

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## SEEKING CONTENT.

[Lillian Maad in Atlanta Constitution.]  
I said in the tender spring time,  
When the flowers had blossomed awhile,  
I am weary of this wild beauty,  
And I long for summer's smile;  
The glorious, passionate summer—  
All glowing with fervent heat,  
When the winds come up from the southland  
And the days are long and sweet.  
The summer slept on the hill tops,  
The south wind wailed and sighed,  
The robin's song grew drowsy,  
While the roses bloomed and died;  
'Twas then I thought of the autumn,  
And I longed for the thoughtful days,  
When the trees should don their purple,  
And the hill tops hide in haze.  
Then autumn came in her grandeur;  
The grass grew old and brown,  
And the splendor lay in the forest,  
And the leaves came drifting down;  
'Twas then I longed for the winter,  
The winter cold and pale,  
And my restless heart grew weary,  
And the autumn's charms were stale.  
And now in the heart of winter,  
I sigh for the spring again,  
And I think in wild impatience  
Of the flowers on hill and plain;  
And yet, ere the spring has vanished,  
My heart will tire, I know,  
While the jewel, Content, I seek for,  
Will never be mine below.

## GOUGH'S BOYHOOD.

Scenes in the Early Life of the Famous Temperance Lecturer.

[Sarah K. Bolton in Wide Awake.]  
His life had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sandgate, on the English coast, gleaming with his mother and sister after the reapers, that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives and shoes in the gentleman's house where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was 12 a family offered to bring him to America if his parents would pay \$50 for his passage. It was difficult to earn this, but his mother thought, after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the new world, our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines to a shirt:

Forget me not 'till death shall close  
These eyelids in their last repose,  
And when the murrain'd breezes wave  
The grass upon your mother's grave,  
O then, what'er thy age or lot  
May be, my child, forget me not.

JANE GOUGH.

Then, again and again, she pressed her little boy to her heart, and stole out behind the garden wall, that, unobserved, she might cast a last look at the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin, and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender "mother's boy" he was. When New York harbor was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

His school days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage stamp, and wrote his father, asking his permission to go to New York and learn a trade. Consent was given, and, in the middle of the winter, our English lad of 14 reached the great city, with no friends, and only 50 cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood on the dock, holding his little trunk in his hands, but no one spoke to him. But, at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter as errand boy and learn book-binding, receiving \$2.25 a week, and paying \$2.00 out of this for his board. How his employer supposed he could live on \$1 a month, for clothes and washing, has never appeared.

The first night he was placed by his boarding mistress in an attic, with an Irishman who was deathly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror-stricken young boy stayed alone with the dead till morning.

Nearly two more painful years went by. Finally, though he earned but \$3 a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived, two rooms were rented; the girl found work in a straw bonnet factory, and, poor though they were, they were very happy. John was now 16, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, persevering boy.

At the end of three months, through dullness of business, both children lost their places; and now began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities.

They left their two decent rooms, and moved into a garret. Winter came on and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country, and dragged home old sticks which lay by the roadside. He pawned his coat, that the mother, who had now become ill, might have some mutton broth.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street.

"What is the matter?" said a stranger.

"I'm hungry and so is my mother."  
"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little," and he gave John a 3-cent loaf of bread.

When the boy reached home, the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it and then knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.

In the spring he obtained employment at \$4.50 a week, but poverty and privation had fallen too heavily, rested too long upon the mother. One day, while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk, she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Christian city, she was put in a pine box, and without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in Potter's field.

For three days afterward, John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said, "Poor things!" but it is certain that no one offered to help them.

Judge Hubbard: The average man is made up of intelligence and prejudice—mostly of prejudice.

## CHIHUAHUA'S CAPTIVE APACHES

Welcome Home of the Scouts with the Captive Squaws—A Brutal Lack of Pity.

[Edward Roberts in San Francisco Chronicle.]  
But the scalp-bearers had hardly passed before there came the squaws who had been taken. The minute these bareheaded, dirty, homely, hard-faced women were seen the cheering and the excitement increased, while the boys in the street pressed hard against the guards and tried to strike at the wives of those who had killed and tortured their parents, brothers and sisters. Some of the prisoners held their nursing babes in their arms and headed only by the women of civilization hold their young in times of danger, cried with fear, and even the fool their mothers offered them so piteously did not serve to comfort them. It was enough to make the heart ache to see these ignorant mothers, hated and struck at because born in a wilderness and the wives of savages, press their children to their breasts and hold them away from the cruel hands outstretched to strike.

And yet so hated is an Apache that every wail was hailed with joy by the friends of the victors. I saw not one face among all the mothers there that had pity written on it. Women held their children up to see the ragged squaws and laughed at the unhappy wives and cursed them. Chihuahua forgot its Sunday and the people forgot their religion. The spectacle was as barbarous as that which must have been the accompaniment of Caesar's entry into Rome, with the bleeding captives from Gaul following his victorious chariot. Did any of those who looked upon these poor women, who were doomed to live hereafter in dreary prisons far away, and who marched now within hearing of the bells which only a few hours ago had called the people to mass, stop to think what their religion taught, or did the clamor of the Spanish brass up there in the graceful towers only serve to drown their reason and inflame their hate? The cathedral stood near by, the air was soft and beautiful, and still not one mother's heart apparently pitied or prayed for the unfortunates who marched to a living death with the scalps of their husbands swinging before them.

The spectacle was barbarous and inhuman, and taught once more that victory knows no pity and unchecked hatred rules the day in times of war. Later on, when the procession had reached the plaza, the mayor meets the ranchmen and welcomes them to the city and congratulates them on their victory. At the end of his speech the band plays a march again; the bells are rung louder than ever, the dust is raised in perfect clouds, and after circling once round the square the pageant passes out of sight up the street. An hour later the city was enjoying its Sunday evening quiet.

**Ways of a Kentucky Lawyer.**  
[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

But to the man himself. Mr. Bobbitt is a lawyer, and any worthy citizen finding himself in legal trouble anywhere within the precincts of Lincoln, Rockcastle or Pulaski counties need not telegraph far for counsel. When asked why he did not also include Garrard, and make a legal quadrilateral of it as it were, Garrard being the contiguous county, he replied that he always, some way or other, he couldn't exactly tell just how it was, but as a general thing, his instincts impelled him to confine his arguments, his rhetoric, his eloquence and his law business to the courts of certain counties where, upon the conclusion of a case, the senior counsel didn't have to be expressed home in a pine coffin.

"In this out-of-the-way place how do clients reach you when your services are desired?"

"Why, they come just as the ancients did when they desired to consult the Delphic oracle."

"And how about fees?"

"I take all they've got and notes for the balance. If I find out that the notes are uncollectible I give them up, and then the would-be robbers think I'm an honest man."

**Not a Hermit's Life.**  
[Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Mrs. A. T. Stewart will never again be seen in New York society. She will spend the remainder of her life in memories of the past, in cherishing the fame of her husband, in doing deeds of unostentatious charity, and in enjoying the companionship of a select circle of life-long friends.

For she doesn't live like a hermit. Oh, no!

She spends her summers at Saratoga living there in imperial splendor. She drives out, she walks, she attends the superb garden concerts. Indeed, she seems to enjoy life there as fully as do any of the gayer and younger guests. In winter she lives in her Fifth avenue mansion. But not alone. She is never without pleasant companionship. And though the lights from the huge crystal chandeliers scarcely show a glimmer through the heavy white satin curtains, every evening her parlors are the scene of pleasant social life, all in a little world of its own.

If any one thinks Mrs. Stewart lives like a hermit in a tomb he is badly mistaken.

**Sandwich Islands Drought.**  
[Enquirer Interview.]

There are great droughts on the Sandwich islands. There are no great water-sheds like we have here. I knew a man who had 18,000 sheep on one of the Hawaiian islands, for which he had been offered \$1 a head. He refused the offer, expecting to do much better with them, but there was a drought, and every sheep died for want of water. There was absolutely no possible way of saving them. There are places on the islands where enormous piles of bones mark the spots where cattle had been in the habit of drinking. The bones are dried up and they perished in droves. Both motives of humanity and pecuniary interest were paralyzed. There was no help for the beasts.

**Arkansas Traveler: De wise man an' de fool can't quarrel, but two fools or two wise men can't get along so well.**

## Pattern Designing To-Day.

[Scientific American.]

A writer in our esteemed contemporary, Cotton, Wool, and Iron, thinks that our pattern designers for fabrics have not kept pace with loom building. Novelty in fabrics are very rare; we imitate foreign makers too much, and if we accidentally drop on something new in imitating, we then imitate each other. Most of us are satisfied if we do as well as some who have gone before us. There are not enough whose ambition leads them to "look beyond," to reach into untrodden fields. For ten years past the progress in the building of fancy cassimere looms has been wonderful, and the loom maker of to-day can save, with a feeling that he can fill the bill, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

We do not believe the same feeling holds good with our designer, who has a chance to-day unknown to the designer of years ago. He has a loom on which he can do most anything; he has yards of silk, worsted, jute, mohair, etc., which he can combine in entirely new fabrics, if he would only "look beyond" and step into untrodden fields. Don't imagine that you must do only just what has been done before, but try something entirely new. If you get a new fabric don't be set back by any commission man, for they are only mortal, and as liable to err as any set of men we ever had to deal with. If you get a new thing, make enough of a garment, and according to what that garment is to be, go to the most fashionable maker and get his opinion. If he objects, and you are satisfied you have a good thing, then go to some leaders of fashion and persuade them to wear the garment. Don't give up. Remember that a new fabric is the same as any new invention, and that a new invention often takes a lifetime to perfect it. Do not get discouraged, but persevere; combine new materials and make a bold stroke for novelty.

**Good-Natured Mary Anderson.**  
[Chicago Tribune.]

Mary Anderson explained to a London interviewer (interviewing, by the way, has become the thing in London now) how so many of her photographs have gotten into circulation. She said, laughingly: "Well, it is a simple matter when you know how it is managed. I am afraid I am too good-natured, but what am I to do? I come down to breakfast and find a beautiful bouquet waiting for me. By its side lies a dainty little note. I open it and find a request from an enterprising photographer, which runs something like this:

"Madam—Every day we have endless inquiries for your photograph. We have, of course, to send our customers away with out being able to satisfy their demands. Could you sit to our artist? We should be very grateful to you, etc. And it generally ends in my compliance." When Miss Anderson goes down to the studio of a photographer she finds herself the centre of a group of operators. Each has his camera ready, and the subject poses herself, gives the word, and simultaneously a dozen caps are taken off a dozen lenses, and Miss Anderson's face and figure will appear in twelve different positions. This must be a formidable process for the subject, at any rate, but it effects a wonderful saving of time. When more elaborate effects are required the photographer takes his camera up to Miss Anderson's drawing room, where of course better work can be done.

**A Marble Mountain in Georgia.**  
[New York Tribune.]

A number of capitalists have just purchased 800 acres of land in Pickens county, Ga., for the purpose of quarrying marble. This promises to be one of the most important of the new industries of Georgia. A member of the company speaks in the highest terms of the quality of the marble. "There is literally," he says, "a mountain of marble on the property, and in every direction we find rich out-croppings. The supply is simply inexhaustible, and as to the quality it is superior to any I have ever seen for building and interior decorations. Gen. Ripley, of the Rutland Marble company, pronounces it the best of building marble, but says that for cemetery purposes it is not quite equal to the Vermont marble; yet we went together to a marble-cutting in this city, who was working on a piece of marble. Gen. Ripley pronounced it Italian marble, while Gov. Proctor thought it was Vermont. The truth is it was Georgia marble taken from our quarry. For cemetery, building or decoration we are satisfied with the quality as well as the quantity."

**Horse Marines.**  
[United Service Gazette.]

A well-known traditional corps will be no longer fabulous, as the horse marine is about to appear in Toquain. According to The Republicque Française, the French government, instead of sending out regular cavalry to the Red river delta, propose to purchase the horses of the country and set on their backs companies of marines, who are to be organized, "after the example of the English," by regular cavalry officers as mounted infantry. We have used ponies and other quadrupeds when sailors and soldiers had to make a rapid march, but we do not remember any instance where our marines were set on horseback.

**Another Defaulter.**  
[Boston Journal.]

In one of our horse-cars a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated but regained his self-control after a few minutes. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fare. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Please charge it to my papa, I've thralloved the money."

**A Sinking Mountain.**  
[Democrat's Monthly.]

The mountain of Naiba, which is about twice as high as the Crow's Nest on the Hudson, is gradually descending into the bosom of the earth, a deep excavation being formed all around it as it settles. There is no volcanic action accompanying it apparently. The mountain seems to be gradually losing its subterranean props.

## A PLEA FOR RAILROAD MEN.

The Ticket-Agent's, the Conductor's and the Brakeman's Side of the Question.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]  
It is a popular belief among people who travel but little that everybody connected with the operation of a railroad train is cross and impolite—never giving a civil answer to a civil question, and never caring whether "school keeps or not." This is a mistake. Because the ticket agent answers your question: "Will you please tell me what time the train starts for Blankville, and which car must I take?" with a plain "9:45; first car;" it is not a sign of ill-breeding or surliness. He will be asked that same question perhaps 100 times before the Blankville accommodation starts, besides a number of others that have no connection whatever with him or the train—and he knows it. His time is valuable, and he puts his answer in the fewest words possible in order to economize time and save breath.

And then the brakeman is not a fiend in human shape, whose main object in life is to mystify and render miserable the unsuspecting uncommercial traveler. The brakeman generally receives the smallest pay and does the hardest work on the train. When the locomotive "slips an eccentric," or the sleeping car gets a hot box, it is his duty to run back a mile or two through the snow to flag the freight, which is following at a comparatively short distance. At the station he helps juggle your baggage, and on the car he must "on brakes" at the down grade, "on brakes" at the crossing, and "on brakes" at the stop. He answers your question as to "where we are" hurriedly, because he is always in a hurry; and for the same reason he suddenly sticks his head in the door and calls, "Humboldtland-change-yarfur-Memphis," then bobs out again. His is a hard lot, and he seldom remains with the company long enough to accumulate a fortune and end his days in luxury and ease.

When the conductor asks you two or three times during a short journey for your ticket it is not for pure cussedness or because he thinks you are stealing a ride. On him alone rests the responsibility for the safety of the entire train. He knows that his train must meet No. 3 at a given point; that he is behind, and that No. 10 freight is less than an hour behind him. All this weighs heavily upon him, and it keeps his mind fully occupied.

But of course there are men in the business who have not the breeding of an English sparrow, and who would sooner offer an insult than give a civil answer. These are not the rule, but simply the necessary exceptions which go to make the rule good.

**The Hand-shaking Art.**  
[Buffalo Express.]

President Arthur is said to have suffered so much from the prevalent custom of shaking hands that he has made the subject a study and has reduced it to a fine art. This art is simple in plan and surprising in effect, but offensive. When the president sees a man coming at him for the usual salutation he stands impassive, with his hands at his sides, until his friend reaches him. Then the president, by a quick movement, seizes the extended hand, shakes it, and drops it before the handshaker is fully aware what has happened. By this dexterity the president escapes having his hand wrung until the bones crack—a process which, repeated several hundred times in a day, is naturally painful.

President Arthur's plan of handshaking will doubtless be copied without credit by some other public men, but not generally. The most of them have larger hands than the president, and have not so much cause to fear a squeeze. For others the method is not cordial enough. Mr. Blaine, though he has a medium-sized hand, prevents its being squeezed by seizing his friend's hand in both his own, and is thus able to do what he chooses with it. President Garfield used to have the habit also practiced by some others, of taking his friend's hand lightly, adroitly giving him a vigorous slap on the back, and then withdrawing his hand before the victim had recovered from his surprise. As no visitor ever dared to slap back, this plan seemed to work very well indeed. It indicated sufficient cordiality, saved the president's hand, and at the same time the exercise of slapping kept him in good health.

**What a Detective Discovered in His Own Family.**  
[Philadelphia Call.]

"Yes," said a noted detective, "I have seen a great many queer things in my experience."

"Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer.

"Well, I should say so," was the reply; "but, between you and me, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman, young, pretty, and I would have sworn she was an angel."

"But she wasn't?"

"I should say not. She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets mad the very earth seems to shake."

"Good gracious! And how did you manage to get down to her true character?"

"Well, I—ahem—the fact is, I married her."

**The Picturesque Hudson.**  
[Chicago Herald.]

The Hudson river will soon be as picturesque as the Rhine. Baronical castles, turreted towers, lordly manors, and splendid homes of every type, of architectural beauty and magnificence are rapidly studing its banks. It is there that New York millionaires live when they retire from contact with the "common people," and pass their leisure in luxurious enjoyment and seclusion. Residences costing \$150,000 to \$500,000 are numerous, while everywhere one finds beautiful grounds, extensive lawns, conservatories and parks.

**THE FRIENDS.**  
Mr. R. T. Bentley, a member of the estimable community of Quakers at Sandy Springs, Md., says he was severely affected by rheumatism in his right hand. Mr. Bentley applied St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, and by its continued use, in a short time, was completely cured.

## THE MODERN PICNIC.

"You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear."

For our association starts its picnic from the pier. We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to squaw. And I am to run the bar, mother, I am to run the bar!

"The boys are perfect genes, mother, though they're fond of getting high. So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pic. If any Sunday schools, mother, should picnic thereabout, We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to knock 'em out."

"Of course, there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer. When I serve them all with mugs of froth, where they've called aloud for beer; But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet, Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would rather fight than eat!"

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through being a bit too game, Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name; Or else at the station house, mother, though the cops would hardly dare, Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there!"

**George Washington's Nose.**  
[Chicago Tribune.]

Judge Poland, representative in congress from Vermont, is said to bear a resemblance to portraits of George Washington, and the likeness is increased by his antiquated style of dress. One day, according to a Troy Times correspondent, he was in the east room of the White House with some friends from Vermont. The room was made dim by heavy curtains. A comfortable-looking Quaker, with his wife and two children, entered the further end in their sight-seeking rounds. In a corner near the judge stood a full-length picture-frame leaning against the wall. "Get behind that frame," said one of the party, "and we'll tell these people that it's a picture of Washington."

The judge stepped briskly into place. Slowly the Quaker and his brood came down the great room, he pointing out the pictures on the wall. "What's that?" he demanded, pointing toward the judge. "That's Washington," he was answered. "Do not go near. The painting is just finished and must not be touched." The judge stood impassive in the shadow, gazing pensively out on the group halted a dozen feet away. At length the honest visitor found voice. Turning sorrowfully to his wife he said: "Wife, we always thought well of George Washington, but that is all over. We are temperance people; just look at that nose!" and he pointed toward the most marked feature of Poland's face, gathered up his family, and sorrowfully marched away. The Vermonters restrained themselves for a moment, then gave way, and only realized what they were doing by the judge's gruff words, "What are you fools laughing at?"

**Terrible Slaughter of Dudes.**  
[Louisville Commercial.]

A practical test of Joe Mulhatten's dude annihilator was made at Macaulay's theatre last night. As usual, the dudes posted themselves along the walls of the vestibule to stare the audience out of countenance as they emerged from the theatre. About that time Eugene Elrod, the well-known fire plug, placed a small quantity of dynamite in the annihilator and touched a secret spring. There was a flash, a loud report, and the air was filled with a mangled mass of dudes, who were completely pulverized and floated off into space beyond the earth's attraction, probably to form the tail of a comet, or something of that sort. The test was entirely satisfactory. Not a dude escaped. All stood with their backs to the wall of the vestibule and were annihilated. A balloon will be sent out at once to discover if possible their remains, even in a pulverized state, and bring them back here for burial, but it is feared the effort will be a fruitless one. Another test of the annihilator will be made at Macaulay's theatre this evening, and all dudes in good and regular standing are invited to be present.

**Japan's Postal Service.**  
Japan has the cheapest postal service in the world, despite the difficulties of transportation. Letters are conveyed all over the empire for 2 sen, about seven-tenths of a cent.

**Chicago Pastor's Prayer:** O Lord, we thank Thee for this gathering, for the privilege of meeting with each other once more, for the beautiful weather—which we had last fall.

**IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING**  
To get an honest medical opinion in your case, if you are suffering from any chronic disease, as Consumption, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc., from Drs. Starkey & Elen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, who are making wonderful cures with a new treatment for chronic diseases. Write to them and give a clear statement of your case. They will answer promptly as to your chances of relief under their new Vitalizing Treatment. It will cost you nothing, as no charge is made for consultation. If, however, you do not wish to consult them at present, drop a postal card asking for their pamphlet, in which you will get a history of the discovery, nature and action of their new remedy, and a large record of cases treated successfully. Among these cases you may find some exactly resembling your own.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Matthews, 608 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Lovers, like armies, get along well enough till the engagement begins.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is convenient to use and to carry when on a journey.

It is not always the flower of the family that furnishes the bread.

**A FATAL MISTAKE**  
Would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

"Lost—Two cows; one of them is a bull."

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

When prayers are put into a book they are bound repeated.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and enclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.

Dr. J. Winchester, of Columbia, Cal., says of Caloric Vita Oil: "As a family remedy for the relief of pain it has no equal in the world."

Drs. Newlon & Blair, Buckhannon, W. Va., report that Brown's Iron Bitters are giving general satisfaction.

## WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (San.), Dec. 15th.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence of a development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of ureberle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, leading to pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

Young Men, Middle Aged Men and All Men who suffer from early indiscretions will find Allen's Brain Food, the most powerful invigorant ever introduced; once restored by it there is no relapse. Try it; it never fails. \$1; 50c for 25c. At druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave., New York City, Redington, Woodford & Co., Agents.

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

Dr. G. H. Hill, Fort Royal, Va., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters seems to give general satisfaction. I recommend it strongly."

**CATARRH—A New Treatment** whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

"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.

**A FAVORITE BANK.**  
No banking house in the city more fully deserves this title than the Pacific, corner of Pine and Sansome streets, San Francisco. During a career of eighteen years it has stood amid panics and disasters, unshaken by the breath of suspicion, a rigid adherence to sound business principles, a force of enterprise, ample resources, the best of accommodations and absolute integrity in all its dealings, have, under the presidency of Dr. R. H. McDonald, who continues in its direction, built it up steadily, adding every year to its business, with the farmer, merchant, manufacturer and other more desirable classes, and to its unflinching dividends. The past year has been the most prosperous of its career and it enters on its nineteenth year with more brilliant prospects than ever before.

**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.**  
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

**FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.**  
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