HIS SHARE AND MINE.

He went from me so softly and so soon,
His sweet hands rest at morning and at noon.

The only task God gave them was to hold
A few faint roses—and be white and cold.

His share of flowers he took with him away;
No more will blossom here so fair as they.

His share of tears he left—and, if they tear
My hands instead of his, I do not care.

His sweet eyes were so clear and lovely, but
To look into the world's wild light and shut;

Down in the dust they have their share of sleep;
Their share of tears is left for me to weep.

His sweet mouth had its share of kisses—Oh!
What love, what anguish, will he ever know?

Its share of thirst, and murmuring, and moan
And cries unsatisfied, shall be my own.

He had his share of Summer. Bird and dew
Were here with him—with him they vanished, too.

His share of dying leaves, and rains, and frost,
I take, with every dreary thing he lost.

The phantom of the cloud he did not see
For evermore shall overshadow me.

He, in his turn, with small, still, snowy feet,
Touched the Dim Path, and made its Twilight sweet.

CLARE'S MISTAKE.

Two young girls were looking out of the sitting room windows of a large, irregularly built farm house, set in the midst of an old fashioned garden whose luxuriant vegetable beds, bordered by bright colored flowers, presented a quaintly attractive appearance to eyes used only to city sights.

"Oh, Clare," suddenly exclaims Dora, "there is that funny Samantha out in the strawberry patch, picking berries for supper. Let's go and help her. It's such fun to hear her talk."

The speaker was one of Mrs. Blaine's Summer boarders, and Clare was her cousin, who had come to spend a few weeks with her. Samantha Lee was the farm mistress's most efficient help, and was as remarkable for her total ignorance for "book larnin," as she called it, as she was for proficiency in all house hold details. Dora had found in her an unfailing source of fun, and was impatient to show off her peculiarities to Clare. So it was that in a few moments' time they made their appearance before Samantha, flushed and heated from their run, but making two as pretty pictures, standing beneath the overarching blue of the sunny June sky, and framed in by the sylvan garden scene, as one would find in any land or clime.

"Come to help?" said Samantha, with a kindly nod, as she turned her sharp black eyes from one to the other. "That's right. Set-to and pick with a will, and we'll soon have a dish of 'em that'll make your mar's eyes stick out."

Dora smiled at the idea, knowing well that nothing short of an earthquake would be likely to rouse her languid mamma even into an appearance of interest, but she kept discreetly silent.

"And who's this?" queried Samantha, turning to Clare.

"It's my best friend, Clare Carruthers. She's to stay with me a month. Then," with mock pathos in her voice, "I'll have to surrender her up to her mother again. Ah, Saratoga! why, why art thou not blotted from existence! then my own Clare could still be left to her own Dora's mercies. Couldn't you, darling?" turning to Clare, who, well used to Dora's merry chatter, smiled at the way she rattled on, and commenced a search for the reddest and the ripest of the tempting berries which were hiding their sweetness under their tender green leaves.

Irwin Stanley—seated, book in hand, on the cool veranda—raised his eyes occasionally and looked out upon the trio, unconsciously noticing the contrast between the two sylph-like girls and Samantha's tall angular figure. It was a wonder if his ears did not burn, for Dora had discovered the stranger, and was plying the good natured servant with questions about him.

"Now, Samantha," and as she spoke her eyes sparkled with fun and mischief, "tell me who is that tall, grave-looking young man! He seems to feel very much at home. Has he ever been here before?"

"Laws, Miss, he's been here every Summer since I've known anything about the place. He's one of the mistress's prime favorites."

"Is he related to Mrs. Blaine?" queried the same pair of rosy lips."

"Now, Miss Dorry," was the deprecating answer, "do you think I'm King Solomon? You city folks think we up here in the country knows all about one's kit and kin, but tain't so. Miss Blaine's that close mouthed that for all she looks as if butter wouldn't melt between them false teeth of her'n, I don't know nothing at all about her or hers. Howsumever, Mr. Stanley's a great scribbler, though—that much I'm sure on; for such a heap of torn up scraps of paper as I'll have to brush up every morning (unless he's altered since last year) would make a rag man rich!"

"Maybe he's a poet," said Clare, with a look of sudden interest darkening her blue eyes.

"Nonsense, Clare," answered practical Dora. "More likely he's a lawyer's clerk. They have lots of writing to do, and are poor as church mice. I don't care, though, he's good looking, and I mean to have some fun with the tall creature."

"For shame, Dora," whispered Clare; but Samantha smiled as she lifted her now full basket preparatory to a start for the house, pausing to say:

"Chits like you, Miss Dorry, had better be playing with doll babies than with men's hearts. They ain't so easy to mend, and are sometimes a deal more brittle than mistress's chiney ware."

At tea time the girls made their appearance, looking so daintily pretty—Dora in pure white muslin brightened with bows of vivid scarlet—and Clare in a fleecy dress of palest blue with clusters of rosebuds in her hair, and at her belt—that Irwin Stanley's eyes dwelt for a moment upon each sweet face, lingeringly, as though loth to leave anything so fair and pure.

True to her intention, Dora made herself very agreeable, and challenged him to a game of croquet. One trial of skill with mallets and balls, followed after another with varying success. Clare was within, touching the keys of an old but sweet toned piano. Ever and anon the sound of Dora's rippling laughter floated in through the open window and mingled with her music. She was as vexed with her friend as one so gentle could be. It was cruel in her to try and weave her charms about one she never could care for! Clare was thinking of an engagement which Dora would not consent to have announced; but she well knew Dora was fond of Donald Grey, and how she could flirt with one, while she loved another, was beyond Clare's comprehension; for she was at that age, when, though a woman in stature, her heart had not lost the sacred innocence of early childhood, and all that her blue eyes saw she believed in fully and truly. Her reverie was interrupted.

"Clare," said Dora's voice, "I have discovered a treasure. Mr. Stanley sings, and his voice is a tenor; so my duties need not be consigned, as I feared, to oblivion for the Summer. Please play the accompaniment to "My Queen," and we will 'ravish the listening ear of night.'"

Clare had often before played for Dora's duets, but with Donald Grey as a tenor. A sad thought of him filled her mind as she turned to the piano again and commenced the prelude; but all emotion save that of pleasure vanished as the full rich tones rang out upon the air. One song followed another. Then Mr. Stanley said to Clare, "I am sure you sing. Will you not favor us?"

Just as unhesitatingly as she had played for Dora, Clare struck a few weird chords, and began a plaintive little ballad in a minor key. The words were not remarkable, and the soft, girlish voice was evidently uncultivated. Still there was a thrill of intense feeling vibrating through the sweet, tremulous tones which touched Irwin strangely, and a sunden desire sprang into his heart to sound the heights and depths of what he knew by intuition was a noble, loving nature, Dora's coquetries had amused him as world the whims of a merry child; but Clare, with her strangely quiet ways, and large, questioning, thoughtful eyes, would be the supremely interesting study to him through the Summer, which stretched out before them her fair and fertile fields.

It soon became evident to Dora that Clare was the favorite, and she laughingly told her that she had spoiled her intended fun; but she would forgive her unless she married him, "for you'd have to wait a never ending time before he could earn a home for you, and you would be old and gray! and that would never answer, my pet," with a kiss to enforce her wisdom. Then she went her way, humming a merry little song.

Meanwhile Clare's heart was full to the brim with joy; and when Irwin asked her in his deep, rich tones to promise to be his "own wee wife" somewhere in that fairy future which was so swiftly approaching, she wrote home a loving little note to her mother, not doubting that the answer would be favorable. She was disappointed when it came.

"My own darling," ran the letter, "I am sorry not to be able to say 'yes' to your pleading; but I have never explained to you that in all probability your future is already decided. If you do not marry your cousin Edmund—who is even now in New York to confer with you on the matter—you will both lose the fortune left, with that contingence by your father's uncle, Jonas. If you do not carry out his wishes by thus uniting two branches of the family, the property will go to the children of another relative who lives, I believe, in Australia. So, my pet, come home at once, and meet your cousin before you shall decide. You shall not be coerced, however, into taking any step which might cause future unhappiness, for no one could more ardently wish you to go through life without a single sorrow than "Your loving mother,

JANET CARRUTHERS."

Clare read the letter to Irwin. He looked at her searchingly for a moment. Then he said:

"It would be hard to lose a fortune, Clare."

Clare gave him a reproachful, wondering glance, and her blue eyes filled with tears. Irwin continued hastily:

"I do not mean that you care for money, darling. I was only speaking according to the world people's wisdom. I have never told you about my circumstances! You do not know whether I can offer you a comfortable home or not."

Clare answered simply:

"I know that you are not rich, Irwin; for Samantha told Dora and me how much you wrote, and Dora said you must be a lawyer's clerk, and that they were always poor; but (brightly) we do not care for wealth, and we need not marry for a long, long time, so that you will have a chance to earn some money. You know we love each other so faithfully we could not help being as happy as two little birds."

Irwin smiled.

"You are a real comforter, Clare. Well, as your mother says, you must see your cousin; and what if——"

Clare's little hand was upon his mouth.

"I know what you are going to say, and it hurts me," she said, gravely; "I can never love any one else."

Edmund Byrne was a fine, manly fellow. He had been born and educated in Germany, so Clare and he were strangers. The conversation turned at once upon the will, whose provisions had been as much of a surpsise to him as to his cousin. Clare said at once:

"I like you, cousin Edmund, and we must be great friends; for you are the only relative of my dear father's I have ever met; but I cannot be your wife! I love another with all my heart."

"You have taken a great responsibility from my shoulders, cousin," answered the young man, heartily; "for I too love, and am betrothed to the dearest little girl in the world, and how to weather the storm I would surely have drawn about my ears with my whole family, if I had refused to marry you, I know not. As it is, your frankness will take the blame away from me. As for the money, I am well enough off without it—though my parents think differently."

"They cannot blame you now," said Clare, smiling brightly. "One cannot marry a girl against her will."

So it was then settled, and within the year the two young cousins were married to their chosen mates.

Annie Dricoll, Edmund's bride, lived in the Far West, and during their wedding trip he brought her on and introduced her to Clare, whose love was soon won by her sprightly, pleasant ways. She was a well educated girl, and her slightly German accent (she had been educated in Germany, where she had first met Edmund) gave a quaint foreign flavor to her conversation which added to its interest.

One morning Clare was startled by an exclamation from Annie, who was glancing over the daily papers.

"What is it Annie?" she asked.

"Annie pointed to a paragraph.

"Read it," she said, excitedly.

And Clare, wondering at her agitation took the paper and ran her eye over the designated place. It said:

"The descendants of Annie Carruthers (married name Claxton), who was in Australia in the year 1845, will hear of something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Gray and Potter, No. — Wall street."

Clare's blue eyes opened wide in her surprise as she turned again to Annie.

"That is to find heirs for the inheritance Edmund and I were to have. Why are you so much interested in it?"

"Annie Claxton was my grandmother's name, and my mother was born in Australia. I am the only one left of the family. Can it mean me?"

For answer Clare caught the surprised girl in her arms and kissed her.

"That is for courtship," she said, gayly. "I see it all. You are the sole heir of Uncle Jonas' property How strange that you and I are cousins by marriage, and by bloood, too?"

Just then a ring came at the bell, and a package was left for Mrs. Irwin Stanley. Full as were the girls' minds of this wonderful discovery, they exclaimed with delight as the wrappings removed, a case came to light, upon whose cushions of pearl colored satin lay a set of jewelry, delicately beautiful enough for Titama herself. A rose, whose petals were of the faintest pink coral, with a dew-drop caught in its heart (simulated by a diamond of purest water). This was to be worn at the throat—a fitting ornament for the exquisite lace that could grow even beneath the skilled fingers of Arachne herself. Add to this a spray of the same dainty design for the hair, and fairy like pendants for the ears.

You can imagine how Clare's blue eyes dilated as she read the little note which lay beside them: "My wedding present to my little wife."

Clare well knew the value of the gift. Irwin, at the least, must have spent a year's income upon it.

"Dear, generous boy," she thought, half reproachfully. "He should not have done it!"

Just then the door opened and Edmund and Irwin came in. Clare went up to her husband and put up her lips for a kiss.

"Thanks for your beautiful gift," she said; "but is it not too handsome for me?"

"Why," asked Irwin, in pretended innocence of her real meaning, "will they not be becoming?"

"I don't mean that, Irwin, but we are not rich enough for me to wear diamonds."

"Who said we were not rich?" questioned the young husband again. "I never have, I'm sure."

Then, after enjoying Clare's mystified look, he continued:

"No, little wife, though all along you have taken it for granted that I was a poor man, I am in reality wealthy beyond your wildest anticipations of what a rich man is. It was a pleasant experience to me to be loved so faithfully for myself alone, so I did not enlighten you; but, darling, you will have to make up your mind to share the burthen with me. Do you think you can survive it?"

A moment of wondering silence. Then Clare's face became radiant.

"It is just like a romance," she said, turning to Annie. "Edmund will be restored to his own through you—so both of us will be rich."

"Yes," said Irwin, softly; "rich also with the only true riches—the mutual love of faithful, unselfish hearts, so seldom found in this mercenary world."

After Annie's claims to her fortune had been proved and she had come into possession, she gave Clare a necklace and pendant of diamonds of great beauty and value. Clare has playfully christened them her "family jewels," as they were bought with the money which, under other circumstances might have been her own. But she seldom wears them.

Retaining the sweet simplicity of character which characterized her girlhood, she delighted more in unobtrusive acts of charity than in making a show of that gay world, of which, however, she is an acknowledged leader by right of her position as Irwin Stanley's wife—not on account of his great wealth, but because he has proved himself a giant in intellect. His articles upon the leading topics of the day are characterized by a breadth of thought and information truly remarkable in so young a man.

It was his literary proclivities in the old days which had led Samantha to tell tales of his "scribbling," as she called it. Clare's truer intuition even then had struck near the mark; but Dora's words, spoken so confidently, had been accepted as the literal truth. It was, however, a happy mistake, for through it Irwin knows (what all rich men do not) that he was and is loved for himself alone. He can say with Sir Philip Sidney,

"There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have hers."

PHILOSOPHY.—A newly married man, evidently needs discipline, thus discourses: "A woman is a handy thing to have about the house. She does not cost any more to keep than you'll give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night she'll be awake when you get home, and she'll tell you all about yourself, and more too. Of course she'll tell you where you've been, and what kept you out so late, and she will tell you; yet, right after she gets through telling you that, she will ask you where you have been and what kept you out so late. And after you tell her and she won't believe you you mustn't mind that, and if after going to bed she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has a chance, you mustn't mind that either; it's her nature."

The justly celebrated Estey Organ received the first premium at the Oregon State fair. For sale only at D. W. Prentice & Co.'s Music Store, Portland, Oregon.

The Willamette Fever and Ague Mixture Prepared expressly for this climate by Messrs Pfunder & Co., Portland, has been found to be the best Fever and Ague medicine ever offered to the citizens of Oregon. All druggists have it for sale.

See Hansen's tree and seed card.

Adam's Lonely Boyhood.

In beginning a series of sketches concerning the youthful days of eminent people, it seems eminently fitting that we commence with Adam. It is rather difficult to conceive of Adam as a boy, we admit, owing to the popular superstition that has painted him coming into the world full grown, with whiskers and mustache complete, and a prevailing belief that there wasn't a boy in the world until Eve came and raised the Old Boy with Adam; yet we prefer to think of our ancient progenitor as having had something of a boyhood, and we suppose we have as good a right to theorize upon the subject as any one else.

Adam was probably as mischieveous, naturally, as boys generally are. In fact, Darwin says he was "a perfect little monkey," which, we believe, is a synonym for mischievousness the world over. But he had no companions in his gambols. If he staid out after dark and got to cutting up, it was all by himself. And what sport could he have ringing door bells without a lot of other boys to scamper away with! And consider the melancholy fun of fastening cords across the walk at night with nobody to trip over them.

We can imagine young Adam, with all the instincts of a boy two inches thick in his nature, looking about for some way to divert himself as other boys do, and whimpering to himself, "Can't have any fun!" Of course, he couldn't by any possibility have any fun. No fun running away from school, or stealing off to go in swimming, because there was no one to lick him when he got home. No fun sneaking up into the haymow to indulge in a surreptitious game of euchre—always had to "play it alone." He couldn't play "tag," because he might yell, "I've got the tag" all day and there would be no one to come and take it away from him. "Hi-spi" had no charm, for a boy soon gets tired of hiding when he has to go to work and find himself. And where is there a boy who likes to work and "find himself?"

The more we think about Adam's lonely boyhood, the more we are inclined to pity him. He never knew what a circus meant, at least not until Eve introduced him to one. But we have nothing to do with that now, as we are treating of Adam's boyhood. True, there was a menagerie all around him, but the animals were tame affairs, lambs and lions lying down together in the most spiritless concord, and the hippopotamuses and canary birds playing with each other like kittens. Little Adam never sat way up on the highest seat, and gazed awe-stricken while a man in spangled tights sprang, whip in hand, into a cage of savage beasts that rolled their eyes, gnashed their teeth, and roared until the canvas overhead flopped with very fear. No, indeed. He never saw a thin legged female ride a loping horse round a ring, and jump through a hoop, while a man with his face painted white and his mouth a red exaggeration tells that convulsive story about stuffing hay into his shoes to fill them out, and his calves going down to eat the hay. Young Adam never saw "the old clown," though he came very soon after Adam's day, and the jokes he commenced with he has been getting off ever since.

And how about base ball? Do you suppose that Adam knew anything about that exhilarating diversion that is now doing so much toward developing the intellect of our American youth? There is no likelihood of it, not while he was a boy. His son Cain, however, seems to have been the first who got up a "club," but it was the death of his brother Abel.

While there were so many things that the boy Adam missed, think not that his solitary life was not without its compensations. There was no other boy to steal his marbles or hide his top, or jeer at him because he had to wear his brother's cast off clothes, or holler across the street that he had "a letter in the post office," or fix a bent pin for him to sit down on, or make faces at his sister, or spell him down, or steal his dinner, or tell on him when he had been in mischief, or beat him out of his sweetheart. Adam escaped these and a thousand other annoyances that boys subject each other to. He hadn't any brothers and sisters to tease and worry him, and with whom he was compelled to divide his playthings and any nice things to eat that might come that way. He could leave a piece of sweetcake lying around anywhere, knowing that none of the other children would touch it; and at night, on retiring, could stick his "gum" on to the head board, confident that it would rest undisturbed until morning.

Whatever trouble and annoyances his matrimonial life may have brought him, we find a kind of satisfaction in reflecting that Adam's boyhood was exceptionally free from care, and on that account we are bound to conclude that his life was not an entire failure.

State Fair Notes.

The Oregon State Fair this year can hardly be called a success. Rainy weather put an effectual damper upon everythidg. The number of entries was greater than ever before and the exhibit unusually fine, but the attendance was so small that exhibitors came away disgusted.

The display of high bred horses was unexceptionally good. Some very rare animals have been imported during the year. Among the latter are some of the finest stock on the grounds, exhibited by

MESSRS. GRIERSON AND PUGH

Of Salem, each of which deserves special mention. First comes the four year old Clydesdale stallion, "Rob Roy," who took the first premium and highest award at the annual stallion show at Dumfries, Scotland, when two years old, and has not been exhibited since till this season. He is the best horse on the grounds next to Major Bruce's Centennial horse "Gigneld," and only second to him in size by four inches less girth.

Equally handsome and good is their three year old Clydesdale stallion, "Merry Mason," bred by James Nicol Fleming, Esq., of Knockdon, Scotland; sire, Prince Alfred, dam, Beauty, bred by Mr. Fleming. "Merry Mason" was the winner of the Highland society's first prize at the Glasgow meeting in 1877, in an exhibit of 206 horses of his class.

The Chicago Live Stock Journal says, "A finer colt has never been imported to this country," and it was the opinion of all disinterested spectators that he should have had the first premium. His owners console themselves with the reflection that financial relationships are sometimes strong points in horseflesh.

Last, though not least, in beauty, is their Clydesdale filly, "Jess," raised by James Hogan, Esq., Ananiele. She takes the first premium here, as she did also at the National horse show at Glasgow last Fall, in a class of ninety.

Messrs. Grierson & Pugh have invested over $9,000 cash in importing these valuable animals and deserve liberal treatment by the farmers and stock breeders of Oregon.

The Clydesdale horses were the admiration of the people. Major Bruce's stallion "Gigneld," which was the best horse at the Centennial show, and was purchased by the Major for that reason, was the leading animal and took first prize. A family of five of his colts exhibited well and took blue ribbons all round.

One of the most perfect colts at the Fair was one of these, exhibited by Mr. M. Wilkins, of Willamette Forks. The colt is but nine weeks old, and Mr. Wilkins has refused several offers of $500 for him. His dam, a half breed Clydesdale, has regularly done her share of work on Mr. Wilkins' farm, and proved the value of the breed for horses of all work.

Ex-Senator J. W. Nesmith exhibited his well known imported trotting and draft stallion "Black Stranger," a grandson of the famous stallion General Knox, who stood at the Fashion stud farm, Trenton, N. J., last season at $150. "Black Stranger" is 16 hands, 3 inches in hight, a fine appearing, well made animal, capable of trotting his mile in 2:30, and would take a first-class position at any horse show. There were five of his colts on the ground, all of which took first premiums. No horse on the ground attracted more attention or received more enthusiastic admiration.

General Nesmith's two year old colt "Queen" took the first premium in class two for horses of all work.

H. H. Savage, of Salem, exhibited his Leviathan mare "Fanny," and five months' colt "Carl," by Nesmith's Black Stranger. Fanny and her colt took the highest prize for best brood mare and colt. Carl weighs nearly six hundred pounds, and shows all the good points of his sire. He took the red ribbon in sweepstakes for the best colt on the grounds. We predict for him a record as a trotter "way down" in the twenties.

W. C. Myer, of Ashland, was there with his famous Percheron stock, a stallion and mare and four yearlings, all high grade and pure bred. This exhibition fully demonstrates the value of his stock to the stock raising interests of the State. They were greatly admired by all lovers of large horses. Two of his half breed yearling colts, one by Prince, weight 1,175, and one by Pride of Perche, weight 1,160, were sold at $400 each to go to Eastern Oregon.

His "Arabian Boy," bred from the pure imported Arabian horse "Jenifer Arabia," dam, imported Percheron mare, "Rosa Bonheur." He was awarded a special premium at the Centennial exhibition for his rare breeding and fine appearance, and was the only horse of his race at that time in the United States. Arabian Boy is now past two years old, and is by the public considered one of the handsomest and best young stallions on the grounds.

The Shetland ponies, of which Mr. Myer has a four-in-hand, attracted more attention than any other exhibit at the Fair. They were driven to a lender carriage and took all hearts by storm. Minnie, the little Shetland colt, was an especial favorite with all the little folks, including Commodore Nutt.

Sheep.

M. Wilkins, of Willamette Forks, exhibits the same flock of bucks and ewes that took the prize at the Centennial exhibition. They are the New Oxford stock and are very profitable, old sheep shearing from 14 to 16 pounds per head, and lambs from 10 to 11 pounds of wool, which is of the long combing variety, so much sought after by a certain class of manufacturers, and always brings higher prices than any other. The fleece now on this year's lambs of this flock is fully six inches in length. The demand for the young bucks is so great that they are frequently engaged before they come at prices ranging from $10 to $50 each.

Fine Chickens.

Luther Myers, of Salem, makes the best display of fine fowls, and takes the greatest number of first and second premiums. His premium list includes the following:

CHICKENS.

Best Plymouth Rocks, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Brown Leghorns, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best White Leghorns, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Golden Spangled Hamburgs, 1st and 2d prems.
Best Silver Spangled Polands, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Golden Spangled Polands, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Silver Spangled Polands, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Black Breasted Red Game, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best White Pile Game, 1st premium.
Best White Faced Black Spanish, 1st and 2d prems.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Best Aylesbury Ducks, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Bronze Turkeys, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Guinea Pigs, 1st and 2d premiums.
Best Fancy Birds, first premium.

The fowls for which these premiums were given are all Spring birds, of which he had over three hundred at the Fair, of the above choice varieties, which he offers for sale at extremely low prices, much lower in fact than the prices asked by any other breeder of fine birds in the United States.

Mr. Myers also breeds Shepherd, Bird and Terrier dogs, for which the demand is so good that orders must be sent in at least six months in advance to secure a choice animal.

Fine breeds of poultry cost no more for keeping than common fowl, and are five times as profitable. Persons interested in raising chickens can obtain a finely illustrated pamphlet containing full improved directions for the care and keeping of fowls by addressing Luther Myers, Salem, Oregon.

True,

As a purely vegetable family remedy Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier cannot be surpassed. It regulates the bowels, liver and kidneys. Removing all scrofula and impurities from the blood. Buy it, try it.

Messrs. Thompson, DeHart & Co., have extended their store through to First street, now occupying the whole front of Yamhill street, between First and Second, and both corners. They carry the largest stock of hardware, iron and steel and carriage makers' goods in Portland, as well as having the finest store.

The Willamette Stove Works, of Portland, makes the best Stoves sold in this market. Buyers should sustain home manufacture by insisting on having goods of this make and buying no other.

We thought Northrup couldn't stay out of Hardware altogether; he is getting in a large stock of Carriage and Wagon Hardware, Axles, Springs, Malleable Iron, etc., so that now you can get not only the Woodwork but the Hardware for any kind of a vehicle you want. Address

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

The Mansfeldt & Notni Piano received the first premium at the Oregon State fair. For sale only at D. W. Prentice & Co's Music Store, Portland, Oregon.

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

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