# EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THOSE THREE AGES.

Commotion Caused in a Game of Draw Poker by a Double-Decked Beer Table.

[New York Sun.] It was a wretched night. The steadily falling rain was changing into sleet. Colder and and colder the raw wind was growing. Only four members of the lodge-Paul De Spotte, R. F. Bellchambers, John Dougall and Mr. Siccardi—entered the meeting-room over Col. Schilling's wet goods store. Eight o'clock came and passed. Clearly there would be no session that evening. Some one, reluctant to go out in the storm, proposed to kill the time with draw poker. The table upon which they played was one of the German double-decker style, the lower deck

intended to support glasses. Early in the game the happy thought occurred to Bell-chambers of utilizing that lower deck for a different purpose. Gradually he accumulated three aces there, but not without De Spotte's

eagle eye noting the process.

Bellchambers got a pair of kings and three worthless cards. He took three cards on the draw, but neatly stowed them away on the lower deck and replaced them in his hand with his accumulated "sure thing." Spotte received a pair of queens in the deal and in the draw took three cards. Bellchambers, before the draw, had made it "cost a little more to come in," and when betting began he was almost ferocious in his demonstrations of confidence in his hand. The previously sufficient half-dollar limit disgusted him by its inadequacy. Dougall and Siccardi said that as far as they were concerned he might make it anything he liked, as they proposed taking a rest. De Spotte did not want to rest just then, but had no objection to dropping the limit. Bellchambers was happy. At length all the chips were up in the middle of the table, and

and a coming invoice of goods, and other valuables, in a succession of raises, called. From the time of the draw, Bellchambers had not once looked at his hand. Why should be when he knew so well what was in it? On the call he turned them over. The expression on his countenance was frightful to look at. He had only a pair of kings and seven, nine and ten! De Spotte placidly turned his hand-three aces and a pair of

De Spotte, resisting sternly Bellchamber's

tearful appeals to be allowed to bet his store

queens!
"Where did you get those aces?" Bellchambers shouted, aghast and purple.
"Under the table, where you put them, De Spotte answered, with an exasperating

Dougall and Siccardi velled with unhallowed glee, while Bellchambers, rising in in-dignation, proclaimed, "I won't play where such unfair advantages are taken," and went forth into the storm that was calm compared with the raging in his anguished breast.

### Honesty the Best Policy.

[Detroit Free Press.] "I wouldn't think of asking for help if hadn't lost my arm in the war," he added, as he leaned against the wall and gazed into vacancy as if calling up an old battle scene.

'I see," mused the pedestrian. "Was it an accident in a saw-mill or on some railroad! I always come down with a quarter for such The other seemed to struggle with his feel-

ings for a moment before replying: "Well, it was in a saw mill, if you must know, but I have been followed by hard luck. I 'ost my all by fire in Buffalo." "At what date, and on what street?"

The chap scratched his ear and rubbed the chilblain on his heel, but couldn't say. am not in a hurry," quietly observed the pedestrian. "Take your time to think and

give me all possible particulars." "See here," said the one-armed, "don't you believe my wife robbed me and ran away?" "No, sir-no, sir! What could you have

had of any value! And, indeed, how did you come by a wife!" "I asked you for a little assistance."
"Certainly. Now please state your

groun's." "I want to get to Chicago."

"Nonsense! You intend to stay right here! That's no excuse." "Well, I'm hungry. I haven't tasted food

for two days."

"Bosh! Lot me feel of your pulse. The pulse indicates the condition of the stomach. Hold out your hand."

"Say!" said the vag, in a desperate way, may be you don't believe I'm dead broke?"
"Oh, yes, I do."
"And that I'm most dead for a drink of

"Ah! Here's 10 cents! go and buy your fluid. Next time you want anything toe the mark and speak the truth. You'll find a saloon around the corner."

#### A Disappointed Patient. [Philadelphia Call.] He had sworn off drinking the first of the

year, and not feeling very well, applied to a physician for advice.

"Your system," said the doctor, "needs quinine. I would advise you to take say two

ounces about four times a day." "The very thing, I do believe!" exclaimed the patient. "I wonder quinine did not occur

to me. And how much whisky did you say I should take with each dose!" "I didn't say you should take any whisky with each dose. Take the quinine in the form

#### of pills." Why He Swore Off.

[Chicago Times.] Tippleton has sworn off. It came about in this way: Visiting the sample-room, as usual, for his poison with free-lunch accompaniment, he recognized the same sausage that he refused to eat at breakfast at home that very morning. His wife had given it to a beggar, and the beggar had parted with it in the course of trade. Tippleton doesn't know how many times his free lunch has been made up from the refuse of his own table

# Volcanie Dust in the Snow.

[Chicago Herald.] It is reported that snow obtained in Scotland, Holland and northern Germany has been subjected to careful microscopical examination, and there has resulted the detection of minute particles of volcanie dust. Similar results in various sections of this country would prove almost beyond question the accuracy of the Java theory of the afterglows, which have been noticed in the skies for months past,

# Your Ancestors.

[Middletown Transcript.] Don't brag about the achievements of your ancestor. A great ancestor in the grave is poor espital of itself for a man to go into business on. And besides, our ancestors had their faults. Even Adam's record is not as clear as we would like it to be.

Julian Hawthorne: Our eyes are turned inand instead of outward, and each one of us theomes himself the Rome toward which all his roads lead.

### THE ENGLISH IDEA.

How Americans Are Grossly Carieatured on the Stage of London Theatres.

Robert Laird Collier in Chicago Tribune. Last week I went to the Haymarket to see Mr. Pinero's new comedy, with the misleading and unfortunate title of "Lords and Com mons," and here again I encountered this same unconventional, ill-bred, vuigar, nasaltoned, loud-talking, diamond-bestudded, albeit good-hearted American girl. The play is as nearly perfect as anything I have seen on the boards for many a day. It is clean and sweet, and the dialogue holds attention and interest from first to last. Moreover, it is perfectly done, as all the plays are at the Hay-market under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. (Is it not delicious for Mr. Bancroft to associate his clever wife's name so conspicuously with his own f) Mrs. Stirling as Countess of Caryl was simply perfect-bless the dear old simple aristocrat! I wanted to hug her every minute she was on the stage; mind, she impersonated a lady of at least 60. Indeed, the acting was so con-summate it left no place for the legitimate function of criticism. I always like Mr. Forbes-Robertson, for he is always equal to his work, and then he is so handsome and so gentlemanly, both off and on the boards. Mr. Bancroft as Tom Jervoise and Mrs. Bancroft as Miss Mapleback were what they always are-most intelligent, conscientious and fascinating artists. But Mrs. Bancroft impersonated this wholly disagreeable, loud, flashy, vulgar-taking American creature, who again was meant as a type, and I fancy a representative type, of the American girl of the period.

Whenever an American is put into an English story or into an English play he or she is of this ill-bred class. If a man, he is angular, lank and unkempt; his bair or beard are very long and his clothes very outre and unfitting; perhaps he is made to attend to his teeth and his finger-nails in public; it may be in the drawing-room. If a woman, she is sallow, loud-talking, slangy, covered with finery, and has "struck ile," or her "governor" has, for she has "heaps o' money. I am always more than annoyed when in books or in plays I see such caricatures of my fellow-countrymen. Still, it is no use to deny the fact that this is not only the English idea of the American, but it is almost the European estimate, And why is this! When I am in America I meet few of this sort of folk. All my American friends are ladies and gentlemen in every conventional way as well as in every real sense of these words. I have nowhere seen and mingled with more social refinement on the face of this earth—and I know somewhat of life in England and most of the continental countries-than I have ever seen and mingled with in Chicago and Boston. Indeed, there is a type of social life in America which I hold as inestimably higher than that of any other land. It is as quiet, as self-respecting, as well-bred as any, and, added to these, it is more genuine, more human, more loyal in friendship, less at the bidding of Mrs.

Grundy, than any social life I know. We must admit, however, that there is always some basis in reality—in actual lifefor the scope and fancy of the charivari, and, although I am more than annoyed at these portraitures of my fellow-countrymen, I know where the caricaturist "catches the idea." It cannot be denied that American newspapers deal largely, and sometimes un-warrantably with personal affairs and social life as the press of no other country does. This leads to exaggeration and the making up of occasions, occurrences and "interviews" out of whole cloth. After After one has been in the habit of reading the London dailies, or even the leading provincial papers of England, one is instantly ness of American journals, but perhaps even more so with the unserious and in instances trivial way in which all affairs of state, society and individuals are discussed and canvassed by the less important metropolitan papers and by almost all country newspapers. Thus the less responsible journals of America -and those of least influence at home-so portray and really misrepresent American social life that when they find their way abroad these caricatures are accepted as

# Shot Through the Heart.

[Mary A. Livermore.] A great battle was in progress, when a large division under Gen. Gary came on the field. He reported to Gen. Thomas. All day the tide of battle had turned, first in favor of the north, and then of the south. Gen. Thomas pointed to a certain pass, and said: "I want your men to hold that. If they can do it, victory is ours." They formed, and there they stood, like animated granite, Time and again the rebels came at them but could not break the line. At length Gen. Gary gave the word, "Up, and at them, boys!" And with a shout the Union men charged down on the flying rebels. Dying men heard the shout of victory and waved their feeble arms. In the evening the generals were congratulating each other, and there was a call for Gary, who saved the day. At last he was found sitting dejected in his tent, and to the messenger who came to summon him to receive the congratulations of his general, he said: "I am shot through the heart; you must excuse me." "But I thought you escaped without a

Without a word Gen. Gary drew aside the

flap of the tent, and there lay the body of his boy, who had been pierced through the heart by a bullet while making that charge,

# He Quit in Time.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk." "Gould are Sage and those big bugs think they are mighty smart on speculating," said a talkative old gentleman from Erie, Pa. "But I'll wager none of 'em ever did a cuter thing than our Bill Scott did about five years agoof course you've heard of Bi .- Hon. William L. Scott, big railroad and iron man. Well, he had never been in any Wall street deals up to that time, had just attended strictly to business and let others do the gambling. One day a friend gave him a pointer. Bill believed it, went in heavy, and quit \$200,000 winner. Up in Erie we point out to strangers the Scott block—handsomest building in town-and tell 'em the money built it was made in a day. Fact, too. Scott made his deal in a single day, and then quit, saying that he know who he had enough, and that he was bound to be one man to quit ahead of Wall street So he put his winnings into that block and has never gambled since. Sensible man, don't At a rickety sewing machine, you think!"

# The Woman Dies First.

[Chicago Herald.] A married couple perished in the City of Columbus disaster, leaving no children, but considerable property. As it is impossible to say surely which one died first, the title to the estate will have to be determined by inference. The courts have held in cases of ship-wreck that the woman being the weaker, the law warrants the conclusion that she died first, and, therefore, the husband's heirs are entitled to the property.

With thread and nessure and snears, With aching and quivering lip, And eyes that are cloudy with tears, Work! snip! stitch!

From the dawn till the sunlight fails, Trying her level best to get rich On blue cats with cardinal tails. estate will have to be determined by infer-

#### Characteristics of the Ex-Slaves. [Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Press.]

The principal reason why papers edited and conducted exclusively by colored men and exclusively for the socalled benefit of the colored race have generally met with bad luck, and been so short lived, is that the negro has no need of a newspaper.

He is a born gossip, a natural newsgatherer, and whatever he may chance to see or hear is at once scattered to the four winds of heaven, through the medium of such of his own race as he may happen to meet.

A hasty telling, a picturesque embellishment, and away go the self-appointed couriers, happy in the possession of a piece of news that insures them a hearty welcome everywhere, and invests them with a dignity they could not otherwise hope to obtain.

Nothing pleases the negro better than a chance to talk, whether it be in the pulpit, cornfield, street corner, or any other place where two or three of his race are gathered together.

Tell him something important, and in less than twenty-four hours his neighbors for forty miles around have heard all about it, decorated with weird brilliancy of meaning the various passages it has traversed. No matter where the negro may be or in what occupation engaged, if he can have some one to talk to he is perfectly happy, and evolves a quantity of wisdom, ludicrous and otherwise, that would make old Col. Plato, of the Athenian cavalry, turn pale with envy.

The negro is a gregarious animal also and for him solitude has absolutely not a single charm.

He will at any time walk ten miles for company's sake, and a chance to air his social, political or religious opinions is considered by him a greater favor than a glass of whisky with white sugar thrown in.

He don't like to be forced to commune with himself, at least not until he gets to be 100 years old; prefers stewed rabbit to a reverie and religiously believes that in the multitude of

counselors there is safety.

Of the ten measures of talk that are supposed to have been thrown down from the negro got nine, and he makes constant use of them on each and every possible occasion.

### Jeff Davis' Marriage.

["W. L. C." in Inter Ocean.] The second frame house erected in Prairie du Chien was built by James H. Lockwood. This house was used for the garrison of Fort Crawford, and was the residence of various army officers, among whom was "Zach Taylor, then a colonel in the United States army and commander of this post for about sixteen years. Jefferson Davis, afterward president of the Southern Confederacy, was then a lieutenant in the regular army at this point. It was here that "Jeff" wooed and won Miss Noxie, a daughter of "Zach" Taylor, concerning which episode no little of romance and fiction been from time to time written. But the plain facts in the case we find to be these: Taylor was strongly opposed to his daughter marrying Mr. Davis, but the girl being of age repaired to Galena, Ills., where she had friends, and Davis met and married her there, which greatly enraged Taylor, who carried this enmity in his breast till the battle of Buena Vista, in the Mexican war, upon which occasion Lieut. Davis proved himself a gallant soldier and a true friend to his father-in-law, Taylor, by coming in from an unexpected quarter as a reserve to fill up the gaps made by his falling soldiers. This "coal of fire" softened Taylor's enmity toward "Jeff," and they then and there shook hands over the past and were ever afterward the best of friends."

# Base Balls and Bats.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.] During last year a Philadelphia firm made 1,315,000 base balls. It makes fourteen different styles. About threefifths of the demand is for the cheaper grades for boys, selling at prices ranging from 5 to 50 cents each. A good share of the remaining two-fifths is for 'amateur dead" and "professional dead" balls, selling at 75 cents and \$1 respectively. The best make sells at \$1.25. For bats the second growth of ash is best. It is procured in Wisconsin and Michigan, and must be wellseasoned. There are two styles of bats -the "professional ash" and the "American willow" (really basswood), which latter sells best in country towns and goes in company with the cheaper class of balls.

#### Chinese and Chickens. [Portland Oregonian.]

It will probably astonish many to know that three-fourths of all the chickens, brought to this market are consumed by the Chinese, and that nine-tenths of all the tame ducks share the same fate. The longer a man lives Chinamen feasting on rat pie, as he is three times as much chicken pie on his bill of fare as the white man, and nine times as much stewed duck.

#### What the Soudan Is Worth. [Pall Mall Gazette,

There are said to be 15,000 Christians and 40,000 Egyptians in the province; there are no less than 1,000 commercial houses owned by Europeans and 3,000 by Egyptians, and the import and export trade is valued at £13,000,000 an-

American Journalist: The life of a reporter is beset with temptations verywhere, more than that of any other man.

# HOOD ON THE HALF-SHELL.

A worn woman sat, embroidering cats, In red and yellow and green. Working for daily bread, Through pleasant weather and rough, Till the tender grace of the days that are

Seemed old and baldheaded and tough.

Work! stitch! snip!
With thread and needle and shears,

### THE NEW TEACHER.

A Victory Scored for the Mountain Willow and the Gun With the

"Automatic Dingus."

"We had about as onery and triffin' a crop of kids in Calaveras county thirty years ago as you could gather in with a fine-too.h comb and a brass band in fourteen states. For ways that was kittensome they was moder ately active and abnormally protuberant. That was the prevailing style of Calaveras kids, when Mr. George W. Mulqueen come there and wanted to engage the school at the old camp, where I hung up in the days when the country was new and the murmur of the six-shooter was in the land.

George W. Mulqueen was a slender young party from the effete east, with conscienus scruples and a bectle flush. Both of these was agin him for a promoter of school discipline and square root. He had a heap of information and sorrowful eyes.

"So fur as I was concerned, I didn't feel like swearing around George or using any language that would sound irrevelant in a ladies boodore: but as for the kids of the school, they didn't care a blamed cent. They just hollered and whooped like a passle of

"They didn't seem to respect literary attainments or expensive knowledge. They just simply seemed to respect the genius that come to that country to win their young love with a long-handle shovel and a blood-shot tone of voice. That's what seemed to catch the Calaveras kids in the early days.

"George had weak lungs, and they kept to work at him till they drove him into a mountain fever, and finally into a metallic sarcophagus,

"Along about the holidays the sun went down on George W. Mulqueen's life just as the eternal sunlight lit up the dewy eyes. You will pardon my manner, Nye, but it seemed to me just as if George had climbed up to the top of Mount Calvary, or wherever it was, with that whole school on his back, and had to give up at last.

"It seemed kind of tough to me, and I couldn't help blamin' it onto the school some for there was half-a-dozen big snoozers that didn't go to school to learn, but just to raise Ned and turn up Jack. "Well, they killed bim anyhow, and that

settled it. "The school run kind of wild till Feboowary,

and then a husky young tenderfoot, with a fist like a mule's foot in full bloom, made an application for the place, and allowed he thought he could maintain discipline if they'd give him a chance. Well, they ast him when he wanted to take his place as tutor, and he rekoned he could begin to tute about Monday morning.

"Sunday afternoon he went up to the school-house to look over the ground and to remunerative as a show beast arrange a plan for an active Injin campaign agin the hostile hoodlums of Calaveras. "Monday he sailed in about 9 a. m. with his

gripsack and begun the discharge of his ju-

"He brought in a bunch of mountain willers, and after driving a big railroad spike into the door casing over the latch, he said the senate and house would sit with closed doors during the morning session. Several large, white-eyed holy terrors gazed at him in a kind of dumb, inquiring tone of voice; but he didn't say much. He seemed considably reserved as to the plan of the campaign. The new teacher then unlocked his alligator skin grip and took out a Bible and a new self cocking weapon that had an automatic dingus for throwing out the empty shells. It was one of the bull-log varieties and hat the laugh of a joyous child.

"He read a short passage from the scripit on a nail. Then he made a few externous remarks, after which he salivated the palm of his right hand, took the selfcocking youngster in his left, and proceeded to wear out the gads over the various protuberances of his pupils.

"People passing by thought they must be beating carpets in the school-house. pointed the gun at his charge with his left and manipulated the gad with his right duke. One large, overgrown Missourian tried to crawl out of the winder, but after he had looked down the barrel of the shooter a moment, he changed his mind. He seemed to realize that it would be a violation of the rules of the school, so he came back and sat

"After he wore out the foliage, Bill, he pulled the spike out of the door, put on his coat and went away. He never was seen there again. He didn't ask for any salary. but just walked off quietly, and that summer we accidentally heard that he was George W. Mulqueen's brother."

# Bables in the Audience.

Robert J. Burdette. I point with pride to my record of seven or eight years on the rostrum. I have seen and heard in my audience legions of babiesall good babies, because all babies are good. Some are immeasurably better than others, but there are no bad babies-more and merely varying degrees of goodness. Some of the babies-the happy ones-coold and ficial to thousands who will read it. laughed through the lecture. Some of them -the precocious ones-talked aloud. Some of them-the sensible ones-slept through every word of it; and some-the unhappy ones, who bore upon their infant minds burdens of care and woe-fretted and cried and shrieked and hollered. They have screamed until my feeble voice was inaudible to myself. And I appeal to any man or woman to say if I ever lost my temper, if I ever the more he finds out, and, instead of frowned, if I ever stopped talking because the baby screamed. If any man says I ever popularly supposed to do, he has just betrayed one sign of ill-nature or distraction the same is a thief and a liar, and "dassent take it up." The bables in the audience never bother me. I have seen them drive an audience to mad-

ness, however.

But then the audience isn't paid for listening to the baby, and I am. At least, comprehensively, I am paid for everything that goes on during my hour and a half. Lurid.

# [Lowell Citizen.]

The Chicago Tribune has seen Irving and says that "his intellectuality is luminous and widely horizoned." Gosh Sounds like a description of one of the red sunsets! Heary will send home a copy of that paper.

# Peculiar.

A great many people have a very peculiar kind of religion. It resembles the portrait which the young girl wanted to have painted, which was to be a perfect likeness of her lover, but not recognizable to any one else.

# A LUCKY KANGAROO HUNTER.

One of the most daring Kangaroo hunters of Australia, and his stag hounds, were terribly lacerated by a wounded Kangaroo, on the great sheep ranch of Mr. Alfred Hay, Boomanoomana, N. S. W., and were entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Hay writes that it is the greatest pain-cure ever introduced for man or beast.

#### How He Captured the Old Man. [Philadelphia Call.]

"Sir." said a young man entering an office in which was seated an old gentleman, "I am a stranger to you, though well acquainted with your daughter. But before demanding her hand in marriage I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir; proceed."
"About how much are you worth?"

"Well, I should say my fortune would over \$3,000,000 at least. "Quite a respectable amount. How

ig it invested? "United States bonds."

"Ah, yes; safe investment; and the entire amount will go to your daughter at your death?" "Every cent of it." "Quite right. Well, I have had some

little conversation with the young lady with regard to our forthcoming marriage, and she suggested that I had better mention the matter to you.' "You are both very kind," replied "Would

the old gentleman, meekly.

it be presumptuous on my part if I were to ask you who you are?" "Certainly not, sir. You possess that right undoubtedly. I am one of the directors of the New York Coaching club and will drive third in line in our

Fifth avenue parade next May." The old man struggled with his emotion for a moment and then, in a broken voice, said: "She is yours, sir; she is yours."

#### Barnum's Latest.

[London Truth.] I went on Saturday to see the elephant. He is a well-proportioned beast, but he can only be called white by those who are in the habit of calling black white. The only difference be-tween him and other elephants is that he has a cream-colored patch with spots on his trunk, and one or two others on his chest, and that the tips of his ears are of the same hue and look like a sort of lacework. I have no reason to doubt that he is a holy animal; but, alas! his presence in the flesh among us dispels one more illusion-the sacred white elephants which the Siamese worship are, so far as color is concerned, pious frauds. In Mexico there is a race of Indians with light patches on their skins. These mottled savages go by the name of Pintos. "Young Toloung" is a Pinto; he looks like an elephant with a slight touch of leprosy, with a coating of whitewash, however, and with a few priests in gorgeous eastern rament to minister to him, I should think that he is likely to prove

#### Extraordinary Development. [Chicago Times,

During the six months in which the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was fought, the receipts of the telegraph company which forwarded press dispatches to London, were \$200,000 more than in the half year that followed. This fact is cited as an illustration of the extraordinary development of newspaper en-

#### Promotes Longevity. [Chicago Herald.]

During the past fortuight no less than 800 vagrants have been arrested in the streets of Paris for begging, sleeping out, and such like offenses. This kind of existence seems peculiarly favorable to longevity, for no less than twenty were men whose ages ranged tures, and then pulled off his coat and hung from 90 to 90. Several of them, when interrogated, declared that they had not slept in a bed except when in prison, for atthirty years.

> "We never speak as we pass by." We have exchanged cooks.

# STARTLING DISCLOSURE.

OVER TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS LOST AN OLD PIONEER'S STATEMENT.

#### Fortune was Spent in Vain-An Eventful Career Rescued at Last.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL,-The Daily Chronicle publishes the following editorial com-munication from Captain W. F. Swasey, the oldest pioneer in San Francisco, a gentleman well-known throughout the coast, which will be self-explanatory: Editor of the Caronicle-Sin: Anything

concerning the history of an old Califor-nian, especially if he is extensively and favorably known throughout the Pacific Coast, never fails to attract attention, but when the circumstances attending his career are of such a peculiar character, that a knowledge of them will benefit the pub-lic at large, the imparting of such knowledge becomes not only a pleasure, but a duty as well. Therefore, the writer deems the following brief sketch not only emi-nently proper, but also feels confident that it will prove deeply interesting and bene-

Colonel D. J. Williamson, the subject of this letter, entered the Union Army in 1861 as Regimental Quartermaster of the Fourth California Infantry, and in 1863 he was appointed by President Lincoln, Captain Quartermaster of the United States Army. He served with distinction to him-self and honor to the Government until 1867, at which time he left the military service and became a prominent operator in stocks in San Francisco. In this busi-ness he continued until 1870, when he received from President Grant the appoint ment of United States Consul at In 1874 he was appointed by Presi dent Grant, Consul at Valparaiso, Chili and also Charge d' Affairs of that Repub lic, which latter positions he was com-pelled by ill health to resign in 1878.

In the winter of 1861-2, a winter that was unusually inclement, while on military duty at Sacramento, Colonel William son was obliged to sleep in tents, and then first contracted the terrible scourge of rheumatism, from which he at times suffered excruciating pain, although he was not incapacitated from duty. After he had left the service and entered upon busi-ness pursuits, the disease pertinaciously clung to his system, although he re-sorted to the most emission made sorted to the most eminent medi-cal advice and to every known remedy for relief. When he arrived in Peru, where rheumatism is very prevalent, the disease assumed a still more virulent type and his sufferings became so utterably in-tolerable that he was obliged to submit to tolerable that he was obliged to submit to the application of hypodermic injections of morphia, frequently administered as often as twenty-five times in twenty-four hours. He visited the famous baths of that country without avail, and when he reached Chili, resorted to the baths Coquenes and afterwards to the baths on the summit of the Andes, which latter are celebrated throughout the world for their efficacy in the cure of rheumatism. He still found no relief, however, and in 1878 his knees and lower extremities became so powerless from the disease that he was obliged to sign his position and return to California. He at once repaired to the Paso Robles Springs, in San Luis Obispo County, where he received but slight temporary relief, the malignant complaint

continuing to torture and rack his frame continuing to torture and rack his frame almost without cessation. From 1878 until about two months, he has been totally deprived of the use of his lower limbs, being absolutely unable to perform the most simple physical act without assistance. Some six months ago he was induced by his friend, Ferdinand V. Sault, Esq., Secretary of the California Pioneers to try St. Jacobs Oil. It is fortunate he to so, for to-day, after long years of inte so, for to-day, after long years of intellagony and utter prostration, he is able walk about with comfort and without the aid of either cane or crutches. He has disaid of either cane or crutches. He has dis-continued all medical treatment and the use of all narcotics, and he gratefully and emphatically attributes this happy result solely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil. The writer of this letter having himself been a sufferer from rheumatism, and having been thoroughly cured by the same reme-dy, feels impelled by a sense of duty to afflicted humanity, to impart this informa-tion to the public.

Yours respectfully. W. F. Swassy

#### Yours respectfully, W. F. SWASEY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Captain W. F. Swasey, Pioneer Hall, City: DEAR CAPTAIN—Having carefully the foregoing, I cheerfully add in lifted attestation to the truthfully no language is adequate to convey i real-istic sense of the fearful suffering and agony I have passed through in the last eight years, during which time I have ex-pended at least \$20,000 for remedies, medical attendance, and an enforced residence at different bathing resorts. I cheerfully add this testimony because I feel perfectly certain that a knowledge of my cure by certain that a knowledge of my cure by St. Jacobs Oil will prove the means of re-lieving hundreds of sufferers from the pangs of the dreadful disease alluded to. Confident of being soon again able to re-sume my former active life, I remain al-ways your friend, D. J. WILLIAMSON, 520 Taylor street, San Francisco, Cal.

#### A Miraculous Escape.

The St. Louis, Mo., Post-Dispatch says:
A most remarkable case has just come to
the notice of a reporter of this paper, who
having been informed of the wonderful
cure of Mrs. Phoebe Rice, 1208 Madison
street, a sister of Hon. H. Clay Sexton,
Chief of the St. Louis Fire Department,
visited that lady at her residence. Mrs.
Rice made her statement without the least
reluctance and said that for the past seven
vers, she had been a sufferer from acute. years, she had been a sufferer from acute, years, she had been a sufferer from acute, inflammatory rheumatism, which had affected the muscles of the hands, contracting them so badly she could not comb her hair, hold a needle or pick up a pin, and rendered the lower limbs so helpless she required crutches to move about. During ten woulds she was obliged to every the ten months she was obliged to carry the right hand in a sling. Physicians were called in, but gave her only temporary re-lief. Some time ago one of her children was afflicted with a contraction of the muscles of the lower jaw, which turned her mouth to one side; a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil restored the features to their natural condition, and Mrs. Rice began to look hopefully towards it for her own cure. A single application, she said, made her a firm believer in its virtues, as the effect was instantaneous and she was greatly benefited. The continued use of it brought her to the happy state in which the reporter saw her, with the free use of her limbs and in perfect health, cured. She was very enthusiastic in her commendations of the pain-relieving and curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil, which she ative powers of St. Jacobs Oil, which she said had accomplished more for her in a few weeks than all the other remedies the physicians had recommended in the past seven years. She can now run up and down stairs, she said, and her hands were as useful, in every respect, as they had be-fore she began to suffer, seven years ago, "God bless St. Jacobs Oil," the good lady exclaimed, as the reporter was about to leave. Mrs. Rice has lived in this city thirty years, and her statement, worthy of all credence, is fully corroborated by her friends and neighbors, and by her own children, who were fully cognizant of her helpless condition before she began to use the wonderful remedy.

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