EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Aztec Legends.

["C. W. R." in Louisville Courier-Journal.]

About half way between Las Vegas and Lamy is the Mecca of the Aztecs, the reputed birthplace of Montezuma, over which an old Aztec temple formerly stood which was succeeded by a Christian church, built, so say the Jesuits, by one of their own number early in the sixteenth century, that is, very soon after the first discovery of this portion of the country by the Spanish. As we approach the station of Pecos, at the crossing of the river of the same name, this old church, itself also in ruins, with only a portion of its walls still standing, is pointed out in the distance, off to the left in a wooded hollow, a rude adobe or stone parallelogram fast crumbling back to earth. It is said to be surrounded by the broken walls of what was once a large city, whose ruins kindly nature has been busy for centuries draping with green banners and adorning with towering monuments of pine, until the once populous city is now but a woodland bower, the haunt of all the wild creatures of the forest. How puny are the works of man compared with the ever-abiding forces of nature!

Here, tradition says, occurred the Aztec avatar, the incarnation of Montezuma, the cultured god, the founder of the Aztec religion and the dynasty of the Mexican monarchs of the Aztec race. Tradition further says that, when he arrived at man's estate, Montezuma manifested his supernatural powers to such an extent that he secured a great following and led an immense immigration of his countrymen into the countries to the south, himself leading the march mounted on the back of an eagle. Wherever the eagle alighted at night an Indian pueblo was founded. The token of arrival at the point where the great capital city was to be established, according to prophecy, was the alighting of the eagle upon a cactus plant and devouring a serpent, which manifestation occurred upon the arrival at the present site of the City of Mexico, and is believed by the Aztecs to have led to its foundation there. The seals of both Old and New Mexico commemorate this mythical event in the life of the first Montezuma.

Thackeray's Martyrdom.

["Cornwall" in Inter Ocean.]

I am only permitted to tell one incident out of the many that have been related to me. The best years of Thackeray's life were given to the affectionate care of his insane wife. Her disease was that of a violent type, except at intervals, but she required constant oversight and attendance. To secure this Thackeray bought a house in the country near London, in which the invalid was surrounded with every comfort that love and sympathy could devise. As she still craved his presence and seemed unhappy when he was out of her sight, Thackeray made frequent visits to her in her retirement. These were the hours which his enemies declared were spent in the midst of all kinds of follies and excesses. They were devoted instead to soothing the invalid repinings and quieting the unreasonable suspicions of a wife dearly beloved but hopelessly insane. In one of his unpublished letters he relates without complaint, but in a strain of heart-broken resignation, that sometimes his wife could only be appeased in her insane moments by being permitted to beat him with her naked fists. This he endured shut up with her for hours, or until the violence of her passion had passed, when he would emerge from her rooms looking like one "who has died once and comes unwillingly back again to a hateful existence." It is not to be wondered at that Thackeray's views of life were tinged with a profound melancholy.

The Abominable Shirt Collar.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The shirt collar originated in fraud and hypocrisy. In the days when men first wore linen it came to be fashion to leave more or less of that linen exposed at the neck to prove the cleanliness of that underneath. This naturally took the form of the collar. Then a genius caught on to the idea of cutting out a separate piece of linen in the shape of the overhanging part and affixing it to the top of the shirt. These bits of linen could be put on clean every day, thus giving the public the impression that they represented the cleanliness of the unseen garment to which they were attached. They were in effect fraudulent certificates of such cleanliness. Hence, the collar is but a base subterfuge of ancient origin. It is as the gold wash on the pinchbeck jewelry, the rouge on a dead complexion, or the voluptuous outline of a new pair of corsets. The collar is a useful aid to the cravat in strangling the neck and making it unduly sensitive to cold. The collar did not attain its perfection of fraudulency and the height of its iniquitous hypocrisy until starch was invented to gloss and stiffen it. When this happened mankind forgot that it was a cheat. The collar is an unmitigated nuisance in hot weather, and of very little protection in cold. It is a joy to the young man and a nuisance to the old one.

How He Courted Her.

The following is Artemus Ward's description of why he courted Betsy Jane: "There were many affectin' ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn squelched their thirst at the same spring: our mares both had stars on their forhead; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the neighbors used to observe: 'How thick the Wards and the Peasleys air.' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up, so that they couldn't sile 'em, affecktionately bilin' soap together and aboosin' their neighbors."

The Face in the Moon.

[Graeme Murdock in The Continent.]

We had all observed for some time that Tom Eaton had been unlike himself. Originally a good-natured sort of chap, without much facility in painting, to be sure, but with any mount of ambition, he had pleased us all. The one or two sharp criticisms on his pictures that had been accepted by the hanging committees and the innumerable rejections he had sustained at their hands, seemed at last to have really turned his temper. He grew blue, sombre, now and again gruff, and singularly loquacious on the subject of his art. He would orate by the hour on theories of painting, and was sometimes ingenious, if obscure. I was talking to Gleason Towner about him one day, and Gleason, who deals in caustic speeches, said: "Sum up Tom Eaton, and he is a good example of a limited man with an unlimited ambition. He was supposed to have great talent, and started out in life under the impression that he was a genius. He lived in this dream for a while; now he is waking to find he is only an ordinary sort of man like the rest of us. It makes him mad, or if he is 'not mad, he soon will be,' if he goes about with his notions and talk."

A week or so later, Eaton monopolized an evening at the Kit-Kat club by giving us his new views on art. Art meant only portraiture. Everything else, from still life up to landscape, was a mere accessory. He really dawdled on with his thought, though his words flew fast enough, and I felt as if he were killing his friendships as I glanced about the room and saw numerous indications of suppressed yawns.

It was so. Gleason Towner said: "Eaton has rung his own death-knell. He belongs in an insane asylum, not in an art club."

"I really think his brain is cracked," suggested Bob Langley. "They say he has an uncle who—"

But some one broke in with tidings of a new model, and we dropped Tom Eaton.

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I do not believe I gave the fellow a thought again until he chanced upon me the next summer while I was staying in an out-of-the-way village in Maine, on a sketching excursion. One day, in July, I stumbled upon Eaton sitting out under his umbrella, painting.

"Hello, old man! given up portraits?" I called, remembering by the association of ideas his talk the last time I saw him.

"No, this is a portrait," and he turned his easel toward me to display a most indifferent figure of an Irish woman with a basket in her hand.

He held his brush idly for a moment, and then looked up at me quickly.

"I have come here to see you," he said abruptly. "I heard you were here. Will you go rowing with me to-night? I have something to say to you—a secret. I have come all this distance to find you, for say it I must."

I will confess to a vague remembrance of Eaton's queer ways, but I am not half a bad fellow, and was, moreover, a trifle flattered at this proof of confidence and friendship, so I consented.

"At 8?" he asked.

"At 8," I answered.

"Meet me here at this point if you will. I shall be busy until then, and do not care to see you and idly chat over nothings while my secret chokes in my throat."

He laughed uneasily.

"In love," thought I; "and I shall lie in a boat and listen to descriptions of her beauties and her charms all night. Heigh-ho!"

At 8 o'clock precisely I had reached the point, but Eaton was there before me sitting in the boat, oars in hand, paddling about uneasily. He had pulled off his coat, and as he was a fine, brawny fellow, I looked at him with some admiration.

"What a Hercules you are!" I cried.

"And what a crab, a turtle, are you! Get in."

As I jumped into the boat, annoyed by his tone, which was almost savage, I stumbled against his paint box and a big bit of canvas.

"What are these things doing here?" I queried, as I sat down in the stern of the boat.

"They go where I go," he replied. "They are my tools."

We did not speak for some time. Eaton pulled hard and fast, and I lay back with my hands under my head and looked up at the sky. It was just before moonrise, and the heavens were in their golden glorious expectancy. I did not care to break the silence. The secret of the night was grander and more interesting than any petty human confidence could be. Eaton spoke first.

"You are not curious?"

"I beg your pardon; I am ready."

He was silent again for a few moments.

"I am going to be a great painter," he said, abruptly.

Ah! It was not a love secret then!

"But to accomplish my end I must take terrible means. I must condemn myself to years of agony. I must condemn also another being to a briefer but very horrible torture."

Then it must be a love story, after all!

"Yes?" I replied, as he paused, putting as much expression as I could into the words.

My mind, curiously enough, rambled back to another moonlit night when I was quite a lad, and when I sat in the stern of a boat with such a beautiful little girl, Anita Grayson by name, a child of 12, perhaps. Some one sitting by had said, "Anita looks like the moon," and I had watched her during the rest of the evening and wondered why, and gone home to dream that I saw the moon in the water, and that it had Anita's face in it. While I was dimly recalling this, and half listening to my friend, I became suddenly quite roused from my dream. Eaton had been saying something about his incapacity to catch a likeness.

"I cannot make the people I paint impress me. One face follows another swiftly, and my model flits away with these spectres. Now, only one thing can impress a face upon my mind, I feel sure—impress it so that it will stay by me and haunt me by day and print itself on my soul at night. I have thought it all over. There is but one way. God help me! I must commit a crime. I must kill some one! That face—his face—will haunt me. I shall see only that, and I can paint it. You see, I am quite calm in this matter. I have reasoned the thing out. I am a good man; my bitterness of spirit will harass me into work. I shall hold my brush with remorse. I shall paint a great, a terrible picture!"

Great heavens! Gleason was right. This is a madman, I thought, and glanced about with my mental eye to take in the situation. It must be strategy versus strength. I saw at a glance that I must not display the slightest fear. His plan was settled. I must plot to defeat it. In the first place I must gain time. This might be only wild talk.

"Whom do you propose to kill?" I inquired nonchalantly, although my heart seemed to stand still as I waited for his answer. He lifted his oars, and I could hear them drip, drip in the moment's silence.

"I propose to drown a man," he said. "Then I will tie him to my boat—this, my boat, that you and I are in—and let him float. I shall drink in the sight of that floating face in the dark water, with the moon light about it, and the world that has scorned me will hold its breath."

"An original plan, indeed," I replied. "Have you chosen your man?"

"I have chosen you."

"You should have selected a handsomer face, or at least have made him shave before starting. A bearded face in the water is—pshaw! very bad. Don't you see?"

My voice sounded steady, and I was lost in admiration of myself as a man of nerve. "Don't you see?" I repeated.

"I shall see, for I shall paint it! You take it coolly," he continued, eyeing me warily.

My thoughts were flying about in confusion. I could not swim. Eaton knew it. I am a slight man, a mere nothing to this Hercules. No help, indeed, but by my wits. If I was cool, so was he. I must try a new tack, unsettle the fixed idea that anchored his wild fancy and gave him this terrible strength of purpose.

"A woman's face would have been better," I suggested. "Something really poetic about that, now! Ah, look there!" I cried, an idea striking me, and pointing as I cried out to the moon mirrored in the water. She had risen, but had been cut off from us in the heavens by a ledge of rock at our left, just beyond this jut, her counterfeit presentment shone round and full in the water. "Look there!"

"What do you see?" cried Eaton, his voice trembling with excitement, his whole body eagerly bent forward.

"A woman's face in the moon in the waves!" I called, gazing fixedly as if at a vision. "What a brooding face! What shadowy hair! What a slow smile! And her eyes! Ah! do you see her eyes? She has opened them! Have you killed her?"

"I swear to you, no!" cried Eaton; "I swear to you, no! I know no such woman! I have never killed her! I have not even broken her heart! Tell me more about her!"

"She is young, very mystical, yet very real, with a smile at one side of her mouth, while the other looks quite grave."

This was a characteristic of Anita's mouth, and it was she I was describing—Anita as I fancied her grown older, for I had not seen her, scarcely indeed thought of her, since that day when we were children.

"It's a pity you can't paint her for me," said Eaton impetuously, as he gazed at the moon. "I don't quite see her, but she sounds great."

"I might try to paint her to-morrow," I suggested, taking a cigarette from my pocket, and relapsing into my calm manner again.

"You forget—to-morrow will be too late. But you shall paint her to-night—now, before I kill you."

He put up his oars as he spoke and came toward me, drawing a rope through his heavy hands. He was in a state of wild excitement, and I felt my light, airy manner slipping away as he approached. I was chill as—as my watery grave was like to be. Yet, I let him bind me hand and foot, and instinctively counted his deep breaths the while by way of something to do. A lurch, a struggle, and I should have been overboard and lost. Now that there seemed a chance for life, I was in terror, and I was more than half out of my senses as I watched my Charon lay me on the hither side of his stream. He took me from the boat as if I had been a child. Then he built a fire.

"I can mix colors by firelight," he cried, and unfastening my hands set his canvas and easel before me, gave me a brush and bade me begin.

For the life of me, and in spite of the threatened death so near at hand, I could but feel an interest in the freak.

"I must do it in grays or browns. It must be a monochrome, or we shall ruin it." I spoke impatiently. So I did it in grays. The jut of black rock, the waves, the moon resting on the waves, and little Anita's face, with the half-solemn, half-smiling look upon it.

The strange scene, the maniac beside me, my own former fear and excitement and the striking of my fancy gave me a certain fictitious strength. In less than an hour, as I should think, I had finished my sketch. It was certainly weird and, as it seemed to me, strong. In the distance I half suggested the boat, and two men in it, one gazing eagerly toward the moon and the face, and the other lying in the stern, his arms over his head, his eyes toward the heavens. The boat and the men were small and well in the shadow.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Eaton. "Don't touch it again! Give me the brush! Here," and snatching it from my fingers he wrote his name, "Thomas Eaton," in bold, black letters under the boat. "This is my work, remember—mine, not yours. It will be a great success, and you"—he paused and looked at me—"you have saved your life." Saying which he jumped into his boat with my sketch, laughed a harsh, black sort of laugh, and rowed away around the ledge of rock.

For a few moments I sat still thinking it over—the strange, ridiculous, yet almost tragic scenes. "I am not sure that little Anita didn't save my life after all," I thought to myself.

It did not take me long to get out of my close quarters, but the walk home over the dreary, rough coast was long, and it was late before I reached the village. What a strange, eerie walk it was, with the sea charging the moist air, and the moon contracting and expanding before my eyes through the mist that had risen. Anita shared the walk with me.

I found a telegram telling me of my father's very serious illness at Baden Baden, and I was busy packing and driving through the chill, early morning toward the nearest railway station, so that I had no chance to look up Eaton. I remember that I told my driver something about an artist, a friend of mine who had turned up, who seemed wrong in his mind, and ought to be looked after. I believe I wrote a line to the same effect to Gleason. I know I meant to do so. But the anxious voyage and more anxious weeks in Europe put all other thoughts from my mind.

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It was after my father's death late in the fall that I sailed for home. Taking up a paper that came out on the pilot-boat I saw the notice of the Salmagundi exhibition. Coupled with it was an announcement of the death of poor Tom Eaton, who had died in a madhouse the week before. "An unsuccessful but painstaking artist," the review went on to say, "it is somewhat surprising that the only work he has left of any strength should now be hung at the black and white exhibition. This sketch was made after his madness was fairly upon him. This picture is in grays, oddly colored, but in composition and drawing quite full of a certain weird power. Not to be too funny at a dead man's expense, this gives the poor fellow a good send off at any rate, as a friend of his remarked the other day. The picture, taken in connection with the tragic death of the artist, has created some little stir, more particularly as the face in the sketch is strikingly like that of a young Boston beauty who is making her debut in New York."

So poor Eaton was dead, and his picture—my picture—was a success, and—Anita had lived in Boston when she was 12!

I hurried to the black and white that very afternoon, and found quite a group collected about my picture—Eaton's picture. I laughed somewhat nervously as I stood before it. Some one behind me spoke. It was Gleason.

"You needn't laugh, man. I am glad to see you back, by the way. There is some force in that, and I am glad for poor Tom's sake that he has left this sketch behind him. I give you my word I had no idea he could do as well. He couldn't have while he was sane. Every one is surprised. How are you? You look pale. Have you come back to stay?" etc., etc. I lingered around for a while and found myself back again and again before my picture (Eaton's picture), the picture never to be claimed as mine now. It chanced I had told the story to no one. There had been no opportunity. Now, of course, I never must. As I stood looking at it, and somewhat moved, perhaps, more by the remembrance of that night than by anything actually before my eyes, two girls and an elderly woman approached and stopped.

"It certainly is like her, mamma; I wonder if she will see it herself? It is quite time she were here, bye-the-bye. She promised to meet us at 3, you know."

"I don't think it does her justice," replied the elder lady, looking through her glasses critically. "She is a very beautiful creature, and this face is less so," she added rather indefinitely, and with some hesitation in her voice, so that I fancied the picture grew on her as she looked, and that she might yet reverse her decision.

The other girl spoke now. She had a discerning face, as I could see, and that long upper lip that goes with speech faculty. "It is like," she said, "more like her soul than her body. It is like the way she will look to her guardian angel—or her lover." She turned abruptly to greet some people who were walking toward us.

I was singularly excited. The maniac in the boat had no such paralyzing power over me as this potentiality in a soft gray gown, with a long gray glove outstretched. My heart beat and the picture swam before my eyes, for this might be, might it not, Anita herself? I heard a voice exclaim, "This is the picture!" A lady in black with the gray girl began an apology: "We are late. As usual, Signor Boldini and some new music. Ah!" interrupting herself, "it is like—why, yes, very. Don't you think so yourself?"—the name at last, surely—but no—"don't you think so yourself, dear?"

"Yes, do tell us what you think. Isn't she weird? and can you look like that?" cried the girls.

"Ah, the other me!" said a new voice softly, a voice with a low thrill in it. "It is like what I might have been, I'm sure. Some one told me once when I was a child, I remember, that I was like the moon, but having lived eight years since then in a flood of sunshine"—and the gray hand touched the black glove near hers, a graceful touch, I felt sure—"why, I am not so much like it now as I was."

"In spite of the smile that you always will and always won't smile outright. That is in the face in the moon, too, you see. Did you ever meet Mr. Eaton?"

"And do you think the girl very beautiful, and very like a maniac's dream?" broke in the shorter girl. "Do tell us, Anita."

So then it was Anita. I turned, and as I walked away faced the blue-gray eyes, like violets, and the hair like shaded moonbeams, and the smile. Not the little 12-year-old Anita this, but a beautiful, sunny creature, with the other Anita somewhat suggested, and yet not there. This one more of the world, with a savoir faire lying over the moonshine. I had meant, if it were she, to speak to her at once and boldly. As it was, I simply gazed, and when her eyes met mine I fear it was I, not she, who blushed. But she recognized me. My identity was all in my face, I am sure. I saw a puzzled look in her eyes, and I seized my chance. I bowed; I spoke:

"Years ago you knew me, Miss Grayson, when I was a boy in Boston, and when you were like the moon."

I was introduced to the aunt in black. My father had been one of the old family friends. So in a few moments I was talking like an old friend myself. Mrs. Grayson touched on my recent loss, and then, as I turned to leave, said:

"I would be glad to know your father's son. Can you dine with us on Sunday next?

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So the golden gates were opened for me, and Sundays came and Sundays went and I was fathoms deep in love. I could not paint, I could not talk. I heard a good deal of music, and I suppose—alack and alas—read poetry. Fatal habit of lovers. And so at last it came to the point when I must tell her. Armed with a shield of violets I met her in her aunt's drawing-room one Sunday again toward twilight. A day in April it was, and spring was in the air.

The aunt was out on an errand of charity; would soon be at home, Anita hoped. I said nothing. Talk flagged in consequence.

"If those violets are for this house, why do you hold them?" asked Anita; "why do you not give them to me?"

"I hold them because you will soon touch them yourself—" which was an asinine speech, wasn't it?

"That is stupid," she laughed frankly, "and like other men, and not like you."

"But I am like other men," I answered, abruptly, "for I—" Then I paused, gave her the violets, and conversation flagged again. We tried various subjects—Russian dynamite, Scalchi; all failed.

"How good Aunt Emily is!" cried Anita at last in enthusiasm; "so full of thought for the poor and needy. I wish I had ever done any one any good."

"You saved my life once," I said. I must have said it very earnestly, for Anita flushed and then paled.

"Why must you jest with me in this way to-day? You are breaking our friendship."

"I want no friendship from you. I am glad to break it. I will tell you how you saved my life if you will say yes to a question I am going to ask. But you must look at me and not at the violets."

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And so all the debut went for nothing, and the swells and the lordlings that had hung about got their congé, and I got my moonlight, for the girl with the long upper lip—who, by the way, is now my cousin—was right, and Anita was the moon Anita to her lover.

In the course of time we married. Such a bald statement of an idyllic fact! But that is all that words can do—only half tell any tale. Our secret and our love and how she looks to me still are all told to us silently by a picture that hangs over the fireplace in our nursery, for there is a nursery as well as a studio, and the picture is a picture of a moon with a face in it, and in bold black letters the name of the artist—Thomas Eaton.

A certain brown-haired baby boy, on being held up to warm his wee toes by the open fire, always stretches his hands toward the face in the moon and calls: "My mamma! my mamma!"

Novel Alarm Clock.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"How is it you are so punctual at the office every morning, Smith? You must have an excellent alarm at your house." "Yes, indeed, and a cheap one. You see every evening before going to bed I push the cradle under the 'Black Forest' clock, with the weights directly over the baby's head. Punctually at 3 o'clock in the morning there is an unearthly yell, and I know what it has just struck."

TENDENCIES AMONG QUAKERS.

At Winthrop, Me., the Quakers have introduced a wonderful innovation on old customs. They are building a meeting house which is actually to be beautiful. It will exceed in its decorative splendor any other Friend's meeting house in this country. Other meeting houses are bare and unpainted. This one will be tastefully upholstered. It will also be finished in hard wood. A bell is talked of, but it is thought that the conservative tendencies of the Friends will be sufficiently strained by the upholstery, the hard-wood finish, and the generally ecclesiastical appearance of the house. The denomination has hitherto stoutly resisted all innovations of this sort. The indications now are that the old rigidity of Quaker customs will have to accept a modification, in order to keep the younger Quakers from running off and joining other denominations.

Wholesale Cremation.

When the Belgian chemist M. Creteur was charged with the purification of the battlefield of Sedan, he was compelled to resort to cremation in order to dispose of the heaps of half-covered bodies. Not one case of illness occurred among his 250 workmen, though they were at work under a blazing sun. After the battle of Worth and Gravelotte and the two sieges of Paris the bodies of the slain were cremated, and none of the usual contagious disorders occurred. In Russia, after the retreat of the grand army, corpses were burned wholesale, and later, before Paris, 4,000 were cremated with a similar avoidance of bad effect. It is said if a similar method had been adopted in Egypt the cholera would not have broken out at Damietta.

THE PARASITE OF MALARIA.

The observations of M. Richard seem to confirm those of Leveran; he found in the red corpuscles of the blood of persons suffering from acute malaria a parasite of oscillating form moving very rapidly, and sometimes disengaging itself from the globule. These parasites have been met with in a number sufficiently large to obstruct the capillary vessels and to explain many of the symptoms of intermittent fevers. It has also been proven that the culture of these parasites in a fertile gelatine-basis can be brought to an immediate cessation if a 2 per cent. quinine solution is added.

"Our First Daughter."

It is told of the wife of Buchanan's first postmaster general, Mr. Brown, that she had been married before, and so had her husband, and each had a daughter by the first marriage. Then they had another daughter. Mrs. Brown used to present the daughters at her receptions in this way: "This is Miss Brown, Mr. Brown's daughter by his first wife; this is Miss Sanders, my daughter by my first husband, and this is Miss Brown, our joint daughter!"

Cheap Decorations.

Those wealthy Americans, who pine for royal decorations, will be gratified to learn that they can purchase the ribbon of the Order of Isabella of Spain for the trifling sum of $800; for $900 they can belong to the Order of the Lion and the Sun, and for the sum of $1,000 the sultan will permit them to wear on their manly bosoms the Star of the Medjidich. Why not cultivate a taste for the beautiful and magnificent?

How Did It Get There?

A Mississippi paper says that while some persons were boring an artesian well in Lee county, that state, they found a log 325 feet under the earth, which was in a fair state of preservation and resembled poplar.

If the area of the United States was as densely settled as that of France, there would be room for 680,000,000 people.

A FIREMAN'S FORTUNE.

The San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, in an article on the Fire Department of San Francisco, gives the following from Assistant Chief Engineer Matthew Brady: "I have been subject to an aggravating pain in my chest for over four years. I resorted to various modes of treatment to obtain relief. I have had my chest terribly blistered. No physician could tell what was the matter with me. Two weeks ago I commenced using St. Jacobs Oil. It has cured me."

Robert Collier was 60 years old December 22d.

A child that wakes with croup should have a dose of Piso's Cure.

Jay Gould was not invited to Vanderbilt's ball.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE

Of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

Shakespeare disliked dogs, but Lester Wallack keeps twenty-nine.

Dr. B. F. Laughlin, Clide, Kan., writes: "SAMARITAN NERVINE cures fits."

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

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

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

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

The Irishmen propose to Poole their issues and avenge O'Donnell.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

The lips of the Flatbush girls have a bulge that is almost Ethiopian.

"When we say that SAMARITAN NERVINE cures rheumatism, we mean it."—Frisco Journal.

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

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

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

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for coughs and colds. "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—Rev. R. M. Devens, Pocasset, Mass.

MARTINE & Co.: Gentlemen—I am much gratified with the action of your Life Essence. I am suffering greatly with gunshot wounds and a broken hip; in fact, I am an epitome of injuries. With this there is a great deal of nervous irritability, not altogether calculated to make home happy. I am also troubled with sleepessnes and loss of appetite, or rather was until I commenced taking the Life Essence, since which time, when I take it, I sleep better than for years, have a better appetite, and am not troubled with palpitation. My sexual system is entirely restored, and consequently have lost my melancholy, moroseness, and suicidal tendency, and I feel a return of mental and physical force and strength that I never anticipated.

Yours very truly,
ANTON HARDIS, M. D.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

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

Ammen's Cough Syrup never fails to cure if used in time and according to directions.

They have a lamb in New York that drinks beer and chews tobacco.

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Swallow-tailed learning is the name given the study of Greek and Latin.

Rev. W. H. Chapman, Baltimore, Md., says: "Owing to the good health of my family resulting from its use, I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic."

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

A great many people feel themselves gradually failing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they suffer from a combination of indescribable aches and pains, which each month seem to grow worse. The only sure remedy known that will counteract this feeling and restore perfect health is Brown's Iron Bitters. By rapid assimilation it purifies the blood, drives out disease, gives health and strength to every portion reached by the circulatory system, renews wasted tissues and restores robust health and strength.

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

It is astonishing the number of intelligent people who regard a cold or cough as a trivial matter, something unnecessary to pay attention to. How many times have you heard the expression, "O, nothing the matter, only a slight cold." Yes, my friend, and nine-tenths of the many thousand consumptives who walk the earth to-day doomed to a premature death, said the same thing. We pay attention to a cold, and promptly, too. Our remedy is Ammen's Cough Syrup; some other preparations are good, but we have found it by far the best.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria,, and all nervous affections.

HARKNESS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

First premium Mechanics' Institute, 1883. D. S. Brown & Co., general agents for Pacific Coast, 36 California street, San Francisco. The following letter explains itself:

J. N. Andrews, dealer in General Merchandise; Postmaster and Agent Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.

ELK GROVE, Sacramento Co., Cal., December 8, 1883.

Messrs. D. S. Brown & Co.:

GENTLEMEN—Please send me another six-gallon Harkness Fire Extinguisher as soon as you can. I had occasion to use the one I bought of you a short time ago.

Last night the hotel adjoinining my store caught fire in the hallway to the second story from the explosion of a lamp and the building being cloth and paper was immediately on fire in several rooms, but in less than two minutes after getting the extinguisher to work the fire was out.

As soon as this one arrives I will send the other one down and have it replenished. Also please inform me if I cannot draw off the fluid remaining in the tank and save it for future use, or shall I send it as it is.

Yous, etc., (Signed) J. N. ANDREWS.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

PURITY SOAP

Something Sensible.

FOR

TOILET, BATH AND LAUNDRY.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE TO SELL the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont street, Boston Mass.