

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A LESSON TO RECKLESS DISCIPLINARIANS OF THE NURSERY.

Arkansas Traveler.

Few people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly old man," or its "great old bear." This terrible old man and this great old bear are powerful factors in nursery discipline. "Come along here now," a mother or nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed." "I don't want to go now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now, or I'll tell that ugly old man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child, trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible fates.

The sad death of a little girl, which occurred recently, shows what a strong impression these "bogers" make on the minds of children. The little girl was a beautiful child, and everyone at the fashionable boarding-house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which a child so gently yet so strongly inspires. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hands in glee when her father came to dinner, and when he would take her on his shoulder, she would shout and call to everyone to look how high she was. One day a large, shaggy dog came into the yard, and when she ran to him and held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who stood near, was not slow in making a mental note of the impression the dog had made. Several nights afterwards, when bedtime came, the child was unusually wakeful.

"Yer'd better come heah an' git in dis bed," the nurse commanded.

"I don't want to."

"All right, den. Ise gwine out an' call dat ole dog wat growled at yer. When he comes an' fin' yer outen de bed, he'll bite yer head off."

The little girl grew deathly pale.

"Nuthin' would suit dat dog better den ter git a chance at yer. Tother night he coteh a little girl across de road an' eat her all up."

The child screamed.

"Come on here, den, an' I woa't let him ketch yer."

The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not awake with her glad "good mornin' papa an' mamma." She had tossed all night and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared that there was no hope for her. She became delirious, and struggling would exclaim:

"Dog shan't have mamma's little girl!"

It was a sorrowing circle that surrounded her death bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel.

Her last moments were a series of struggles. How hard the beautiful can die. She wildly threw up her little hands and shrieked:

"Go away, dog!"

A gentle hand wiped the death froth from her lips.

Again she struggled and shrieked: "Dog shan't have—" but she died ere the sentence was finished.

## HENRY MILLER'S LUCK.

California Eye.

Nestled close by the saloon at Grand Forks, in the very heart of the peaks of the Sierras, was the home of Henry Miller, a brother of Joaquin Miller. He had a very sensible woman for a wife, who bore him a beautiful son.

When the child was three weeks old, Mr. Miller, in a vagabond way, told the "boys" he had "struck it rich," and had at that very time a nugget at his house that weighed twelve pounds. If any of them doubted his word, they could call at the house at any time and be convinced.

In a few minutes a delegation of miners filed out of the saloon and made a straight line for Miller's home.

They were very courteously received by Mrs. Miller, who listened to the story of their errand, and with a twinkle in her eyes, concluded to keep up the joke. The speaker of the party began:

"They tell us, Mrs. Miller, that your husband has struck it rich."

"Indeed he has," replied Mrs. Miller.

"Has he pre-empted his claim?"

"I think he certainly has."

"What price does he ask for his mine?"

"I really don't think he would take a cool million for it."

"Is the specimen very fine?"

"Indeed, it is more precious than diamonds to me."

"Let us see it, will you?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Miller, as she advanced to the cradle and lifted out a handsome twelve-pound boy, and exhibited it to the astonished gaze of the good-hearted but puzzled miners. They took the joke very good-naturedly, and laughing heartily left the house without a very ceremonious leave-taking. Mackay, the millionaire, was one of the duped miners.

## FISH NOT BRAIN FOOD.

New York Sun.

Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he secures as a complete fallacy the notion that fish eating increases the brain power. "The only action fish had on the brain was to put a man's body into proper relations with the work he had to do."

# Forgotten to Feel.

[Mary C. Preston.]

It was the night of Vera Anson's second ball, and the lights glittered on fair and gracious women and handsome, haughty men, as the young heiress, with a warm flush on her cheek, and the light that "ne'er was seen on land or sea" within her dusky eyes, laid her hand upon the arm of the young man with whom she had been dancing, and allowed him to lead her into the conservatory.

There, in the dim lights, with odor and bloom about her, she listened to the story, so old—so old, yet, like the buds of spring, ever fresh and fair to the heart of youth.

She was so young, so fair and trusting that a ring of true passion came into the man's low voice as he spoke words he had spoken to so many willing ears in his years of manhood, and, for a moment, a warm thrill shot through the world-erusted heart as he bent to take his betrothal kiss from the ripe, quivering lips of this dainty darling of the house of Anson.

"My promised wife!" he said in the low, tender tones of a lover; "my beautiful lover! you have made me very, very happy. Say that you are happy, too; that it is in my power to make you so, and it shall be the one study of my life to keep your life unclouded."

What was that tender child in the hands of this finished man of the world? She never dreamed that but for her father's wealth she would have received from him but the careless courtesy given on account of her wonderful beauty, which, great as it was, could never have touched the heart of the man whose arm was around her.

They went back to the dancers, her eyes wild with a shy, sweet gladness, his with a glow of triumph. The gay revel came to an end, and Clarke Anson, at the side of his beloved and only child, bent his proud head to the last departing guest, then, turning to Vera, he drew her young form to him tenderly, gazed long upon her fresh young beauty, kissed her on the lip and cheek and forehead, and let her go.

She laughed as she ran lightly up the stairs, and looked back, still with the light laugh upon her lips, when she reached the corridor above.

Her father stood where she had left him, his eyes upon her, one hand lying upon his bosom, his grand head uplifted as though in haughty pride, and so, for the last time, Vera Anson saw the living face of her father.

When morning broke they found him in his study, white and cold, lying back in his chair, one hand, from which the pen had fallen, hanging lifeless at his side, a half-finished page on the desk before him.

Vera's grief was terrible but silent. Light and life faded from the sweet young face, leaving it like marble; and when she was told that she was not only deprived of the loving parent who had been almost an idol to her, but also that she did not own the very pictures on the walls of her old home, Vera Anson learned the reason why in her desolation Howard Lawrence, the man who had professed love to her, had not brought her the value of even a kindly word. And then the womanhood of which there had been so fair a promise froze to ice, and she vowed that never again should man become to her more than a pastime.

Howard Lawrence had wandered over half the world since that night of six years before, when his lips had breathed such warm, but lying words, to the fair young daughter of the dead bankrupt. And now, finding time hanging heavy on his hands, he had accompanied one of his so-called friends to the ball given by Madame Rosine, the talented singer, who had, it was said, a niece whose voice was equal to her beauty, and who had driven half Paris mad with admiration.

A faint feeling of curiosity stole over the young man, as he was led by his companion through the elegant salon. On every hand were the evidences of wealth and refinement, and the guests were certainly of the creme of Paris.

"I am anxious to see the goddess," he said to his friend, an evident curiosity in his eyes—those topaz-tinted eyes, that had thrilled so many women in the days gone by!

"Look, she is passing!" whispered the friend, and Howard Lawrence turned gracefully, but lazily, to lose, in an instant, his indifference and hold his breath, as though he had found himself suddenly before a shrine.

The most beautiful woman he had ever seen was crossing the room on the arm of a man whose name was a power in Paris; her dress of amber, shot with wine, touched his hand as she went by; her diamonds flashed in the gaslight, but her dark eyes were brighter; and, as they lifted for one moment to his own, he felt as though a chain had been flung about him, and he was captive.

Her cheek and brow were white as marble, and her delicate lips rich with dewy, crimson bloom; her head, carried like a queen's, was weighted with coils of dusky hair; her form was slender and willowy, every movement one of grace.

Half an hour later, and Howard was bending before the queenly beauty, his voice full of real pleading as he begged her for a dance. She took his homage as a right, and wove, as the night went by, the spell about him, thread after thread and fold after fold, and when the morning broke, Howard Lawrence knew that for the first time, many as he had wooed, the heart he had thought too calm for love had learned the lesson.

Week after week he lingered in Paris, hunting any spot in which he might meet the beautiful niece of Mme. Rosine, and the gay French gallants took the deep devotion of the stranger for the talented singer for a jest, but to the two most interested it was no mere subject for laughter, for the black eyes would flash forth a glance of almost flame, the white hands would clasp together passionately, and a sudden curve of haughty scorn would mar the delicate beauty of the scarlet lip.

At length the final moment came, in which, with beating pulse and trembling voice, Howard Lawrence told the

story of his love; the singer, sitting silent and bold, heard him to the very end, and when, overcome by his fear, he sank to his knees at her feet and begged for her love as for his very life, she sprang to her feet and drew from the reach of his hand.

"Have not the gay people of Paris told you that I am a cold and heartless woman?" she asked. "A woman whom it would be madness to love? Have they not told you that in my smile is no warmth, in my bosom no heart?"

"But you are human," he replied; "you cannot be utterly without feeling, and I love you so well, so truly! I would be your slave—anything! Only be kind to me. I am nearly mad with the love you have awakened!"

"Let me tell you that which may prove to you how truly the people of France have spoken when they told you I was hard and cold! Let me show you how the falsehood of one man has destroyed all feeling in a heart once too warm and tender! Rise, the tale is long!"

He rose to his feet and stood facing her, his handsome face as white as death, his eyes darkened with emotion. "I was the petted child of a wealthy father," she said, her voice coldly clear. "All things, the best of life, were showered on me by that father's hand, and my girlhood was joyous as a dream, when into it stole the first faint shadow of love."

He winced visibly, but the clear voice went on:

"My lover was handsome as a god, courtly and polished. He won the heart of the trusting girl, giving nothing—nothing in exchange save a few low words, a few tender hand-clasps, a few false vows! When the girl stood above the body of her dead father, and learned that she must face the world alone to earn her daily bread, the love that was life to her was not near to cheer or comfort; when one touch of her lover's hand would have been to her more than untold gold, she found that she had leaned upon a reed, and a bitterness that surpasses death was her portion! Homeless, her young heart torn by pain and wrong, she left the scenes that mocked her, and fortune, in the shape of Mme. Rosine, found her and folded her in luxury, but not until the girl had made a vow to make of men but pastime—to take their hearts, as one had taken hers, and break them without mercy."

"I am known as Vera Rosine. I am the adopted niece of Madame, but in time gone I was the only child of Clarke Anson! To your hand I lay the ruin of my youth, the chill of my heart, the agony which pride has overcome! Do you still plead for the love you trampled?"

"I do—on my knees!" he cried, kneeling before her. But, with a proud, bitter smile she turned away and glided from the room, trailing the sheen of her silken robe from his do parting sight.

The next morning gave Paris—gay, giddy, laughing Paris—a new tragedy over which to shrug its shoulder and make a jest; for the stranger, whose idolatry of the singer had been so great a cause for laughter, was found dead at his hotel, with a bullet wound in his forehead; and on the same night, while lighted candles shed a soft radiance on the beauty of his dead face, the clear voice of the singer rang grandly on the ears of the careless people of Paris, who flung a shower of odorous compliments at the feet of the woman who had forgotten how to feel.

## The Third Greatest Diamond.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

Mr. Peter Rhodes has found a diamond in South Africa which enjoys the proud distinction of being a "paragon gem." It weighs a hundred and fifty carats. It exceeds in dimensions the "Koh-i-noor," the "Star of the South," the "Regent," or "Pitt," the "Austrian" and "Sancy" jewels, and in purity of water it is reported to rival the "Regent," the finest of all these notable gems. It is inferior in size to the "Orloff," belonging to the Russian czar, which weighs one hundred and ninety carats; then there is said to be a diamond in Borneo still uncut, which weighs four hundred carats. But Mr. Rhodes has a white elephant. His gem is so enormously costly that there is no market for it. There is no monarch in the market to buy it, and its cost is so great that it would impoverish the millionaire who might wish to possess it.

## Behind the Age.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The truth about our colleges, not only in the matter of this Greek language humbug, but in regard to their educational courses generally, is, that they are entirely behind the age. Instead of advancing with civilization, they have been a drag to it. While the world has been advancing they have been at a standstill. The system pursued in our American colleges at this time is almost the same as that pursued in England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain when Columbus first discovered America. Greek and other dead languages have the same place in the curriculum now that they had then. The study of the dead languages was well enough in those days, when there was little else to learn.

## How It Happened.

[New York News.]

"The way dot happened was dis," said the host:

"Fred Wetner, he took from his trunk a German navy pistol about so long," measuring about three feet with his hands," and said he had killed about one hundred Frenchmen with it. Swenson asked him if it was loaded, and he said it was not. Bang went dot gun, and Mrs. Kolb said she was shot, and Fred cried 'Mein Gott' and ran down stairs with all hands. Dot's all!"

## Georgia's Confederate Pensioners.

[Chicago Herald.]

Georgia has a Confederate pension list amounting to \$25,000 per annum. One hundred dollars is allowed for the loss of a leg above the knee; \$75 for the same loss below the knee; \$60 for an arm above the elbow, and \$40 for an arm below.

The once famous tribe of Cherokee Indians is now reduced to about 1,000 persons, and they suffer a steady decrease.

## safety From Icebergs.

[London Times.]

The sense of sight is not the only sense affected as an iceberg is approached. There is a sensible lowering of temperature. But to the natural heat sense this cooling is not so obvious or so readily and quickly appreciated that it could be trusted instead of the outlook of the watch. The heat sense of science, however, is so much keener that it could indicate the presence of an iceberg at a distance far beyond that over which the keenest eye could detect an iceberg at night; perhaps even an isolated iceberg could be detected when far beyond the range of ordinary eyesight in the day time. Not only so, but an instrument like the thermopile, or the more delicate heat measures of Edison and Langley, can readily be made to give automatic notice of its sensations (so to speak). As those who have heard Prof. Tyndall's lectures any time during the last twenty years know, the index of a scientific heat measurer moves freely either in response either to gain or loss of heat, or, as we should ordinarily say, in response either to heat or cold. An index which thus moves can be made, as by closing or breaking electrical contact, or in other ways, to give very effective indication of the neighborhood of danger.

It would be easy to devise half a dozen ways in which a heat indicator (which is of necessity a cold indicator), suitably placed in the bows of a ship, could note as it were, the presence of an iceberg fully a quarter of a mile away, and speak of its sensations much more loudly and effectively than the watch can proclaim the sight of an iceberg when much nearer at hand. The movement of the index could set a fog-horn lustily announcing the approach of danger; could illuminate the ship if needed; by setting at work the forces necessary for instantaneous electric lighting, could signal the engineer to stop and reverse the engines, or even stop and reverse the engines automatically. Whether so much would be necessary—whether those among lost Atlantic steamships which have been destroyed, as many have been, by striking upon icebergs, could only have been saved by such rapid automatic measures as these, may or may not be the case; but that the use of the infinitely keen perception which the sense organs of science possess for heat and cold would be a feasible way of obtaining much earlier and much more effective notice of danger from icebergs than the best watch can give, no one who knows the power of science in this direction can doubt.

## Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

[Ben. Perley Poore.]

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the widow of the founder of our financial system, passed a good portion of the latter part of her life at Washington, and finally died there. She was the first to introduce ice cream at the national metropolis, and she used to relate, with rare humor, the delight displayed by President Jackson when he first tasted it. He liked it much, and swore "by the Eternal" that he would have ices at the White House. The guests at the next reception were agreeably surprised with this delicacy, especially those from the rural districts, who, after approaching it suspiciously, melting each spoonful with their breath before consuming it, expressed their satisfaction by eating all that could be provided.

Mrs. Hamilton was very much troubled by the pamphlet which her husband had published when secretary of the treasury, in which he avowed an intrigue with the wife of one of his clerks, to exculpate himself from a charge that he had permitted this clerk to speculate on the action of the treasury department. Mrs. Hamilton for some years paid dealers in second-hand books \$5 a copy for every copy of this pamphlet which they brought her. One year the number presented was unusually large, and she accidentally ascertained that a cunning dealer in old books in New York had had the pamphlet reprinted, and was selling her copies at \$5 each. She possessed a good many souvenirs of her illustrious husband, one of which, now in my possession, was the copper camp kettle which Gen. Hamilton had while serving on the staff of the illustrious Washington.

## A District School in the Good Old Times.

[Prentice Mulford.]

The "district school" of the period was unwholesomely crowded in winter. It commenced in the morning with a long prayer and generally ended at night with a succession of cowhiddings. Most of the teachers were from Connecticut and generally dyspeptic or consumptive. A "box stove," burning wood, heated the apartment, all aglow at one moment and cold the next. Water for drinking was brought in at intervals in a pail, passed around and drunk out of a tin dipper. The unpainted desks were cut, hacked and ink-stained from the arduous efforts of generations of school-boys. Dried "spit balls" were flattened on the walls. The big boys chewed tobacco and the marks of missiles of this description might also be seen prominent on the ceiling. The odor of a country school in full blast seemed compounded of ink and unwashed juveniles. There was no system or gradation of text books, save at the will of the teacher, and school-book publishers had not learned the art of making fortunes through an innumerable series of readers and writing books. One duty of the master was to make or mend the quill pens for the whole school, a work of no small proportions.

School was dismissed with an uproar. It was like the bursting of a huge bomb filled with boys. They scrambled over desks and benches without order or discipline. Half an hour after the weary master had flogged the three worst boys, "kept after school," he emerged from the scene of educational torture, went to his boarding-house and received what nutriment he could from the thin 6 o'clock tea of the period.

On our seventh page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

## FINE STABLE FITTINGS.

Aristocratic Horses Preparing From Enamelled Troughs.

[New York Sun.]

A Sun reporter, on entering a store in Chambers street the other day, saw several clean, bright stalls at the end of the establishment furthest from the door. The sun streaming through the window, made innumerable bars, scrolls, and odd bits of fancy work in polished brass flash back its rays upon a large painted horse's head and the figure of a jockey, who held an iron ring in his hand. On the walls were large diagrams.

"This," said a clerk, pointing to the largest of the diagrams, "is a plan showing a complete stable yard, with accommodations for twelve horses, and embracing two stables, with four stalls in each, and one stable, comprising four loose boxes; besides these a sink box, washing box, harness room, coach house, fodder room, washing shed, and tool compartment. If a customer likes that plan we can carry it out for him from the foundation to the weather vane. If he wants a smaller stable yard, a single stall, or only a single fixing, we can supply him. Our largest trade is in stable fixings, and we find we can show off our novelties in that line by converting our store into a miniature stable. We have everything belonging to a well-equipped modern stable here excepting a live horse. We've got something like a live horse, for if you just look up you'll see those two fine horses' heads. They're figureheads to go over stable doors, or to ornament the exterior of the stable building, like the terra cotta dogs' heads on the Vanderbilt stables."

"I suppose such stalls as these are only for aristocratic horses?"

"That's about it. I can tell you that thousands of horses are better housed than hundreds of thousands of people. There are men who wouldn't give a poor man a cent who will provide every luxury for their horses. We've fitted up stalls with brass fixings that would adorn the finest mansion in the land. There's a stable at New Rochelle where every stall has a magnificent pier glass, and the horse can see himself, and beautiful stained glass windows. Visitors to the place spend most of their time looking at the stable."

## A Triumph of Science.

[London Times.]

The younger Draper (whose loss followed so quickly and so sadly for science on that of his lamented father) produced photographic plates showing stars which can not be seen through the telescope by which those photographs were taken.

## A Portrait in Silk.

[Exchange.]

A lady in Cynthia, Ky., has a picture of Abraham Lincoln woven in black and white silk, which was made in Lyons, France, at a cost of \$800. The making is said to have required the work of one man and three women for four months.

## A Frank Admission.

[Cleveland Leader.]

A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

## Fossil Angels.

An English vicar has taken to the lecture field in order to reconcile science and religion, by arguing that pre-Adamite remains are nothing more nor less than fossil angels.

The largest oyster shell in the world is in the Church of St. Sulpice, in Paris. It weighs over 500 pounds, and is used as a baptismal font.

Mr. J. Carpenter, 463 Fourth avenue, New York, after running a gauntlet of eight years' rheumatism, used St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain reliever, by which he was entirely cured and has had no return of his complaint.

Work on the Walla Walla and Pendleton Railroad is progressing rapidly.

Consumption in any stage may be cured by Piso's Cure. 25 cents a bottle.

"Cut-throat" is Irving's pronunciation of the word.

The virus of all diseases arises from the blood. SAMARITAN NERVEINE cures all blood disorders.

A sore throat or cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Chicago Magnetic Shield Company in another column.

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

Applications for patents average 2,000 per month.

## A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and today I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly, JAMES O. BELLIS, Flemington, N. J. "Discovery" sold by druggists.

There were 4,000 suicides in Paris last year.

Dr. J. A. Patmore, of Riley Ind., truly remarks: "SAMARITAN NERVEINE cures epilepsy."

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

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

"ROUSEN'S COUGHS," 15c, 25c, 50c, at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

## A DRUGGIST'S STORY.

Mr. Isaac C. Chapman, Druggist, Newburg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BAL-SAM FOR THE LUNGS. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine. I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtues in the highest manner. I have recommended it in a great many cases of Whooping Cough with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet ready for use."

Dr. J. G. McGuire, Anamosa, Ia., says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

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

Why does not the proprietor of Ammen's Cough Syrup publish testimonials from those who have been cured or relieved by his medicine? The answer is, the greater the humbug the more testimonials they publish. Ammen's Cough Syrup is no humbug, and to prove that and let it stand on its own merits, a 15-cent sample bottle is prepared, which is certainly more convincing than a testimonial from a stranger, in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet ready for use.

Dyspepsia dampens the ardor of many an aspiring soul. Why suffer from dyspepsia? Why be frightened over disordered kidneys? Why continue the miserable life of a dyspeptic nervous mortal? Brown's Iron Bitters will surely cure you. It has permanently cured thousands of cases where other remedies afforded only temporary relief. Ask your druggist concerning its merit. Try a sample bottle and you will be relieved of further mental and physical distress.

The wheels of railway and other cars are now made of leather in Paris.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

Four to six bottles cures salt-rheum or tetter.

One to five bottles cures the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst of ulcers.

By druggists, and in wholesale and dozen lots at great discount.

The Queen of Tahiti arrived at New York recently.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

New York city officers' place Chamberlain Church's defalcation at \$77,000.

Dr. B. R. Boyle, Wadley, Ga., says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

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

### THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAIN, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in II Languages. 25c. The Charles A. Vogel Co. (Incorporated in U. S. A.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

### HOSIETTERS

They who work early and late the year round need, occasionally, the best of all stimulants imparted by a wholesome tonic like Hosieters' Stomach Bitters. To all its purity and efficiency as a remedy and preservative for a feeble system, commend it. It checks incipient rheumatism, all kinds of neuralgic affections, relieves constipation, dyspepsia and indigestion, arrests premature decay of the physical energy, mitigates the influence of a cold, and hastens convalescence. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

266th EDITION. PRICE ONLY \$1 BY MAIL POST-PAID.

### THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

KNOW THYSELF.

## A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Prem