

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

OH, DARLING, TO-NIGHT.

(Lillian Whiting.)
Sing to me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
I sit weary and faint in the lessening light.
The day so full freighted with duties has
past,
And left me no courage, no sweetness at last.
The burdens were heavy—my hand was too
sight—
Sing to me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
Play for me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
Touch the white keys with your fingers of
light;
When the melodies, only your hand
Can make for my heart, in its pleading de-
mand.
Dreams half divine, at your touch will unite—
Play for me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
Talk to me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
Your words will fall softly as love and as
light;
Tell me how even our faltering hands
Can wrest from this life our divinest de-
mands,
Till life may be made of their sweetness and
light—
Talk to me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
Pray for me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!
For the world grows dark with the fading
light.
The sea wind blows chill, the foam waves
are creeping—
The stars have grown weary their watches
of keeping—
My spirit from earth would be winging her
flight—
Pray for me, darling, oh, darling, to-night!

"ALL ENLIGHTENED DINERS."

An Open-Hearted Assembly at the "Dinner of Hissed Authors."

Alphonse Daudet says, in his reminiscences of "Tourenneff in Paris," published in the Century, with a portrait from life: "It was at this period that we conceived the idea of a monthly gathering at which we flauberted each other; it was to be called 'the flaubert dinner,' or 'the dinner of hissed authors.' Flaubert belonged to it by right of his 'Candidat,' I by that of my 'Arlesienne,' Zola with 'Bouton de Rose,' De Goncourt with 'Henriette Marechal,' Emile de Girardin wished to slip into our group; but though he had been heartily hissed at the theatre, he was not a writer in our sense of the word, and we excluded him. As for Tourenneff, he gave us his word that he had been hissed in Russia; and as it was very far off, none of us went to see."
"Nothing can be more delightful than these friendly feasts, where you talk in perfect freedom, with your wit all present and your elbows on the cloth. Like men of ex-perience, we were all enlightened diners. Naturally, there were as many forms of this enlightenment as there were different temperaments, and as many receipts for dishes as different provinces. Flaubert had to have his Norman butter-pats, and his ducks from Honen a l'etouffade. De Goncourt pushed refinement and criticism to the point of de-manding preserved ginger! I did honor to my bouillabaisse, as well as to sea-urchins and shell-fish; and Tourenneff kept on tasting his caviars."
"Ah, we were not easy to feed, and the restaurants of Paris must remember us well! We tried a great many. At one time we were with Adolphe & Fole, behind the Opera; then in the Place de l'Opera Comique; then with Volain, whose cellar pacified all our ex-ceptions and reconciled all our appetites."
"We sat down at 7 o'clock, and at 2 in the morning we were still at table. Flaubert and Zola dined in their shirt-sleeves, Tourenneff stretched himself on the divan; we used the waiters out of the room—a needless precaution, as the mighty 'Jaw' of Flaubert was heard from the top to the bottom of the house—and then we talked of literature. Some one of us always had a book just out; it was the 'Tourenneff de Sainte Antoine' and the 'Trois Contes' of Flaubert, the 'Fille Elisa' of De Goncourt, the 'Abbe Mouret' and the 'Assommoir' of Zola. Tourenneff brought the 'Living Helles' and 'Virgin Soil,' L. Fromont Jeune, 'Jack,' 'The Nabab.' We talked to each other open-heartedly, without flattery, without the complicity of mutual admiration."

Swearing at the Mules.

A good deal of attention has recently been paid among students of animal intelligence to the power of comprehension of human speech shown by certain of the lower orders of creation. The foregoing anecdote is told in support of the theory that understanding is due to the effect of tones rather than words, and that such is the case would seem to be indicated by the behavior of mules under the stimulus of a professional "swearer." Who that has heard a western plainsman "swear" a mule team out of a slough can forget the cumulative effect with which the climax is reached. It is said that on some much-traveled routes there are certain drivers who are sent for in case of trouble simply because they can "persuade" more work out of a mule team than the combined lashings of all the rest of the train can whip out of them.
It must be admitted, however, that the scope of English in the way of picturesque swearing is vastly wider than that of any other language of civilization. We do not say this in apology for the ungentlemanly and wholly inexcusable vice of vulgar profanity, but because it affords an example of the superior flexibility of English as a form of speech. We doubt if there is any other language whose current coin of expletives can be used with any effect on a western mule team. The oaths of French, German and Italians are comparatively harmless, and are capable of but few variations. English, therefore, may possibly be the most comprehensible to the animal creation, simply because of the readiness with which it lends itself to what may be termed the denunciatory scale.

The "Squar" Was Ahead.

In the days gone by a citizen of Detroit who has lately been gathered to his fathers was a justice of the peace for one of the townships of this county. One day as he sat in his office with nothing to do a friend came along with a young horse. The Squar was somewhat conceited on the horse question, and when informed that the equine before him would let no man ride him he at once determined to accomplish the feat. A crowd gathered, a saddle was brought, and his honor presently found himself astride of the beast. The next thing he knew he was lying in a muddy ditch, and a dozen men were laughing to kill.
"I declare this court in session!" yelled his honor as he struggled up.
At this there was a fresh burst of laughter and he continued:
"And each and every one of you is fined \$3 for contempt of court!"
They laughed harder than ever, but the fines were recorded and collected, and for years after it was understood that court was in session except when the Squar was in bed and asleep.

A TRADE SECRET.

In Readiness to Ride on Every-body's Hobby.

A Drummer's Story of How He Pre-ferred Himself to Win and Keep Customers and Dis-tance His Rivals.

[New York Times.]

A plainly but richly dressed gentleman, of possessing appearance and quiet, unassuming manners, boarded a train on the Sixth avenue elevated road at Franklin street the other evening. He was recognized by a Times reporter as one of the best paid "drummers" in the country. There was something in his appearance that was not familiar, however. The inevitable accompaniments of one of his class, the silk skull-cap and the "crip-sack" were missing. In their place he had a formidable bundle of newspapers and magazines. There were, in addition to copies of several of the daily papers, issues of The Irish Nation, The Independent, The American Review, The Free-man's Journal, Harper's Bazar, The Church-man, The Clipper, The Baptist Weekly, and various trade journals and reviews. The collection was remarkable because of the widely differing character of the publica-tions and the topics of which they made a specialty.

"About to start a news stand?" asked the reporter of his friend, as he sat down beside him.

"No."

"Going to become an editor?"

"No. I'm still in the same old line, selling clothing for the million at prices utterly be-yond competition."

"What in the world are you doing with all those papers, then? Surely they can't be a part of your stock in trade—your samples?"

"No, they're not samples, but they are a part of my stock in trade, and a very important part."

"Will you tell me what part they play in the sale of shoddy trousers?"

"Yes, I will reveal a trade secret, and one that I consider a very valuable one. I read every one of those papers nearly every week, and a great many more not included in the list you see here. I read as many papers each week, in all probability, as does the editor of any daily paper, and in addition I keep up with the current literature of the day and with all theatrical, musical, and sporting events, and am constantly 'cramping' up on the principal events of the day at home and abroad. It is hard work, as you can well imagine, but I believe it to be necessary, and also believe that it pays. I know it has paid me."

"When I went into the business of a com-mercial traveler I intended to make a success of it. You know that I have done it. I had a love for the business. Most men in the profession, for I hold that when the business is properly done it rises to the dignity of a profession, devoted their leisure time to story-telling, billiard-playing, and other recrea-tions. I made up my mind to master the business, so that I could not only get, but keep customers. This was a score of years ago. I noticed that a customer who could talk intelligently upon some subject in which he was interested than one whose merits, outside his sample trunk, consisted of his ability to tell a good story and to buy unlimited cigars and drinks. So I began to read. The daily papers gave me a superficial knowledge of every-thing, and I read both sides politically. The newspapers of those days didn't treat matters so fully or intelligently as they do to-day. Consequently I supplemented the informa-tion I got there by reading weekly papers or well-conducted monthly publications and quartermen which treated special topics exhaustively. I had both European and American politics, and social, sectional, religious, financial, and a hundred other topics at my finger's and tongue's ends. If I had a customer in view I found out his peculiar hobby, called on him and talked about his hobby. That pleased him. He became a good flyer for this very grossly spider. Of course, I didn't forget to mingle with my specialty as a heavy man the low comedy ele-ment—that is, the story-telling and joke-cracking. Nor did I neglect the social part of my duties—that's what we call cigars and drinks. The schemes worked admirably and paid well. I got new customers and held them, because I kept pace with them on their particular hobby. Some of them, I really believe, were glad to see me come around. I gave up my salaried position and went to work on commission. The general plan worked so well that in every city I visited I made it a point to read the daily papers thoroughly for their local news alone before I visited a customer. So far as I could while flying about the country I kept track of what were distinctively matters of interest to particular localities only. That paid, too. It pleased customers, because it made them think I was interested in their cities and localities."

"My experiment had convinced me that the newspapers were the great educators, and from them I managed to keep posted on art, literature, the sciences, and the thousand and one topics with which I deemed it necessary to keep acquainted to meet the as many different hobbies of my customers. There were among my victims a large number of Ger-mans and Frenchmen, and I wanted to cul-tivate their trade, so I went to work as metho-dically as I had done in my newspaper schema and studied both languages, and now I speak both, and have added to my list of papers several printed in those languages, and some of them published abroad. I have also learned to read both Italian and Spanish, and to speak a little of each. These accom-plishments are trump cards, I find, in the west, particularly where a merchant is pleased to have you chat with him in his own language. It has proved beneficial to me in other ways, too. My knowledge of these languages I have kept a secret so far as my associate drummers are concerned. Some of these are of German and French birth, and are specially engaged to handle that trade in the west and south. They have always been free in talking about their business plans and their engagements with persons of their own nationality, but selling other lines of goods. The secrets they have thus unwittingly put me in possession of were often of much value. Many times a revelation of their plans has been made in this way which has enabled me to forestall a rival that I feared in a particular locality and didn't fear in another. For in-stance, time and again I have wrapped up a route for my trip, and because of a chance remark dropped in German or French have changed my entire route and been enabled to precede a rival in my line and make sales in the cities which he had unwittingly given me notice he was to visit on certain dates, leav-ing customers that I was sure of until I could attend to them at my leisure. That is how silence in the right place as to my acquire-ments has proved golden. A drummer can't have too much education, you see, providing he knows how to use it, and providing it is of the kind that he can make use of among such customers."

"See what I carry around with me just for use in case of an emergency among the mer-

chants of the southwest exclusively. I know the record of every trotting horse in the country of any consequence, the exploits of every running horse, the standing of every base ball club and every individual player, and yet very rarely attend a horse race or a ball game, because I don't have time. Every merchant in that section is up in that sort of thing, though, and I have to be prepared to meet and talk with them on these, their hob-bies."
"How in the world can you carry all this information about with you?"
"It is easy enough now. My first experi-ence when I adopted my newspaper reading plan got me into the habit of memorizing. It came hard at first, but now it has become a second nature with me. I read rapidly, and don't believe I forget anything I read, though so far as I can see or know, I make no special effort at memorizing or charging my mind with anything, unless it is some-thing of special importance, or which strikes me as a specially good point on some subject in which I know a customer of mine to be deeply interested. The whole system is easy, when one be-gins work and goes to work right. If young drummers would adopt my plan instead of devoting their energies to the mysteries of poker, to the storing up of shady stories, or the cultivation of a capacity for beer drink-ing, they would find that they could sell more goods, secure more customers, and draw larger salaries."

The train had reached Forty-second street. The drummer had finished his story of the novel method of educating a drummer and drawn his moral. The train relieved of the weight of so much knowledge in such a small compass, seemed to move more easily on its trip to Harlem.

A Plea for the Pipe.

"A pipe! It is a great comforter, a pleasant soother. Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain; it opens the heart, and the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan." So said Lord Lytton, who may have been right, and may have been wrong, though judicious peo-ple will have no desire to see smoking made the test of wisdom and virtue. The ancients did not indulge in the habit, and appear to have enjoyed themselves fairly well without the weed, which Columbus, first of Europeans, saw the "Crazy Horse" and "Sitting Bull" of the period indulging in, by the native North American Indian name of tobacco.

Could some Hellenic Jean Nicot, or Latin Walter Raleigh have taught the Greeks and Romans the seductive practice, Albiadides and the Aetholian dandies would assuredly have puffed cigar ttes, and Horace, in dress-ing-gown and slippers, sitting in an ivory chair beside his Bandusian fountain, would have watched the delicate blue wreaths curling up against the dark background of lux and laurel from the bowl of his briar-root; while Seneca, as much man of the world as philosopher, would, perhaps, have affected only the best brands of Havanas; and then go back to Greece, Socrates must certainly have smoked a churchward. The eye and ear of imagination picture the composed smile smiling at the futile rage of Xantippe along the deliberately exhaled puffs of his long, classical "clay." A society without tobacco certainly lacked one of the greatest sedatives of civilization; the wonder is, how the fathers of poetry managed to beguile the masses minus the help which, according to Cowper, "dross more to quicken and refine than all the breath of all the nine."

A Huge Exuberance.

I apprehend that at the present moment there is no question more interesting to the American people than their newspaper press. It has become a huge exuberance of the day, like Gulliver making his advent into Lilliput. It can not be tied down, and it is dan-gerous when it stands up. When it relieves itself in the ordinary operations of nature the scandal is like the sun in heaven. In New York the increase of newspapers is entirely induced by avarice. The reduction of the price of papers there is nothing but a matter of avarice. The old citadels of prosperity are being assailed in every way. The attack is not only directed on the prosperous 4-cent and 3-cent papers, but on the prosperous 2-cent papers, and the tendency is to wipe out the penny papers entirely. Yet, in the long run, that channel which best serves the public will be proved to have been planted on the best foundation.

The "Fat Lady's Make-Up."

"Fat women in side-shows are notoriously short-lived," said an old showman. "I reckon you don't know how they are doctored up."
"They start with a pretty fat woman to begin with. Then with a silver needle little holes are made through the adipose or fatty tissue, clear to the muscle. The tissues are then blown up as a butcher blows up meat, until an increase in bulk is obtained, which, in the arm, amounts to as much as a half or three-quarters of an inch. If when, in the process of the inflating process, a blood vessel is pierced and air gets into the blood, death instantly ensues. The fat woman takes her risk on that. The business, if persisted in, will kill off a healthy fat woman in about six years, and don't make a great deal of money, either."

AN EDITORIAL TRAGEDY.

The editor sat in his sanctum small, Surrounded by manuscript, paste-pot and all— His spirits embittered by wormwood and gall.
The "compos" were growling for money and "fat," The neighboring sheet dubbed the paper a "rat," And the "devil" had freed the editor's hat.
Subscribers were few and were slow with their pay; The "aids" fewer still, and the sheriff that day Had fixed for to seize the whole office as prey.
Thus, brooding, the editor thought of the fate That mocked all the labor spent early and late— No wonder his frame shook with anger and hate.
He picked up his pen and just started to pay His respects to the "aondscript over the way," When a form in the door hid the bright light of day.
"What means this intrusion?" the editor said, His face with vexation dyed deeply in red, As thoughts of the sheriff now flashed thro' his head.
"I've written a poem," the stranger replied; "Then keep it!" with spirit the editor cried, And reached for a bootjack that stood by his side.
"It treats of the heaven so blissful and fair—" The editor broke in, "I wish you were there, And soon you will be if you don't have a care!"
He started to read what he'd written; the blame Must rest with himself, for, with unerring aim, The bootjack has cut off one seeker for fame.

DANGEROUS BLONDES.

A Carbone Philosopher Contradicts the Poets' Praises.

Eve Was a Brunette, but a Woman, While Legendary, Golden-Haired Lilith Was Cold and Cruel.

[Chicago News.]

"There goes another manufactured blonde! I don't understand the fancy that makes woman, whom nature has fashioned in fair and decent form, change themselves into the counterfeit of other beings. I know the blonde style is in vogue, and some of them look pretty, too, with their golden locks and innocent, ingenuous air, but it's all deceit—deceit both in the hair and complexion itself and the air and grace, however natural. Blonde women are the most dangerous kind. There is no steady harm in women who are passionate. They may kill you, or run off with another man, but their acts are impulses and the creatures thereof; there is no set-tled calculation in them. But a cool woman, who can act from forethought, ud says what she intends to do, and afterward does it, is to be avoided. Yes, that class are al-ways blondes."

"Do you mean to say that complexion af-fects character?"

"Yes, it's more than skin deep. It per-meates the entire system, and the mind and soul are as false as the physical appearance. But why do I object to bleached hair and calcimined faces? Because the women that do it put on an air of wickedness they don't possess. O, I know that poets sing the praises of fair-haired heroines, and angels are al-ways dressed that way. They all write that way, but history is a better guide than poetry."

"Give me an instance."

"Mary Stuart, she came to Scotland, only 19 years old, with but two purposes in her heart. She was young, beautiful, with blue eyes and hair like shimmering sunbeams, and a voice so low, melodious and full of charm that it rivaled the sirens who lured Ulysses to an attempted fate. Do you suppose a brun-ette would have lived her life! Could the impulses that usually urge on a young and guileless girl have led to the schemes and plots which finally resulted in Mary Stuart's death? Her attempt was to dethrone Eliza-beth and overthrow the reformation. But Mary acted from impulses, you say. What were they? When she yielded to Bothwell it was with an idea of political advantage. She could combine the baser and the loftier pas-sions and merge them both into one more ig-norable than all."

"Elizabeth was a blonde, too. Take Lady Macbeth. True, she was only a vision of Shakespeare, but Shakespeare was a reader of types of humanity such as we have never known. He says that Caliban's mother, Sycorax, was a 'blue eyed hag,' and look at Macbeth's story. She drives Malcolm to call her 'fiend-like,' and the only holy passion that she has, her love for her husband, and her desire to better his fortunes, she follows out with a cool, calculating persistence, which, being totally divorced from all sense of honor and uprightness, leads her only to final woe and drives him to the commission of his awful deeds."

"Thackeray pictures Rebecca Sharp a blonde, and surely you would never look for her characteristics among olive cheeks, black ringlets, and eyes where the iris melts in the shadow of darkly-shadowing fringes. Char-lotte Corday's eyes were 'blue when she re-flected, almost black when called into play,' and her hair 'seemed gold-colored at the points of the tresses, like the ear of corn—deeper and more lustrous than the wheat stalk in the sunlight.' Helen Jegado, who murdered twenty-five persons in her lifetime, was a blonde of the purest type, and there was a persistency about her cruelty, a calcu-lating, far-seeing subtlety, that has no equal outside of Milton's conception of the devil. Ninon de l'Enclos and Mme. de Chevreuse, who outwitted two cardinals, were blondes also, while Catherine de Medicis was azure-eyed, with sparkling hair and face like pearl and silver. They were smooth-tongued and beautiful to look upon, these women, but their plots undermined courts and camps and pulled down to destruction many brave hearts."

"But the lack of the qualities that made these women infamous would also make them weak!"
"Of course; but why should women be strong. Let the man be strong. Adam fell because of his weakness, and not because Eve tempted him. He showed that weakness af-terward when he tried to lay the blame on her. Eve was weak, of course. She was a brunette and a woman. But the old legend of Lilith shows the difference in the types. Lilith, the first wife of Adam, was a cold, passionless, splendid woman, with wondrous golden hair. She was created Adam's equal in every respect; therefore, properly enough, refused to obey him. For this she was driven from the Garden of Eden, and Eve was made to order out of one of Adam's ribs. Then the golden-haired Lilith—jealous, enraged, pining for her lost home in Paradise—took the form of a serpent, crept into the garden, and tempted Adam and Eve to their destruction. And from that day to this Lilith, the cold, passionless beauty with golden hair, has roamed up and down the earth, snaring the sons of Adam and destroying them. You may always know her dead victims, for whenever a man has been destroyed by the hands of Lilith you will always find a single golden hair wrapped tight around his lifeless heart."

Married Life.

"Let us play we were married," said little Edith. "And I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now; I want to look through the paper!'"

IMPORTANT PROCLAMATION.

The Hon. Peter Bove is Sheriff of the city and county of New York. Recently, in conversation with one of our reporters, Mr. Bove proclaimed the following fact: "I consider St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. Mrs. Bove always has a bottle of it there, and makes a family remedy of it."—New York Evening Telegram.

The dairy maid pensively milked the goat; and, putting, paused to mutter: "I wish, you brute you would turn to milk;" and the animal turned to butt her.

To cure a sore throat, gargle with Piso's Cure for Consumption. Twenty-five cents.

Mary Anderson did not expect to find a live duke in her Christmas stocking.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eruptions from the stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to the head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

Mr. Boucicault is writing a tragedy to be called "Robert Emmet."

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Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarse-ness, Sore Throat.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

Perfect health depends upon a perfect condition of the blood. Pure blood con-quers every disease and gives new life to every decayed or affected part. Strong nerves and perfect digestion enables the system to stand the shock of sudden climatic changes. An occasional use of Brown's Iron Bitters will keep you in a perfect state of health. Don't be deceived by other preparations said to be just as good. The genuine is made only by Brown Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

TRUE AND FALSE LOVE.

To sigh, yet feel no pain; to weep, yet know not why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain, then throw it hilly by;
To bend the knee at every shrine, yet lay the heart at none;
To think all other charms divine, but those we have just won.
This is love—false love,
Such as kindly hearts that revel
To keep one sacred flame, through life un-changed, un-moved;
To love in wintry age the same that we in youth have loved;
To feel that we adore with such refined ex-cess
That though the heart might burst with more, it could not do with less.
This is love—constant love,
Such as saints might share above.

SAW THE SIGHTS AND SULLIVAN.

Grief of a Granger Who Happened to Run Across Some Sociable Friends.

"I am an eccentric man, mister," said a jolly-looking granger to the clerk of the Hoff-man house, as he deposited his gripsack on the counter. "Give me a room where I can see what's going on around me. I came to this town for enjoyment. Give me a room where things are lively!"

He was shown to his room, and after din-ner remarked to the clerk that he was going out to see some fun. Somewhere near mid-night a dilapidated, torn, weary man stood in front of the hotel register. The jolly look had faded somewhat from his face, but enough was left to enable the clerk to recognize the man of eccentricity.

"Well, my friend, what's the matter? Ac-cident on the elevated? Smash-up on the bridge?"

"No, sir; the smash-ups on me. I've been having considerable fun," said the guest, as he wiped blood from his nose. "When I left here I saw a quiet-looking man on the corner, who didn't seem to have anything to do, and I stepped up and asked him if there was any-thing lively going on in town."

"In a sociable way, I told him that was my only business, and he said he would assist me in a search after hilarity. He was a pleasant man, and seemed to know all you first-class New Yorkers. We went up to the Fifth Avenue hotel, where he said he expected to meet Jay Gould and Bill Vanderbilt and some more of the boys. I never saw so agreeable fellows—notin' stuck-up—and when I asked 'em to take a snack with me I thought they hadn't had anything to eat for a week. It seemed as if I had met old friends. But," said the granger, thoughtfully, "I didn't exactly like to see Jay Gould wipe his face on the table-cloth, and Bill Vanderbilt's way of slidin' raw oysters down his throat surprised me."

"But when my friend asked me if I wanted to see some good sparring, I remarked that I was at home there, and we went around to Mr. Hill's theatre, where he introduced me to Mr. J. L. Sullivan, Tom Mace and a fellow they call the 'Mayor's Eye.' After indulging in some mashed-corn potatoes, I put on the gloves with Mr. Sullivan."

"We only had one round," resumed the guest, in a tired way. "Mister, change my room. Give me a room where the silence of death prevails. I am weary of festivity."

The Old Story.

An Irishman was once returning from a Donnybrook fair when his horse ran away, broke loose from the cart, and pitched Pat in the ditch. There he slept until morning, until a neighbor came along who, waking him, asked:
"Is that you, Patrick Moriarty?"
"I don't know whether I be or not," replied Pat, looking around. "If I am Patrick Moriarty, I've lost a pair of good horses; if I'm not Patrick Moriarty I've found a good cart."

Understood Her at Once.

"Poor Herbert, how I wish you did not have to slave so from morning to night," murmured his wife, as with a fond caress she nestled herself on her husband's knee and gently stroked the Auburn locks from his lofty brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and an-swered: "Well, Susie, what is it, a bonnet, or what? Don't be too hard on me, for money is scarcer than ever."

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Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

Perfect health depends upon a perfect condition of the blood. Pure blood con-quers every disease and gives new life to every decayed or affected part. Strong nerves and perfect digestion enables the system to stand the shock of sudden climatic changes. An occasional use of Brown's Iron Bitters will keep you in a perfect state of health. Don't be deceived by other preparations said to be just as good. The genuine is made only by Brown Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

For a cough or cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

Topers are not near-sighted because they use eye glasses.

DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" Always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all male "weaknesses" and arrangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

The artesian well throws up its water because it has a spring bottom.

SAMARITAN NERVEINE relieve the brain of morbid fancies. It's a purely family medicine.

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

Physicians declare the NAGLEE BRANDY superior to all other brands for medicinal purposes.

Rev. J. S. Cain, Lewisville, Ind., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfac-tory."

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debility, loss of memory.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 20, 1882.—I use Ammen's Cough Syrup in my family. I recommend it—have sold some on my recommendation—still I should not have done so out of business or friendly consid-eration did I not believe in the medicine. * * * Extract from letter from E. H. Baxter, of firm of Langley & Michaels, wholesale druggists.

MARTINE & Co.—My wife, two years ago, fell with such violence that her spinal cord was injured, with great shock and concussion of the nervous system, evi-dence after her recovery from the first violent symptoms by a weakness that re-quired frequent rest in bed, by peevish-ness, restlessness, and often a semi-spa-smic condition. She could not walk without constant fear of falling. Spite of the efforts of experienced physicians, she grew no better, until I lost hope and looked for her death as her only relief. Ready to grasp at anything that promised help, I bought a bottle of Life Essence, and gave regularly. She is now, after five weeks, steadily improving, can stoop to the floor and pick up a pin with certainty of balance, walks firmly, and gives promise of full recovery. Respectfully,
A. DOWNING, Los Angeles.

Dr. Irwin H. Elderidge, Baltimore, Md., says: "I would recommend a trial of Brown's Iron Bitter in all cases of anemic debility or when a tonic or appetizer is in-dicated."

Annoy thyself with (CALORIC VITA) OIL. It will cure the worst pain.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

No safer remedy can be had for coughs and colds, or any trouble of the throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, consti-pation tasteless. 25 cents.

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

When was venison the cheapest? When the man paid too dear for a whist.

A FORTUNE

May be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr