EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

AWAITING THE CONQUEROR. [Arthur Hugh Clough.]

Hope everinore and believe, O man, for e'er, as thy thought
So are the things that thou seest; e'en as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid! They rise to provoke thee against them. thou courage! Enough: see them ex-ulting to yield.

Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furying waters, (Violent, say'st thou, and hark! Mighty, thou think'st, to destroy!)

All, with ineffable longing, are waiting their invader:

invader;
All, with one varying voice, call to him,
"Come and subdue."
Still for their conqueror call, and but for the
joy of being conquered
(Rapture they will not forgo) dare to resist
and rebel.
Still while resisting and raging, in soft under-

tones say unto him:
"Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe. Go from the east to the west, as the sun and

the stars direct thise, With the great girdle of God, go and en-compass the earth."

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

Some Suggestions From a Humanitarian View of the Subject.

("Pickaway" in Cincinnati Enquirer.) In the penitentiary how many crimin: Is has the state reclaimed and softened by wise and humane treatment? The busy, practical, rushing, scrambling average citizen, who gives little thought to these questions beyond paying and cursing his taxes, will say that there should be no sentimental non-sense in these matters. If the state shelters and feeds the unfortunate and keeps the criminal safely until he serves his sentence it has done all that could be expected. But it hasn't. The object of these institutions should be to diminish vice and crime, and if this can be done by the expenditure of the same amount of money, the tax-payer and the citizen has a right to expect these results, and intelligent efforts should be made by the legislature to bring them about.

Crime ought to be treated as a disease, and the man who has committed a crime ought to be taken charge of by the state, and retained until he is cured. The criminal ought not to be sentenced for any specific time, but ought to be retained until in the judgment of the authorities he may be permitted to make a trial of life, but he ought to be placed under police supervision and at the slightest infraction of law he ought to be returned to the prison. Citizenship ought not to be restored to him until he has shown that he is fit to become a citizen, and he must have spent at least two years outside of the walls without complaint before society again receives him back as a citizen. The convict contract system ought to be abolished, and all industries in the prison ought to be under the control of state authorities and not of outsiders.

Prisoners ought not to be placed upon exhibition at twenty-five cents a head for visitors.

Every prisoner ought to have an interest in his labor. If he has a family a portion of his work ought to go to the support of his children. If he has no one dependent upon him, his wages should first be used to defray the expense of his conviction, and then to make reparation to those he has wronged.

Japanese Sacred Dance.

[Japan Cor. Times-Democrat.] Then there is the temple for sacred dances. It was raining as we passed the door, and looking in we perceived a forlorn-looking princess sitting upon the floor, a la Japanais. She was powdered until her face and shoulders were a deathly white. I shall never forget her weary, lifeless look, or the shudder that I experienced when I thought how desolate and lonely she must be. She was evidently consumptive, for she coughed frequently while we were there. The effect of her haggard features was heightened by a white turban and flowing white robes. We threw her a couple of temps, and wearily rising, she pro-ceeded to perform what is known as the sacred dance.

It was a strange exercise, and in candor I must say was not calculated to beget irreverence. In fact it was hardly worthy of the name dance-so mournfully spiritual it was. Slowly rising, she poised a rod of sacred bells over her bowed head, and without any other accompaniment began a slow, measured walk about the tiny room, describing a circle for the most part, but never once deviating from the solemnly graceful movement. It was all simplicity, and lasted not more than a minute. Every fold in her robes was reflected as perfeetly by the lacquered floor as it could have been by the finest mirror. Slowly sinking to the floor, she bowed her pale face three times, and the spiritual entertainment was at an end.

The temples in general are of unfathomable interest. There are huge, hideous idols, before which superstitions natives are timorously standing, and casting paper wads with petitions printed thereon at the images, in the hope that the material may adhere to the same, which tokens a favorable answer to the prayer. The more ugly and abnormal these statues, the more the religious pilgrims seem to hold them in reverence. Paint a decent-looking face green and its interest for these people is immediately enhanced.

A Hint in Handkerchiefs.

A patriotic manufacturer at Rouen has designed some handkerchiefs for the purpose of diffusing military knowl-They are printed on linen in indestructible black. The information was compiled by two officers of high position; and besides comprising a complete system of drill, valuable hygienic information is given, and all sorts of instruction appear as to the best means of rendering assistance to the wounded. and how to help a comrade home who is injured. Great personal cleanliness is enjoined, and sound advice given as office can wake a guest any bour without to hunger, thirst, sleeping, marching,

THE BOY IN THE APPLE TREE.

The Story of the Old "Elementary Spelling-Book" Revamped to Suit the Times.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.] A good old man, being down town one evening, was invited to join the Humani-tarian Fudgers. He was delighted, and he joined. Next day, while in his garden, he discovered a boy in his apple tree. Here was an opportunity for showing his neighbors how important a thing is humanitarian "See," he says, "how readily ! shall subdue this wicked boy with humanity So his neighbors all gathered at the fence, and looked through the crack. "My good boy!" cried the good old man, "if you will come down from that tree I'll give you a great big piece of cake!" "Cheese it, cully Whatter yu givin' mef' re.urned the boy, who always used good language, because his parents were both respectable.

The neighbors behind the fence tittered. "Come now, you know how wicked it is to steal! I shall have to tell your father if you don't get down!" "He'll call you a liar, old chap, if you do. You'd better go in the house." The neighbors tittered again. The good old man began to lose his temper. Really, boy, I shall have to throw som thing at you if you don't come down!"
"Throw and be darned! you old fool! I ain't afeared o' you!" retorted the boy, snatching another apple. "Haw, haw!" now shouted the neighbors. Here the good old man, quite angry, grasped a handful of grass and hurled it at the boy. "Haw, haw, ee, haw!" yelled the asinine neighbors. " Fire away old Stick-in-the-mud!" cried the

The old man was red hot, and some of the neighbors had nearly split themselves. "You young scoundrel!" he shouted, seizing a big stick of hickory stove wood, "if you don't come down this instant I'll bust you, you in-fernal little beast!" And without giving the boy a chance to reply, the good old man sent the cudgel flying. It grazed the urchin's ear. He dropped his apple, and as the good old man reached for another club, the young rascal howled: "Oh, Lordy, mister, if you'll only let me come down, I'll pay for these apples, I will-Oh, Lordy!" Down he came, and the neighbors, by instantly leaping the fence, prevented t'e good old man from killing the child on the spot. The good old man doesn't go down town any more.

When Proctor Knott Joked a German Colonel, [Milwaukee Sentinel.]

In the fall of 1860 Knott, then residing in Missouri, was elected attorney general on the Claiborne Jackson ticket. When Frank Blair seized the state of Missouri in 1861, he sent old Col. Bornstein, at the head of two German regiments from St. Louis, to take possession of Jefferson City. Bornstein was a revolutionist of '48 and a native of Hesse-Cassel. At his approach, Claib Jackson fled to Neosho, accompanied by all the state officers except Knott and one other. As soon as Bornstein had established himself in possession, with headquarters at the state, house, he sent a corporal and file of men to collect those fragments of the state government which Jack son in his haste had left behind. The corporal collected our J. Proctor along with the other fragments, and marched him up to headquarters, where Bornstein, in full regimentals, with sword and pistol by his side and seated in the great chair of the chief justice, received him. When Knott was presented to him, Bornstein began a speech as follows:

"Mr. Addorney Sheneral, der rusolusion ish now gomblede. Der maderial oaf der shtade gufferment ish now in undisputed possession oaf der dhroops oaf der Unided Shtates. I am embowered to effect a reorganization oaf der shtate gufferment upon der basis of der institutions for which our forefaders blet and died-"

"Allow me to interrupt you, colonel," Knott breke in suddenly.

"Certainly," said B rustein, with enormous

"I merely desire to conserve the accuracy of history," observed Knott. "You observe, colonel, that the context of your remark would lead to the inference that your forefathers and mine fought shoulder to shoulder in that conflict. But if you will refer to any reliable account of Bennington, or Trenton, or Princeton, you will find them represented as facing each other on those fields.

"Gorporal," replied Bornstein, sadly, 'dhake dot man avay; eshcort him by the house vere he lives, und blace him under guard until furder orters."

Knott says that he has never since ventured upon a joke at the expense of a German, particularly if he was a native of Hesse-Cas-

"Nasby's" Way of Work. [John Swinton.]

I have not seen Nasby in New York for some months. There's an odd fellow for you. He can work harder and steadier, both at a a demijohn and a type-writer, than any other "literary feller" in the country. He never travels without both the articles mentioned as his side companions. His method is to hire a whole section of a Pullman, have the curtains drawn and the tables set up, and proceed to business with the type-writer on top of the table and the jug underneath. He takes a drink to a page, and his eagerness for the jug make him rush off the page at a very lively gait. Nasby's face looks like the moon before a storm, and his garments look like a secondhand store after a cyclone. He thinks whisky heaven's best gift to man. For some years past he has been traveling abroad getting material for a history of the world. It will be sold by the cord. He has made a great deal of money, and through prudently buying his liquor at wholesale and selling it to himself at retail he has amassed a fortune by saving the balance. He is short, fat and and he smokes 5-cent cigars when he can get seven of them for a quarter.

Anecdote of Henry Irving.

[Exchange.] McKee Rankin recently related the follow actor: It was some years ago, when Mr. fr-ving was called in Dublin to play a beavy part to which he was not accustomed. A poor devil of an actor had got drunk, and there was a vacancy. Irving had to come on early in the first act. Now, the Dublin gallery boy is an institution to himself. There s nothing like him anywhere, so far as I know. Conversation between young fellows across from one side of the gallery to the other are spoken in loud tones and in the distinct hearing of the actors. Irving is very thin, and when he appeared with a stride, which is one of the most characteristic things about him, one of the gallery boys shouted across to another: "Say, an' is that him! I don't know." "No," was the reply, them is the young man's clothes; they'll shove him out later on." Irving told me the story himself, and he laughed heartily as he

remembered the details.

Some friend of mankind has invented a bed-room alarm by which the clerk in the sending a stalwart porter to alarm the entire

THE NOUTELS THAT SELL. A New York bookseller gives the following information on fashion in

books: "At present the most popular American novelis's are Henry James and W. D. Howells. Their books sell by the thousands. Of the two, James is a trifle the more popular. His Portrait of a Lady, which made his reputation and his fortune at the same time, sells very rapidly to young men who wear dogcollars and attenuated boots, and to young ladies with similar proclivities, His last book, 'The Siege of London, judged by the number sold, is a decided failure, and would be an absolute one were it not that his former reputation serves to buoy it up. Howell's 'Modern Instance' is at present very salable; in fact, it is very difficult to keep it in stock, for the demand for it is continuous. His 'Wedding Jou: ney' is a so popular, and is bought by some queer freak, mainly because of its title, by newly married people. Mrs. Burnett's books sell very well, as do those of Christian Reid (Miss Fisher), the author of 'Hearts of Steel,' and several other quite readable, and, what is much more to the purpose, very salable books. Marion Harland's and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's books are bought mostly by circulating libraries, and are spread among the reading public in that way,

The English are the most popular novelists. Beyond them all, in point of number of books sold, stands William Black. His nove's sell by the hundreds of thousands. His last book, 'Shandon Bells,' has not sold as well as his former ones, but it is nevertheless very popular, Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Alexander are both writers of salable books, and many are the editions they have given to the reading world. Zola is as popular as ever he was, and his books are read by all classes of persons and by both sexes. Of all his books, 'Nana' is perhaps the

most popular.

Among dead novelists Dickens stands foremost. The number of his books that are sold is ever on the increase, and although edition after edition has been taken from the press in this country and in England, 'Pickwick' and 'Curiosity Shop' are still read by all classes with mingled laughter and tears. The copyrights for the earlier of his novels have expired, but his family still receive quite an important income from the sale of his later

Next to Dickens, yet ranking almost beside him, is Thackeray. His 'Pendennis,' 'Newcomes,' and 'Esmond' are bought as eagerly as ever. Of all the works of women writers those of George Eliot sell the best. 'Romola' is just at present the most popular, but 'Daniel Deronda,' despite all predictions to the contrary, holds its own as one of the most popular books of the century. Charles Kingsley still lives to his readers, and 'Hypatia' remains his great work in the estimation of our customers."

THE PER CENT. OF FIGHTING MEN.

Draper's History,

"As a rule in a well-ordered army, if 66 per cent, of the men present can be brought into battle it is a good average; the other 33 per cent. are employed as cooks, teamsters, nurses, servants, are sick, on furlough, detached. Then the men reported as 'absent' to guard rivers, depots, prisons, railroad stations Escorts make the fearful blanks in every regiment and subdivision of the During our war at no time do I think one-half of the men receiving pay were engaged with the fighting armies at the front, and this half was subjected to the farther diminution of the 33 per cent. before mentioned, so that of an army whose muste rolls would give 100,000 men present and absent for pay, no general could expect to bring into battle at any distance from his base of supplies more than 35,000 men. By way of illustration, I take the case at the close of the war, when for the first time we got at the real facts and figures. One million and fifty thousand were then on the muster rolls to be paid off and discharged. The fighting armies were but 262,000 men. Where were all the rest? Guarding thousands of miles of sea coast, river and roads, guarding prisoners and acting as provost guards, or loafing about the country. I do not mention this as a criticism, but to show how in war such vast expenses do arise, and how often the country overestimates the exact strength of armies from the official returns.

"At no single time," believes this general, whom we suppose to be Sherman, "were 50 per cent, of the men drawing pay as soldiers within striking distance of the enemy. To which cause may be traced some of the worst failures, when the government and the people behind pushed their officers on, supposing that figures could handle muskets and fight battles,"

HENRY JAMES, THE NOVELIST.

Gath's" Newport Letter. At the Boston train, when we were entering the town, a person of rather robust size, wearing a bluish gray suit and with blackish side whiskers, began to speak to a lady in the most ultra ing anecdote about Henry Irving, the English awfully awful west end of London style. The first word he got out of his mouth was invariably a stutter, and he stumbled on as if biting at his sentences. When he had passed out my friend remarked to me: "Whom do you suspect that to be?" Said I: "It might be Lord Mandeville, or it might be his "No," said he, "that is Henry valet." James, the author."

HOSPITABLE ROAD AGENTS. Helena Era.

The road agents who robbed the coach last Sunday, as is the custom, ranged the men in line with hands up, and relieved them of all their valuables. They then passed a bottle of whisky and box of cigars, compelling each one to take a drink and smoke. One of the unfortunates had never smoked a cigar in his life, but under the persuasive and urgent invitation of the gentlemanly robbers he lit his first eigar, and possibly the pleasure he will colored pants, and on his arm was gently sus derive in the future from smoking will pended his bride, like a clear rib side of bacompensate for the loss he sustained.

DANGER FROM ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The Electric Current Heating Wire to White Heat ... Death in the Unseen Bolt.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Beware of the electric light wire as you would of the jobberwock. One is just as mysteriously terrible as the other. "John," the janitor and champion wrestler of the gymnasium, got an electric scare the other day that he has not yet recovered from. It was during the rainy spell. In the midst of one of the heaviest showers he was seized with astonishment on seeing that the electric light wire running from Boutillier's roof at the rear into the gymnasium was on fire, as he expressed it. A telephone message for help was at once sent to the office of the Brush Electric Light company, and in the meantime John undertook to drown out the fire. He got on the roof, and standing feet from the wire, three was in a white heat, he ladled a cup of water from a pail and threw it upon the radiant metal. There was a "sizz," and John avers that some of th water splashed on his arm, sending a shock through him that would have laid out any less athletic individual. He then moved three feet farther back, and from there played fireman. There really appeared imminent danger of the roof catching fire, as the wire, near where it was heated, passed through the wooden frame of a skylight. When the expert from the Brush company arrived, he donned a pair of rubber gloves, and standing on a dry board he cut the wire

The electric light people affect to think little of such an occurrence, but several scientific people, to whose attention it has been brought, say that it is but a warning of a terrible accident that will one day happen The workmen who came to the relief of John at the gymnasium say that the wire got heated because of striking against a piece of tin, thus forming a "ground." He admits that had the wood been wet—thus making a good conductor-a fire would probably have occurred. The officials of the Brush Electric Light company claim that they cover their wires with the best insulating material known, but outside electricians say that the insulation is exceedingly poor and that the jeast rain affects it.

Such an enormous current is employed to generate the Brush electric light that to pass it through the buman body means death as instantly as by heaven's bolt. It will be re-

membered that two weeks ago the superintendent of the company at Dayton-who, of course, was thoroughly posted as to the terrible danger-was killed as by a flash in taking hold of a wire. He was fixing a lamp, and to save it from falling be thoughtlessly grabbed the wire. It had been raining, and the current passed right through him.

The firemen are more afraid of the electric light wires than they are of fire itself. So far the accidents that have happened in this line in Cincinnati, while they have been startling, have not been fatal. It has often happened that an electric light wire in crossing a telephone wire has formed a connection in wet weather, resulting in melting the machinery of either the instrument at the subscriber's or at the exchange sometim both. An accident of this kind happened a few days ago on Race street, causing the subscriber of the telephone to call out the fire department. What would have happened had that current, which was sufficient to melt brass, got inside a man's ear?

Frequently the attention of passers-by is attracted to a spark emitted from one of the electric light wires running across Fifth and Vine streets.

He Wasn't Her Pa.

[Chicago Tribune.] A young woman went to the station to meet her father. As the train came in she saw a middle-aged man who resembled her parental relative, and she rushed into his arms, huddled down on his bosom, kissed him on the month, the ear, the chin, and all over his patent celluloid. It was not her father, but a middle-aged traveler for a tobacco house. He took a long breath, and looked around at some other travelers and winked, as much as to say: "O, I'm such a masher!" Of course the scene could not last forever, though he wished it could.

After a spasmodic hug she looked up in his face and shrieked, "You are not my pa!" He said she was right.

She asked his pardon, and he told her not to mention it.

"We public men should always hold

ourselves in readiness to support those who need it." She smiled a sweet, sad, blushing sm

and went out into the wide world, while the traveler walked to the hotel with the others They asked him if it didn't make him feel ashamed to have such a mistake made, and he said no, it was all right. He said of course it might look queer, but those things occurred very often with him, as it would occur with any fine looking man. Besides, the girl probable enjoyed it.

Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond breastpin on such trying occasions. He looked at his shirt front, and it was gone. While he had been allowing her to play the daughter she had burglarized his

He fainted, and when they brought him to be said: "Tell my family I died with my face to the foe,"

A Rural Reporter on the Red Demon [Somerset, (Penn.,) Herald.]

There is no more terrible cry than that of 'fire!" ringing out on the startled car of night; even murder, with all its hideous associations, does not arause us to sympathy or to action as does the alarm that the redemon, fire, is loose in our midst, licking up the pride of luxury, the fruit of toil, the scrapings of averice, and the savings of years. Such was the cry that startled the inhabitants of our village on Friday morning at 3:40 o'clock. The alarmed citizens, men women and children, youth and age, wit and beauty, strength and weakness, hurried to the scene, and found that J. K. Coffroth's stable was on fire. A valuable cow was dragged seemingly dead from the flaming building but afterwards recovered.

Floating Breakwaters.

[San Francisco Chronicle.] Floating breakwaters have been adopted in England with good results. The breakwater, or turnwater, consists of a line of buoys o triangular shape, with a sharp point towards the sea and two concave sides. The buoys are moored independent of each other by an anchor fore and aft and with a buoy's space between them. They draw ten flet of water and each wave as it meets them is cleft in two and diverted right and left towards the next buoy. The more violent the sea the more efficient the action of the buoys. It has been demonstrated that it is only the upper ten or fifteen feet of water that needs to b affected, for all below is calm.

An Alabama Wedding. [Inter Ocean.]

The bridal march was played by Will Corley on an harmonica. The groom was at tired in a hickory stripe shirt and copperas con or bushel of meal.

THE FASTEST POSSIBLE TROTTER.

HOW FAST HORSES WILL ULTIMATELY TROT, AND WHEN THE MAXIMUM WILL BE REACHED.

New York Sun. How fast will the fastest possible trotter go? What is the highest speed that can ever be attained by the American trotting horse for a distance of one

mile? These are questions which two wellknown scientific men, Prof. William H. Brewer, of Connecticut, and Mr. Francis E. Nipher, of Missouri, have lately endeavored to answer in three papers contributed to The American Journal of Science. The first of these articles, by Prof. Brewer, appeared in April. The contributions of Mr. Nipher are published in the numbers for July and August.

Prof. Brewer publishes a table showing the number of trotting horses which have attained or surpassed various rates of speed ranging from 2:30 to 2:11 for a series of years extending from 1843 to 1882. From this table it appears that in 1853 there was only one horse that had trotted a mile in 2:30 or better; in 1853 the number had increased to 14; in 1863 to 59; in 1873 to 376; in 1882 to 1,684. The table also shows that up to 1882, 495 horses had trotted a mile in 2:25 or better; 275 in 2:23 or better; 156 in 2:21 or better; 60 in 2:19 or better; 18 in 2:17 or better, and 8 in 2:15 or better. "I leave it to mathematicians," said Prof. Brewer in reference to this table, "to plot the curves which immediately suggest themselves to determine how fast horses will ultimately trot and when this maximum will be reached." Mr. Nipher has undertaken the task

thus suggested. His first conclusion, as stated in the July number of The American Journal of Science, was that the maximum speed to which the American trotting horse will constantly approximate, but never reach, is one mile in 92 seconds, or 1:32. He also concludes that the time of the trotting horse will be reduced to within one second of this figure in 360 years after the year 1860, that is to say, in the year of our Lord 2220. Mr. Nipher does not claim absolute precision for his results, and says that the maximum speed may possibly be as great as 100 seconds. In the course of ten years, however, he thinks the limit can be fixed with accuracy, and he is quite sure that eventually the maximum speed of trotting and running horses will differ only by a few seconds. In his last article Mr. Nipher states

that he has made a new calculation by mathematical instead of graphical methods, and has thus obtained 81 seconds instead of 93 seconds as the most probable figures for the minimun time of trotting a mile. The probable error of this value, he says, is not over four seconds, and it is not likely that the running horse will cut his record down by five seconds, so that it is probable the trotter will finally surpass the running horse. If this prediction is verified, the in-

habitants of the United States in the twenty-third century will have horses that can get over the ground by means of an artificial gait faster than by a natural gait. We believe that all writers agree that running is natural to horses, while fast trotting is not. Mr. Nipher states, however, as a well-known fact that some herds of wild horses on the plains were natural pacers, so fast and steady that they nearly all preserved their pacing gait even when pursued by the best running horses. He speaks of one large white Texan pacer that never could be caught.

An Unstealable Umbrella.

There is, it seems, says The New York Sun, an umbrella that can not be stolen. A genius has invented a detachable handle, upon withdrawing which the ribs are automatically locked. Replacing it unlocks them. No two handles fit the same umbrella.

A TOOTHSOME MORSEL

This, from the Madison (Wis.) Democrat, conveys its own moral: Hold on! We are cognizant of the fact that an aching tooth was last night cured by the application of St. Jacobs Oil. The young fellow got mad over his raging tooth in the ball room, and rushed straightway to a drug store where he applied the good old German Remedy; in ten minutes the toothache had gone. Bob Ingersoll says Arthur is an impose

bility as a Presidential candidate.

"We aiways keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house

Louise Michel is writing children's stories while in prison.

THE BILIOUS.

Dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buf-

Luther Holden, of Wallingford, Vt. celebrated his 102d birthday recently.

Mr. Oliver Myers, of Ironton, O., says: SAMARITAN NERVINE cured me of gen-

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

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Heed such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

"Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss" is advertised in another column of this pa-per. This establishment is well known on per. This establishment is well known on the Pacific Coast as reliable and square in all its dealings. Their goods have gained an enviable reputatio

The latest Chicago banquet to the actor Irving was given by Emory Storrs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and perma-nently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists,

Fulton Market in New York sells 40,000,-000 pounds of fish and rejects 8,000,000 annually.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

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

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM, the GREAT COUGH REMEDY, never falls to do the

Mr. Samuel H. Pouder, Sheriff of Washington county, Tenn., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cuttrely cured me of dyspepsia of three years standign."

MRS. GOVERNOR MOODY, upon her return from San Francisco, brought with her turn from Sas Francisco, orought with her a magnificent grand square piano to adorn the mansion house. The instrument is a Knabe, and does full credit to that cele-brated make. With such an agency to in-vite the Muses, the Governor should hence-forth be only "moody" in name.—The Ore-

Dr. A. T. Henak, Garfield, Iowa, says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic prepara-

gon Statesman.

There is snow to the depth of five feet in the Cour d'Alene mines.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young who has not seen the lair, tresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited. woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" exhibit production a phore time. would remedy in a short time. Remember that the "Favorite Prescription" will un that the "ravorne Prescription will un failingly cure all "female weaknesses, and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Spectator printing office, at Hamilton, Ont., was burned recently.

"It quiets the patient and ultimately cures him." A late enconium on SAMARITAN NERVINE.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "There is nothing to be compared with them."—Rev. O. D. Watkins, Walton, Ind.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, consti-pation tasteless. 25 cents. Porfersville, Cal., April 10, 1882.—Mr. Robt, S. Ammen—Sir: I have been selling your valuable Cough Syrup for the last

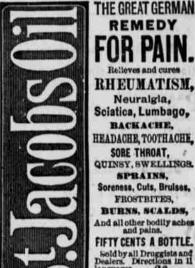
twelve months. The past winter we had the worst epidemic of measles, whooping cough and colds I ever saw. Ammen's cough and colds I ever saw. Ammen's Cough Syrup sold better than any cough medicine I had in the house. Expect to always keep a good supply in my store. Respectfully yours, P. F. Chapman, Druggist.

Caloric Vita Oil, the renowned healer, at wholesale. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland.

"Rough on Coughs," 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarse-

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