, and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together. She has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You look as pale as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that!" said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour to see if—"

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then!"

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock till the hour should be over. He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over again that past, whose remorseful memories had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his curse.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly; "why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only thirty minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this!" Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table.

The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists. For several

moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked: "Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered; "but, surely, surely in Heaven she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! Do you know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty; and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably, would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna," he said softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her own loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

LOVE MAKING AMONG THE TYROLESE.

There is a pretty alpine hut inhabited in the Summer by the object of his affections. That solitary life is one that can only be made endurable by habit, iron nerves, and absolute indifference to danger. The girl lives alone among her cattle. She seldom sees a living soul except her fellow servant who brings her the fortnightly supplies, or some surly keeper who is sure to suspect her of being in league with his enemies, the poachers. She has to tackle the bull single handed; she has to tame the cow—no longer the docile creature that would come when she called her name, since her calf has been taken away from her. She has to protect herself and her frail habitation and her charges against snow storms, thunder storms, hurricanes and swollen torrents. One can fancy how she looks forward to a pleasant visit of any kind; above all the visit of a lover. Yet it is significant of Tyrolese self-restraint under any circumstances that the pair to all appearances, are absolutely undemonstrative, unless for what may be read in their eyes. She does not even offer her admirer her hand, nor does he seem to expect it. Yet, should there be rival suitors, and the young woman be a flirt, it will be seen that his feelings are the fiercer for being suppressed, and affairs are unlikely to be settled without bloodshed. The very indoor amusements of the Tyrolese are rough and even savage, though they seldom bear malice for anything that may happen. A writer and traveler tells of a friendly struggle in an inn parlor, where a couple of companions at a drunken-bout interlocked the middle fingers of their right hands, resting their elbows on the table, and struggling to drag each other over. A muscle gave way and one of them was hopelessly maimed for life; yet when the first sharp burst of pain was deadened and the finger dressed, the sufferer gave his hand to the winner, and they ended the evening amicably as they had begun it.

An Illinois lawyer who charged a widow \$25 for making out a bill of sale, reduced his bill to \$3 after the widow's brother had taken off his coat.

Some chap predicts that in the course of two or three generations American women will be taller than the men. And we believe him. If men continue to grow "short" at the rate they have done during the past several panicky years, the women will have to wear magnifying glasses to recognize their male friends.

Somaambulist Murderers.

According to the daily papers a prisoner was recently convicted at Edinburgh of having while in a state somnambulism, murdered his child, and has since been set at liberty. Cases of this kind are very rare, but, assuming the somnambulism to be clearly proved, there can be little question of the correctness of the course thus adopted.

Dornbluth, the German psychologist, tells of a young woman who, in consequence of a fright occasioned by an attack of robbers, was seized with epilepsy and became subject to somnambulism. While in that condition she was in the habit of stealing articles, and was charged with theft, but on the advice of Dornbluth was released and eventually cured.

Steltzer (cited in Wharton and Stille) gives an account of a somnambulist who clambered out of a garret window, descended into the next house and killed a young girl who was asleep there. And the same learned writers quote from Sarvarin an account of a somnambulist monk: "The somnambulist entered the chamber of the prior; his eyes were open but fixed; the light of two lamps made no impression upon him; his features were contracted, and he carried in his hand a large knife. Going straight to the bed, he had first the appearance of examining if the prior was there. He then struck three blows which pierced the coverings and even a mat which served the purpose of a mattress. In returning his countenance was unbecoming, and was marked by an air of satisfaction. The next day the prior asked the somnambulist what he had dreamt of the preceding night, and the latter answered that his mother had been killed by the prior, and that her ghost had appeared to him demanding vengeance; that at this sight he was so transported by rage that he immediately ran to stab the assassin of his mother." Sarvarin adds that if the prior had been killed the monk could not possibly, under these circumstances, have been punished.

MEALS AT SUMMER RESORTS.

Just how much it costs to supply meals to the average healthy eater in a first-class seaside hotel will doubtless be a surprise to those who have not taken the trouble to make themselves familiar with the matter. The following figures in regard to it I have from the most trustworthy source: At breakfast the ordinary boarder drinks two cups of tea or coffee, which with milk and sugar actually costs 5 cents; bread and butter, 5 cents; broiled chicken, 20 cents; beefsteak, 15 cents; omelette, 10 cents; making a total of 55 cents. At lunch the same boarder, who is always supposed to be an "ordinary" one, will eat chowder which costs 5 cents; fish, 5 cents, bread and butter, 5 cents; cold meats, 5 cents; a total of 20 cents. At dinner he or she, and I am assured that the women are frequently the most expensive customers, will consume soup valued at 5 cents; fish, 5 cents; roast meat, 25 cents; entrees, 25 cents; vegetables, 10 cents; dessert, ice cream, nuts, etc., 15 cents; or a total of 85 cents. The light supper served here costs about 8 cents for each person who partakes of it, so that the meals of the entire day—breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper—actually cost the hotel keepers \$1.60. When it is remembered that this does not include service, light, rent, the cost of furniture, of supplying and washing table and chamber linen, and the hundred and one little odds and ends which must be furnished, it will be seen that the hotel keeper does not make a fortune out of the permanent "guest" who does him the honor to pay a fraction over \$2 a day for his board.

NOT QUITE A FOOL.

A certain German, an eye doctor by profession, rented a cottage at Cape May, and in a day or two he was satisfied that he had been charged an exorbitant rent. His landlord, as it so happened, was also his milkman; therefore to this milkman the eye doctor, the first morning he arrived after the discovery of the swindle, said: "Mine friend, vat ish the matter mit your right eye?" There was nothing the matter with the man's eye, but knowing the profession of his questioner he very naturally took alarm, and replied: "Nothing; but perhaps a little cold." "In two months," solemnly went on the doctor, "you will be blind in your right eye; but perhaps I can cure him." The Jerseyman: "But I don't feel any pain; still, if there is any danger you had better treat me." And he did treat him—I may say he treated him very badly, for in a week or two he actually had the follow blind. Then he cured him. Then followed the bill—a pleasant little document of two or three hundred dollars—and when the amount of the rent of the cottage was deducted the German was considerably in pocket. He smoked his pipe serenely as he murmured: "Das Jerseyman not so smart as maybe."

Mr. Roy has absconded from Montreal because he was fearfully in debt and no one would let Roy over more.

What Voices Indicate.

There are light, quick surface voices that involuntarily seem to utter the saying, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

There are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out as if the man owed humanity a grudge and meant to pay it some day. The man's opponent may tremble and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own significance.

There is the incredulous tone, that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret "you can't dupe me sir," intonation.

There is a winning, beseeching voice that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it had uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words say, "I love you; I admire you; you are everything that you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice that sometimes goes with sharp features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affection and pretence your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honest strength and purpose your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold and calm and firm and persistent, or fickle and foolish and deceptive, your voice will be equally truth telling.

You cannot change your voice from a natural to an unnatural tone without its being known that you are so doing.

Cat-egorical statement—Speaking of the purr-puss.

Divorce, with many married people, is a matter of courts.

What's the difference between the Prince of Wales and water in a fountain? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air.

At a Paris hotel during the Exposition—Maddened guest: "Sixteen francs for a candle?" Courteous host: "No, sir; one franc for the candle; fifteen francs for the candlestick, milord."

A double barreled shotgun, with a stock of rosewood, inlaid with gold and elaborately carved and costing \$1,100, is the remaining evidence of a young English nobleman's visit to California a year ago. His money ran short and he sold the gun.

Change of Base.

Mr. F. M. Black, one of the well known millwrights of this country, and for many years a resident of Chicago, has removed to Oregon, where he will look after the interests of Messrs. E. P. Allis & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., and will locate his headquarters at Portland, Oregon.—American Miller, August 1st.

As will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, Mr. Black has hung out his sign in Portland, and is prepared for business. He is associated with Mr. Jere Allis, son of the celebrated Milwaukee manufacturer. The same foresight and business intelligence which has placed the firm of Edw. P. Allis & Co. in the front rank of manufacturers of American mill machinery has detected the growing importance of Oregon and Washington Territory, and caused the establishment of an agency at Portland. The result must be advantageous to both the manufacturers and millers in this country. Messrs. Allis and Black will make estimates, prepare plans and superintend the construction of both flouring and saw mills in any part of Oregon, Washington or Idaho, and being possessed of ample capital, backed by one of the largest manufacturers in the United States, their guarantee is good for any amount of first class work. They issue an illustrated catalogue that is of great service to mill men at all times, which is mailed free on application.

To the Afflicted.

Medicated Baths have of later years come into great repute as a means of relieving the sick. An institution for that purpose has recently been established in Portland, Oregon. The following from the Pacific Christian Advocate of August 15th, speaks well for the character of the gentlemen connected with the enterprise:

We would call special attention to the advertisement found in to-day's paper, headed "Important to Invalids." Dr. Heslop comes before the community as a graduate of one of the leading New York institutions as a regular first physician, with first-class credentials, and with a number of years' practice, both in the army and home. And while the doctor does not claim for his mode of treatment that it is a "cure all," yet for rheumatic affections he warrants a cure in every case, where his advice is followed; and that there is no treatment so superior for any of the diseases mentioned in his advertisement. Of course he means to connect with his baths such other medical treatment as such cases demand. Having every condition in the doctor's medical skill, and great faith in his system of treatment, we heartily recommend him to the public. Brother W. C. Chastin, who has the general management of the baths, is known by everybody in this community, and needs no recommendation. Reliable female attendants are employed to conduct the female department, which is separate from the male, and every arrangement has been made so that ladies taking these baths are not subjected to exposure, and can enjoy them without any hindrance or untidiness whatever.

The sales of Singer Sewing Machines are wonderfully large. Last year the Company sold 282,812 Machines. Such enormous sales are the best recommendation the machine could have.

IMPORTANT TO MILLERS!
 Pacific Slope Agency of Edw. P. Allis & Co.,
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
 MANUFACTURERS OF

Mill Stones,
 Mill Picks,
 Portable Mills,
 Shafting,
 Pulleys,
 Gearing,

**BUILDERS OF THE
 IMPROVED
 CORLISS ENGINES.**

Gang Edgers,
 Log Rollers,
 Lath Machines,
 Saw Mandrels,
 Shingle Machines,
 Circular Saw Mills,

DEALERS IN

Bolting Cloth, Samplers, Separators, Purifiers, Bran Dusters, Belting, Buckets,
 and Mill Furnishings Generally.

Correspondence invited from those contemplating building or repairing. Send for Catalogue and Price List.

ALLIS & BLACK, Agents,

P. O. Box 528.

No. 10 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

28 In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

"In Times of Peace Prepare for War."

Now is the time to buy your fire arms at reduced prices: Army muskets for either shot or ball, \$5; Sharp's rifles, 50 calibre, round barrel, only \$24, 1,000 yards range; all other guns in proportion. Pocket revolvers, from \$2 50 to \$10; army revolvers, Remington, using 44 C. F. cartridge, only \$13; double barreled breech loading shotguns, \$30. For sale by Wm. Beck & Sons, corner Front and Alder streets, Portland, Ogn.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Coach, Carriage

- AND -

WAGON MATERIAL.

Oak, Ash, Whitewood and Hickory
 Lumber,

AXLES, HUBS, SPOKES, RIMS,

FELLOES, POLES, SHAFTS,

NECK YOKES, SINGLE TREES,

Also a full assortment of

SARVEN PATENT WHEELS.

HAVING RETIRED FROM THE GENERAL HARDWARE BUSINESS in this city, I shall continue to deal in the above line of goods, making them a specialty. We are now receiving a new and fresh stock at our new store on the corner of First and Main streets, three streets farther up town than the old stand of Northrup & Thompson, where we will be glad to see all our old customers.

E. J. Northrup & Co.,
 Portland, Oregon.

To whom all communications should be addressed.

\$30. PRICE \$30.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

THE WORLD RENOWNED

WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

The Best in Use.

THIS MACHINE IS ONE-FOURTH FASTER THAN any other, and its capacity is unlimited. It received the highest award at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions, and at the Oregon State Fair.

The Wilson Mending Attachment
 For doing all kinds of Repairing with-
 out Patching.

Given Free with Each Machine.

John B. Garrison, Agent,
 149 Front Street,
 Portland, Oregon.

NEEDLES for all Machines, Fifty cents per dozen.

\$30. PRICE \$30.

JOHN B. PILKINGTON, M. D.,
OCULIST AND AURIST.

TREATS DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR AND
 Throat as Specialties.

OFFICE—DeKum's Building, corner First and Wash-
 ington streets, Portland, Oregon.

28 Spectacles prescribed for defective vision and a
 large stock of Artificial Eyes kept on hand.

BURTON HOUSE,

Corner Third and F Streets,

Near the Steamship Landings and Railroad Depots,
 PORTLAND, OREGON.

THIS SPLENDID NEW BRICK HOTEL WILL BE
 open to the traveling public on and after August
 15, 1878.

Lewiston & Fretland, Proprietors

(Late of Minnesota House.)

Will spare no pains or expense to make this house
THE BEST HOTEL IN PORTLAND.

FOR SALE.

Beautiful Country Residence.

In the Delightful Valley of the Umpqua,
 The Garden of Oregon.

2,500 ACRES OF LAND, BEAUTIFULLY IM-
 proved with orchards, vine and berry
 culture, and other improvements. Fine barns,
 well equipped with all modern conveniences, and
 situated in a most desirable location, with
 everything in the most perfect order and
 ready for the occupant of the old age
 and the young.

It is one of the most beautiful locations in the
 Pacific Northwest, and a most desirable
 winter residence. For further
 particulars, apply to

A. B. SCHNEIDER,
 Jeweler and Watchmaker,
 PORTLAND, OREGON.

Special attention paid to Watch Repairing.
 28 Good Watches by express and have them returned
 for \$100.00.

1856. **KNAPP, BURRELL & CO.,** 1878
 Front, First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon,
 IMPORTERS OF

FARM IMPLEMENTS and MACHINES.

THE CELEBRATED BAIN FARM WAGON.

This cut represents the BAIN THIMBLE-SKEIN WAGON, medium size, complete, with Top Box, Roller Brake and Spring Seat. The Bain Wagon is so well known to the farmers and freighters of this coast that it seems needless for us to say anything in its praise. We have sold them for the past thirteen years, and warranted every one sold, and the total claims for defective material or workmanship during that time have not amounted to one cent on each wagon sold. This fact speaks louder than anything we can say in their praise. The

Patent Skein Tightener.

On the Bain Wagon is a valuable improvement, and is on no other wagon. For the coming season all farm wagons will have the new

Patent Oil Tubes with Brass Screw Caps,

Which avoid the necessity of taking off the wheels to oil the axles—an arrangement which teamsters will fully appreciate. We feel safe in asserting that there is no other wagon in the market that will compare with the Bain as now made, in quality of material used, and in completeness and excellence of workmanship. Our wagons are made to order, especially for our trade, and we pay extra to have all the timber EXTRA SELECTED out of thoroughly seasoned stock. All the wheels are put through—soaked in—boiling lincseed oil before setting of tires, making shrinkage impossible. Mr. Bain does this in a more thorough manner than some others, who simply make a pretense of doing it, and make the application, if at all, only in "homopathic doses." The wood work, tires and ironing are extra heavy, but at the same time everything is well proportioned. We challenge the most critical comparison with any and every other make of wagon, and while we do not claim to sell the "cheapest" wagon, as far as dollars and cents are concerned, we do claim to sell as good a wagon as can be made, and one that will prove the cheapest in the end.

28 Send for Circular and Price Lists.



OREGON HACK OR FOUR SPRING WAGON.



Description and Prices.

SIZE No. 2.—Patent wheels, three feet eight inches and four feet two inches high. Solid collar axles, one and one-eighth inches; plain bed, with patent round corners; two steps; top of body bound with iron; leather dash; two cushioned seats, with lazy backs; with pole and ratchet brake. Capacity, 800 pounds. Price, with patent wheels, \$230.

SIZE No. 3.—Solid collar axles, one and one-fourth inches; same style and finish as size 2. Capacity, 1,000 pounds. Price, \$210.

SIZE No. 4.—One and three-eighths inch solid collar axles; same fittings as other. Capacity, 1,500 pounds. Price, with patent wheels, \$250.

Same wagon with longer bed and three seats, \$250.

GUARANTEED TO BE THE BEST HACK IN MARKET.

THE LARGEST STOCK. THE BEST ASSORTMENT. THE LEADING MACHINES.
 The Oldest and Leading House in the Trade and Prices always at the Lowest Living Rates.

OREGON

Furniture Manufacturing Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FURNITURE,

AND DEALERS IN

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

Mats, Rugs, Curtains,

WALL PAPER,

Spring Beds,

Hair Mattresses,

Etc., Etc.,

SALES ROOMS—Corner First
 and Yamhill Streets.

STEAM FACTORY—Corner of
 Front and Madison Streets,
 PORTLAND, OREGON.



"BOSS OF THE ROAD,"

G. S. JACKSON.

DEALER IN ALL THE NEWEST AND FRESHEST
 brands of Cigars and Tobacco, Fruit and Candies,
 at 33 North First street, L. Higgins' old stand, next to
 Oregon Hotel, Portland, Oregon.

A BELL,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

No. 167 and 169 First Street
 Portland, Oregon.

The Gorham Mfg. Company's

CELEBRATED

"Electro Plate" Table Ware,

Just Received by

L. C. HENRICHSEN,

THESE GOODS ARE EQUALED BY NO OTHER
 Company in finish and durability, and are desirable
 patterns. CALL AND SEE THEM.

28 140 FIRST STREET, 28
 PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE CELEBRATED

"SINGER"

SEWING MACHINES

STILL TAKE THE LEAD.

282,812 SINGER

MACHINES

Sold in 1877,

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