

VALLIS GAZETTE
PUBLISHING HOUSE
CORVALLIS, OREGON

TO WALT WHITMAN.
[Walter R. Thomas.]
O, rich fulfillment of the Prophecies,
By God's own finger writ on every hand,
In plain and mountain of thy native land,
Its boundless prairies, rivers, lakes and seas,
O Bard! with thought and speech befitting
these,
And soul in all as generously planned!
Present in these, by Nature's largest hand,
And voice thereof, the world's democracies.
All Powers that wait on freedom, thee attend,
And breathe in every cadence of thy song;
That shapeth the world forever to the end,
That heaven in man shall yet itself fulfill,
Is thine ally and shall thy verse prolong.

TWO BAD BOYS.

Some of the Things They Did To a
Man of Altitude and Alcohol.
[New York Sun.]

Shortly after 4 p. m. a long man came over the bridge, and, on arriving at the steps on the New York end, uttered a shriek, and shot down to the sidewalk, whence he coasted cheerily into the gutter.

"Thats a silly thing to do," he said, after a moment's deep reflection. "A small cat would know better'n that."

Then he resumed his torn hat, put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth, took it out and put it in his trousers pocket, and achieved a position that his face expressed a pang. He thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out the cigar, put it in his mouth, smiled, and began to pick his way in a perverse and labyrinthine course toward the city hall.

Two small boys, with their chins depressed, their shoulders humped, and their hands in their pockets, trudged along the eastern edge of the park. One of them stooped and looked at the man who had just escaped a perilous maze composed of equal parts of bobtail cars, eight-horse sweepers, and milk trucks.

"Scotty," he cried, in the clear ringing tones of happy childhood, "get on to his jogs wid the busted dicer."

They darted toward the long man and, seizing him by the arms on either side, conducted him with gentleness and kindness to the sidewalk. The man, who evidently saw eight-horse sweepers and bobtail cars careering fiercely about him on every side, muttered his thanks and asked them to start him toward the Sixth Avenue cars. The boys started him. They began with a slow walk, but increased the speed until the unfortunate man was tearing along the eastern walk of the park at a rate that bore the impress of disaster in every frantic lunge. Ice and snow as well as alcohol and speed perplexed his feet. As he approached the curb formed by the asphalt piazza which runs across the park, the boys gave him a shove, and he went sprawling over the edge and shot south.

Ultimately he stopped. After considering things for awhile he struggled into a sitting posture and looked at his hat, which was about ten feet in advance of him. At this point one of the boys slid a large and dripping icicle down the back of the man's neck. The man evidently felt the passage of the icicle down his spine and its subsequent lodgment. He looked as though life was not worth living. Then the other boy picked up the hat, ran with it to the fountain, and set it on one of the four corners. With a sort of rage the bedraggled and ice-hammered man plunged after his hat. He fell four times, and when he arrived at the fountain found that his hat had been removed to another corner. He pursued it until he had slipped and struggled around the fountain a dozen times after the always-elusive hat, and then a brawny policeman came along, seized him by the collar, and yanked him backward with:

"That kind of an exhibition iz this here, anyway? You oughter be ashamed uv yerself. On a Sunday, too."
"Take me to 'tbridge, please," moaned the man.

He was dragged there. As he put his arm around the bridge policeman's neck he muttered slowly:
"Send-me-home-in-the-cash. Sendmebacktobrooken. Lemetoutnyork."

Postal Facilities Years Ago.
Respecting the early postal facilities in Texas, a writer of The Galveston News says: "The intelligence of the death of President Jackson was brought to Galveston by the master of an Italian brig, whose craft had stopped at the mouth of the Mississippi and received a New Orleans paper containing an account of the death of 'Old Hickory.' Neither the captain nor any of the crew being able to read English, the paper was untouched until three days after the arrival of the brig at this port, when it was accidentally discovered, and the tidings were given to the people of Texas fourteen days after the president's death."

Earthquake and Telephone.
[Chicago Herald.]
During the late great Java earthquake it was discovered that it was utterly impossible to use the telephone at Singapore in consequence of the effect of the phenomenon on the wires. The instruments produced sounds like those of a distant waterfall.

Dublin Deserted.
[Exchange.]
The aristocracy have fled from Dublin. In 1788 twelve peers and fourteen members of parliament had permanent residences in Upper Sackville street; now there is not a single nobleman resident in the city.

Philadelphia Press: Intimacy between father and son is difficult. Happy, thrice happy, is the son who has shared it and wise above men the father who secured it.

Dr. David W. Vandell: Suppose we are personally driving toward the cemetery? Shall we be afraid? We are sure to find good company there.

THE HOME OF REPTILES.

Through the Everglades of Florida—Myriads of Leeches, Alligators and Snakes.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat prints a detailed account of its Florida Everglades expedition. The report was written by Maj. A. H. Williams, commander of the expedition. The exploring party consisted of twelve persons, six white and six colored, and carried six Racine canoes. They went by steamer on October 17 last, from Cedar Keys to Punta Rasa, Fla., where they took to the canoes, and proceeded up the Caloosahatchie river to Lake Okechobee, a distance of about ninety miles, arriving on the 1st of November. Skirting the western and southern shores of Lake Okechobee they discovered eight large streams flowing into a dense saw grass swamp that borders the everglades. On entering one of the streams, which was named "T. D.," the expedition proceeded to its head, and began the tedious work of cutting its way through the swamp to the saw-grass.

The denseness of this swamp can be imagined from the fact that the party traveled on an average only a quarter of a mile a day. Myriads of huge alligators, snakes, leeches and poisonous bugs were encountered. Leeches were especially troublesome, covering the legs of the men. Emerging from the swamp the party entered saw-grass fields which grew from ten to twelve feet high, very dense, with sharp edges that cut one way and saw the other. This grass the party fired, and pushed forward over the stubble. After traveling due south some ten miles the party struck innumerable small, deep lakes or ponds filled with alligators and the finest fish. About thirty miles from Lake Okechobee the party entered the grassy waters of the everglades and encamped on an island, the first dry land encountered after leaving the lake. The only trees of the island were the custard apple and wild fig. The progress of the expedition thenceforth was more rapid. It passed through thousands of small islands, some slightly submerged and all covered with large trees of luxuriant foliage. No Indians were encountered.

The head of Sharks river was reached on the 5th of December, the expedition sailing down. It debouched into White-water bay, on the gulf coast, about thirty miles from Cape Sable. The whole distance in canoes was nearly three hundred miles. The expedition established the fact that the everglades, from Lake Okechobee to Cape Sable, were worthless for any purpose of cultivation; that they contain no large tracts of land above water; that they cannot be successfully drained; and that the establishment and maintenance of a telegraph line along the route traversed would be impossible. The everglades, and especially the northern glades, are a vast swamp, irreclaimable and useless for any purpose. The only cultivable portions of the southern peninsula lie on the Atlantic and gulf coasts, with this vast no-man's-land between them.

Medical Value of Music.
[Boston Journal.]
It is not singular that in a city so justly famed for its love of music as Boston, the effects which are produced upon the human organism by the concord of sweet sounds should have attracted the attention of such an intelligent physician as our young friend Dr. Podgers. He like, some others, has noticed the differences in appearance and action which such an art concert compositions excite in our concert-goers—the aspect of painful but heroic endurance which is caused by a Brahms symphony; the lively wagging of heads, patting of feet, and beating time of hands when a lively march is played; and the peaceful slumber that is induced by a piano soloist in a composition in five movements. He has consequently conceived the idea that, by developing the theory to which his observations in the concert hall have given birth, a new school of medicine may be founded, where, instead of physic shall be the remedy for human ills, and already perceived in himself as the founder of a system, shall be called the "Podgerian," and shall him upon the same pedestal with Hahnemann. He is now busily engaged in taking lessons upon the accordion—this instrument being easily portable and less difficult of mastery than most others—and when he gets some patients, as he has expressed a desire to do, he will test his theory in a practical way.

An incident which occurred the other day confirms his belief that he has hit upon a great principle. A man came into his office in search of some relief from an overmastering lassitude and lack of desire for exertion, and Podgers brought the accordion and played "Peek-a-Boo" and "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" to him. The sufferer showed manifest agitation while the first selection was being performed; when Podgers struck into the second he began walking the floor and swinging his arms, and, as the player crowded all his power of expression into the concluding strain, he knocked the physician down with a treatise on osteology, and fled from the house with remarkable rapidity. In view of the evident success of the treatment Podgers has made out a bill, but for the life of him doesn't know where to send it.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE.

An Incident of the Affair at Fort Stevens, Near Washington's Suburb of Brightwood.

[Lieut. Darke Chandler.]
The night closed in, and the next morning it was discovered that Gen. Early had moved off in the direction of the Potomac, at Conrad's Ferry, where he crossed without molestation into Virginia. The battle of Fort Stevens was over, and the Washington authorities and citizens once more breathed with freedom.

Just before Gen. Wheaton made his charge, President Lincoln, accompanied by his wife and several prominent officials, came on the ground in a carriage without his escort, having lost that glittering bubble somewhere on the road. Seeing Gen. Wright, he at once extended his hand, saying: "General, I'm very glad to see you. This looks as though you were going to do something."

"Mr. President," said the general, pointing toward Fort Stevens, "if you'll just come along down there with me, I'll show you one of the prettiest little fights you could wish to see."

"No sooner were the words out of my mouth," remarked Gen. Wright in speaking of the matter afterward to the writer, "than I deeply regretted having uttered them. I fully recognized the fact that the president's life was far too valuable to be brought into danger by my careless words of mine. But it was too late. He not only accepted my invitation, but insisted on accompanying me, notwithstanding all I could say to prevent him. He sent his wife back, and when I mounted the parapet there he was beside me, looking out upon the scene with a great deal of interest. The enemy's sharpshooters were firing pretty closely, and I explained to him that the place was entirely too dangerous for him."

"It is not more dangerous for me than it is for you," he replied coolly.

"But it is my duty to be here, while it is not your duty to expose yourself. Your position requires this, and I particularly request you to remember it."

"Just then a sharpshooter's bullet struck a surgeon who was standing near the president, and I became really alarmed for his safety, and I have no doubt was a little excited as I said firmly:

"Mr. President, you must really get down from this exposed position; I cannot allow you to remain here longer, and, if you refuse, I shall deem it my duty to have you removed underground."

I suppose the absurdity of my threatening to put the president of the United States under arrest amused him, for he smiled, looked at me quizzically, and got down behind the parapet, where I provided him with an ammunition-box for a seat. But he wouldn't sit still a minute at a time, and was constantly stretching up his long form to see what was going on, thereby exposing fully half of himself to danger, in spite of all I could do; and thus he continued to bob up and down until the action was over, when he cheered lustily along with the rest, and bidding us good-night got into his carriage and rode away home."

The Great Lick Telescope.
[Demorest's Monthly.]
A rich Californian, named Lick, in dying some years ago, made a bequest for the building of an observatory, which should in time contain the most powerful telescope in the world. The work of constructing the latter was given to Mr. Alvin Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass., who has so far constructed the largest and finest telescopes ever made. At last accounts Mr. Clark had not as yet commenced the making of this wonderful instrument. Achromatic object glasses are made of two distinct lenses, one of flint glass and the other of crown glass, the two combined making the perfect lens. The flint glass is ready to be worked, but the crown glass comes from abroad and has not yet arrived. It is extremely difficult to cast a solid disk of crown glass three feet in diameter and perfect in all its parts. While the observatory is well under way, the great thirty-six-inch Lick telescope will take some time for its completion. When in position, it will convert the feeble rays from the most distant stars into a perfect blaze of light.

A Wild Son of Erin.
[Buffalo Express.]
In spite of the large amount of culture that is allowed to run loose in Boston, there are those who do not get thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of modern civilization. After many "pegger" and "bejabbers," with an occasional "whiskey" and "Boston" here and there, a day in holding a corner on a wild son of Erin, who was in the employ of a newspaper, who kept one eye continually on the receiver, and at times became wildly excited and doubled up his fist, especially once, when the man disported with him. "Sure, and of the had repeated it," said Pat, as he came away, "I wud a-knocked the hull mashen down his lyin' throat!"

Patti's Palace.
[Demorest's Monthly.]
The car which is to convey Patti around the country on her operatic tour is to be a marvel in the way of luxuriousness; it will, indeed, be the most convenient and magnificent drawing-room car ever put on any road. It will have one novelty which ought to be initiated in summer time on ordinary cars. A refrigerating apparatus will be employed similar to that used in the Madison Square theatre in New York, by which the temperature can be reduced 100 degrees. Summer traveling is sometimes intolerable because of heat, which can be mitigated by this device.

For the Coin-Crazed.
[Exchange.]
Under the direction of Dr. Julius Friedlander, the Royal Numismatic cabinet in Berlin has, in the course of the last forty-five years, increased from 26, 500 ancient and 70,000 medieval and modern coins to 57,000 Greek, 333,000 Roman, 22,500 Oriental, and 86,000 medieval and modern coins, including a large number of unique specimens.

A Cincinnati judge, before whom a man was arraigned for cruelty to animals, decided that "horses have no rights in Cincinnati courts."

I am now supplied with a bottle, and will never be without one.

ENGLAND.
Messrs. Francis Newbery & Son, London, England, for 125 years, write: "As a testimonial from one of the oldest drug-houses in Great Britain, respecting your household remedy, will no doubt be of interest to you, we are pleased to make the statement that we have sold, with satisfaction to the public, St. Jacobs Oil for several years, and the results of the extraordinary merits of the article, the demand is continually increasing, and that we have heard of many favorable reports regarding its great virtue as a pain-curing remedy."

AUSTRALIA.
UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
Sydney, N. S. Wales, August 14, 1883.
I, Charles Kahlo, Consul of the United States of America at Sydney and dependencies, do hereby certify that C. C. Cohen appeared before me this day, and acknowledged that he had signed the following instrument as his free and voluntary act. Given under my hand and seal of this Consulate, the day and year above written. CHAS. KAHLO, Consul.

Some three years ago I injured my left leg and knee to the extent that I thought I had become a permanent cripple. My knee-cap was twice its natural size, and my leg was so contracted and shortened that I could not walk without considerable pain and inconvenience. During that time I had tried remedies innumerable, but without receiving the slightest benefit until I gave St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, a trial, and much to my delight and astonishment I began to get better; both my leg and knee assumed their normal condition, and to-day I am free from pain and can walk as well as ever I did in my life. I feel it incumbent on my part to inform the public of the great benefit I have received, and heartily recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any one suffering from pain, and feel satisfied it has no equal as a cure.

C. C. COHEN.
NOTE:—The Sydney, New South Wales "News" in its issue of 8th July, 1883, says editorially: "It is being made plain to all the people in the history of Australia, that a medical discovery has been accepted by the public with such general approval as St. Jacobs Oil. Its cures are simply marvelous."

NEW ZEALAND.
At the New Zealand International Exhibition, the magnificent First Prize Medal (highest diploma) were awarded to St. Jacobs Oil as the best and most efficacious remedy known to mankind, and among the valuable testimonials given in support of them, Mr. Wm. Moor, coach-builder, Christ Church, N. Z., certifies that on a patient suffering from St. Jacobs Oil cured him of Sciatica, which statement was attested by Mr. W. Gee, of the Post-office Department, and Mr. John Blackmore, Sergeant of the Armed Constabulary.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
Hon. Godfrey Sichel, member of the Parliament of the Colony, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, according to the official report of the proceedings, published in The Journal of Parliament, Cape of Good Hope, arose and said: He could speak from experience; he had spent a small fortune, and could obtain no relief from the medical profession. He had tried calomel, quinine, sarsaparilla, and finally St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured him. If members afflicted with Neuralgia would only take his advice they would get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and it would cure them.

CANADA.
The Hon. Billa Flint, Senator of the Dominion of Parliament, Belleville, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for a sore on my face and toothache. It acted like a charm. A few times rubbing with it took away all the soreness and pain; better than having them drawn at the age of seventy-seven."

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.
Hon. George Colton, the distinguished oriental traveler, whose interesting letters from abroad are familiar to the public, writes, as a result of his observations in Egypt and the Holy Land, that St. Jacobs Oil, by its general use there, is shown to be a blessing to suffering humanity, and that wherever he has traveled, either in England, France, Germany, or elsewhere, the same unqualified praise is given to the great German Remedy as a conqueror of pain.

CENTRAL AMERICA.
Senor Mariano, Maradiga, Ocotlan, Nicaragua, says that he had suffered with rheumatism and that he was instantly cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure.

CUBA.
Dr. D. Antonio Jose Romay, the distinguished physician, Assistant and Honorary Member, Board of Health and Faculty of the Port Garrison, Havana, certifies that rheumatism and neuralgia have, by the use of the great pain cure, St. Jacobs Oil, been cured in a few days.

MEXICO.
Dr. Manuel S. Izaguirre, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, writes: "Being a professor in medicine and surgery, I have already obtained the best effects of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of rheumatism, acute and chronic. I had treated the cases with different preparations without any result, but in a short time, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, I obtained a complete cure. I congratulate you on the triumph."

PERU.
Doctors D. Jose Felix Study, founder of the San Mateo Hospital, and D. Marcos Allende, surgeon, in the field, and that he has received from commander Diego A. Donoso, Lima, Peru, that the important assistance which he gave these troops at the San Mateo Hospital, deserves the highest esteem of all, which is the sentiment of the officers and soldiers of the battalion.

CHILE.
Senor Ricardo Stein, a leading commission merchant of Valparaiso, after having exhausted all other remedies has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain banisher. He makes this public.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.
Hon. S. Crosby, Hawaiian Consul, Sandwich Islands, writes that he suffered with rheumatism, and tried the conqueror of pain, St. Jacobs Oil. By three applications he was entirely cured.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
NOTE.—El Dia (The Day) Callao, Peru, March 16, 1882, says of Dr. Jose Felix Study, above referred to, that he is one of the most distinguished surgeons in the field, and that he has received from commander Diego A. Donoso, Lima, Peru, that the important assistance which he gave these troops at the San Mateo Hospital, deserves the highest esteem of all, which is the sentiment of the officers and soldiers of the battalion.

Innovation Discouraged.
[Gala] in N. Y. Tribune.
For a new country like ours, it is amazing how innovation has been discouraged, though there has seldom been any real innovation which has not been triumphant. At a time when nearly all the actors in the country were worshippers of slavey, the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" walked upon the stage and made a man's fortunes. Only a few years ago Dr. Holland and Mr. Smith, who had been experimenting with the reading public both as to what to read and as to how to read, discovered a taste for pictures and decorations, and they tried a new magazine, which almost immediately struck the general taste, and that taste is now even to be the taste of England, too, because both the leading American magazines have large editions in England, based in part upon their popular pictures, and the British publishers are seeing if they cannot pick up American support for similar illustrated magazines. American humor and ray description in at least one newspaper have resulted in a duplicate set of terms or idioms going abroad and being reprinted. Our press had become too enterprising for its audience, while the British press had endeavored to maintain editorial opinion as the first standard of journalism. In the long run those adventures who find out the people the best will do the best. The present tendency of the American mind is to ask for respectable guidance, but the reins must not be drawn too tight, and facts must always be given freely to justify strong opinion.

An Elephant Color-Bearer.
[Inter-Ocean.]
During a battle in India the driver of the elephant carrying the colors of the army had just given the command to halt when he was shot dead. The elephant never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the combat became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahatras, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. Mahatras swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. They then sent to a village 100 miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

Parisian "Wakers-Up."
[San Francisco Chronicle.]
Among the curious callings in Paris is that of the "wakers-up." The wakers-up are generally old men, and winter is their best season. The reveiller, as he is called, starts out between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, taking their way through the suburbs adjoining the fortification—mostly inhabited by mechanics and laborers. He awakes them by uttering a loud whoop or cry, and waits before a house to ascertain that it has been heard. Every workman pays him 1 cent daily for his trouble.

Dr. Froote's Monthly: Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster.

Eastern proverb: There are but two creatures that can surmount the Pyramids—the eagle and the snail.

QUEER SUPERSTITION IN AN ARMY HOSPITAL.
[West Ocean.]
In one of the general hospitals at Nashville, when the place was first occupied by Union troops, there was a queer character employed as nurse. He was a large man, troubled with diabetes. This unfitted him for active service, but did not give him the appearance of an invalid. The boys believed that this nurse knew when a man was going to die. Certain it was that when rapid decline in any man commenced the sympathetic old fellow took his place at the bedside of the unfortunate and was most untiring in his attention and kindness. In one row of cots he had closed the eyes of four men in death in as many days. The next man in order, going from right to left, grew nervous and was removed out of the row. The second man shut his lips and determined to get well. One night as this man lay thinking over the mystery of the "fatal row" and trying to reason about the old nurse's strange instinct, he heard a whisper from the cot on the left, "I say, stranger, if old Fatty comes and sits down by you, hit him one for me, will you? He hangs around for a fellow to die like a dog waiting for a bone."

Days went by, and the man with the compressed lips was looked upon as the next victim, and every time the nurse passed the boys expected him to sit down. One night the nurse came through the ward, and discovering that the second man was feverish, picked up a fan and sat down at the head of his cot. Quick as thought the feverish patient sprang up in bed and said wildly, "Take him first," pointing to the first cot. "You old fool, can't you count? You can't jump in this game, old fellow. Clear out, now. None of your sittin' down by me, when it isn't my turn. First relief's gone, second relief's gone, third relief's gone, fourth relief's gone. Why don't you make the fifth relief fall in?" This was the whisperer of the night before, now almost a maniac on the subject of the nurse. The surgeon was called and the man was quieted. But even when he was almost well he dreaded the approach of the sympathetic, kind old nurse. Such superstitions were very common in the hospitals of the army.

An Economical Wedding Tour.
[Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.]
It is rumored that a young couple recently married economized by not going far, far away on their wedding trip, bidding farewell to their friends on one side of a train and leaving for a Springfield hotel from the other side.

The "funny man" of the Louisville Courier-Journal is a woman.

NO MARKS.
Mr. T. M. Casad, editor of the Corydon, Iowa, Times, writes that his little girl burned her foot severely on a stove. One application of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-reliever, cured it completely, leaving no mark. By two applications of St. Jacobs Oil he cured himself of a torturing pain in the side.

ALL OVER THE WORLD.
An Astonished Editor—What He Saw and What He Says.
"From Greenland's Icy Mountains to Africa's Sunny Strand."
BALTIMORE, Md.—The Daily Evening News publishes the following editorial: At the time the New York Herald, with a circulation of 300,000, was a member of the sufferers from famine in Ireland, one of the most distinguished literary men of America contributed to the Art Autograph, published for the benefit of that fund, the following note:

"When a distressed nation appeals for this or that or the other grace or help, she hears an answering voice of sympathy from this or that or the other creed or group or faction, scattered here and there, and yonder in the space of the earth; it is only when she asks for bread that creed and party are forgotten, and the whole world rises to respond."

While recognizing the force of this sentiment, the experience which a member of our editorial staff had yesterday, furnishes unmistakable evidence of the fact that the want of bread—that famine—is not the only thing which causes the "whole world to rise," and by united action to record enthusiastic endorsement of a laudable measure or object. The conviction was occasioned by a visit to a commercial enterprise, of which, although much has been said and written, the writer confesses he knew nothing from personal experience prior to his investigations. The following facts are presented cheerfully, in the belief that they are not only of real public interest, but encouraging to our local pride, as to demonstrate beyond all doubt, that the agency in question is the most remarkable of its kind known in the history of scientific discovery.

Doubtless every inventor and every manufacturer of even an indifferent article can, without serious difficulty, enlist a certain amount of local and general influence in support of his products—on the same principle, perhaps, that every political aspirant has some followers—but the proofs here under consideration are so positive, and considering the high sources supplying the following statements, they are so extraordinary and conclusive, that no sane man can doubt that the expressions were called forth by a really marvelous degree of excellence and power.

Here a Congress of Nations, composed of distinguished leaders in public, mercantile, and social circles of all sections of the world, and in part of eminent professional men, whose conversation in matters of this kind is well known, basing their expressions upon actual experiments and observations, voluntarily join in public praise so high and unequalled as to set at rest all doubts and prejudices, to silence skeptics, and to carry conviction to every fair-minded man.

When our representative examined the originals of the following forcible documents, he was, as above indicated, so struck with their extraordinary character, that he concluded to present them to our readers, as a matter of public interest. This, as before stated, is done cheerfully and of our own accord.

GERMANY.
Dr. Richard Obermeyer, Leipzig, Germany, Secretary Ethnological Museum, F. S. U. G. A., M. G. S., author of Fremde Völker (Foreign Nations), and a distinguished literary writer, writes: "I give me great pleasure to inform you that having been troubled with my old chronic neuralgic pains, a traveling companion advised me to use St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-reliever. I tried it, and was entirely cured."

NOTE.—El Dia (The Day) Callao, Peru, March 16, 1882, says of Dr. Jose Felix Study, above referred to, that he is one of the most distinguished surgeons in the field, and that he has received from commander Diego A. Donoso, Lima, Peru, that the important assistance which he gave these troops at the San Mateo Hospital, deserves the highest esteem of all, which is the sentiment of the officers and soldiers of the battalion.

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