

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

ABOLISH THE WHINE.

One of Human Nature's Most Disagreeable Features.

People Who Enjoy Unhappiness and Misery—An Actress as "An American Wife."

[Joe Howard in Philadelphia Press.]
The worst feature in human experience is a whine.

Mr. Barrett, an unusually intelligent justice of our supreme court, has written a play called "An American Wife," which was presented at Wallack's theatre Tuesday night last, and received with favor by a critical, though friendly, audience. Beyond extolling the success of the play, I have nothing to say of it at present, with this exception: Miss Rose Coghlan in the title role whines through four long acts. She is a well-bred, well-tired French American woman, married to a titled foreigner, from whose ill-treatment she flies, and is discovered by the audience in a circle of protecting and loving friends. The American Wife is a whiner from Whineville. Her vaults of memory are filled with recollections of brutality, her soul is made sad by reflection. Prior to her husband's arrival upon the scene forebodings dance before her eyes and she sobs and sighs in anticipation. When the brutal husband appears and insists that his wife and child shall accompany him to La Belle France she is grieved at the thought of leaving her friends, and suffers as she foresees a further life of misery in Paris.

Under the skillful guidance of a legal friend and possible lover, she concludes not to go back with her husband, but then, being confronted with the loss of her son, the black pill of trouble envelopes her, and she stifled sighs and groans find suggestive way through its sombre folds.

She doesn't smile from the beginning to the end; there is not a gleam of joy, a suggestion of relief, a hint of possible happiness. She comes on like a funeral, she poses like a graveyard, and the whole odor and atmosphere of the stage, so far as the American Wife is concerned, is sepulchral and gloomy. How apt a type that is of many American women. For heaven's sake, what are they here for? They sigh because their plans of life is lower than that on which they wish to stand. If circumstances aid them, instead of being happy and hopeful for the future, they look with disgust at their past and whine about their present, piling in front of them shadowy obstructions to further progress in the desired direction.

Of course you understand that Miss Coghlan, as an American wife, whined because that was part of the play. Personally, this attractive actress has none of the whine or misadventure, and I thought, as I saw her do about her countenance, and watched the various shadings of melancholy she displayed, whether, after all, much of the whine and melancholy of private life is not the acting of a part. Do you know I believe that people relish unhappiness and enjoy misery? I have in my mind a woman whom I have known since I was a little boy, about whom circled all the natural joys of earth, whose cup contains the rich juices of the choicest fruit, whose elevated plain affords a wide horizon for usefulness, and whose sturdy physique would warrant her undertaking anything in the way of travel or fatigue, and I cannot recall a solitary smile, a single instance of apparent gloom in all this lifetime. She grows fat on it. She is a strikingly handsome woman up to her point where her head joins her neck, and there, in spite of a shapely profile and a handsomely outlined head, gloom has set its seal. The brow frowns, the eyes flash, the corners of the mouth are drawn down, and a general atmosphere of martyrdom exhales from her person.

Well now, you know, I got very sick of that sort of thing. Like other people who write for or read The Press, I have troubles and worries, and bothers and embarrassments, many of them serious, but none of them so imperiously dominant as to possess my soul, and drive the iron of dismay into my quivering heart. My soul has chorier aspirations, my heart prefers more tender pangs. If I have had cake I am tolerably certain of bread and butter, and there is no man so handsome, so rich or gifted, so potential in any realm of life that I, inconspicuous and limited as I unquestionably am, can afford to envy him. I occasionally visit a cast-iron merchant in New York, who, at the head of an enormous establishment, manages property valued at \$30,000,000, the income and outgo of which are many millions of dollars annually. Upon his middle-aged brow crease at times very heavily, and the last time I called upon him he said, with a sigh: "I am always glad to have you come, even when I am busy; for my business has nothing whatever to do with my and my calls are purely social. I am always glad," he said, "to have you come in, because you seem so happy; it cheers me up."

Well, now there is a volume in that. I was unconscious until then, of any special radiation in my appearance or conversation. Among the visitors in my office is one woman who has trouble, and who does have a full share of shadowy existence; but in all as years I have known and helped her, I have never found her cheerful, I might almost say even pleasantly grateful. I dare say she prays for me; in fact, I know she does. Night after night, in the calm seclusion of her widowed chamber, she rests the bones of petition on the carpet of unselfish interest and sends, as far as her power permits her, petitions for my good. Far be it from me to scoff at any serious ceremony, whether in my judgment it means aught or not, but I would infinitely prefer that this good woman would go from my office with a smile upon her lip and the infant of good cheer dancing decorously in the innermost recesses of her heart, leaving the fragrant aroma of relief behind her, than to know that she wrestled with the angels for hours, and made my future wear her life-long care. I am free to say I hate a whiner.

One reason why Sarah Jewett doesn't make a success in the "Glass of Fashion" is that her character is an incessant grumbler, complainant and fault-finder. This world is dull and sombre enough at best, and in these dull hours of the year there may seem to be a sort of fitness in gloom, but I don't like it. It makes no one happier, no one better, no one easier.

Let us abolish the whine.

Chicago Millionaires.
[The Current.]
More than sixty millionaires may be found in the city of Chicago. Are there in the city of Chicago sixty splendid paintings, or sixty noble specimens of sculpture? These queries are admitted with particularity and earnestness to the sixty millionaires of the city of Chicago.

"SCHOOL-KEEPING."

"Old Pedagogy" in Detroit Free Press.
Shortly after I took charge of a large town school an incident occurred that showed me how little dependence there is to be placed in the honor or truthfulness of an average big boy. During recess the pupils were in the habit of writing with chalk on the blackboards that completely surrounded the school-room. This so filled the room with chalk dust that breathing was difficult, so I forbade the writing. One day, when I had been out with the pupils in the yard, I came to the school-room door and saw Master Tommy Atkins alone in the room industriously writing the sentence "Do not write on the blackboards." I quietly withdrew without the boy's notice, and when I next entered the room was empty. When school was called the eyes of all were turned to the audacious handwriting on the wall. When quiet was restored I said:

"Who wrote that sentence?"
There was no answer.
"Now," said I, "the chances are that those words were written by some one now in this room. I intend to find out who is the culprit. The crime is not a great one, but if it is added persistent falsehood it will become serious, in my eyes at least. Let the pupil who disobeyed have the manliness to stand up and acknowledge his fault before the school."

No one stood up. The boys looked at each other, but no one moved.
"Well, all that did not write that sentence said."

Like one boy the whole school arose to its feet, Atkins among the rest.
I next had each boy stand up separately, and asked him on his honor if he had written the line. I shall never forget the look of honest indignation with which Thomas Atkins denied all knowledge of the writing. When this examination was over there was a moment of painful silence.

"Well, boys," I said, "it just amounts to this: If things remain as at present the impatience rests on the whole school. If any of you can suggest a remedy, I shall be pleased to hear it."
There was an indignant murmur all over the room, and one boy rose to his feet.

"I think Mr. Jones," he said, "that you are wrong in blaming us all for what one boy has done. If I had written on the board I would have stood up and said so."
"I believe you," I answered.
"Then why not believe us all," said several voices at once.
"I will be glad to do so the moment you convince me that the handwriting came there in a similar manner to that at Belzard's feast. None of you believe that, so, as I said before, do any of you see a way out of the woods?"

Another boy rose to his feet, giggled a moment and sat down again.
The whole school laughed—boy nature exactly—the one moment serious, the next one giggling.
"Come, John, what suggestion have you to offer? Don't be bashful."
John rose again, looked half comically around, and said, with suppressed mirth:
"When I went to school down east some one broke a pane, and the master couldn't find out who it was, so he began at one end of the room and whipped every scholar in the building."
"Well, John," I said, "I attended a similar matinee myself once when I was young. The plan has the merit of including the culprit, yet I fancy the rest of the pupils might consider it unfair."

The first boy now stood up again. "Master," he ventured hesitatingly, I think it is no more unfair than saying that the impatience rested on us all merely because some boy whom you cannot find out has told a lie."
"You are right," I said, "and I was wrong in saying so. Only one boy is guilty, and I will never believe until his conduct convinces me that there is another in this room who is so cowardly and untruthful."
I rose and went quickly down the room, seized Atkins by the collar and jerked him into the centre of the aisle and with a vigorous shove sent him headlong forward toward the platform with a speed that taxed his agility to keep his feet. I whirled him around facing the pupils and cried:
"Atkins, who wrote that sentence on the wall?"

"I—I did, sir."
"Of course you did. Now I'm going to reverse John's plan. I am going to concentrate on your shoulders the punishment that the down-east schoolmaster distributed over the whole school. Go to my room, sir."
"Oh, Mr. Jones, I'll never, never do so again."
"I know you won't. Go to my room."
I believe that flogging, like everything else, if done at all should be done well. I don't believe in a dress parade. I scarcely ever had to whip a boy twice, on the same principle that the lad said lightning didn't strike twice in the same spot—because it didn't need to. When it became necessary for a boy to have an interview with me in my own room, he rarely forgot the circumstance. I always taught school in a somewhat free and easy manner. I allowed ample opportunity for free speech and encouraged it, and I never laid any claims to that infallibility which many teachers surround themselves with. Boys are quick to detect humbug, and a teacher never loses prestige with them by admitting that he doesn't know everything. Although the incident I have alluded to consumed the greater part of a valuable forenoon, I never thrashed another boy there, and when I asked the pupils afterward who did any particular thing, some one instantly sprang to his feet and said:

"I did, sir."
Although boys have many noble qualities if they are rightly brought out, yet I regret to say that my experience of them convinces me that most boys are cruel and tyrannical. Nothing delights a scholar—a big boy—so much as to bully a teacher. It is the height of a boy's ambition. Haven't I done it hundreds of times myself? Next to that, the dominating over small boys is a source of deep and lasting delight.
One January I took my place in a new school, and I was pained to notice that the smaller boys were mercilessly snow-balled by the big lubbies who lorded it over both school-room and yard. So well established was this tyrannical rule that I found the poor little buggers were afraid to answer my questions about the matter, even when privately put. Consequently, although I like to encourage many sports, I was forced to forbid snow-balling entirely. As it was early in the season, and as the big boys had been in the habit of assisting in the government of the school, and as their ideas on the subject of snow-balling were not in accord with mine, and as it had not yet been settled who was to run the school that year, I need hardly state that the order was not obeyed. Next noon I went into the yard as soon as school was dismissed and found a large pile of snow-balls heaped up like cannon-balls at a fort. They were most cruel missiles, having been dipped in water at the forenoon intermission and allowed to harden in the interim. I picked one up intending to bring it in with me, and show the utter barbarity of flinging such balls.

FLORIDA ORANGES.

A Glimpse of Green Orange Groves

—In a Pine-Apple Orchard.

[Florida Times-Union.]
In passing along the line of the South Florida railroad one gets but occasional glimpses of the many orange groves to be seen, as the groves are older than the railroad and the views from the train are for the most part very poor. But when you arrive at Maitland, here the whole face of nature has undergone a change. Instead of the succession of pine trees and other varieties of natural growth, you are at once struck with the sudden transformation. What has been in former years a rolling hummock with its varied growth and high pine land, now confronts you with one succession of orange groves. The rusty and dingy look worn by the moss-covered oak has been replaced by the dark green, luxuriant growth of the citrus family. I passed through and stopped at Orlando, but I was longing to return to Lake Maitland, the gem of south Florida, and to drink in the beauties of its landscape. Col. Richard Patton, of Lake Maitland, sent me word that if I would return on a certain day he would show me through that section. This invitation was at once accepted, and at the time appointed I found him at the depot with his spanking team of blacks, and in a few minutes we were whirling away, viewing the orange and lemon groves, drinking in the sweetness of the fine views of Lake Maitland and other smaller lakes.

We passed through a dozen groves, the largest of which had in it 3,700 orange trees, a large part in full bearing. This is on the Bigelow place, which fronts beautifully upon the south side of Lake Maitland with a large frontage. Right in the midst of this garden of Hesperides stands the Bigelow house, one of the best hotels of its kind in south Florida. Here we halted for a few moments to rest and to take a bird's-eye view of the lake and orange groves beyond. From the outlook at the top of this building, so far as the eye could see, there was a continuous succession of grove after grove, and the fresh verdant look of the green orange leaf, so grateful to the eye upon a bright day, was illuminated by millions of the golden fruit itself in all its glory.

After feasting the eye for a while upon this ravishing scene we went below to inspect a four-acre tract of pine-apples lying between the hotel and the lake. To one who never saw this delicious fruit growing these four acres of pine-apples are a delightful thing to look upon.
One does not fully appreciate the remark that the many lakes in this immediate vicinity are pretty well to look at them. Lake Maitland is probably the largest and prettiest lake along the route of the South Florida railroad from Sanford to Kissimmee City. Near it are other smaller lakes, each with a name as pretty as the lake itself.

One feels almost as if this was the work of the enchanter's wand, and therefore lacking in reality, but when he is confronted with such realistic characters as Gen. E. T. Sturtevant, Roy C. W. Ward, Bishop Whipple, James M. Wilcox, of Philadelphia; H. S. Kenney, Gen. Iverson, of Georgia, and a host of others who have invested their thousands right here, and have beautiful residences and remunerative orange groves to show for it, he feels that he is dealing with an actual reality.

Maitland seems to be an aggregation of beautiful country seats, for there is little pretense of a town. True, there are two or three stores, a postoffice, five churches, including the Episcopal, Methodist, Catholic, Presbyterian and a colored church, and one of the best schools in the county, but each has plenty of what the sailors call sea-room, about the neighborhood, as everything has a holiday look and everybody is comfortable.

While all this is true, the neighborhood is being built up by the work of the carpenter and his fellow-craft, also by the laborer. Mr. Kenney's 1,500 bearing orange trees did not grow there by themselves, and these handsome villas did not spring up in a night. There has been hard work and plenty of it, but for many of these people the working day has about passed, and they now take life easy.

Evolution of the Turtle.

[Boston Telegraph.]
Moreover, the turtle which, in the usual forms, is unable to see the world except by telescoping his head out horizontally, and running the risk of scraping his forehead against his shell every time he does so, acquires from more elevating conditions of life—the absence of enemies and the possession of a strong carnivorous set of teeth of his own—a long neck, which is not retractile. Putting out his head one day, it occurred to an enterprising turtle that he might as well keep it out. Nothing came near him to bite it off; no danger threatened. So he went about with his neck out. By and by, it occurred to him to blear a little lizard that passed him, and the lizard ran away. So, after that, instead of running away from lizards himself, he always ran after them, and when he caught them, ate them.

By this date he had got up so proud and stiff-necked that he never thought of pulling his head inside his shell at all, and as a fact could not have done it if he had wanted to. For it had become permanently stiffened from curdle. Even when he went to sleep he curled his head round on his shoulder, instead of putting it under his shell. But all this while there was a little plate of shell protruding over the back of his neck, which prevented him holding his head up straight, and this was so inconvenient, especially when things that he wanted to catch ran up out of his reach, that he determined to do without it—and he did. Or at any rate his posterity did, and so we find turtles that can hold their heads up like snakes and can not telescope them, while some—these are the old conservative, stick-in-the-mud turtles—still go on tucking their heads under their shells every time a bird flies over them or they hear a sudden splash in the water, and this is all because their ancestors were not enterprising and carnivorous. In all of which there is a moral as obvious as the pump in Pump court.

Etiquette of the Lodging-House.

[Exchange.]
Instruction of a Parisian lodging-house-keeper to his son: "When you meet the first floor, bow and take off your hat; for the second, uncover; for the third, carry your hand to your head; for the fourth, nod; for the attic floor, let the lodger nod first."

SEVEN WISE MEN RAFFLED.

The New York Morning Journal says that Mrs. F. G. Kelley, 50 East Eighty-sixth street, was partially paralyzed, and lay for seven days in convulsions. Physicians were engaged and discharged until seven had failed to help or cure her. She was unable to leave her bed, and was as helpless as a child. After using all sorts of salves, ointments, lotions and plasters, her case was given up as hopeless. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil as a last chance. She began to improve from the time the first application was made, and by its continued use, she has completely recovered.

When No Longer Worth While.

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Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, was understood, from a communication to The Gazette, to be a champion of the justifiability of suicide under certain circumstances. He writes now, in substance, that when it is determined by an individual, with the approval of his friends, that it is "no longer worth while to drift about on this sinful planet," he is justified "in sailing into the hereafter by his own act."

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Queen Elizabeth in Emory at Westminster Abbey.

[Aunt Judy's Magazine.]

After this royal couple we come to the only one of these old waxworks which anybody, I think, could call ghastly. It represents Queen Elizabeth, and was made probably in 1700 to supersede the former one, which by this time was quite worn out; but though thus comparatively modern, it of course was copied from its predecessor, and is so like the face on the queen's tomb that one cannot help believing it to be a good portrait. But it is a very repulsive one.

The light falls through a pane of glass in the top of the press on a drawn, greenish face, with little gray eyes turned blankly upwards in a glassy stare, arched eyebrows and a high, hooked nose. The pursed-up mouth and wrinkled cheeks are those of an old woman; it is as if the spell, which by her strong will and her mingled common sense and vanity, the virgin queen cast all her life over those around her, had passed away; when she was dead men were no longer afraid to represent her as she really looked in her last years. There is something very uncanny about her altogether; in fact, the wax face is painfully like that of a corpse and this unpleasant effect is heightened by her gorgeous dress, with the tall, ruff standing up around her dingy neck, which is covered with more festoons of false lace pearls than one fancy human—or even, her waxen-neck could carry. However, her majestic holds her chin so disdainfully high in the air and has drawn up her neck so royally that there is room on it for more adornments than there would be on most people's. A small crown is perched jauntily over her forehead. Her dress is very elaborate; a crimson satin petticoat, set out by such an enormous farthingale that it gives her very much the effect which panniers do to a donkey; a pointed bodice, covered with rather coarse silver embroidery, and over it a velvet train, of which, whatever color it may once have been—sky blue, very likely—we can only say that it is gray now. In her slender hands are the sceptre and orb—symbols, with Elizabeth, of a very real sovereignty.

What Makes Pop-Corn Pop.
[Phrenological Journal.]
Chemists who have examined Indian corn find that it contains all the way from six to eleven parts in a hundred (by weight) of fat. By proper means this fat can be separated from the grain, and it is then a thick, pale oil. When oils are heated sufficiently in closed vessels, so that the air cannot get to them, they are turned into gas, which occupies many times the bulk that the oil did. When pop-corn is gradually heated and made so hot that the oil inside the kernels turns to gas, this gas cannot escape through the hull of the kernels, but when the interior pressure gets strong enough it bursts the grain, and the explosion is so violent that it shatters it in the most curious manner. The starch in the grain becomes cooked, and takes up a great deal more space than it did before.

The Hon. Capt. Moreton, a brother of the earl of Ducie, gives a glowing account in England of things out west. He has a large place out in Iowa, and goes in for what is known there as "the pupil dodge." Young men are sent out to him from England, and for a liberal fee the captain instructs them in farming and things generally. On his arrival he astonished the Iowans by starting a butler and dining at 8 p. m. But they have got over these eccentricities, and the captain has become a favorite.

The "Pupil Dodge."

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A Wise Use for Public Money.
[The Current.]
There is perhaps no wiser use of public money than the appropriation of sums for monuments of men whose deeds have made themselves and their country great. No city should be without its statue of Washington in a place where the eyes of the busy multitude could often fall upon it. As long as the memories of the great and noble of the land are kept green in the minds of the people, they will not forget those things which are essential to the preservation of the republic. There can be no higher or better employment of art than this.

JUDGE KELLEY'S VIEWS.

The Hon. William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, has long been known for his fearless advocacy of the right, and his uncompromising opposition to the wrong. Since 1860 he has been a member of the House of Representatives of the United States. He has always been known as a man of positive counsels; a powerful speaker; a earnest debater; an able thinker, and an unwavering worker.
Judge Kelley has been so long and so prominently before the American people, that his sentiments on any important subject are valued, even by those who do not agree politically with him. He is emphatically a man of the people. Elevated to the Judgeship many years ago, he proved to be a man of such unswerving integrity, such earnestness of purpose, and such depth of conscientious conviction, that he was for a long term of years retaining to the judicial bench; and on his desiring to retire to the comparative seclusion of an extensive law practice, was told by the people that he must serve them in Congress. For twenty-three consecutive years his Congressional service has been replete with singular fidelity and purity. His utterances are well known to come from his inmost heart, and his opinions are the result of the most mature deliberation. The judgment of such a man carries with it immense weight, and his views, whether on public affairs or private interests, are entitled to the respect and esteem of all thoughtful persons.

Obstacles which would have put an ordinary man in his grave, has long been the subject of comment, not only among his friends, but the public generally. Such was his physical condition ten years ago that it was feared the next Congressional session would be his last.
For many years the Judge has been afflicted with the most obstinate catarrh, which defied all the old-fashioned remedies, and which would have entirely laid the poor man on the shelf a less indomitable man than himself. His life became almost a burden to him, and he was nearly at death's door. To-day although at an age when most men begin to show signs of wearing out, he is hearty and vigorous, and as ready and able to perform his arduous Congressional duties as he was twenty years ago.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE TO SELL

chinesee wanted. Will suit a Family Knitting Machine and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will knit any size of sock for which there is a ready market. Write for terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 125 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

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leman's home, in West Philadelphia. To him the Judge communicated the history of his illness and recovery, substantially as follows:
"I had, as a hereditary victim to catarrh, suffered for years. I was subject to violent paroxysms of coughing. Straining for relief had produced abrasion of the membrane and daily effusion of blood from my throat. For four years I passed a portion of each Congressional vacation in the Rocky Mountains or on the Pacific Coast. While there I found relief, but on my return to tide-water, the disease appeared with apparently renewed vigor. My breathing power diminished, so that in the early summer of 1873 it was little more than a panting for breath. About two years before this my attention had been called to Compound Oxygen Gas at then administered by Dr. Starkey. A friend who had great faith in its efficacy advised me to try it. On reading Dr. Starkey's advertisement I threw the little book aside, and declined to resort to the treatment, on the ground that it was a quack medicine, which proposed to cure everything, and was consequently without adaptation to any particular disease. I grew worse and in the summer my breathing was so short that a cough, a sneeze or a sigh produced such exertion at the base of the left lung, that I felt it necessary to close up my affairs, as I did not believe I could last for sixty days. Nor do I now believe I would have lasted for that time had I not found a potent curative agent.

"I had lost none of my prejudice against the gas, as a medicine, but in very desperation, seeing that it could not make me any worse than I was, and as medical treatment utterly failed to meet my case, I concluded to try it. After a thorough examination, Dr. Starkey, to whom I was then a stranger, said: 'Sir, I have no medicine for either form of your disease (alluding to the catarrh and bleeding of the throat), but, if you will give me time, I will cure you.' My response was a natural one. 'You are frank in saying you have no medicine for either form of my disease, and yet you propose to cure me. By what agency will you work (this I asked)?' 'The Oxygen Gas,' said he, 'is not a medicine. It has none of the characteristics of medicine compounded of drugs. These create a requirement for continual increase of quantity to be taken; and, if long persisted in, produce some form of disease. But the gas produces no appetite for itself. It passes, by inhalation, into the blood, and purifies and invigorates it. The system is thus enabled to throw off effete matter. You will find by experience, if you try the treatment, that it will not increase the rapidity of the action of your pulse, though the beating thereof will be stronger under its influence.'

"This explanation removed my objections, and I could see how such an agent could operate beneficially. In cases of widely different symptoms and character. 'Dr. Starkey said that the cells of my left lung were congested with catarrhal mucus, and that he believed the gas would at once address itself to the removal of deposits, and the restoration of my full breathing power.'

"I entered on the use of the treatment, and at the end of three weeks, with improved appetite, with the ability to sleep several consecutive hours, with a measurable relief of the pain in the lung, and with Dr. Starkey's consent I made the tour of the lakes from Erie to Duluth, in company with my venerable friend, Henry C. Carey. Returning, we visited friends in St. Paul, Chicago and Pittsburgh.

"Notwithstanding the intense heat, I remained in Philadelphia during the summer, and inhaled the gas daily with the happiest effect. Before Congress assembled in December, my lung had been relieved of much of its noxious deposit, and I was able to breathe without pain.

"Without detaining you with detail, I may say that in the progress of my recovery I had occasional hemorrhages, which always preceded a painful step in the progress of recovery; so that I came to regard these unwelcome visitors as a part of the remedial action of nature, assisted by Compound Oxygen Gas.

"I am now more than ten years older than I was when I first tested the treatment. I have had no perceptible effusion of blood for more than six years. I breathe as deeply as I did at any period of my young manhood, and my natural carriage is so erect as to elicit frequent comment. 'I have regarded my case as a very extraordinary one, and yet I have had under observation one which I regard as more remarkable than my own. That of a young lady, who had been paralyzed by fright or confusion when her horses ran away and her carriage was destroyed; and to whose father Dr. Starkey, after examining the case, said she was beyond the reach of a human agency. I know her now as a happy wife and mother, restored to most excellent health.

"You may judge of my restoration to health by the contrast between the results of some of my recent Congressional debates, compared with what they were in 1874. In that year when I spoke in the House in favor of the grant by the Government to the Centennial Exhibition, I was so prostrated by the exertion that my dear friend, the late Col. John W. Forney, left the gallery in which he had been sitting, in order to come to the door of the hall to assist in relieving me when I should fall. I found, on quitting the floor, that I had had a general fear that in my zeal I was passing beyond the bounds of prudence.

"But on the 5th of May, 1882, when submitting an argument in favor of Tariff Commission I held the floor for nearly three hours; though parts of the debate might be characterized as a wrangle between myself and others; and as I did not obtain the floor until the afternoon I surrendered when the members' appetites told them that dinner was on the table. The evening was passed in my room, with a high degree of sociability, in which a number of young ladies and gentlemen from my district, who