

NOTES OF A TOURIST

A Delightful Trip on the Columbia River by Regulator Line.

CAPT. SHORT'S BAPTIST CHURCH

The Beautiful Falls of Multnomah
Flash Like Diamonds.

LONE ROCK IS ACCOUNTED FOR

Oneonta Gorge and the Devil's Gateway—Giant Portals of Dark Gray Stone—Castle Rock.

From the Coldwater, Mich., Republican.]

PART ONE.

In Portland we decided to take the "opposition line" and had no reason to regret our choice. Leaving Portland in the morning on the steamer Dallas City, we reach the cascades at noon, where we connect with the steamer Regulator and reach The Dalles in the early evening. As the steamer leaves Portland about daylight, those who desire can find pleasant state rooms on the steamer and avoid early rising. We take advantage of this privilege. It seemed quite romantic as we went on board the little steamer moored at the foot of Yamhill street. It was a beautiful moonlight night. We eat on deck enjoying the scene until all was quiet along the shore and a distant clock chimed the midnight hour. We were told of our departure from the shore the following morning at daybreak by the screeching whistle of the steamer. At seven the breakfast bell rings. We find the Dallas City a neat little river steamer, the tables supplied with everything to tempt the appetite and the officers and employees most obliging and attentive. The early morning is gray and foreboding, but soon a bright patch of sky is seen in the east and before we are aware of it the clouds, mist and fog disappear and a more beautiful autumnal day could not be imagined.

Through the kindness of the captain and pilot we are invited to ride in the pilot house and the journey throughout was one of inexpressible delight. Captain Short is a merry, good natured gentleman, full of jokes and although passing over this same route so many days in the year he does not seem to be weary of the green clad mountains, the gray, somber rocks, or the cool, dark-shadowed canons. As we glide along over the quiet water he calls our attention to many points of interest and tells of many Indian legends in regard to certain localities. As we near Cape Horn we notice the queer shape of the rocks, rising hundreds of feet in the air. Those near the shore have separated from the main rock and resemble gigantic fingers pointing upwards. As we round the cape the pilot says: "There is the captain's Baptist church." I looked and saw that Nature had chiselled in the rock, the exact shape of a church. "Why is it a Baptist church?" said I. The captain said "I call it a Baptist church because it is convenient to the water." The mountains are many of them covered with the green fir trees, intermingled with shrubs and trees, brilliant as the autumn tints, while often there is nothing but the gray, barren rock cut into the form of turrets and castles and towers, looking like the ruins of some ancient city. Over these rocks in many places tiny mountain streams come tumbling into the river and again the water pours down from dizzy heights, a giant stream carrying everything before it.

Multnomah falls is the most beautiful of any along the river. The mountains here rise to the height of two thousand feet and from the midst Multnomah falls rushes down eight hundred and forty feet, an immense body of water flashing in the sunlight like millions of diamonds. From the steamer the falls seem like a narrow ribbon in comparison with the broad mountains by their side, but we are told the stream is fully forty feet in width. A huge boulder in the midst of the river has been called Lone Rock. The captain tells us the Indians think that one of their giant warriors tried to ford the stream with this rock on his head and let it drop before he reached the opposite shore. After passing Multnomah falls the mountains are very beautiful. Deep, dark gorges and canons where the sunlight never penetrates, speak to us of the home of the bear, cunning wolf and wild cat, and the captain points out the place where but a few days before a shy deer was seen darting in and out among the pine trees.

Oneonta gorge is a charming glimpse of mountain wildness with Oneonta falls at the entrance, murmuring of the cool, shady retreat in the gorge beyond. The captain informs us we are soon to pass what he has named the Devil's gateway, thinking it a most appropriate name. Two gigantic portals of dark gray stone, exactly the same shape, on either side of a dark abyss, seem to form an entrance to a more wild and blacker region. We

pass Columbia peak and Castle rock, the latter 1,700 feet high, looks as though it might have been the home of some giant race in ages past. Bradford's island is an old Indian burial ground. Mountains 3,500 feet in height over-shadow it; on three sides the peaceful waters kiss its shores. It seems so quiet and still here, the profound silence only broken by the occasional passing of a steamer or the rowboat of a lonely fisherman. The shore varies as we advance, forming almost innumerable delightful pictures. Perpendicular lines of rocks that assume the forms of battlements, majestic ramparts, columns, shafts and castle walls rise with more than the grace of modern architecture. A. L. S.

PART TWO.

Often the rocks form a solid wall on either side for miles with here and there a solitary pine tree springing out from the crevices with apparently no nourishment for its roots. The sides of the mountains are rugged and precipitous, relieved here and there by a tumbling water fall or a dancing cascade. Oft times we look back and the mountains have seemingly hedged in the path by which we have come. Soon we hear the rapids where the river has narrowed for two hundred feet. Here the water, dashing and rushing over and between the cruel looking rocks, forms a seething whirlpool through which it seems suicidal to think of passing. But with our careful captain at the helm we glide safely through the narrow channel, five miles in length, and reach the cascades, where there is a fall in the river of forty feet and the water is foaming and splashing in a mad tumble over the rocks. The Dallas City stops here, as no boat could stem this rushing current, and the passengers and freight are carried around the shore on a queer little railway, the distance of one mile, where the steamer Regulator is puffing at the wharf eager to be gone. Immense locks are now being constructed at this point. When completed they will be of great benefit as the inland products of Oregon, Idaho and Washington can then be readily carried to every seaport under the sun.

Such an interesting legend of the cascades was told me by the captain. I cannot refrain from mentioning it. Long ago in the remote ages, there was a natural bridge across the river. It was built for the red man by the Great Spirit and was very beautiful. It was like an arch on which grew trees and lovely flowers. Under it the river flowed calm and serene. The two giants, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood, many miles apart, sat ever scowling at each other. At last they had a terrible quarrel which resulted in a battle lasting many days. It thundered and lightened; immense rocks and boulders were thrown at each other and the air was filled with smoke. When at last the thundering ceased and the smoke cleared away, the red men returned but the beautiful bridge was gone and in its place the river was filled for many miles with the huge rocks over which the water was tumbling, tossing and surging in mad fury. And so it has been since then, wrathful and dangerous. Scientists agree that there must have been at one time a volcanic disturbance but it is to the Indians we trace this pretty legend.

We are again favored with a seat in the pilot house of the Regulator, and the voyage is resumed with an interest equal to that of the trip below the cascades. Soon we are enjoying an uninterrupted view of Mt. Hood. It rises white and glittering from a broad plain. In the foreground is the river and the stately pine trees; on either side the "everlasting hills," gorgeous in their dress of crimson and gold. We are in sight of the icy peak for many miles, so white and perfect against the blue sky. Just at sunset, stopping to take on some freight, we discover an Indian camp near the shore. In the dying light the faces of the Indians look dark and savage. They are crouching in Indian fashion on the grass under the willow trees, lazily awaiting the arrival of the steamer. We are naturally anxious to investigate the camp and ask them if they have any curios for sale. But evidently they are not posted as to the wants of the average tourist and gaze at us in blank astonishment.

The moon appears over the hills, as a rein of silver, but very soon round and full, almost dazzling in its brilliancy. The river was enchanting in the sunlight but in the soft, mellow, dreamy moonlight there was an added charm that no pen could portray. As we near Memaloose Island, not yet discernible in the dim light, the captain standing at the wheel guiding the boat over the tranquil waters, tells us we will soon pass one of the most noted Indian burial grounds along the river. The Indians wrapped their dead in rawhide, laid them on the ground and built low, wooden houses over them, calling them dead houses. Here on Memaloose Island many of these houses yet remain, many also have been destroyed, and hundreds of Indian bones lie bleaching in the sun.

As the lights in the city of The Dalles gladden the distance, we realize that our pleasant journey is nearly over. This beautiful river, with its waters a deep green like the sea, so deep in many places that the bottom has never been touched, has often been compared to the Hudson, with its hundreds of picturesque villas on every hand, but it is

entirely different. It is more imposing, more rugged, and fills one with a sense of giant strength in repose. The Rhine and Rhone have been cited. There are no castles, no vineyards, no carefully planned effects on the Columbia; nothing made to order. All is as fresh, as free, as natural as when first this mighty flood sprang through those frowning mountain heights and found its way to the sea. But the little steamer touches the dock, we say goodbye to our genial captain, and our charming ride on the Columbia river is a dream of the past. A. L. S.

BLAINE'S CONDITION.

His Physicians Think There is no Immediate Danger.

MUCH REFRESHED YESTERDAY.

Dr. Loomis Agrees in Every Particular With Johnson and Hyatt.

POSSIBLY BLAINE MAY REVIVE.

Sufficiently for him to be Removed to Some More Congenial Climate.

Other News.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—At 9 o'clock this morning a reporter who called at Blaine's residence and was told the ex-secretary was awake and his condition no worse than yesterday afternoon. The physicians had not yet visited him this morning. The statement given out that he is no worse seems to preclude the possibility that he shows any marked improvement. Not since President Garfield lay mortally wounded by Guitau's bullet has there been such a display of public interest in the condition of a sick man as manifests itself in the case of Blaine. The room in the historic house on Lafayette square, in which the sick man lies, is one in which an attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward.

Dr. Loomis, of New York, arrived this morning and went at once to the Blaine mansion. He went into consultation with Drs. Johnson and Hyatt. He agreed in every particular with them as to the diagnosis and treatment. At the close of the consultation the doctors gave out the following: "Although Blaine's condition during the last week has given serious anxiety, yet at the present moment he is decidedly better, and in no immediate danger. It is impossible to predict what changes may occur, but his condition this morning gives a more hopeful feeling as to the progress of his disease." The doctors will not say, however, that Blaine is anything like out of danger; still, one of them said he had very strong hopes that Blaine might improve so it would be possible for him to be removed to some more congenial climate, presumably California, where the change would, he thought, be beneficial, if it did not work a complete cure.

Latest Concerning Blaine.

Since the dispatch was placed in type, which came last night concerning the condition of Mr. Blaine, late information is to the effect that the family have reluctantly given up hope, and realize that death may come at any time. When the physicians state that Mr. Blaine is better they simply mean that he is alive, and that is about the true statement of his condition. Cordials of a stimulative nature and other liquid nourishment are given him at frequent intervals, and those alone keep him alive. He lies helpless on his bed and cannot change his position without the aid of his attendants. Mr. Blaine may not live twelve hours, and he may survive three or four days, but this is doubtful.

Kansas Fuel Famine.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 20.—A fuel famine is almost certain in Kansas. The settlers cannot burn coal because they did not raise enough last season to feed the stock. They are remote from any supply of fuel, and storms have made it impossible for railroads to haul enough to supply the demand. There have been several hard snow storms and two blizzards. The entire state has been covered with snow for three weeks, and range cattle, which generally forage until January, are deprived of grazing and suffering for food and shelter. Many head will perish before spring.

Blaine is Improving.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Inquiry at Blaine's residence this morning elicited the information that he was improving. Dr. Johnston visited Blaine at 9 o'clock and remained a short time. Subsequently he summarized the patient's condition by saying: "Blaine is as well as yesterday morning, and seems refreshed after a good night's rest. Blaine has no trouble sleeping. There is no basis whatever for the report that he had hemorrhage."

CRYSTAL WEDDING.

A Large and Pleasant Assembly Greet Mr. and Mrs. Patterson.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patterson was the scene of a happy throng of people last evening, the event being the Crystal wedding, twentieth anniversary, of the host and hostess. The apartments were beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums, and all who participated in the pleasures of the evening will hold the event in cheerful recollection so long as memory lasts. A superb collation was served, and there was an elegant display of remembrances in china, etc. It is a remarkable coincidence that the morning of the day of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson's marriage was ushered by a fall of snow very similar to that of yesterday. Among the guests present THE CHRONICLE representative noted the following: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Huntington, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Curtis, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Rinehart, Dr. and Mrs. O. D. Doane, Dr. and Mrs. O. C. Hollister, Judge and Mrs. Bradshaw, Judge and Mrs. Blakeley, Mr. and Mrs. Wint Lord, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Crowe, Mrs. A. M. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Smith French, Mr. and Mrs. Dan French, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Michell, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crossen, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Brooks, Mrs. Mary E. French, Hon. and Mrs. Z. F. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crawford, Pendleton, Mrs. G. W. Gray and Mrs. G. G. Lonsdale, Salem.

THE MISSING BOY.

His Disappearance Shrouded by an Air of Mystery.

The boy missing from the farm of Mr. Jacob McReynolds, on 15-Mile, mention of which was made in THE CHRONICLE yesterday, is still missing, and his absence is shrouded in mystery. Eight men have hunted for him almost continuously, day and night, since Saturday. Mr. McReynolds came to the city last night, hoping to find some trace of him here, but was unsuccessful. It seems that he left the house Saturday in the forenoon, about ten o'clock, instead of the evening of Saturday, as reported yesterday. He found three of the cows he was hunting for which he drove up to the corral, and returned for a fourth one. He was riding a gentle pony, without saddle. The pony was found in a gulch Sunday, with the bridle still on. Tracks of the boy were found in the soft ground of the same gulch about 100 yards from the pony, on Sunday, leading to hard ground on a ridge, where they could not be followed any farther. The boy appeared to be well satisfied with his place at Mr. McReynolds' home, and was well cared for and liked by all the household. He was kind in disposition, and showed no inclination to be "tricky." His name is Geo. Crowell. He is 16 years of age. He said he came from Colville, where his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain live. He said his parents were both dead. The whole neighborhood about Mr. McReynolds' place are interested in the search for him, and any tidings concerning him will be gladly welcomed.

Practical Education.

Mr. R. L. Warner, a Portland boy, who graduated at Cornell university last summer, is at present engaged with the Westinghouse Electric company, as an expert electrical engineer, and is temporarily located at Jersey city, employed in the construction of an electric railway. He is looking forward with pleasure to returning to Oregon before a great while. In a recent letter he says: "I find that the shop training and practical work at Sibley college place me ahead of men who have been in this business for some years, and I realize more than ever the keen foresight and magnanimity of Ezra Cornell and Hiram Sibley in building a technical school where the hand and the eye should be trained to act in unison with the brain, where practical methods of thought and systematic investigation of fundamental truths should be the main object of the work."

Looks Like Poisoning.

HELENA, Ark., Dec. 20.—A week ago S. M. Abbersen, a contractor, brought over 100 convicts to work on the Iron mountain road. Many unemployed men are here, and they protested against bringing convicts here to work. Yesterday eighteen convicts were taken violently ill with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Four are already dead, and three others will die. The stomach of one of the dead men will be analyzed.

Liver Complaint—Biliousness.

The chief symptoms of this disease are depression of spirits, foul coated tongue, bad tasting mouth, disagreeable breath, dry skin with blotches and eruptions, sallow complexion and yellow eyes, tired aching shoulders, dull pain in right side, faintness, dizziness and irregular bowels. This complaint in all of its forms can be readily cured by taking Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills as directed, and a lingering spell of sickness will often be warded off by their use. Sold at 25 cents a box by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

WILL GO TO PALO ALTO

Rumor That President Harrison Will be Called to Stanford.

WILL DELIVER LAW LECTURES.

A. S. Mercier's Criminal Libel Case

Comes up in Chicago Tomorrow.

ARKANSAS CONVICTS POISONED.

Blaine Improving According to Dr. Johnson, Reports to the Contrary Notwithstanding.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—It is rumored that President Harrison has accepted a proposal from President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, to become a member of the faculty of that institution. His duties comprise the delivery of a series of law lectures, which will call him to Palo Alto two or three times a year, and it is probable that he will make California his winter residence. Senator Sanford, when interviewed concerning the surprising and interesting news, said: "It is true that negotiations have been pending with a view of getting President Harrison to accept a position as a member of the faculty of the university. President Jordan has conducted the correspondence, and it seems that President Harrison has accepted."

Commissioner Mercier's Case.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—A. S. Mercier, alternate world's fair commissioner from Wyoming, and editor of the North-western Stock Journal, published at Cheyenne, who was arrested several months ago upon complaint of John Clay, jr., of the firm of Clay, Robinson & Co., who charges him with criminal libel, was given a hearing before a justice of the peace, who took the matter under advisement until December 22d.

Will Use The Telephone.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.—It is said here that the Rock Island will supplant the telegraph with the telephone, in order to outwit the strikers.

Homestead Poisoning Cases.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 21.—The Homestead poisoning cases are being considered by the grand jury today. Edward O. Christy, of the Carnegie Steel company, says so far as the company has been able to learn the number of persons who died from the effects of poison is thirty-two, but many other workmen, some of whom will appear at the trial, are dying on their feet. He declares that the company, since it began its investigation, has been startled by the number of letters from non-union workmen all over the country who became sick at Homestead and returned to their homes. Many are still sick. Of 4,000 employed by the company, over 2,000 became sick. The coroner proposes to disinter all the bodies of the workers who died under suspicious circumstances, and cause a chemical examination of their stomachs to determine whether they died of poison.

The Boy is Found.

Elmer Underwood, son of P. P. Underwood of Boyd, came into the city through the storm this morning to inform THE CHRONICLE that the missing boy, Geo. Crowell, had turned up safely at the farm of J. B. Havelly. He had unceremoniously left Mr. Reynolds, and said nothing to anybody about it. At Mr. Havelly's he represented that he came direct from Idaho. It is about eight miles from McReynolds' to Havelly's across the prairie, and the young rascal had slept in the snow Saturday night in his shirt sleeves, without cover or protection, which is satisfactory proof that he must be "tough." We are glad to learn that he did not perish and become food for coyotes, and the good people of 15-Mile are deserving of rich rewards for their sympathetic and unremitting efforts in his behalf. The proper place for a youth of his age, with such strange habits, is the state reform school, and that this boy is not there now, may, perhaps, after all, be attributed to causes assigned in the first mention of his disappearance; that he was possibly an "escape."

The Medal Contest.

Following is the programme of the fourth Medal Contest to be held at the court house Wednesday Dec. 28th, exercises to begin at eight o'clock p. m.

Music.
Prayer by Rev. Mr. Whisler.
Music.
The Cry of Today.
Prohibition Warriors Form in Line.
Our Country's Cruel Tyrant.
Prohibition Battle Call.
The Boys of America.
Young America's War Cry.
Music.
Judges Decision.
Music.

Dallas Market Review.

DAY, Dec. 22.—The holiday season has stimulated trade in dry goods and notions, and the merchants are having an active trade in those lines. In other branches, business is of the ordinary character for winter months, being strictly confined to local demands and requirements. In produce the market is dull and prices remain unchanged. Eggs are scarce and prices most advanced. Good butter is more sought after and is not in as good supply. The deep fall of snow has checked trade and country products are growing short in the market.

The grocery trade is steady and the former prices are firm. Coal oil has advanced 10 cents per can since the Regulator line of steamers went into their winter quarters. The grain market is dull and lifeless. The decline in European and eastern markets has been seriously felt in our own and a sharp decline has taken place.

Portland quotes valley wheat at \$1 12½@1 15; Walla Walla at \$1 05 to \$1 10 per cental.

The Dallas market is steady at 55 to 60 cents per bus. for No. 1, and 52 to 55 cents per bus. for No. 2 and No. 3.

BARLEY.—The market is nearly lifeless in barley, prices are down to 70 and 75 cents per 100 lbs.

OATS.—The oat market is stiff and offerings are light at \$1 25 cents per 100 lbs. Rye 75 cents per bushel.

MILLET.—Barley and shorts are quoted at \$18 00 per ton, middlings \$22 50 to \$23 00 per ton. Rolled barley, \$23 00 to \$24 00 per ton. Shelled corn \$1 25 per 100 lbs.

FLOUR.—Salem mills flour is quoted at \$5 50 per barrel. Diamond brand at \$3 90 per bbl. per ton and \$4 00 per bbl. retail.

HAY.—Timothy hay ranges in price from \$12 00 to \$15 00 per ton, according to quality and condition. Wheat hay is in full stock on a limited demand at \$10 00 to \$12 00 per ton. There is no inquiry for oat hay, and prices are off. Alfalfa hay is not much called for, and is quoted at \$10 00 to \$12 00 per ton. These quotations are for baled hay exclusively.

BUTTER.—Fresh roll butter at 55 to 60 cents per roll, in brine or dry salt we quote 40 to 45 cents per roll.

EGGS.—The egg market is short in supply and good fresh eggs find ready sale at 30 cents per dozen cash.

POULTRY.—There is a fair demand for fowls for a home market and for shipment to Portland. Chickens are quoted at \$2 00 to \$3 50 per dozen; turkeys \$ to 10 cents per lb.; geese \$7 to \$8 per do.; and ducks \$3 to \$4 per dozen.

BEEF & MUTTON.—Beef cattle is in moderate demand at \$2 00 per 100 weight gross to \$2 50 for extra good. Mutton is held at an advance of last years prices and is quoted at \$3 50 to \$3 75 per head. Pork offerings are light and prices are nominal to 5 to 4½ gross weight and 5½ to 6 cents dressed.

STAPLE GROCERIES.

COFFEE.—Costa Rica, is quoted at 23½¢ per lb., by the sack. Salvadore, 22¢. Arabica, 25¢.

SUGAR.—Golden C, in bbls or sack, \$5 00; Extra C, \$5 10; Dry granulated, \$8 00; In boxes, D. G., in 30 lb boxes, \$2 00; E. C. \$1 85; C. & A. 70.

SYRUP.—\$2 00 to 2 75 per keg.

RICE.—Japan rice, 6½¢ to 7¢; Island, rice, 7¢.

BEANS.—Small white, 4½¢ to 5¢; Pink, 4¢ to 4½¢ per 100 lbs.

SALT.—Liverpool, 50lb sk, 65¢; 100lb sk, \$1 10; 200lb sk, \$1 20. Stock salt, \$16 00 per ton.

DRIED FRUITS.—Italian prunes, 12¢ per lb. by box. Evaporated apples, 10¢ per lb. Dried grapes, 9¢ to 10¢ per pound.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

POTATOES.—Peerless, Buffalo whites, Snowflake and Burbank seedlings quoted at \$1 25 per 100 lbs.

ONIONS.—The market quotations for A I onions is \$1 50 per 100 lbs.

GREEN FRUITS.—Good apples sell for \$1 25@1 75 per box. Fall and early winter pears are quoted at 60¢ to 75¢ per box.

HIDES AND FURS.

HIDES.—Are quoted as follows: Dry, 6¢ lb; green, 2¢ to 2½¢; culls 4¢ lb. SHEEP PELTS.—60¢ to 65¢ ea. Deer skins, 20¢ lb for winter and 30¢ for summer. Dressed, light \$1 lb, heavy 75¢ lb. Bear skins, \$16 to \$10 ea; beaver, \$2 50 lb; otter, \$4; fisher, \$5 to \$5 50; silver gray fox, \$10 to \$25; red fox, \$1 25; grey fox, \$2 50 to \$3; martin, \$1 to \$1 25; mink, 50¢ to 55¢; coon, 35¢; coyote, 50¢ to 75¢; badger, 25¢; polecat, 25¢ to 45¢; common house cat, 10¢ to 25¢ ea.

Wool.—The market is reported off on wool, and is quoted at 10¢ to 15¢ lb.

Want The Canal Built.

PANAMA Dec. 21.—While the Panama scandal is being unearthed in Paris, the congress of Colombia, in anticipation of a speedy return to earnest work on the enterprise, has gone into extra session for the purpose, among other things, of placing in the hands of the executive the powers necessary to contract with the new company without further reference to that body. At the latest adjournment the bill embodying such authorization had passed a second reading and may now be regarded as an accomplished fact. News from Ecuador reports an epidemic of small pox in the province of Azuay. No vaccine is obtainable and the disease is spreading rapidly.

Undisputed Authority.

The United States Dispensary says that "Onions are a stimulant, diuretic and expectorant; they increase the appetite and promote digestion." The juice made into syrup as in Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup, has a specific action on the Throat, Lungs and air passages, it not only cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption, but its stimulating effect, strengthens and builds up the system afterward. As a tonic and restorative it has no equal. We solicit a trial in the most chronic and stubborn cases. Price 50 cents. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.