# EUGENE CITY GUARD. I. L. CAMPBELL. - . Proprietor. EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

WISDOM IN RHYME.

[Christian Advocate.] If you your lips Would keep from slips, Five things observe with care: Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where,

If you your cars Would save from jeers These things keep meekly hil: Myself and I And mine and my, And how I do or did.

THE STAGE COACH ROBBERS.

#### The One . Eyed Passeng:r Who Couldn't Boast, But Could Fight. [Detroit Free Press.]

By and by the army officer ment oned something about road agents, and directly the conversation became interesting. Coaches had been stopped at various points on the line within a week, and it was pretty generally believed that a bad gang had descended on the route and were still ripe for business.

The man with one eye had nothing to say. Once or twice he raised his head and that single eye blazed in the darkness like a lone star, but not a word oscaped his mouth. The captain had said what he would do in case the coach was halted, and this brought out the others. It was firmly decided to fight. The passengers had money to fight for and weapons to fight with.

The man with one eye said nothing. At such a time and under such circumstances there could be but one interpretation of such conduct.

"A coward has no business traveling this route," said the captain, in a voice which every man could hear.

The stranger started up, and that eye of his seemed to shower sparks of fire, but, after a moment, he fell hack again without having replied.

If he wasn't chicken-hearted, why didn't he show his colors? If he intended to fight, where were his weapons? He had no Winchester, and, so far as any one had seen as he entered the coach, he was without revolvers. Everybody felt contempt for a man who calculated to hold up his hands at the order, and permit himself to be quietly despoiled.

"Pop! pop! halt!"

The passengers were dozing as the salute of the road agents reached their ears. The coach was halted in a way to tumble everybody together, and legs and bodies were still tangled up when a voice at the door of the coach called. out :

"No nonsense now! You gentlemen climb right down here and up with your hands! The first man that kicks on me will get a bullet through his head !

We had agreed to fight. The captain had agreed to lead us. We were listen ing for his yell of defiance and the click of his revolver when he stopped down and out as humbly as you please. The sutler had been aching to chew up a dozen road agents, and now he was the second man out. The surveyor had intimated that he never passed over the route without killing at least three highwaymen, but this occasion was to be an exception. In three minutes the five of us were down and in line and John Boyle O'Reilly. [Leander Richardson,

The other day I say John Boyle O'Reilly in the street. O'Reilly is one of the salt of the earth-it seems advantageous to be one of the salt rather than one of the fresh of the earth. O'Reilly is a poet, a Fenian, an essay ist, a fanatic, a philosopher. a lunatic on the question of canoeing, a wit, an orator, an editor, and anything else you may happen to think of that I have excepted. Mr. O'Reilly is a charming man in whatever walk of life he may happen to be in for the moment. O'Reilly can maks a very interesting half hour for Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes, of Boston, with his conversation, and he can also make a very in teresting half hour for John L. Sullivan, of Boston, with a set of boxing gloves. He is one of the best fencers in the country; he can run like a deer, and he can hit a blow that is like the kick of a multicharge mule.

O'Reilly was a youngster in the queen's army, and an informer swore that he had induced many of his comrades to be in readiness to turn England's arms against her in the cause of Ireland. He was a Feniau, fast enough, but he says this was the work of a perjurer. Anyway O'Reilly was sentenced to exportation for life. He escaped from the penal colony, was taken on board a Yankee schooner, got into England, hid himself in Liverpool for awhile, and ultimately reached America. He finally became the editor of The Boston Pilot, which is a paper that is made up too largely of clippings; but the editorial page of which always contains matter that is shot as straight from the shoulder as the bullet is shot from the gun. Boyle O'Reilly works hard, and has gained a literary reputation. He is a young man, of dark eyes, a closely-cropped head, a black mustache, short stature, and an expression of perfect good humor. I would rather have a Philadelphia newspaper read to me than have him caress me with a boxing glove.

# French Characteristics.

Paris Letter in Courier-Journal.

It is a too general idea among us that the French are insincere. We have not found them so, and I think it base ingratitude in any true-born American to do their national character such injustice. Can we remember the noble LaFayette and his chivalric followers who lent their strong right arms as a bulwark in defense of our rights and to aid us in the struggle for our country's freedom, and not feel bound by every tie of gratitude and sentiment to their countrymen?

I do not dare to say there is not some insincerity here, for there are good and bad traits in every nation. John Bull is a noble animal, but he is also tyrannical and morose sometimes; Sandy leal and clannish, but stubborn a fault; "Hans" is honest but a triffe too phlegmatic and unfeeling, and "Uncle Sam," with his many fine traits, is known to be upon occasions a slippery individual. But it would be neither fair nor wise to judge them by the vulnerable spot in their natures, to blow away all the grain, leaving only the chaff.

Take the French from a general point of view; kind and elever, chivalrie and hospitable, heroic and patriotic (for I know not a single Frenchman who would not bleed and die for his country's sake), and admire and respect them for what they are. We must not judge them by Voltaire, for he was not head, but not their heart, and did more their very respect for his memory shows what beautiful natures they have -ready to forgive and forget.

# EN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

# Some of the Unpleasantness of Travel-... Nevida Not Advancing in Wealth.

[Elward Roberts in Chicago News.] It costs exactly \$1 to get a ything to eat at the stations on the Central r'acific road, and one is only given twenty-five minutes in which to eat that dollar's worth of food. Phil Robinson in his latest book, "Sinners and Saints," questions whether or not a Pullman car conductor is a gentleman of leisure traveling for pleasure. I question what acre, and that the first year's yield of the mission is of table waiting girls at railway stations. They certainly cannot wait on people to show their beauty, for I rarely come across a pretty wa.tress. Nor are they employed to teach one manners, for they have none themselves. It must be that they are invented to teach travelers patience. The way they throw food at one, and the indifferent air with which they take an there are drawbacks to this flattering order makes one want to swear. But picture. Irrigation, which is troublehe can't swear at a woman, and it would do no good if he did. The Central Pacific girls take delight in being seems to be that all the available water surly. I never saw one smile, and I also never saw any one rivers to the irrigating ditches. they pretended to wait on smile It will be a glad day when the road runs its the Mormons have regulated to the own dining-cars through to 'Frisco. 1 nicety of clockwork, is here among the should be content to eat in such cars as run on the Burlington road to Facilie Junction from Chicago even if I got rigation privileges, he will tell you he much less to eat than I do at the eating stations. There would be at least one satisfaction -a man could enjoy some degree of regularity, which he surely caunot do under the present condition of affairs. But in spite of hunger, and notwithstanding the roughness of the road, I had a good sleep while we sped westward through the night, and Reno was reached just as I got up. The only this tropical clime-are importance Reno has is that it serves as be depended upon. a junction station for trains going off the Central Pacific road to Virginia City. I talked with a man who go: on our train, and who made his home at this once blooming city in Nevada. "Virginia City to-day," he said, "lives on its past reputation. A few years ago it had a population of 24,000 people. and now there are not over 7,000 there. And not that many would stay if they could only get away. Business is absolutely dead, and unless some new and gravestone, on his usual reasonable valuable discoveries are made, nothing will save the place."

Are the old bonanza mines worked out?" I asked.

entirely. Levels are down 3,500 feet, man was splitting fence rails "over in and the ore found won't pay hauling up. the pastur, about two miles." The in-Many people have lost their all in the city, and those who put money into real started for the "pastur." estate are hurt the most. It is absolutely impossible to sell a house or a business, and the cost of living is and tumbling over decayed logs, the enormous. It seems to have been a policy of the Central Pacific to destroy man. In a subdued voice he asked the Virginia City. The freight on ore to man if he had lost his wife. The man Frisco is \$34 a ton, and on wheat \$28 said he had. The agent was very sorry a ton, and is relatively as great on all to hear of it, and sympathized with the goods

growing?

and pay \$28 a ton freight to get it to "what was his loss was her gain," and market. Neither can we pay \$34 a ton would be glad to sell him a gravestone on ore and make any money. The to mark the spot where the beloved one truth is Nevada cannot advance in slept-marble or common stone, as wealth unless the roal reduces its he chose, at prices defying competition. charges and ceases its persecutions."

# "Gosh! It's a Telephone !"

# [Inter Ceam]

a typical Frenchman: he had their of Indiana was in the city lately at scooted with another man!" tending the fat stock show, and brought harm than they even now see. Yet along his wife and daughters to see the sights and do some shopping. Among other places they visited was Mandel's new store, and, after wandering around the first floor for awhile, the party came to a stop near the elevator. One of the daughters was first to dis cover the cars moving silently up and down, receiving and discharging their cargoes of passengers. She jerked her father's coat-sleeve to direct his attention to the phenomenon, and, in a tone that was audible to the clerks in the neighborhood, asked:

# Monterey's Fertility. [Fannie Brigham Ward in P oncer Press.]

The principal crops in this state are corn, barley, beans and sugar cane-and they tell stories almost as tall as the corn about the marvelous growth of the latter. Riding along the watercourses, anywhere in the suburbs, one sees impenetrable thickets of giant wild cane, rivaling Jack's historic beanstalk in height. A gentleman who owns what he calls a "quinta pequino" (little garden) of 100 acres, near Monterey tells me he bought it, in 1882, for \$22 per only ten acres of it in sugar cane realized \$700. Judge Golindo, a resident of this city, and one of the federal judges of Mexico, informs me that his sugar ranch was seeded twenty-three years ago. The cane has ripened year after year more than nine feet high, and there has never been any falling off in the yield. But some and expensive at best, is essential here, and the trouble in this section has already been transferred from the

The water question, which in Utah mysteries which "no fellow can find out." If you ask a farmer as to his irhas "nine days' water," "thirteen days' water," "twenty days' water," as the case may be-which means that he has sure he pays a good round sum. It must be borne in mind that the rains of heaven, like many other things in not to

#### Didn't Sell Any Gravestone. [Merchant's Traveler.]

An enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing, in the village, that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him and offer consolation and a terms. He started. The road was a frightful one, but the agent persevered. and finally arrived at the bereaved mau's house. Bereaved man's hired Yes," he said; " nearly so, if not girl told the agent that the bereaved defatigable agent hitched his horse and After falling into all manner of mud-

holes, scratching himself with briers agent at length found the bereaved man very deeply in his great affliction; " Is Nevada a country for cereal but death, he said, was an insatiate archer and shot down all, both of high Yes; but a farmer can't raise wheat and low degree; informed the man that The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Haven't you lost your wife ?" inquired the agent. Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but

A well-to-do but unsophisticate i farmer from one of the border counties the cussed critter ain't dead. She's

# AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

Diplomacy, According to "Monsieur" ....A Proof of Beaconsfield's Great-Beas.

The French Figaro publishes the fol-lowing anusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the during incident, which is said price the knowledge of and the right to administer the Compound Oxygen in this

cherries; the marquis of Salisbury observed it. "Prince," said he suddenly, "what you

are doing is very unhealthy." "What?" said Prince Bismarck, in

astonishment. "You have just swallowed two cherry-

stones. "You are mistaken," said the prince,

with marked coldness. "Never!" replied Salisbury, with that

hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy. "Monsieur le Marquis!" said Bis-

marck, his eyes shooting fire.

It was at thit moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue.

"Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone." "Two!" interrupted Salisbury, in a

decided tone. "Or two," continued Lord Beacons

field, as calmly as possible; "and you, my dear lord and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, prince, and marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question ?" "How?" murmured Bismarck.

"Your plate, highness, if you please.'

This last was in English, the corre spondent adding that Lord Beacons field was the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talked French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table. All eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then, in that clear, of progress, repeated advice and prescrippiercing voice that has so often moved the house of commons, the English prime minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to forty-seven stones, and likewise with the stems, till he had counted forty-nine. The proof was there-two stones were wanting.

Bismarck rose and said in an agitated voice, "Marquis, you are right!" then, turning, said in a loud voice, "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man !"

#### AN OLD APACHE'S IDEA. Cor. Inter Ocean

The frequent outbreaks and raids of

the Apaches and the seeming inability of the government to keep these Indians under control has had the effect of bringing the milicary into contempt with the citizens.

The story of the old Apache chief who went to an officer in command of one of the posts in Arizona and asked that a cannon be given him is often told to strangers traveling in Arizona and illustrates the feeling toward the military. The officer refused him the can non, saying:

"I suppose you want that cannon to kill my soldiers with."

The old chief replied : "Want can

with your professional conscience and with your processional conscience and prove yourself a friend of suffering humanity." What, and be jeered by one's friends, and tabooed by one's professional brethren? "That appears professional brethren? "That appears to be about the price. But what is the alternative?" Result: He gives up

state dinners at Berlin, and at which the late Lord Beaconstield and the mar-quis of Salisbury were present: Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with and wide. Accordingly, at no little ex-pense, he hastened to make known to his pense, he nastened to make known to his professional brethren the virtues of Com-pound Oxygen and to furnish them with outfits for administering it. As he ought to have known would be the case, his ef-forts excited ridicule and reproaches. Nathing domited heartered upon a local

Nothing daunted, he entered upon a long eries of experiments, which resulted in series of experiments, which resulted in the conviction that there was a much bet-ter method of accomplishing the end in view than the one which had failed. Hence the widely known Home Treatment.

In this untried field he labored for a year, meeting many failures in his experiments, working hard at details, and creating a literature which the work absolutely required. On the last of June, ten years required. On the last of June, ten years ago, the practability of the enterprise was demonstrated. But he had exhausted his resources, broken his health, and almost sacrificed his life. The ship was built and sacrificed his life. The ship was built and launched, but three years' struggle proved to him that he could not freight and man it. Six and a half years ago he found a man who could appreciate the value of the work in hand. Our united forces have fulfilled the brightest hopes of the pioneer. A new departure was the order of the day. The first and essential thing to be done uses to let these who needed our curvative was to let those who needed our curative agent know that we were in possession of it. Knowing that many fortunes have been sunk in advertising, we decided to put that sunk in advertising, we decided to put that part of the business into the hands of one whose skill and experience had been proven. It is enough to say that the methods which he adopted have revolu-tionized important branches of advertis-

ing. From the outset we have dealt truthfully

with the suffering sick, realizing that they at least had a right to demand such dealing. We knew that we had a curative agent superior to any other in the world, and, therefore, the simple truth about it would be the best credentials it could have: hence we were not tempted to invent tes-timonials, nor to steal genuine ones, nor

to romance on any. The growth of the business has been phenomenal. During the first year the business doubled each month. During the last four years we have recorded in tions, of over twenty thousand persons, Much more could be said in proof of the success of our work as a commercial en-terprise; but let this suffice. It is of much greater importance to prove that our pro-fessional success has exceeded the other.

What have we to show in this direc-tion? During those fourteen years we have treated thirty thousand patients. Among these a large proportion had been sick for years. They had exhausted the skill of the best physicians of all schools, dif-ferent sanitariums, various natural health ersorts, shops of nostrum mongers and months of hygienic traveling. In many of these cases it has cost more to remove the baleful effects of the treatment practied on them, than those of the original disease. How many of them have been *desperate* cases may be inferred from the fact that we have filled scores of orders— sent unconditionally—in which the patient had massed beyond the mark of the patient sent unconditionally—in which the patient had passed beyond the reach of any rem-edy on its arrival. And out of this un-promising multitude, ninety per cent have been either cured or greatly benefitted. We have proved that a number of dis-eases which by common consent have been easies which by common consent have been

cases which by common consent have been assigned to the category of "incurables," no longer belong there. We have cured a number of cases of Bright's disease. Two of these cases were brothers, whose father, one brother and one sister had died of the same disease. We have treated four cases same disease, we have treated four cases of Loco-motor ataxia, or progressive par-alysis. In all of these the progress of the disease has been arrested (which no sys-tem of medication has ever been known

hands up, and the road agent had said : "Straight matter of business! First one who drops his hands won't ever know what hurt him !"

Where was the man with one eye? The robber appeared to believe that we were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin his work when a dark form dropped out of the coach, there was a vell as if from a wounded tiger, and a revolver began to crack. The robber went down at the first pop. His partner was just coming around the rear of the coach. He was a game man. He knew what had happened, but he was coming to the rescue. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers, their flashes lighting up the night until we could see the driver in his seat.

It didn't take twenty seconds. One of the robbers lay dead in front of usthe other under the coach, while the man with one eye had a lock cut from his head and the graze of a bullet across his cheek. Not one of us had moved a finger. We were five fools in a row. There was a painful lull after the last shot and it lasted a full minute before the stranger turned to us and remarked in a quiet, cutting manner :

"Gentlemen ye kin drop yer hands!" We dropped. We undertook to thank him, and we wanted to shake hands, and somebody suggested a shake-purse for his benefit, but he motioned us into the coach, banged the door after us, and climbed up to a seat beside the driver. His contempt for such a crowd could not be measured.

#### Frances Hodgson Burnett's Methods [Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Burnett, author of "Through One Administration," is at present en-gaged upon another play. "I am very lazy," she says, "and although I've done an immense amount of work-I have written ten books, including the earlier serials-I have accomplished it only with the greatest effort. I don't like to work, and I'm very lazy. Of course, I work methodically. I go to my room, which is on the third floor, every morning immediately after breakfast, and stay there until luncheon. I stay, but I can't always write. Sometimes I spend nearly the entire time walking up and down, tossing a ball, a habit I have, as I am obliged to use my hands when thinking.

# A Heavy Legal Case. [Chicago Tribune.]

The transcript in the Myra Clarke Gaines case, on appeal from the circuit court in Louisiana to the supreme court of the United States, has occupied the work of thirty-five clerks three months and contains 9,000 pages and weighs 192 pounds. It is twenty-one inches in depth, twenty in length, and seventeen and one-half in beadth. The huge book has just been forwarded to Washington he express from New Orleans.

# A Clergyman Leading a Charge. [Chicago Tribune.]

The Rev. George Washington Nolley. who died last week at Ashland, Va. aged 80 years, had performed fifty-eight years' active service in the Methodist ministry. He it was who led a charge of the Confederate troops in the battle at Brook Church, near Richmond. In the midst of the fight, as the story is told in "Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia," a voice was heard shouting, "Where's my boy? I'm looking for my boy!" Soon the owner of the voice appeared-tall, slim, aged, with silver-gray hair, dressed in a full suit of broadeloth. A tall silk hat and a clerical collar and cravat completed his attire. His voice, familiar to the people of Virginia, was deep and powerful. As he continued to shout the men replied : "Go back, old gentleman; you'll get hurt here; go back, go back!" "No, no," said he, "I can go anywhere my boy has to go, and the Lord is here. I want to see my boy, and I will see him!" Then the order "Forward" was given, and the men made once more for the enemy. The old gentleman, his beaver in one hand, a big stick in the other, his long hair flying, shouting, "Come on, boys!" disappeared in the depths of the woods, well in front.

A Big Dictionary.

# [Demorest s Monthly.]

The first part of a gigantic dictionary of the English language is about to be issued by the Oxford university. It was commenced twenty-five years back. and more than 800 persons have been employed in collecting material for this mighty history of every world in the English speaking language. The Chinese are said to have cyclopedias upon which thousands of literati were at work all their lives. This work is almost of a similar character. It will give the history and definition of 237,000 words. There are to be twenty-four parts of 350 pages each. All the volumes are very large, with three columns to the page. The history, definition and changes in every word used in the English language will be found in this marvelous and minute compendium. The cost of this work will be over half a million dollars, but Oxford university will doubtless receive something from the sales of these great volumes, which, when completed, will be the most complete thesaurus in any language.

Mississippi has gained over 100 per cent. in five years in manufacturing industries, having at this time \$7,000,000 invested in such enterprises.

"What's that, paw-that thing going up and down, with sofys in it ?"

The old man gave the elevator a long calm, deliberate, scrutinizing stare, and exclaimed, with joy:

"By gosh! it's a telephone! the first ever see!"

#### A Few Health Aphorisms. [Popular Science Monthly,]

A change of air is less valuable than a change of scene. The air is changed every time the direction of the wind is changed.

Calisthenics may be very genteel, and romping very ungenteel; but one is the shadow, the other the substance, of healthful exercise.

Blessed be he who invented sleep, but thrice blessed the man who will invent a cure for thinking.

Dirt, debauchery, discase, and death are successive links in the same chain.

# India's Magnitude.

In attempting to assist the reader to realize the magnitude of India The Spectator says that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than the whole of Europe. India has sixty-two cities of more than 50,000 people, twenty-two with more than a 100,000, while Calcutta contains about 866,000 souls. There are hundreds of cities of 20,000, even the names of which are generally unknown to Europeans.

# A FAN-SONG.

# (Edward Wick.)

Fan me to rest, for sleep-time sweet is com

ing, And ob! so tired I, and ob! so restless, The grateful opiate of thy serenely smiling Only can charm me into thoughts distress

lens. Fan me, love, fan me, love, daylight is

dead, love-Dead its dark sorrow dead its wild jest Into the land of old bygones 'its fied, love; Fan me to rest!

Love, do you hear the last lone bird-born solo

Drifting this way-ward from the grim great beeches! Render it o'er to me, and sing it low-low-Low as a lisp of wind o'er dark wootreaches.

reactes. Fan me, love, fan me, love, gone is the day's love-Gone its weird hatreds-yet fun dis tressed!

To-morrow I've got fifteen dollars to raise F-f-f-fan me to rest'

The agent retired.

# The Pleasure of Choking to Death. (Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.)

While a student, I was one evening investigating the question of respira-tion, and to obtain more definite data I took a searf, bound it about my throat, and held it there, drawn with my full force. My room-mate, on the other side of the study table did not notice what I was doing, and went on with his talking, which died away by degrees into a murmur and was lost. My own senses seemed normally acute, but gradually and without any distress sight and sound failed me, and a dreamy and not unpleasant state of incipient insensibility, not unlike that produced by chloroform, set in, and passed into a painless and complete oblivion-a total insensibility to all surrounding impressions or physical sensations. I was conscious of no choking or effort at breathing; and, indeed, that function seemed to be quite superfluous. I liked the sensation, and hung on to the scarf with unsuspicious vigor as long as consciousness re-mained, after which my hands relaxed their hold, the scarf fell, and slowly breath and circulation resumed their offices. I might, I suppose, have died and known nothing more of the matter, and why should not the "poor scamp" who must be choked to death be allowed to go by the easy way I traveled out of sight of life and without a pang?

Plantation Philosophy.

Arkansaw Traveler. Too much perfume makes a man sick. De sweetes' smell in all de worl'is nuthin'.

When de cummunity takes up de notion dat a man is er fool, dar ain't much use'n him kickin' agin de jedgment. treatment, and with like good results. All this provoked a conflict in his mind,

I ain' afferd o' de man what frowns when he gits mad, but de man what He had proof that in the Compound Oxysmiles when he's mad makes me feel mighty oneasy.

gen there was an agent that would cure many sick ones whose condition would baffle the medical skill of any physicians whom he knew. And many others whom he might cure in six or twelve months De man what goes ter church de mos' ain' al'ers de sho'es' o' goin' ter heaben. De duck washes hisse'f heep oftener would get well in as many weeks under 'en de turkey, but airter all he ain' ha'f the action of that agent. enclazde.

# Quietly Remark.

[Exchange.] If you are particularly anxious to abuse a man don't call him a fool, he might be annoyed; don't call him a rascal, he might knock you down; quietly remark, with a heavenly smile: Sir, you present a fine large margin

They will see only that the doctor sends street, New York, says that he suffered six years with rheumatism and found no re-lief until St. Jacobs Oil, the sovereign remedy, was applied, which cured him completely.

to kill cowboys; kill soldiers with a to do), and the patients have made genuelub." ine progress towards health. We almost

#### never fail to cure asthma-even of fifteen REVIEW OF A GREAT AND BENEFICIENT WORK.

For eight years this single-handed

gen there was an agent that would cure

to take the surest and shortest way to se-cure to them that for which they are pay-

know they can be better served than they can be under your care and ministration." But that would be suicidal. "No, the pro-

portion of such patients would be small." True, but the public will not discriminate.

up to us.

years' standing-unless the case has been spoiled by the use of narcotics; which Two recognized epochs of human life have been completed since we began this served as palliatives, but constantly ag-gravated the disease. The same can be said of the "approbrium medendi," hay fever. The cases of consumption-con-firmed phthisis-which the Compound Ox-yean has cured on be sented. work. It is meet that we make a halt, long enough at least to take note of the region over which we have journeyed, and to examine the horizon which opens ygen has cured can be counted by scores. We are confident that we make more gen-Twice seven years ago one of us started uine cures of catarrh-nasal laryngial single-handed to inaugurate and develop bronchial and pulmonary-than all the catarrh specialists in the country, A distinguished member of the New a new use; at once scientiful and practical

professional and commercial, business-like A distinguished member of the New York Bar, who appeared to be a wreck, both physically and mentally, and who had settled up his worldly affairs, resumed his active business after three months' treatment; and this business he has suc-cessfully followed for a year. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who had been disabled for nearly two years by a dangerous exhansiand beneficient. They only who have tried it know the difficulties to be encountered in creating an entirely new business and securing its recognized entrance into the rank and file of business. That we have done this gives us the right to speak. work was prosecuted. The operator had a con-viction that in the Compound Oxygen he found the mode of redeeming his fellow-men from the sufferings of disease, more potent and benign than the world had ever nearly two years by a dangerous exhaust-ion of the brain, has for a year and a half ion of the orain, has for a year and a han been prosecuting her professional work with more case and energy than ever before. The Hon. W. D. Kelley, the Father of the National House of Repre-sentatives, will tell any one that he owes the last ten years of his life to Comseen. This inspired him with the courage to abandon a lucrative practice which he had been twelve years in building, and to overcome all obstacles in the way of realizpound Oxygen; and it can hardly be disputed that during this period his labors ing his dream-of proving to the world disputed that during this period by those of have not been surpassed by those of Congress, Wilthat his conviction was securely founded. That this has been fully accomplished, thousands of people-either cured or made any other member of Congress. Wil-liam Penn Nixon, of the Chicago Interricher in greatly improved health-stand ready to testify. Ocean, says that he owes his life and some

years of his active usefulness to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. The public know very well the unqualified testimony which Mr. T. S. Arthur has borne in favor of ready to testify. Sixteen years ago the senior partner had his attention called to a few persons who were taking the Compound Oxygen. They declared that they were improving with satisfaction. He felt sure they were being *stimulated*; and that, consequently, they would soon show the effect of all stimula-tion, and retroeade below the second the Compound Oxygen as exhibited in his OWD CASE

But why multiply examples ! We have published many hundred statements in the patients' own language of the effects tion, and retrogade below the point of health at which they began the treatment. of Compound Oxygen in almost every kind of disease. By carefully watching the cases for sev-eral months, his prediction failed of veri-

Now what of the future? Having ad eral months, his prediction failed of veri-fication in a single case. He then induced several of his own patients—cases which any physician would have considered very doubtful under any system of medication —to try the effect of the Compound Oxy-gen. With surprise he watched them making commendable speed healthward. He put members of his own family under treatment, and with like good results. complished what we have, and against such odds, our progress hence-forward should be broader, more successful and more beneficient. As was to have been expected, proprietors of sanitariums and expected, proprietors of sanitariums and health resorts, whose business has been diverted from them by the popularity of the Compound Oxygen, try to show that our agent is inert. But until they can rationally account for the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it, their ti-rades are in vain. Of course there are— and there will probably be more—imitat-ors of the Compound Oxygen. Some have already stolen our title, our litera-ture, and even our testimonials. One of

ture, and even our testimonials. One of them having obtained from William Penn them having obtained from William Fenn Nixon an opinion of Compound Oxygen in his own case, now publishes it as though Mr. Nixon was cured by his treat-ment instead of ours! Some of those agents may be innocuous; but we have a good reason to believe that many of them are positively injurious. They will Now the question forced itself upon his mind and peremptorily demanded an an-swer: "What are you going to do with this latter class of patients, who confide to your care the restoration of their health? As a faithful physician is it not your duty them are positively injurious. They will have their day. But despite all factious opposition Coming you!" Well, what is the proposition? "Evidently, send such patients where you

pound Oxygen must become increasingly popular, so long as it possesses the abil-ity to effect such remarkable cures as now attesi its merit.

For full information regarding the treatment and its use, address

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard SL, Philadelphia. All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Ma-They will see only that the doctor sends his patients elsewhere to be cured, and therefore, he lacks confidence in his medi-cal skill. "Well, there is one way out of the dilemma; get possession of the super-ior curative agent and thus make peace sent directly to us in Philadelphia."

for improvement."

Mr. Peter Mallen, 212 W. Twenty-fourth