EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

CONSOLATION. We touched our own to the clay-cold hands From life's long labor at rest; And among the blossoms, white and sweet, We noted a bunch of golden wheat Chaped close to the silent breast.

We know not what work her hands had

What rugged place her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness
night;
We saw but peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

THE MAUDLIN DRUNKARD.

The Man Whom the Gentleman Most Disliked to Come in Contact With.

[Arkansaw Traveler.] "Well," continued the gentleman, "! wish to tell you of what kind of man I most dislike to meet. The maudlin

drunkard, governor." "I understand," nodded the chief executive.

"I can stand most any kind of bore, governor. When a drunken man comes up to me and wants to tell me a long story, I can stand it."

Yes," assented the chief executive. "When the man reade tragic by drink comes along, I can stand him. He may make wild gestures, and swear vengeance on the man who has done him a wrong, but without flinehing I can remain in his society.'

"I know," the chief executive acquiesced.

"When the comedy drunkard comes along and tells me funny stories, how he played jokes on his friends, I can stand him, even though he punches me in the ribs. I can turn from him to the long winded drunkard and listen with complacency to a story of family affairs, there is a man whom I cannot

"Who is he?" asked the governor, thinking that the list had been ex-

"The maudlin drunkard, governor, I say I can stand any imposition of loquacity, can put up with the weakness of a long story, and can even enjoy myself reasonably well when a drunken joker punches me in the ribs with his thumb, but dad blast my eternal epidermis if I can stand the maudiin man. When a man punches me, all right, but when a man wants to hang on me and weep, I'm done. He may hit me as hard as he likes, and may kick me reasonably hard, but blamed if he must hang on me and weep. The weeping man, governor, is the man whom I desire to see excommunicated. Now, listen to me. There is now a man in the jail of this county who is condemned to be hanged next Friday. It has been clearly proved that he is innocent, and the judge, the prosecuting attorney and the jury have signed a petition for his pardon, but you must not pardon him. Why? He is a maudlin drunkard. He catches hold of people and wants to weep. There is always a sob in his voice and a fear in his eye. Such a man must not live. His life is too dreary. No matter how drunk he and no matter how hilarious the is, he grabs a hold somebody and wants to cry-to shed tears. Now we don't want his tears. We want no truck with the emotional duced by the play?" said I. side of his nature. What's to be done with him? Turn him loose to hang on to the wardrobes of respectable drunkards and weep? No, sir, hang him."

"I had not thought of that," replied the governor, after a few moment's reflection. "The maudlin drunkard must go. Here there, secretary, burn that petition. The execution shall take place next Friday."

Vanderbilt Unhappy. [New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.] No Vanderbilt was present at the Knickerbocker feast, and yet 100 years ago a Vanderbilt-father of the great commodore who raided Wall streetmade an humble but honest living during the then existing unpleasantness by selling pies and other refreshments, with distinguished impartiality, to such of the soldiers of either army as had money. The gentleman lived on Staten island, and being a sort of peripatetic sutler, was entitled to recognition as a Knickerbocker as well as any tory or Hessian high private. But the elder Vanderbilt is in no mood for festivities just now. He is alarmed-not on the subject of his money, but his health. His family fear he may become a settled hypochondriae, though there really is nothing the matter with him except a nervous fear that he is not to live long to enjoy his wealth. It is said that he has made his will, bequeathing the great bulk of his fortune to his son Cornelius, tying it up in such a manner as to insure its accumulation, and that he is also thinking seriously of placing it at once in the hands of Cornelius, so as to relieve his mind of this care. He will do this in the hope of prolonging his life. But his family oppose the idea, and some of them are up in arms about it. Cornelius, meanwhile, continues quiet and religious, confident that the plum will soon fall into his opened mouth. William K, is in disgrace because of his recent losses in Wall street—losses that have been denied, but are none the less true, and Fred Vanderbilt has never recovered the paternal favor he lost by marrying the divorced wife of one of his cousins. The "old man" has not had a pleasant time with his children since he left the old farm at Toad Hill, Staten island. He got the wealth he had so long cov-

eted, but he left his happiness behind Egypt's Length and Breadth.

"One gunboat on the Nile could command the whole of Egypt," remarked Rev. Henry M. Field, a great traveler, in speaking of the dangers of a further invasion by the False Prophet. "People forget the shape and form of Egypt. Egypt is, in fact, more than one thousand miles long and only six miles wide. The only habitable or traversable country extends some three miles on each side of the Nile. This is fertile because the river overflows it; beyond are the hills, and above these the hot, flaring, lifeless desert."

AN HOUR WITH MODJESKA. A Delightful Chat With the Charm ing Actress ... Sensible Talk Con-

cerning Real Life. ["Mary Jane" in Courier-Journal.]

It was on a murky, ugly afternoon, a real Cincinnati dirty-day, which cannot be appreciated unless seen, and the more seen the less appreciated it is, and we went down to the Burnet house encased in umbrellas, gossamers and the

We sent up our cards, and in a few minutes were conducted to the famous suite, occupied in years past by Sontag. Nilsson, Neilson, Jenny Lind, and where, last year, I was so delightfully enter ained by Miss Mary Anderson, and there we found Modjeska, her husband and a lady of our acquaintance were seated about a little table. The count rose to meet us. I was presented to madame la countesse, who shook hands with a real, good old-fashioned hand-shake, and in a minute was at the table talking and being talked to, as though we had known each other since childhood.

"Which of your plays do you like best, madame?" asked Dickey. "None of them; none of them. I'm

tired of it all, and want to rest. I like to play, but I don't like the rehearsals.' and her fine face showed a weariness which made me think of a tired child looking for its mother.

"The houses have not been good in Cincinnati, and you are depressed," said her husband. "When the clouds are dispelled and the sun shines it will be quite different." And we all laughed over her woes; and she laughed, too, and told us how lonesome it was at the matinee, and how, if it had not been for a few familiar faces, she would hardly have had heart to go through her lines.

The conversation drifted along in a delightfully aimless way, full of interest, as would be the floating down a river winding among beautiful hills and dividing lovely valleys, carried along by the current whither it would Finally Modjeska's own work came up, and gracefully and without egotism she talked of it. It happened that "Fron-Fron" was the play spoken of, and Dickey said:

"Do you think, madame, that Frou Fron loved her husband? Do you play it with this feeling?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "Fron Frou was a spoiled girl, who knew nothing but to be loved. Careless and thoughtless she went about until Louise came upon the scene, and she thought her husband loved her sister. I think she loved her child as a result of instinct, but her surroundings and her associates led her away from all such thoughts. When at last she left her home it was not done though jealousy, but anger and for spite, and she at once realized what she had done, and the woman, wife and mother developed in her, but too late to repair the wrong she had done. She was still Frou Frou, however, and in the death agony the same spirit was with her, and she was but a child.'

"Do you play those parts with other than the feeling of the artist?" asked Dickey.

"Not always; but sometimes one can not help but feel what one is doing."

"What of the effect of applause and good audiences?" asked Mrs. W. "They are much, very much."

"Do you approve of recalls? Don't you think they spoil the illusion pro-"No, indeed. I appreciate the com-

pliment and like it. I think the illusion is mostly gone when the curtain goes down, and the appearance of the player after that has no bad affects. I do not, however, approve of recalls during an act."

"How do American audiences compare with foreign audiences in enthusiastic demonstrations?" asked Dickey. "Not at all. Why, when I made my first appearance in San Francisco, was told that such applause was rare. and I could scarcely understand that I had not made a failure. In England audiences are cold, but I received five recalls in London; in Dublin it was almost like home; in France audiences are less demonstrative, but in Italy and in Poland, especially, they are wild. One night I was recalled twenty two times, and I was so tired that I had to have a chair on the stage and finally I had to ask the manager not to let the curtain be rung up again. That was a little too much, but it was very flatter-

We spoke of Mary Anderson, and I told her how I met her in that room, and how cordial she was. Modjeska praised her greatly, and the count dwelt glowingly upon her beauty. They had seen her in London, and I asked if she thought the fair Kentuckian was cold

as the critics had pronounced her to be.
"No woman is cold," she said. "Though I think one must know something of the feelings she would portray to do it with the best effect. No girl who is perfect in her physical development and is well and strong can be cold. It is her nature to have a heart, and when it is touched, then the feeling will be developed and her womanhood will be beautiful. There is a right one some place in the world, and when he comes the coldest woman is warmed."

"Ah," said a young newspaper man just arrived, "I think some girls are awfully freezing cold. I have been frozen out more than once."

"Oh," laughed madame, "that was because you were the wrong one, that's

"Woe is me!" he sighed.

Love and friendship were discussed. "I think," said Mrs. W., "that friendship with no thought of love can exist between a man and woman."

"A very young man and woman?" said I, interrogatively. "Well, no; not that kind," she said and they all smiled.

"The love of a husband and wife, said Modjeska, "is the purest friendship, and the husbands and wives who are friends, as well as lovers, are the hap-

"Love is selfish," said I, "the highest and best form of selfishness.

"Yes," said the count, "it is." "I know," said I, "that a woman who is in love thinks first of her own happiness, and what may be apparent sacrifice is her pleasure. She can't be happy loves. Her love is subjective as much as it is objective."

"Is a mother's love selfish?" asked madame. "To an extent, yes," said the count

and I simultaneously.
"Oh, don't talk so," said she. would make us all creatures or selfishness and destroy whatever beauty of spirit we may have. I know I am selfish, and every morning when I get up I resolve to be better, but it seems very hard to fulfill my promises to

"Ah," said her husband, with the look of a lover; "you are not selfish I know you better than that," and their eyes met in a way which made my old maiden heart go out warm to them, as old people hold out their hands in blessing upon happy lovers.

And so the talk ran on for an hour full of interesting topics, full of variety and having nothing in it of that undesirable constancy of stage talk, so often I never made, and a more womanly now?" woman does not live than Modjeska. She calls her husband "Charlie" in the brightest sweethearticalist way, and there is none of that disagreeable gush one sees between married people, and which one knows is only a little dash man ployed me to block out de free of sunshine to fool people into going out without an umbrella only to be caught in a storm. They are an ideal styles he look de bes' in. Wen dey was couple, as much in love as when years all growed he feered to hab any one ago they joined hearts and hands. They are both highly intellectual and both be de one wot suit his 'plexion bes' accomplished, and upon neither has Datyoung man struggle wiv dem wisthere ever been cast the slightest kah fur free munce, sah, an' den he orshadow of reproach.

As an actress Modjeska, I think, ranks first of all English-speaking women. She has a nature loving, warm and true, and it imbues all the characters off, an' English split-chin riz. W'en she assumes and gives to them such dat was riz he go wiv dat an hab his lights and shadows of feeling, that pictur' took. Den off come de English every listener follows her action and expression as if they were parts of him-chop. Wen he get's a likeness o' dat ideal realism which is the ultimatum of at 'em a minute. Den he frow 'em on de the highest dramatic art, and she pos- flo' an' flop hisself in dis cheer, sah, an' its very greatness. She can bring tears nevah wo' no w'iskah 'tall, sah, after to the eyes of her auditors without saying a word; she is, indeed, a heart pantomimist. In her love scenes there is a purity as beautiful as love itself, and her own high character permeates all the characters she assumes. This is my idea of art, and this is why I say the true woman alone can be the true artist.

However, life is short, which this letter is not, as Dickey would say, and I must bid this delightful couple adieu, with a world of good wishes.

As we went away we shook hands three several times (Modjeska has a beautiful hand), and the soft young newspaper man stepped back for an instant, while I overheard him say:

"Ah, madame, your golden hair and brown eyes are like my sweetheart's." "Have you only one?" she said, archly.

"Only one, madame," "Ah, most unusual man," she replied, and the door shut us out from all but pleasant memories.

The Orchestral Baton,

[Home Journal.] The baton was first used at the King's theatre by Chelard. He came to London at Monck Mason's invitation with a 100 years ago when he resumed posses-German company in 1832, and always conducted with a baton. Before that sion of this city. As he crossed Spuythe leader alone with his violin bow con ducted the orchestra. Sir Michael Costa saw at once the advantage of the baton and adopted it from that time. But the practice was much criticised both in the case of Weber and Mendelssohn, who used it in conducting for the Philharmonic society. Prof. Ella tells me that Mendelssohn, in company with Meyerbeer and Costa, were dining with him the day after the Philharmonic rehearsal, and was so much annoved at the impertinent remarks made by the leaders of the orchestra, who criticised his use of the baton, that he was seriously thinking of giving it up, when Ella exclaimed, with his usual strong sense: "My dear Mendelssohn, do no such thing; don't pay any attention to them; if you give up the baton to please them, it will be put down to cowardice on your part." Both Costa and Meyerbeer urged the leaders to set a good example by accepting the baton. This decided Mendelssohn, and he retained the use of the baton, which was also used by Moscheles, and has been retained ever since.

The Bonanga Kings.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Flood, Fair, and Mackey are brawny, full-blooded men, with good color, heightened by good living and drinking. They dress carelessly and have all the California characteristics-free and easy in address, hail fellows well met with all their friends. Sharon, on the contrary, could sit for a picture of a good Connecticut deacon. He is thin, angular, undersized, flat-chested, with straight, lank hair, whitened by age, combed down smooth over his small head; a pallid face, almost destitute of expression, and a mustache that adds nothing to the countenance. When he looks at you, however, you notice a pair of eyes as sharp as those of a weasel, and the quiet gestures show that the small body has a good deal of nervous energy. He always dresses in plain, black broadcloth, of ministerial cut, and this, with his white necktie and silk hat, adds to his clerical appearance. He is one of the best poker-players on the Pacific coast.

The "Wishbone" Wedding.

The "wishbone" wedding has become the correct thing. The couple stand beneath a floral wishbone. After the ceremony the bride and groom are given the wishbone to pull. The tug results in a break somewhere, and who ever holds the long piece is absolved from getting up to build fires in the

Keeps Up His Correspondence.

Mrs. Tabor tells a reporter in Denver that her husband, the ex-senator, now away from home, sends her "a postal card every day and once a week a sweet letter.'

Tennyson's income is about \$20,000

only in being miserable for one she INFORMATION IN A BARBER SHOP.

The Crowning Inquiry of an Inquisttive Man Who Carried a Sachel. [New York Sun.]

"Is this the barber shop?" asked

neatly dressed tall man, carrying a sachel, as he entered a Sixth avenue establishment. "Yis, sah. Walk in, sah!" said the

owner.

"Can I get shaved here?" "Oh, yis, sah. Yo' nex'. Only five ahead. "Hair cut?"

"Sart'nly, sah." "Shampooed?" "Oh, vis, sah." The man walked in, placed his sachel

on the floor, and sat down.

"Barbers don't pull teeth to any great extent nowadays, do they?" said he.
"Oh, no, sah." "But they used to, you know. They

used to pull teeth, cup, lance, leech and do other things that hurt almost as marring the conversation with and badly as their razors do now. What among actors. A more delightful call are the prevailing styles in whiskers

"Mufstaash, mutton chops, an' de English split chin, sah." "Ah, yes! Do you ever find the

whole three combined on one face?" "Nevah did but once, sah! A young styles fur him, so he kin hab 'em shabe off one by one, sah, to see wich o' dem oh 'em shabe off, sah, 'cause mebbe dat der 'em all shabe off. Den he say, 'Raise me a mufstaash.' I riz him a mufstaash, sah, an' he hab his pictur took. Den he want his mufstaash took split-chin, sah, an' we grow de muttonself. She presents in her acting an he put dem free pictur's in a row an' look sesses to the fullest extent a quiet force holler out, I looks like de debble in em of expresssion, which is intensified by all, I does. Shabe 'em off!' An' he

> "So?" said the tall man. "You use bay rum, of course?"

'Yis, sah. "And hair tonie?"

"Oh, yis, sah."

"And the best pomade?" "Sart'nly, sah.

'And-but of course you have that on your shelves-Capulini's Scalpitatrum ?" "No, sah; we ain't fell to usin' dat yit,

sah." "What!" exclaimed the tall man, grabbing his valise, opening it, and taking out a square black bottle with a gold label. Don't use the greatest ton-

sorific of the age! Then let me-" "You's de nex', sah!" said the barber to the tall man. He glanced up at the clock. "Jiminetty!" said he. "Half past

6! I'll bet I'm too late to catch Job-And the tall man rushed out.

Washington's Love Affairs.

(Cor. Detroit Post.) Warlike sentiments on certain subjects still lingered in the heart of Washington on that peaceful morning ten Duyvil creek and made his way upon the island the night before he received a message to tarry, as Sir Guy Carleton was not yet embarked. So he directed his steps to a great imposing wooden house on Washington Heights, still standing and known as the Jumel place. This house twenty-seven years before had been his Mecca. Here he courted the beautiful and wealthy Mary Phillipse; here for weeks he lingered in the light of her blue eyes; here he left her at her father's till he could hurry off and capture Fort Duquesne and come back, and here at that fatal interval came Capt. Morris and captured Mary Phillipse and married her before Washington's return. It was an awful lesson to the father of his country and he solemnly resolved never to be caught out again in matters of that kind. It was the second blow; first the lowland beauty, Miss Grimes, afterwards mother of the Lee family and then the faithless Mary. He had somewhat recovered from the jilting on this peaceful morning I speak of, for the Morris family had largely multiplied by this time; but the spot was still sore. Tradition has it that he went over and sat again in the Phillipse

parlors and meditated. Where is your master?" he inquired of a darkey on the porch, concerning

his former riva!. "He goned wid the British, sah, wen de wah fust bruk out," said the humble servitor, "an' missus she is crost de ribber and is very porely, sah, and mahsa he was shot wen he was takin' Fote Moldetree down in Carliny, fo' years

The visitor knew that well enough, but he was fond of hearing it over again.

"And, mahsa, dey du say dat all dis great fine estate heah is gwine to be cornfiscated by the devilish rebels. Dat can't be, sah.

Washington evaded the question. But a year later the great fine estate was confiscated and sold to Jumel by government and Washington does not seem to have interposed to save it for Mary and the babie

He ought to have been grateful to her for teaching him such a noble lesson, for he learned it so well that when Martha Custis dawned on him he just sat down by her and didn't let her get away from him. But she was a widow and perhaps didn't want to get away.

California the Nursery of Art. [Madame Modjeskn.]

"Did it ever occur to you that it is from California that your artists, actors, poets and singers are likely to comethat it will be to America what Italy is to Europe?"

Chinese proverb: Only correct your self on the same principle that you correct others; and excuse others on the same principle on which you excuse

Rome's Festival of the Dead.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The first week in November, beginning with All Saints' Day, is celebrated in Rome as a "Festival of the Dead." There is nothing mournful about the custom. People go the cemeteries laughing and talking as if they were in a public promenade, and the various tombs, chapels and vaults are visited with as much curiosity as any exhibi-tion of works of art. Before 1870 the "Festival of the Dead" was observed with more pomp than now. At break of day cannon were fired, and the Pontifical banner was unfurled. Later the pope celebrated mass in the Sistine chapel, and at night "sacred" representations of scriptural scenes were given in various cemeteries. These performances, of course, were remi-niscences of the "mysteries" that were celebrated during the middle ages, and also of the dances of pagan origin once performed in the cemeteries, called the "Dances of the Dead." The loss of the pope's temporal power put an end to these doings.

One singular custom of pagan origin, however, still holds on. The ancient Greeks and Romans, it is said, used to eat a mess of beans over the graves of their dead, in order to drive away evil spirits from the neighborhood. Some have it that the Festival for the Dead was once kept in the spring, when beans were young and generally eaten. When the memorial day was transferred from spring to autumn, it would seem, the custom of eating beans was still continued, but dried ones had to be substituted for fresh. At present no real beans are eaten, but only imitation ones, of sugar or chocolate! Biscuits made in the shape of human bones are eaten also during this commemoration week.

Herr Krupp and His Gun Factory. [Chicago Tribune.]

Herr Alfred Krupp, the proprietor of the great steel-works, at Eisen, Germany, where the guns which bear his name are manufactured, employs 20,000 men, who operate 1,541 furnaces, 439 steam boilers, 450 steam engines, and 1,622 machines for working iron. sides being the owner of the works at Eisen, he is the owner of 547 mines in various parts of Germany. His entire possessions are said to be worth \$40,-000,000. He is described as a tall and rather stern-looking man, with sloping shoulders, a long neck, and full white beard, hiding a sensitive mouth, and a face narrow at the jaw and broadening above the thin, well-shaped nose. His dark eye is keen and penetrating, his forehead expansive. He is delicate, nervous and intellectual, and looks like a clergyman. His only son and heir, Fritz Krupp, who will succeed to his immense estate, is a young man of fine education, who is already acquainted with all the details of his father's business. He traveled considerably in this country. He is an inventor of very many valuable contrivances used in the works at Eisen. Herr Krupp's estabment has turned out 20,000 cannon.

Telegraphing Along Wire Fences. [Milwankee Letter.]

An experimental work has been going on for a short time along the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad branch and the Brandon branch, about thirty miles in length, the object being to determine whether or not the barbed wire of the fence on either side of the road can be utilized for te egraphic purposes. The fence wire was placed in proper condiion for a suffic ient distance satisfactory test, the wire being run under the surface at road crossings. Superintendent of Telegraph Simpson returned from the scene of the experiment, and decided that the plan was not practicable. Telegraph work can be done over the fence wire at this time, he says, but during the winter months, when huge snow banks completely cover the fence, the line would be made useless. There are thousands of miles of wire fence along the western lines, and it has been contended it should be utilized for this purpose.

The Frederickton (New Brunswick, Can.) Reporter says, "Nobody can but admire persistent enterprise manifested by the owners of St. Jacobs Oil in keeping name before the public. It received a big 'send off' in the House the other day by the Hon. Mr. Perley, who warned his colleagues in the Government of the danger of Bear Killers receiving two bounties for one nose; the judicious use of the Oil causing rapid growth."

Confront improper conduct, not by retal-iation, but by example.—Foster.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well,

There is no need of throwing a kiss. Any fellow deserving of one will go and take it A SMART MAN

Is one who does his work quickly and well. That it is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-puri-fier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

The Knights of Labor cleared \$600 on ; fair held at Decatur, Ill.

No opiates or drastic cartharties are to be found in that peerless remedy, SAMAR-ITAN NERVINE.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy. Rev. J. S. White, Rock Hill, S. C., says:

"I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility. It has been of benefit in restor-ing me to strength and vigor." It is the province of ministers to do

fit is the province of ministers to do good, therefore we think every minister should inform himself in regard to Ammen's Cough Syrup, and after being satisfied that it is all that is claimed for it, recommend it; thus lives can be saved and then taught how to save their souls. We are told the proprietor is always willing to give a bottle free to any minister of family who wishes it to try.

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

A low condition of health is commor with many who allow themselves to worry. Mental anguish causes bodily sufferings. Anxiety and care has broken down many constitutions. A train of disorders usually follow mental distress. Heart affections, nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney troubles, etc., are among the list. A sure remedy for relieving all mental and physical distress is Brown's Iron Bitters. It at once strengthens every part of the body making work a pleasure and care unknown. ing work a pleasure and care unknown.

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

Annoint thyself with (Caloric Vita)
On.. It will cure the worst pain.

Strength for the weary-Dujardin's Life

Hartford, Conn., telegraphers are laying by a fund for a "rainy day."

YOUTHFUL INDULGENCE

In pernicious practices pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self-confidence and will power, impaired memory, de-spondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with three letter postage stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The beavers and muskrats have promised a mild winter to Helena.

From Boulder, Col., Miss N. E. Wilder writes: "S, of epilepsy." "SAMARITAN NERVINE cured me

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

"Buchu-Paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary dis-eases. \$1.

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.

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

Dr. E. E. Fuller, Keokuk, Iowa, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in mown family with excellent results."

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

HARKNESS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

First premium Mechanics' Institute, 1883.

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 \$\mathbf{8}\$, 1883.

Mesars. 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 adjoining my store caught fire in the hallway to the second story from the explosion of a lamp and ond 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, Ammen's Cough Syrup cures colds, oughs, bronchitis and consumption. Dakota has set apart school lands to the magnificent figure of \$82,000,000.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Are made pallid an unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials, By

About 3,000 persons are annually buried in the New York "Potter's field."

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT

Martine & Co.—In answer to your note requesting an unbiased and true opinion of the Life Essence, I can say, that be-fore prescribing it I was so favorably impressed with the formula that I concluded to give it a fair trial on myself. I had been course with loss of the use of the organ. strate, or My strength was greatly reduced, both from pain and the constant drain. My nervous system was in a deplorable state. I took 1-32 of a grain of strychnine three times a day, but without favorable result. I then commenced the Life Essence sent me, and have grown strong and firm in my nerve force. But now I find that when from night work and the labor of the day combined, my nervous system gets into an irritable state, resulting in sleeplessness and irritability; if I take a teaspoonful on retiring, it procures me a peaceful dream-less sleep, and I wake refreshed in the morning. I am so well satisfied that I shall prescribe it to my exhusted patients. I would not use patent medicines under any circumstances, but since you gave me the formula, I class it among my other standard preparations. Very respectfully. I. D. M., M. D.



Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Thront, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER RODILY PAINS AND ACHES. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.

Billimore, Md., U.S.4.



growing more im-perative, and of these Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief in merit