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For forty years I have been afflicted with costiveness, and for the last twenty was compelled daily to resort to injections to secure an evacuation. In December last I commenced the use of Radway's Pills. After taking a few doses, my liver, stomach, and bowels were restored to their natural strength and duties. I have now a regular movement once a day, and, although 80 years of age, feel as hearty and strong as I did 40 years ago.

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"The Faculty of the College state in their report that *after a careful and minute examination*, they have the honor to state that "the pills are not only free from every substance injurious to health, but are composed wholly of substances and elements promotive of digestion, and certain at the same time to act favorably upon the nervous system, &c., &c. They state, further, that the injurious rumors set afloat by the Prussian apothecaries originated "in a mean spirit of trade jealousy, excited by the great celebrity attained by the Pills within a very brief period."

Signed on behalf of the College,
DR. PHIL. THEOBALD WERNER,
Director of the Polytechnic Bureau.
DR. HESSE, *First Assistant.*

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In cases where natural evacuations are difficult to secure, and a quick discharge is essential, take six of Radway's Pills and pulverize them,—take the pill powder in water or preserves,—in half an hour they will operate. We have known the most distressing pains of Gastritis, Bilious Cholic, Inflammation, Congestion, &c., stopped, and the retained irritating humors expelled from the bowels in thirty minutes by this treatment. It is however, better in chronic cases to take the pills as they are, and let them gradually dissolve in the stomach. These Pills possess in the highest degree cathartic, aperient, tonic, and diaphoretic properties. They do not weaken or debilitate the system or any of its organs, and will leave the bowels regular and healthy. They purify and equalize the circulation of the blood. No congestion or inflammation will occur while the system is under their influence. Price 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes for one dollar.

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Ten Pounds Reward.

A very pretty place, to my fancy, is Paulsham, with a lock and a dreamy weir just above it, and a willowy ait, in whose dead water the pike love to lie, below it, with sycamores, beech and aspens overhanging the sparkling river from the smooth green lawns which form its banks. The village is small, free from the defilement of lading and unlading barges. The clean little inn, the "Swan," with its gay garden running down to the water's edge, kept by one Thomas Beck, famous for his former strength and skill as an oarsman; famous for that fishing craft which every spring secures him the best catch of Thames trout; famous for the home-brewed ale which flows so softly down the parched throat of the exhausted rover, who, mindful of "Old Beck's tap," has resisted the allurements of the "Jolly Young Waterman" four miles—and such miles, against a current running like a mill dam—lower down; famous up to last summer, for his two pretty, buxom daughters, whose faces cheered the eye, as the beer they served did the throat of the weary, blistered thirsty water-bob.

As their father held the inn and the ferry, and was the proprietor of a whole flotilla of pleasure boats and fishing punts, Susan and Betsy Beck were considered good matches by the "Sons of the Thames," for miles up and down the river, many of whom entered for these watermen's badges, with purse of gold, and (loss of) freedom; but they turned up their pretty noses at all but Joe and Harry Hamilton, two brothers, who were natives of the same village, and who, growing up with them, had developed calmly and naturally from playmates into lovers.

Two fine young fellows the Hamiltons were, and well known for skillful and plucky rowing from Henly to Rosherville, but they were not rich; for though they occasionally won considerable sums at different regattas, the money went, as money earned that way will—some in beer and skittles, the rest in backing themselves for other matches which they did not win.

Now, old Beck had no objections to the Hamiltons for son-in-laws; they were good enough lads, and all that, he would observe, but the men who married his daughters must be able to keep them as they had used to be kept; and when Joe and Harry could each show a wherry on the river, and fifty pounds in the bank, he would add duplicate boats and fifties, and then they could each take an apprentice and live comfortably, and have a Miss Beck.

This was the state of affairs when I first made the acquaintance of the persons concerned, some four or five years ago, and I came to take a great interest in this double courtship, for Joe Hamilton is my trainer and especial friend. Every morning and evening during my stay at Paulsham, we scull over a certain course together, he preceding me with critical eye and constant advice, as, "Don't pull so much with your arms; put your back more into it; left—pull your left," etc. I took a great fancy to Joe the first time I ever saw him, he was so delightfully blunt and free from sycophancy.

"I know," said I, on that occasion, as I put on my jacket after my experimental performance before him, and fishing, I own, for a compliment, for at that time I did not know it—'I know that I am a bad sculler.'"

"Well, sir," replied Joe, "it isn't that you are a bad sculler; you can't scull at all."

Harry was just as outspoken as Joe; and yet, though the pair ate together, and whenever practicable, worked together, no one ever heard them squabbling. When they disagreed in opinion, they did not quarrel—they tossed. I never knew two such brothers. There was something so romantic in the simple character of the men and their love affairs, that to watch their fortunes was like reading an interesting novel in annual parts, for their course toward prosperity and matrimony was a zig-zag. The first year I knew them they won their stipulated wherries, Joe at Putney, and Harry at the Richmond regatta, and put five pounds in the savings bank.

The next summer being a long and fine one, water excursions were constant, and the Hamiltons having new boats of their own to take pleasure parties out in, increased their balance to forty pounds. The next winter, however, being severe, and the following summer wet, they had to encroach upon this sum, and so on. When I got to my old lodgings at Paulsham last July, therefore, one of the first questions I asked Joe, who was awaiting my arrival, had reference to his matrimonial prospects.

"Oh! that's all settled, sir," said he.

"Settled!" I cried. "Are you married, then?"

"I am."

"And to Susan Beck?"

"Surely; and so is Harry to Betsey. But I will tell you all about it while you are having your smoke after the spin to the Willows and back. I know you are longing to get on the river."

Four hours later, when I was lying on the Swan Lawn, with a blister on each hand, a raw place elsewhere, and a cigar in my mouth, Joe told me his story.

"What we wanted, you know sir," he began, "was a hundred pounds between us. Well, we were lucky last summer; for what with the ladies who took Rosebank Villa, and who lived on the water almost—the gentleman you were so kind as to recommend me to, who came down for lessons in sculling—an outrigger which Harry picked up for a couple of guineas, and which brought us about five shillings a day right through the season, and an apprentice who took some of the work off our hands, we did very well, and put aside a tidy sum. Then, in the winter, some gentlemen came here to look for a good place for the new water works they are talking of having; and kept me rowing them about half the day; a sure good job that was. Altogether, when this season began, we had got our savings up to seventy pounds, and that made us very fidgety.

"You see, when there was no likelihood of our getting married very soon, we could all take it quietly enough; but now that there was a reasonable prospect of making up the sum we wanted before winter, we began to get uneasy and restless, and to think the time would never come; and the girls got into just as great a hurry to be spliced as ourselves, when they once knew what a dear thing it was. Well, one day in April, while we were in this impatient state, Mr. Rollockes, a great gentleman for acquatics, and a patron of our—but you know him—well, he came and asked us if we would like to make up a pair oar match with two Newcastle men—forty pounds a side. He (Mr. Rollockes, would stand half of it, he said, as he felt sure we ought to beat them.

"We thought the matter well over. Harry and I can go as well as any pair together, seeing that we have rowed in the same boat ever since we were able to handle an oar at all. Still, I did not like it—Harry did.

"'If we win the twenty pounds there will be only ten to make up,' says he.

"'Aye,' say I, 'but if we lose it?'

"'Nothing venture, nothing win,' says he; 'toss.'

"So I tossed. 'Heads!' cried he, and heads it was; so we made the match.

"We rowed at Mortlake, and a stiff race it was; they were good plucked ones, those Newcastle chaps. First we forged a bit ahead, then they got the lead by a couple of feet, and so on over the whole course. How the people on the banks and on the bridges did hallo? I know at least I very nearly shut up, for I felt as if my heart would burst; but just then Harry who pulled stroke, sung out—

"'Now, put on the last spurt!'

"I managed somehow to answer the call, and with four strokes we shot ahead of the other boat; in three more we were past the winning post.

"'Still ten pounds to raise,' grumbled Harry, next day, as we walked along Hampton road, for we had left the pair-oared outrigger in which we had rowed the match at Richmond, where we had hired it.

"'Yes,' I said, 'what stupids we were not to back ourselves for a trifle more.'

"It was a queer thing, but the smaller the sum we had to make up, the more we thought of the difficulty of making it, and the more impatient we became. For my part, I felt as if I could have done almost anything for that ten pounds, so as to go home with the means to have the banns published the very next Sunday, and get the whole thing out of one's mind. I was just in that state when the devil, if he knew his business, ought to put a nice little bait in a man's way, and to do him justice, he does not often let such an opportunity slip.

"You remember, sir, that soon after you have crossed Ashton bridge there is a patch along the river by Sir William Hastie's place, by following which, and crossing the ferry higher up, you save pretty near two miles. While we were going along this path, growling every now and then at having only got as much as we had hoped for by our expedition, Harry's nose began to bleed, so he sat down on the bank and bent his head well forward to avoid soiling his clothes, while I crammed all the keys and pocket knives we had about us, down his back, and then stretched myself on the grass, and lit a pipe.

"'They have got new palings along here, since I came by last,' was the first remark I made.

"'Aye,' said Harry, 'I came past here last summer with Bill Cutwater, who lived in this neighborhood once, and he told me that Sir William was always having new palings, because why? the old ones were forever being pulled down. You see there used to be a pathway through the park to the village, till Sir William Hastie, who is always making rows with people, going to law and the like, chose to shut it up, and some folks, who says he has no right to do it, are forever forcing an opening.'

"'Ah!' cried I, 'sure enough, there is a board stuck up with a notice all about it.'

"TEN POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas, some evil disposed persons are continually injuring the fences surrounding this park, this is to give notice that such offenders will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and a reward of Ten Pounds will be given to any one giving such information as shall lead to the conviction of any person or persons guilty of breaking down the palings or trespassing on these grounds."

"'I say, Harry, I feel awfully evil disposed. Ten pounds reward! Just the very identical sum.'

"'What are you up to now?'

"'Why, I feel somehow,' says I, 'as if I must have a walk in that park. Now, if I was to begin pulling this fence down, you would never go and tell of me, would you? You would never go and get your brother a week or a fortnight for the sake of a paltry ten-pound note? Besides, your nose is bleeding, and the people would fancy I had half-murdered you in my struggles to get away, and you wouldn't like them to think that of me."

"'I will not promise,' said Harry, looking up with a grin. 'But, I say, stop! Why should you go to prison, and not I?

"'Because I first thought of it.'

"'Nonsense,' said he, 'toss.' So I tossed.

"'Tails,' said he. It was heads; so I began at the pailings.

"'One moment,' cried Harry. 'It is rather disgraceful to go to prison.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'for doing anything mean or dishonest, it is, but for trespass, or an assault, or annoying a gent as never subscribes to a regatta, or for knocking down a fellow as was saucy, I had as soon be shut up for a few days as eat my breakfast.'

"'Aye, but what would the girls say!'

"'They will never know anything about it, unless you tell them. I am Samuel Scarlett, or Mort Lake; and I always wear my hair cut short. Here goes.'

"'I had pulled down a lot of paling, and had penetrated some distance into the park before I was stopped and seized by Mr. Harry Hamilton, watermann, who, spite of my struggles, in the course of which his face, hands and shirt front got covered with blood, dragged me up to the house, where a lot of grooms overpowered me, and presently Sir William came out and abused me and praised Harry; and then we all went before the nearest magistrate. My little game was very simple, being merely a sham muzzy and sulky. I was offered to be let off altogether, next a five pound note in addition, if I would say who set me on to commit the trespass; but this I steadily refused to do, and so I got ten days, and Harry ten pounds.

"I went to prison and picked oakum; he returned home and had the banns put up, telling old Beck and the girls that I had got a little job to finish which would keep me a week or so, but never mentioning what it was.

"'They don't know now,' added Joe, with a grin.'"

A PARADISE.—A writer in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* thus sums up the happy lot of the Japanese:

"Take the Japanese as a whole, high and low, rich and poor, they are the best fed, best clad, best lodged, least overworked and most genial and happy people on the face of the earth.

"Food is abundant and cheap—imaginary wants are rare; and thus temptation to crime are less than with us, though the land is no Utopia.

"There is no such thing as squalor to be seen in Japan. In the house of the very poorest, a fifth avenue belle might sit upon the matted floor without soiling her dress. The streets are admirably sewered; all offal and garbage are removed for manure.

"There is no bigotry. The people are wonderfully open-minded. There is no hatred of christianity as such; only it is feared as an engine to cause political change."

"GENERAL," said a sickly Copperhead to Joe Johnston at the New York Hotel, "they didn't whip us, did they? They only overran us?" "Were you in the Southern army?" said Joe Johnston. "Oh no, sir, I stayed at home." "Well!" finished the General, "they may not have whipped you but they whipped me pretty d——d well!"

A Genuine French Romance.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place at Paris, and is thus described in a journal:

M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished gentleman, well-known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and medieval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. E., whom he has never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting-room he found a good natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him and exclaimed:

"I suppose that you also have seen my advertisement and come to apply for a situation as designer?"

For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. Mr. E. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what Mr. E. really wanted was an artist who could strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which suited the employer to a dot—"*a point.*"

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist begun to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attractions. Let us work."

M. Robert being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel, silver, enamel, or wood. He took a pleasure hereto unknown in seeing his works in shop-windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of Mr. E., a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested him he had never met with any one like her. Step by step, the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father, that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Marie fifty thousand francs," said he, with a little of boasting. "*Eh, mon garcon?*"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which redoubled when the artist added?

"And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.—Of all returnings, that one "after the funeral" is the saddest. Who will say that it is not so, that ever followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick, we went in and out, anxious, sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve and care for, and comfort him, excited and agonized us; the apprehension of our own desolation in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us wild.

While he lay dead beneath the home roof there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the final rites. Friends are sent for, neighbors are present, the funeral arrangements are discussed, the mourning provided for; all is excitement; the loss is not yet perceived in all its greatness.

But "after the funeral," after the bustle has all subsided and things begin to move on as usual, then it is we begin to know what has befallen us. The house seems still and sepulchral, though in the heart of the city; and though its thresh-hold be still trodden by friendly feet, it is as if empty. The apartment, how deserted! Especially the room where he struggled and surrendered in the last conflict. There are his clothes; there his books, his hat and cane; there his ever vacant seat at the family board. During his sickness we had not so much noticed these things, for we hoped ever that he might use or occupy them again. But now we know it cannot be, and we perceive the dreadful vacuity every-where.

Oh, how dark and cheerless the night shadows come down after the funeral! No moon or stars ever shone so dimly; no darkness ever seemed so utterly dark. The tickings of the clock resound like bell strokes all over the house. Such deep silence! No footsteps now on the stairs or overhead in the sick chamber; no nurse or watcher to come and say. "He is not so well, and asks for you." No, indeed; you may "sleep now and take your rest," if you can. Ah, poor bereaved heart! It will be long before the sweet rest you once knew will revisit your couch. Slumber will bring again the scenes through which you have just passed, and you will start from it but to find them all to real. God pity the mourner "after the funeral."

TO PREVENT CATTLE FROM JUMPING FENCES.—The following singular statement was made at a late meeing of the American Institute Farmers' Club at New York; "To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lid with a pair of scissors, and the ability to jump is as effectually destroyed as Samson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until the lashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutchess County, who assured us that he had tested it upon a pair of breachy oxen. As it is of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others."—*N. Y. Times.*

A Yankee in Worcester, Mass, has invented and patented a new fish hook. The shank, instead of ending in an eye, doubles up almost its entire length, so that the new hook looks like a hair pin with a barbed hook on one shank. This continuation of the shank acts as a lever to turn the hook in the mouth of the fish and insure a catch.

AN INCIDENT.—At one time a quartette of friends dined weekly together, of whom Edmund Kean and Elliston, we think, were two. After dinner on one dark winter's evening, a hackney coach was called, and the four friends, each secretly carrying a small bag under his arm, entered the vehicle, which was ordered to be driven to a street of the Strand, which was not very brilliantly illuminated. When it had reached a gloomy spot, where the gas lamps were widest apart, the driver was told to halt and open the door, and from the steps descended a gentleman in full mourning costume, cloak and hat-band; then another similarly caparisoned, and another, and another, but these were not all! The flow of mourners continued, without interruption, till the line seemed likely to "stretch to the crack of doom." The muffled driver, who stood at the door holding his arm to assist the strange company as they alighted, bore it for a while; but overpowered at last with tears and horror, ran off, shouting for the watch to exercise this demoniacal procession.

This was a bit of Edmund Kean's wild fun. He had furnished his companions with their funeral gear in the bag. The cloaks, etc., were assumed as they drove along, and the opposite door of the coach was quietly opened, and the steps let down, before the occupants got out from the other side. To slip unperceived round the back of the coach, and pass nimbly through again and again before the coachman, who was of the true Jarvey type, could discover the trick, was easy enough to such old stagers; and whether they had not "all resolved into air, into thin air," before the ronsed Dogberry could be dragged from the watch box, and brought to the scene of action, must be left to the reader's imagination.

DARWINIAN IDEAS.—Mr Darwin has published two more volumes on the Variation of Plants and Animals after Domestication," to confirm his theory that the different forms of animal and vegetable life have been produced by natural law, and not by creative acts. The conclusions of Mr. Darwin may be reduced to four:

1. All animals, especially domestic animals, have a tendency to great variation of form; and artificial selection depends for its operation on this fact.

2. Many forms of animals and plants, not in existence in nature, but derived from natural types, are called into existence by man.

3. These are produced by artificial selection; by a careful observation of individual variation, which are selected for breeding and these are preserved till they are perpetuated as specific characters.

4. Breeds, which are thus introduced by artificial selection, show differences of external form and of internal structure, which would warrant a naturalist, ignorant of their origin, to call them distinct, or sometimes even distinct genera.

Prof. Agassiz is the leading opponent of Mr. Darwin's theory. He asserts that species are immutable; that man can originate breeds, but never species; and that breeds are fruitful in offspring, but specia if crossed are barren, or have sterile offspring. He claims, also, that in the whole range of observation in living nature, or in fossil history, no instance has been found of transmutation of species. Where such eminent naturalists are at variance, who can decide the controversy?

A YANKEE BOY.—We recently met our friend Dr. Lord formerly of Boston. He had been a resident of this section for about six years. During his first few years he was extensively engaged in buying wood, and on one occasion becoming bewildered with the multiplicity of crooked roads over the broad praries, he road up to a small cabin inclosed in a clump of locust trees, and addressed a white-headed boy perched on the top of a hen coop, with:

"Halloa, boy!"

"I reckon you're a stranger," was the response.

"Look here, sonny."

"I ain't your sonny."

"No, not my sonny, but if you will jump down and come here I'll give you a dime."

The boy sprang as if alighting from a wasp's nest, and coming up to the stranger exclaimed:

"Well, old hoss, what is it?"

"I've lost my way, and don't know where I am. Can you tell me?"

"Yes; you're on your horse."

Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit and handed him a dime. The boy took the money, looking up with mingled feelings of wonder and delight and said "I reckon you must have a power of money!" "Why so, my boy?"

"Cause you slather it away so."

"What's your fathers name?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"Bill Jenks," was the reply.

"Ah, yes, I know him," exclaimed Mr. Lord; "he grows wool don't he?"

"No but his sheep does."

"If you knew me, my lad, you would be more respectful in your replies. I'm a friend of your father; my name is Lord."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the astonished lad; "I've heard papa read about you in the Bible;" and starting off for the house at a dead run, he bawled out at the top of his lungs:

"Mother, mother, the Lord is out here on horseback, and has lost his way."

A MUSICAL COW.—A gentleman residing near this city has a cow that evidently has an ear for music. She will permit no one to milk her who will not sing while performing that operation. The moment the music ceases she becomes restless, and will break away unless it is resumed at once; but while the singing progresses she will remain perfectly docile. She does not seem to care so much about the quality of the music, provided the quantity is sufficient. She exhibits truly, a remarkable freak.—*San Jose Mercury.*

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H. W. SEVERANCE. C. E. CLARK.

SEVERANCE, CLARK & CO.,

Commission Merchants

—AND—

SHIPPING AGENTS,

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We will attend to the sale of Sugar, and all kinds of Island Produce, also to the purchasing and forwarding of Merchandise.

Cash Advances made on Consignments.
12] [6m

E. M. VAN REED,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

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Having the best facilities through an intimate connection with the Japanese trade for the past eight years, is prepared to transact any business entrusted to his care, with dispatch.
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JOHN M'CRAKEN, Portland. J. C. MERRILL, San Francisco.

M'CRAKEN, MERRILL & CO.,

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS

PORTLAND, OREGON.

HAVING been engaged in our present business for upwards of seven yeas, and being located in a Fire-proof Brick Building, we are prepared to receive and dispose of Island Staples, such as Sugar, Rice, Syrups, Pulu, Coffee, etc., to advantage. Consignments especially solicited for the Oregon Market, to which personal attention will be paid, and upon which cash advances will be made when required.

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Chas. W. Brooks & Co.,	San Francisco.
Aldrich, Merrill & Co.,	"
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W. T. Coleman & Co.,	"
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S. Savidge,	Honolulu.

24-3m

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At once to canvass the most

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In addition to the above list we have many other first-class works which offer good inducements to active men, and new works constantly received.

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A number of other first-rate Works now ready for Canvassers. Send for Circulars and state territory desired. 22

FOR SALE!

RUINART, pere & fils Champagne, Carte Blanche, in pints and quarts.
For Sale by
H. HACKFELD & CO.,
Agents for Messrs.
24-3m] Ruinart, pere & fils Rheims.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Supreme Court---In Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of John B. Andrews, of Honolulu, Oahu, deceased.

PROPER Application having been made to the Honorable Elisha H. Allen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, by the Hon. James W. Austin, Administrator upon the Estate of John B. Andrews, of Honolulu, Oahu, deceased, for the final settlement of the accounts of said Estate, and a discharge from further responsibility in the premises.

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, that TUESDAY, the 18th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is a day and hour appointed for the hearing of said application, and all objections that may be offered thereto, at the Court House, in the town of Honolulu.

WM. HUMPHREYS,
Deputy Clerk Supreme Court.
Court House, July 29, 1868.—29-2t

Supreme Court---In Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of William Stott, of Honolulu, Island of Oahu, late dec'd.

PROPER application having been made to the Honorable Elisha H. Allen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, by Edward P. Adams, temporary Administrator upon the Estate of William Stott, of Honolulu, Oahu, deceased, for the final settlement of the accounts of said estate, and a discharge from further responsibility in the premises. Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, that TUESDAY, the 18th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is a day and hour appointed for hearing the said application, and all objections that may be offered thereto, at the Court House in the town of Honolulu.

WM. HUMPHREYS,
Deputy Clerk Supreme Court.
Court House, July 29, 1868.—29-2t

Supreme Court---In Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Jonathan Rogers, of Honolulu, Island of Oahu, deceased.

PROPER application having been made to the Honorable J. W. Austin, Justice of the Supreme Court, by W. C. Parke, Administrator upon said Estate for a final settlement of the accounts of the Estate of Jonathan Rogers, of Honolulu, Oahu, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, that Wednesday, the 12th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., is a day and hour appointed for hearing the aforesaid application and all objections that may be offered thereto, at the Court House, in the town of Honolulu.

WM. HUMPHREYS,
Deputy Clerk Supreme Court.
Honolulu, July 26, 1868. 28-3t

Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Islands.

Ane (w) vs. Levi Morse, (k).

WHEREAS, the Complainant in the above entitled cause has filed a petition unto the Hon. Elisha H. Allen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, praying for a decree of divorce from her husband, the defendant aforesaid, on the ground of the absence from this Kingdom for three years and not hear from, of the said defendant. Now, this is to notify the said Levi Morse to appear before the Hon. Elisha H. Allen at his Chambers in the Court House, Honolulu, on Tuesday, the 27th day of October, 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time will be heard, the petition aforesaid.

WM. HUMPHREYS,
Deputy Clerk Supreme Court.
Honolulu, June 25, 1868. 16-4m

In the Supreme Court

Of the Hawaiian Islands—Oahu, S.S.

Catherine McGuire, Complainant, vs. Alexander McGuire, Defendant.

Action brought before the Honorable Elisha H. Allen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, at Chambers, upon petition this day filed in the Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Islands.

SUMMONS to Alexander McGuire, Defendant, greeting: You are hereby summoned by order of the Hon. E. H. Allen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to be and appear before the said Chief Justice at his Chambers in the City of Honolulu, Island of Oahu, on WEDNESDAY, the 16th day of DECEMBER, A. D. 1868, to show cause why Catherine McGuire, Complainant, should not recover a judgment and decree of this Honorable Court divorcing her the said Complainant from the bonds of matrimony now existing between her and the said Defendant, on the grounds of willful desertion and adultery, all which is fully set forth in the petition filed in this cause. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and file an answer to the said petition as above required, the said Complainant will apply to this Court for the relief therein demanded.

Witness the Hon. E. H. Allen, Chief Justice [L. S.] of the Supreme Court at Honolulu, this 8th day of June, 1868.

20-6m L. McCULLY, Clerk.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL PERSONS HAVING Claims against the Estate of the late Clinton Jackson, of Honolulu, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, and all those indebted to the said Estate are requested to make prompt payment to the same.

JAMES A. BURDICK,
28-5t Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, EXECUTORS OF the Will of John P. Parker, late of Hamakua, Island of Hawaii, deceased, hereby notify all persons having claims against the Estate of the said John P. Parker, to present the same, and those indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

L. LYONS,
J. P. PARKER,
Executors of the Will of John P. Parker.
Hamakua, June 19, 1868.—24-3m

SUGAR & MOLASSES.

1868 1868

THOMAS SPENCER—PLANTATION

1868

HILO, H. I.

Sugar and Molasses.

CROP COMING IN AND FOR SALE IN quantities to suit purchasers, by
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Sugar and Molasses—Crop 1868

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