

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The Fatal Name of Walter.

Forty-four years ago the writer was called in a professional capacity to a rudely constructed log cabin in the woods, sixteen miles east of this city. A male child was born—the first-born of man and wife—whose intelligence and general cultivation was much in advance of the society in which they lived. They were determined to make themselves a home of plenty in the new country by their own industry, having nothing but a quarter section of good land and their household goods. They came from Clearmont county, Ohio. Three neighbor women were there, and after the little stranger was dressed the mother, with black hair and beautiful eyes, was asked to name the boy. "I want to call him Walter, but it is an unlucky name. My great-grandfather was named Walter, and he never came home from the war for independence. Then my husband's grandfather was named Walter, and he went to the war of 1812 and he never returned. His oldest brother was named Walter. He went to sea and we heard that he became a soldier in Europe, but he never returned. We do not know where any of them are buried. No grave-stones mark their resting-places. There is no war now, and I trust never will be in our life-time in this country, and I am in favor of calling him Walter, that the old family name may be retained among us. Twenty-two years from that time Walter bade his widowed mother farewell to join the army for the defense of the Union and the home of his childhood. He was a good and brave boy, but was missing after the battle of Stone river. All efforts to gain some trace of his death and final resting-place proved futile. No one can tell where, when, or how he died, or who disposed of his remains. His mother mourned the loss of her first-born, and often regretted that she had named him Walter. A few years ago she died at the old home. On her death-bed she said: "Bury me beside my husband on the hillside, and if Walter's grave is ever found spend all the estate I leave, if it takes that much, to bring him home and put him by his father and me."

Oratorical Power.

An exchange says of Wendell Phillips: "He was the great orator of the anti-slavery cause. In the stormiest period of the abolition movement, when anti-slavery speakers were hissed by the populace, when rotten eggs were hurled at them, when mobs threatened and sometimes assailed them, he never quailed nor lost his presence of mind. He was no ranter. In the tempest and whirlwind of passion, with a furious mob responding to his every sentence with a storm of hisses and opprobrious epithets, he kept magnificently calm, and if he lashed his antagonist as with a whip of scorpions, launching upon them his scorn and defiance, he did it like a gentleman."

In this connection it will be proper to give another paragraph which is going the rounds: "On one occasion during the war, when Anna Dickinson had moved an audience to alternate cheers and tears, Wendell Phillips, who had spoken at the same meeting, said to her: 'Anna, I would give much to be able to make people cry as you do. Why cannot I do it?' 'I suspect the reason is because you never cry yourself,' was the answer."

Active Mr. Guerry.

Mr. W. W. Guerry, of this city, is in many respects an extraordinary man. He is now about 40 years old. In childhood both his arms were cut off about half way between the elbow and shoulder by a sugar mill, but he was full of envy, and it was not a great while before he learned to get along without arms. He grew to be, and is yet, a man of prominence, integrity and usefulness. He has a wife and several children, is coroner of the county, acting bailiff of America's district, and making a handsome income.

In the business of life Mr. Guerry hardly misses his arms. He inserts the pen staff in his mouth when writing, and writes as legibly and as fast as men generally write who are accustomed to the use of the pen. He can swim, drive a horse, tie a knot, shoot a gun, and do almost anything, and do it about as well as if his arms had never been cut off.

Estate of the Prince of Waterloo.

Who is the prince of Waterloo? The name sounds strange to English ears, but it is familiar enough in Belgium, where it is known to appertain to the duke of Wellington. A Nivelle newspaper contains an announcement of a proximate sale of trees upon the domain known as the "Bois de Nivelle," by order of "His Grace Arthur Richard, Duke of Wellington, Prince of Waterloo." This extensive estate was conferred upon the Iron duke by his countrymen, as an additional testimony of their gratitude for Waterloo, and to give some sort of local color to his title of prince of Waterloo. The Belgian government finds itself much hampered by this great foreign proprietor, and there was some talk a few months ago of its resuming the fee simple of the domain of Nivelle and paying the duke an annual rent for it—making him a life-renter, in fact.

Lucy and Susan's Legacy.

The Boston Traveler says the bequests left by Mrs. Eddy to Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony—\$20,000 to each—were not left in trust for the suffrage cause, as has been erroneously stated, but left absolutely to each. Wendell Phillips drew up the will, and when he read it to Mrs. Eddy she said: "Now, if Mrs. Stone or Miss Anthony choose to stand on India wharf and throw this money into the sea they could do so, could they not?" "Certainly they could," Mrs. Eddy replied, "and no one could say they nay. I trust Lucy and Susan absolutely."

A ROVING PEOPLE.

Love, Courtship and Marriage Among the Arabs.

(Col. De Funk in Courier-Journal.)
The girls have little to do with selecting their husbands. The men nearly always fix that up among themselves. A bold warrior sees a girl whom he loves in another tribe. He rides up at night, finds where she is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on the horse and sweeps away like the wind. If he happens to be caught he is shot. If he is not, the tribe from which he has stolen the girl pays him a visit in a few days. The dervish, a priest of the tribe, joins the hands of the young man and the girl, and both tribes join in the merriment.

All the bravest men steal their wives, but there are some who do not. Their method is a little different. Of a calm, moonlight night—and moonlight in the tropics is far more beautiful than here—you may see an Arab sitting before the tent of his inamorita picking a stringed instrument something like our banjo and singing a song of his own composition. This is his courtship. They are the most musical people in the world. They talk in poetry, and extemporization is as easy with them as it was with the Scalds of old. If the girl is obstinate he goes elsewhere and seeks to win another girl by his songs and music.

Sometimes the fathers make up the match, but always the girl is the obedient slave. Her religion, her people, her national instincts, the traditions of her ancestors, all teach her to be the slave of her husband. The power of life and death is in his hands, and she bows before his opinions with the most implicit obedience. It is only when the fair-faced Frank comes, with his glib talk of woman's highest duties and grander sphere, with his winning manner, with his marked respect, so flattering to a woman's soul, that she leaves her husband, forsakes the teachings of her childhood, gives up home and friends, and risks death itself to repose in his arms. They are as fine riders as the men, and as fearless. They can go almost any distance without fatigue. They are fine shots, and don't know what personal fear is.

The women of these people are modest and far more faithful than the women of civilized life. Indeed, it is the rarest thing in the world to hear of conjugal infidelity. The women mature at 11 and 12, and are old at 35. When young they are beautiful. They have soft, dark skin, black, flaring hair, and soft, languishing eyes. They are passionate in their loves, but after marriage all their affection is centered in their husbands. If a woman is found to be untrue to her husband she is instantly killed, together with her lover. But this seldom happens.

George Bancroft.

(Youth's Companion.)
George Bancroft is now 84 years old, and he still continues his long, hard rides every afternoon of his life. He told me that he was feeling well, and it may be that he will yet make out his 100 years.

He has not so much flesh as he had ten years ago, but what he has is all good solid muscle of the same material as the famed shay of the good old deacon, which dropped to pieces all at once.

His wife, perhaps the most cultured woman in Washington, was 80 years old the latter part of last month, and she looks much the healthier of the two. Her eyes are bright, and her cheeks full and rosy.

She is a very pretty lady, and one would not think of taking her for more than 60 at the most. She has a wonderful eyesight, and can see at long distances without glasses, though she uses them to read by.

When she went to Newport last summer, she was far from well, and had to be lifted in and out of the carriage when she went to drive. Now she is in perfect health, and I suppose the receptions which Mr. Bancroft used to give will be resumed this winter.

Babies on the Cars.

(Burlington Hawkeye.)
And the babies! Little bundles of fleecy white cloaks, blue cloaks, warm crimson cloaks, indescribable bundles of shawls and wraps and hoods and swan's-down, shapeless and motionless, until the car starts. The door is shut to with a bang like a Mississippi shot-gun, and baby crawls out of his chrysalis, a fluffy tuft of crinkled hair; a fat, dimpled flat; then a plump face, rosy with the kisses of Jack Frost; a pair of big, round, wondering eyes, and a dancing head that goes swinging around on that little crease that passes for a baby's neck, while the baby takes in the whole car and begins at once to make friends with the ugliest and bashfullest man he can see, and buries the poor fellow under mountains of confusion by calling him "Papa."

Cooled Him Down.

(Atlanta Constitution.)
A gentleman of Athens, Ga., once had a lover's quarrel with his sweet-heart, who gave him back his engagement ring, a \$250 diamond. Deliberately walking to the hearth, he threw the memento of his blighted happiness on the stone and with his heel ground it to pieces. He then returned the lady a ring she once had given him. But she was guilty of no such outburst. Calmly placing it on the mantel, she remarked, "Well, I'll need it for my next bead." The quarrel was soon made up, and the hasty lover had to invest in another ring.

Just Right.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)
"Madame, you've destroyed five dollars' worth of merchandise," angrily remarked a dude to a lady, as she seated herself in a chair in which he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serves you right," she replied, slowly rising from the ruin, "you had no business to buy a \$5 hat for a 50-cent head."

Animals dwelling at high elevations resemble those of colder latitudes. The same species of insects are found on Mount Washington as in Labrador and Greenland.

A Novel Matrimonial Experiment.

The Biographer has an account of the eccentric Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," who undertook to raise a wife to order. When Day, who was a precocious lad, came of age, he succeeded to an ample fortune, and began to look about him for a wife. He met one lady who suited him, but he did not suit her. Then he conceived the notion of educating a girl to be his spouse. He chose two girls, in order to have a better chance of success; one from an orphan school, a flaxen-haired girl of 12, named by him Sabrina Sidney, after the Severn and Algonquin; the other from the founding hospital in London, whom he named Lucretia. He took the girls to France, where he hoped in quiet to discover and discipline their talents.

In the course of the process they all three quarreled, and, to add to the difficulty, the girls caught the small-pox. When they recovered, he was glad to return to London, where he apprenticed Lucretia to a milliner. Subsequently she married a linen draper, and Day, in his gratitude, gave her a dowry of £500. Sabrina was given a further chance of educating herself to become Mrs. Day, but it was impossible to eradicate her sense of pain. When melted sealing-wax was dropped on her arms she flinched, and she started and screamed when pistols were fired at her garments. When Day tried her fidelity by telling her pretended secrets, she divulged them in gossip with her servants. He sent her to a boarding-school for three years, but, although she fell far short of his ideal, he was not altogether pleased when she married his friend Bicknell.

Day finally fell in love with Honora Sneyd, who was engaged to the unfortunate Maj. Andre. She didn't want Mr. Thomas Day; neither did her sister, to whom he proposed. At last, however, he met his reward in the person of Miss Esther Milnes, a lady of wealth and culture.

Douglas as a Slave-Owner.

(New Orleans Cor. New York Tribune.)
Last week while hunting near Magolia, Miss. I came across a crooked and lame, but pleasant, darkey well advanced in years, getting out rude pine shingles. After learning some interesting facts concerning his slave life he gave me to understand that he was of noble extraction, having been the property of "Mass Douglas, frum de north." He recollected the brilliant and powerful senator very well, but had a much clearer remembrance of "Boss Stricklin," the overseer of the plantation. "How many slaves did Douglas own?"

"Bout 175, sah, chillun' an all. 'Mighty good niggas too, sah; but Boss Stricklin' he wuk us pow'ful hard," was the unhesitating answer. On going to dinner my inquiries discovered several persons who recollected that Douglas once owned a slave plantation in Lawrence county, and one could tell me how to reach the historic spot, which is on Pearl river, a pleasant stream of yellowish, peary color. No one knew how the slaves came into the possession of Douglas, but "re-koned" he bought them "bout forty year ago."

Old in New York, But New in Chicago.

(Indianapolis Sentinel.)
As Mr. DeWitt C. Pease, of New York, stepped from a Michigan Central train in this city yesterday a handsome young lady skipped up to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, saying: "Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come."

Mr. Pease threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face and horror stood in her eye.

"Oh, my! you're not my papa!" she said, trying to free herself from his embrace.

"Yes I am," insisted Mr. Pease, holding her tightly. "You are my long-lost daughter, and I am going to keep you right in my arms till I get a policeman."

When the officer came and found Mr. Pease's diamond pin in the girl's hand he said: "That's a new trick here."

"Is it?" said Pease. "Well, it's old in New York."

An Advance in Photography.

(Chicago Current.)
Edward W. Fell, of Cleveland, is reported to have invented a process by which absolutely permanent pictures may be instantly photographed upon any substance having a smooth surface. The process is expensive, electricity being employed. Through his invention engraving is made an easy matter; entirely accurate copies on stone, wood, metal or shell may be made without the great labor and care now involved. There is always a feeling of melancholy engendered by the news of such inventions, for it is another blow at handicraft. Of course it must be admitted that the world is made to progress by the inventors of labor-saving methods, but their introduction ordinarily causes temporary hardship among those who have trained their hands to do that which the scientific application of nature's forces more successfully accomplishes.

Wendell Phillips in College.

A correspondent of The Worcester Spy, in an account of a conversation he once had with Wendell Phillips, says: "I asked him if he had any pleasure in fighting; if contest gave him any satisfaction. He said 'no a bit,' that he hated fighting, and was the very last man who ought to have to do it, 'but,' he added, 'when I was in college one of my classmates found fault with me for always standing up for any person or thing that was denounced; he said: 'Say anything against a man, no matter whether the man is right or wrong, or whether Phillips knows anything about him or not, it is enough for him that the man is attacked.' Now," said Mr. Phillips, "I thought that the best compliment ever paid me; and I suppose it was the best of my character to defend anything that was attacked."

If eggs keep on getting much higher in price millionaires will wear them as shirt studs.

A WEST INDIAN SCENE.

A Fire in a Cane Plantation—Explosion of the Burning Sugar Cane.

(West Indies Letter.)
It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we were standing outside admiring the scene, when a gentleman, at the north end of the veranda, and loudly exclaimed: "Look here, quickly." We hurried forward and turned our eyes toward the place to which he pointed. There, in the edge of a cane field, where the cane leaves were as dry as tinder, for the summer had been very hot, we saw a light flickering and wavering in such a manner as to banish all hope that it might be the light of a lantern. Ere we could speak or move it seemed to dart along the ground, while a faint crackling reached our ears. Then, with a roar as of a giant awakened from slumber, the destructive element sprang up in all its fury, throwing a strong, red glare over the landscape, on which, a short time before, the peaceful beams of the moon had so gently rested. The sugar-cane when burning explodes with a report like that of a small pistol. Imagine, then, the noise made by hundreds of canes exploding simultaneously. But what is that dull, droning sound which can be heard even above the din caused by the fire? That is the alarm, and an ingenious one it is. In every "estate" yard are two or three huge, empty basins, called by the natives "coppers." What they are there for is a mystery which cannot be solved. When struck by any hard substance they will give forth the sound already described, and can be heard for miles.

See! the summons is being answered. The roads leading from town, and those connecting the various estates are thronged with people, hastening to the scene of devastation. The police and the militia have been called out. Fire engines are of little or no use in a case like this. The devouring element spreads too rapidly to be checked by a single jet of water. Already the field in which the fire started is ablaze from end to end, and those sparks which are thrown far and wide show too plainly what will be the result, if the fire is not at once checked. The negroes, provided with cane-knives and scythes, are sent out to cut down the cane from the fields adjoining the burning ones. This is the only way of checking the fire, but it seems as if their labors are in vain. Before they can remove the canes they have cut down the flames leap across the narrow boundary between the fields, set the cane leaves alight, and a second field is given up to destruction. The red glare of the flames is almost blinding, and the heat is intense.

The scene is like a battle-field. The popping of the canes sounds like discharges of musketry, while the gangs of eager workers, cutting and hacking as if for dear life, closely resemble conflicting armies. While we stood gazing, fascinated by the grandeur of the scene, a loud peal of thunder startled us, and looking up we see the sky overcast and cloudy. Soon the drops begin to fall, then the rain comes down with a rush, and all work ceases on the part of those trying to subdue the fire. Now for the contest between fire and water, between the roaring, scorching flames and the soaking, drowning rain. The flames, subdued for an instant, spring up again with greater fury, as if oil and not water had been poured upon them. But it is an unequal contest. The flames have no firm hold on anything. Those leaves and canes form no solid blazing mass which might defy the rain. Slowly, but surely, the fire is mastered, and when, an hour later, the clouds drifted away and the moon comes out in all her glory, her beams rest upon a black and desolate spot.

The Hats Our Fathers Wore.

(Detroit Free Press.)
The fashion in head-gear for men and boys has undergone a great change during the last thirty years. Now caps of cloth are rarely seen except on men in uniform, or on foreign arrivals, and the silk hat is affected only by staid citizens of middle or mature age. These head coverings for young and old, except when some state occasion demands the traditional "stove-pipe;" and there are few wearers of these who know their composition. Once when the "beaver" hat was actually a beaver skin fashioned into a hat, the name was appropriate. Subsequent improvements reduced the price of "beavers" by changing the material, which became beaver fur—sometimes cheaper fur—attached by a glue or cement to a hat body of felt. Still later the fur was replaced by a silk plush, glued on to a felt form or body. But of late years even the felt body has been discarded for one of coarse muslin or canvas, steeped in the same stiffening liquor used on the felt body—the lac dissolved in alcohol—and receiving the outer covering of silk plush by the melting of the lac glue by means of a hot iron.

Chinese Conservatism.

(Exchange.)
The ginger used in preserving and crystallizing in the big London establishments all comes from China. An amusing story regarding the familiar blue and white stone jars is told. The Chinese made a very large jar. After some years they were prevailed upon to make a second size for the reception of ginger. In time a third size smaller was requested, but here the stubborn Celestials rebelled. Their conservative character regarded any more innovations as sacrilege. "And so," said the superintendent, "we had to have small jars made in the English potteries to hold our Chinese ginger. So the ginger is genuine Chinese but the jars are not."

Arkansas Traveler: Young man, stick ter'puse. Forked lightning ain't no sign o' rain.

A GREAT HORSEMAN.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Walnut Grove stock farm, N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, that having long used it for rheumatism and on his breeding farm for ailments of horses and cattle, he cheerfully accords this great pain-cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

REJECTED.

(Country Patron.)

"Perhaps she's dancing somewhere now!" The thoughts of light and music wake Sharp jealousies, that grow and grow Till silence and the darkness ache He sees her step, so proud and gay, Which, ere he spoke, foretold despair; Thus did she look on such a day, And thus she stood, when kneeling low, He took the bramble from her dress, And thus she laugh'd and talk'd, whose "No" Was sweeter than another's "Yes." He feeds on thoughts that most delight; He impudently feigns her charms, So reverenced in his own respect, Dreadfully clasp'd by other arms; And turns, and puts his brows, that ache, Against the pillow where 's his cold. If only now his heart would break! But oh, how much a heart can hold!

The Origin of the Walking-Stick.

(Inter Ocean.)
The modern walking-stick is of ancient and respectable origin. Its descent is directly traceable from the shepherd's crook, the palmer's staff, the traveler's stick, the wand of office, the scepter of monarchy and the sword. It is a modification and a union of all of these, since it serves the purpose of each. It is now, as in the time when parables were written, a staff of the aged, a weapon of offense and defense, a mark of authority, and certainly, when its cost in individual instances is considered, a mark of the greatness of wealth.

The walking-stick, identical in all points with the present cane, made its appearance some 400 years ago in the court of the king of France. In a very short time the slender polished stick, with a jeweled knob, became part of the possessions of every gentleman of quality. And so for centuries it has continued an object of greater importance, according to the prevailing fashion. Literature and the painter's art have not failed to mention the cane. History gives instances of its association with the habits of great personages. It was at one time the privilege of the noble-born alone to twirl and swing the walking-stick. Through different periods canes are of different fashion. They are rich or plain, slender and graceful, or thick, twisted, knotted and clubbed, long or short. They have been cheap or costly according to the owner's purse. Pepsy saw a cane in London, in which were set divers precious stones in worth exceeding £500—an enormous sum in his time. The grand monarch had several canes topped with jewels of great price. There are preserved in the castles and museums of Europe numerous walking-sticks studded with diamonds and rubies rich with gold and silver ornaments, relics of times when visible riches were necessary to convey to the popular mind the idea of personal grandeur or wealth.

Different classes have been designated by the walking-sticks they carried. Thus old prints represent the physician accompanied by his thick-knobbed and tasseled cane, the merchant with his stick shaped like the shepherd's crook, the swell of the period with the stick typical of his class, the ruffian with his short, thick bludgeon. The greatest varieties of odd fashions was at the end of the last century. Canes for the contemporary millions who carry them are manufactured of almost every kind of wood. Oddity, which once exhausted itself on the shape of the stick, now attacks the knob. Here, again, nearly everything in nature is imitated in gold, silver, brass and copper, ivory and wood. There is hardly a wider field for the carver and the designer, and it is worthy of remark that the handiwork of American craftsmen compares in originality and execution with any.

JUDGE FLANDERS OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Joseph R. Flanders enjoys the eminent distinction of being one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Born and brought up in Malone, Franklin county, on the edge of the Adirondack region, he early devoted himself to the practice of law, and took an active part in the politics of the State. He was for years Judge in Franklin county; and he served with distinguished ability several terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership, in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice-President of the United States, during the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. Judge Flanders was a member of the famous committee appointed about thirty years ago to revise the Constitution of the State of New York. He always has been a staunch and fearless advocate of temperance reform, and of purity in political affairs. During the controversy which led to the war, he was conspicuous for his consistent and forcible advocacy of "State rights," always taking the ground of the statesman and jurist, and not affiliating with the demagogues or noisy political charlatans on either side.

In his present appearance Judge Flanders' countenance gives no indication of the remarkable physical experience through which he has passed. No one would suppose, from seeing him busily at work in his law office, a cheerful, hearty and well preserved, elderly gentleman, that he was for many years a great sufferer, and that his emancipation from slavery to severe disease was a matter of which he had just passed. No one is visiting him a few days ago in his well appointed law offices in "Temple Court," which is one of the new twelve-story office buildings of the metropolis, we found him disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health. The information which he communicated in regard to this extraordinary case was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health was not at any time since I was twenty-one years of age, vigorous; although by persistence and close application I have been able in most of the years to perform a large amount of work in my profession. Gradually I declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had entirely departed. That summer I went to Saratoga, and took a course of the waters, under the direction of one of the resident physicians. Instead of receiving any benefit, I grew weaker and more miserable, and the time I was there.

"In September I returned to New York in a very reduced state. I was incapable of work and hardly able to leave the house. Soon after my return I suffered a violent chill, which prostrated me to the last degree. But under medical treatment I gradually rallied, so that in the course of the winter and spring I managed to do a little work at my office in my profession. During this time, however, I was subject to frequent fits of prostration, which kept me for days and weeks at a time in the house.

"So I kept on until the summer of 1882. I tried a variety of medicines which kind friends recommended, and from time to time. In the latter part of the summer I went to Thousand Islands, where I stayed several weeks with friends. But I found the atmosphere did not agree with me. Soon I had a chill; not a severe one, yet in my state it added to my weakness and general discomfort. Several days after this I had another chill, which totally prostrated me.

"As soon after this as I was able to travel, I went to Malone, my old Franklin county home, intending to stay for awhile among relations and friends, and to consult my old family physician. But I found that he was away in the White Mountains with Vice-President Wheeler. My old friend and former law partner, they did not return to Malone until three days before I left there. Of course I consulted a physician. He neither said nor did much for me. I came away, feeling that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw Mr. Wheeler in New York, he told me that the doctor had said to him that he never expected again to see me alive. When I arrived at home in September, it was in a state of such exhaustion that I was unable to leave home except on bright and sunny days; and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

"Meanwhile my son, who had been in Massachusetts, made the acquaintance of a country postmaster in that State, an elderly gentleman whose acquaintance seemed to have been as great as my own, or nearly so. This gentleman had been taking the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and had received from it the most surprising advantage. My son wrote frequently, and urged that I should try this treatment. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had no energy to try any more. But in September my son came to New York, and persuaded me to visit Dr. Turner's office in New York for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. My going there was not because I had any faith in this treatment, but to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case, he thought I was so far gone that he hardly dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking the treatment. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month, I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble, and to require very close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it, and to do a little work. One complication after another arose, so kept working at it all winter and into the spring. For three months this case required as continuous thought and labor as I had ever bestowed on any case in all my legal experience. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the spring, to my astonishment, and that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work and close application.

"My present health is such that I can without hardship or undue exertion attend to the business of my profession as of old. I am regularly at my office in all kinds of weather, except the exceedingly stormy, and even then it is seldom that I am housed. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire.

"A remarkable feature of my case is the hopelessness with which Dr. Starkey viewed it at the outset. It was not brought to his personal attention until after, in Dr. Turner's care, I had begun the treatment. Then my son wrote to him, setting forth my condition, and asking him to interest himself individually in endeavors for my benefit. Dr. Starkey replied that he had carefully examined the case, as set before him, and that there was evidently nothing that could be done. He saw no possible chance of my being made better, and doubted if I could even be made more comfortable. 'I am very sorry,' he wrote, 'to give such a hopeless prognosis, but conscientiously I can give no other.' What would Dr. Starkey have said, had he then been assured that in less than a year from the time of his writing I should be thoroughly restored to as good health as ever I had, and that I should be able to attend regularly to the arduous duties of my profession?"

"Do I still continue to take the Treatment? No; not regularly, for my system is in such a condition that I do not need it. Once in awhile, if I happen to take cold, I resort to the Treatment for a few days, and always with certain and beneficial effect.

"My confidence in the restorative power of Compound Oxygen is complete; as also it is in the ability and integrity of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and of Dr. Turner, who is in charge of their New York Depository; otherwise I should not allow my name to be used in this connection. I have thus freely made mention of the history of my case as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of the above treatment as I was."

From the above it would seem that even the most despondent invalids and those whose condition has been supposed to be beyond remedy, may take courage and be of good cheer. For the most ample details in regard to Compound Oxygen, reference should be made to the pamphlet issued by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. On application by mail, this pamphlet will be sent to any address.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Matthews, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

"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 CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and imbalances of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc. I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. The remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Josiah T. Innes, Station D, New York.

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