

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

SNOW AND SUN.

[Mortimer Collins.]

Fast falls the snow, O lady mine!
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine;
But, by the gods, we won't repine,
While we're together.

We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and dine,
Dying weather.

So stir the fire, and pour the wine!
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Four their love madness into mine!
I don't care whether.

'Tis snow, or sun, or rain or shine,
If we're together.

YOUNG LADY WHISTLERS.

The Art of Reducing The Mouth and Giving the Tongue Play.

[New York Herald.]

The familiar air of "The Mocking Bird," was whistled through West Forty-sixth street yesterday morning. A reporter of The Herald, who was passing along the street, stopped to listen, for save a pretty young lady standing on a door step, no one was in sight. Still the twittering and bird-like solo continued to vibrate down the block. It was the young lady who was whistling, and the reporter took the liberty of expressing his astonishment to her.

"Were you whistling?" he inquired of the young music-maker.

The young lady smiled, turned three difficult corners in the tune, worked in a tremolo half a dozen birdlike trills, stopped and answered:

"Yes, Why?"

"Because you whistle so beautifully, and—"

"Well, I think I ought to," she interrupted. "I've been taking lessons long enough, and my mouth has grown five-eighths of an inch smaller since I began to practice regularly."

"You take lessons and your mouth has grown smaller?" echoed the reporter.

"Yes; you needn't look as though I was telling a story. Of course I take lessons. Lots of girls whistle now because it's fashionable."

"Then whistling will make the mouth small?"

"Why, of course it will. A girl that has a four-inch mouth can reduce it to three inches by a regular course of study. Besides the puckering of the lips makes them fuller and gives them a nicer color."

"How long does it take to dock an inch off an ordinary's zeal mouth?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer.

"A girl must never sing, use large tooth-brushes or take big bites out of apples. Then if she practices all the time when she is in the house she will probably reduce the size of her mouth in about two years. Why, I can whistle everything, even scientific sacred music, and you see how small my mouth is. It is different from singing in a choir. The overtone from 'Zampa' is perhaps the most difficult selection in my repertoire, it requires so much active tongue movement. But a fine whistler must have a good ear and good teeth that are not too widely apart."

"Professor" Wise was found in an uptown billiard saloon. He was a short, grizzly-pated man, of gamboge tint, with a smooth face and large lips.

"Yes, sar; I'm Professor Wise," he said with tantalizing slowness, "an' I'm an instructor in de art ob moose. Yef, sar; it's whistlin' wha' I teach to de young ladies ob soci-ety. Yef, sar; sun pipe like de plover an' sun I ke de old jay-bird. I cud al'a's whisttle putty tolebel smart as a chuck of a boy, sar, an den at Long Branch whar I spen de summers de hotel folks dey hab me to whistle to 'em. Yef, sar; and de young ladies dey like to larn, and so I come here, an am a profess-ah. I've twenty-free scholars, sar, all in de ubber ton; at leas so da say, sar, and de warbler walked slowly away."

"Wall Street's Latest Moral." [New York Letter.]

A different kind of moral from any that Comstock points is furnished by the latest collapse of Alden E. Stockwell, once a king of the stock exchange. Stockwell's career has been like that of some others who have floated high on the Wall street wave, and suddenly gone under. In early life he knocked about a good deal in the west, picking up a living in various ways. Drifting eastward later on he became acquainted with a daughter of Elias Howe, the sewing machine millionaire, and married her. Eighteen years ago he appeared in Wall street with a capital of \$2,000,000. He plunged into speculation at once, and soon became well known. His operations were among the boldest in the street, and he rose fast to a leading position. He took hold of Pacific Mail when it seemed going to pieces, and carried the stock up from forty to 100, making a couple of millions by the rise.

Had he stopped there it would have been all right. But Wall street men don't always know when to stop. If they did there would be fewer wrecks. Stockwell next took up the Atlantic & Pacific railroad. That was where he stumbled. Gould was then getting his Pacific schemes in shape, and he found Stockwell in his way. Stockwell thought he was just as smart as Gould and he would not get out of the way. Gould set to work to "bust" him, or "knock him out," whichever phrase the refined reader may prefer. The panic of 1873 struck Stockwell under full sail and keeled him over. He tried hard to right himself, but had to give it up. Almost everything he had was swept away. He disappeared from the range of the public eye, but he held to his seat in the exchange, and he has since carried on a small business in a New street office, where he hired desk room. Wall street had almost forgotten his existence when he heard a couple of days ago that he had failed on a small contract. It was a matter of only \$500 that caused the collapse of the man who came into Wall street with \$2,000,000 and had made several millions more. You probably see the moral, so I may as well pass to something else.

KALAKAU'A'S KINGDOM.

What a New York Man Saw in the Sandwich Islands—No Pests Except Leprosy.

[Chicago Tribune Interview with E. A. Thorne.]

"What sort of labor is employed in the islands?"

"Mostly Chinese, and the rest Portuguese, German, and Kanakas, or natives. The Germans are often thrifty and become overseers. The Portuguese are very good, and are becoming more numerous. The Kanakas are the most reliable, but they are very improvident and are hard to obtain."

"Has it not been charged that a species of slavery existed on the plantations with reference to these laborers?"

"It has, but without any foundation whatever. These laborers are engaged in the native countries to emigrate to the islands and to work for from one to three years after arrival for wages, in consideration that the planter who hires them shall pay their fare across the water. This is called 'shipping.' When their time is up they agree to remain for another period if their employer this also is called 'shipping.' There is a charge made in this country that these contracts are enforced in such a way as to make them amount substantially to slavery. But there is not a word of truth in it. There are the same legal means exactly in the islands as in the state of Illinois for enforcing the fulfillment of such a contract on the part of hired laborers. That is to say, in case they violate their contract they can be sued for damages, and if they have committed fraud they can be arrested and held to bail, and the suit is tried before a native Kanaka justice at that. Indeed, these remedies are so inadequate that the planters are in a state of perpetual peril and dissatisfaction on account of the insecurity of their contracts."

"How are the laborers treated while working out their contract?"

"Very humanely indeed. They are cared for just like children. The laws not only forbid slavery, but forbid a planter to strike a hired servant."

"What of the climate and scenery of the islands?"

"The most delightful imaginable. The country is swept by the trade winds, and the temperature is kept remarkably even and comfortable. The thermometer never gets above ninety degrees, and seventy degrees is the average of the year round. There are three months of sultry weather in the summer, but the rest of the year is very comfortable. It is also a land of perpetual verdure. Flowers of every hue and shape are so abundant that you may walk over beds of them anywhere. Fruits, also, in endless variety abound everywhere. I could stand on the veranda of my hotel and pick figs, oranges, bananas, limes, mangoes and papaya. What is more wonderful, there is not a wild animal, a snake or any kind of reptile in the country."

"Are there no pests of any kind?"

"There are some mosquitoes, and from what I heard before I went there, I expected them to eat me up. But I found no more of them than there is in this country, and they gave me no trouble except at one or two places. The only plague I know of in the country is the leprosy. This terrible disease is confined to the Kanakas, or natives. It is contagious, but not infectious. It is entirely painless, but it causes the joints of the body to come apart, so that the hands and feet drop off. As soon as a person is taken with it he is banished to the island of Malakai, which is reserved entirely for the residence of lepers, and on which there is a colony of from 400 to 500 of them all the time. People who are curious about the disease often go there and walk through the hospital with impunity. The lepers are the most cheerful patients in the world."

A New Telephone.

[Fall Mail Gazette.]

Mr. Arthur St. George has patented a new telephone, which he asserts possesses advantages superior to those attaching to other telephones. Supplementary to the telephone itself is a contrivance which will, it is stated, not only record every description of conversation carried on through the instrument, but will reproduce the words at any future time. A circular plate of glass is coated with collodion and made sensitive as a photographic plate. This is placed in a dark box, in which is a slit to admit a ray of light. In front of the glass is a telephone diaphragm, which, by its vibrations, opens and closes a small shutter, through which a beam of light is constantly passing and imprinting a dark line on the glass. Vibrations of the shutter cause the dark line to vary in thickness according to the tone of the voice. The glass plate revolves by clockwork, and the conversation as it leaves the telephone is recorded on the sensitive plate, the words spoken being fixed as is done in photography. The plate can be brought forward afterward, and when replaced in the machine and connected with a distant telephone will, when set in motion give back the original conversation.

How a Pianist Avoided a Duel.

[St. James Gazette.]

A duel in which an eminent pianist was to have taken a leading part is said to have been happily arranged without loss of life or limb on either side. An altercation had taken place at a Paris cafe between the said pianist and a well-known man of fashion, and it at last became so animated that the latter offered the former his card and accepted one in return. The pianist waited at home the next morning, but heard nothing from his opponent. The day afterward he met him by chance in the street, and expressed his surprise at what had, or rather at what had not, taken place. "I asked you the day before yesterday," said the pianist's adversary, "for satisfaction, and yesterday I received it."

"How so?" asked the pianist, more astonished than ever. "Instead of a visiting card, you have me a ticket for your concert," was the reply. "I went to it, heard you play, and was more than satisfied."

A Few Points on Snuff.

[Detroit News.]

There are three grades of snuff—the fine, poor and medium. The fine snuff is made from the blade of the tobacco leaf, the ribs and stems being rejected and ground up into the poor grades. The medium grade is composed of the entire leaf, and is the quality of which the greatest amount is sold. Of all grades of snuff there are the moist and dry varieties. The dry snuff is heaped on earthen plates after it has been ground, and is exposed to a high degree of heat. The term "high toast" is used to denote the article which has been heated for a length of time. Moist snuff is made by moistening the snuff which has already been ground, with a solution of common salt and allowing it to ferment. The period of fermentation determines the strength and pungency of the snuff. After the fermentation salt is mixed with the snuff to prevent its becoming moldy, rose-water or other perfumes are added, and sometimes powdered orris root is used to increase the pungency of the article. Snuffs are often adulterated with chrome yellow, lime and carbonate of potash, all of which ingredients render the snuff unhealthy. Such adulterations can easily be detected with the microscope, which reveals the peculiar structure of the tobacco leaf as distinguished from that of adulterations.

"Much snuff used?" was casually asked to-day of a Woodward avenue dealer who sells several of the standard brands of snuff. Said "brand," by the way, are nothing more than common snuff with famous names.

"Not as much as was sold a few years ago," he replied. "People still continue to use it for catarrh and similar ailments, but as a method of using tobacco, snuffing is falling into disrepute. In fact, it is worthy of note that the introduction and widespread use of cigarettes marked the beginning of the decline of snuff-taking. Nearly all my customers are old people who learned the practice in the old country, and who, while they detest it, are so habituated to it that they can not give up their snuff-box and their maccaboy. The young men who take snuff are nearly all Scotchmen and Polish laborers. These latter make their own snuff, and they often produce a very fine article, which they consume in large quantities. Every Polish of any means has a pestle and mortar in which he grinds his snuff, and as most of them raise and cure their own tobacco, the snuff is free from any adulteration. They flavor their snuffs with brandy."

Snuff-taking has been practiced ever since the introduction of tobacco into Europe, and its peculiar quality is said to have been discovered by accident. At first only fops used it, and to describe a fop without speaking of his snuff-box was considered a fatal omission. Thus Hotspur, speaking of a fop, says that between his fingers he held a "pouneeet-box, which ever and anon he gave his nose." The custom of snuff-taking is evidently a continuation of the rage for odors and perfumes which was prevalent in by-gone days, and like it, snuff-taking is dying out.

Sacred Cattle.

[Prof. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Yet the sanctity of the holiest reptiles was exceeded by that of the sacred ox or Brahma bulls. The ancient Egyptians contented themselves with worshipping one bull calf at a time; but in India all black cattle are sacred, and the hunched kind of the species Bos Brahmans so unspeakably holy that even their unclean caprices are accepted as signs of divine favor. If a Brahma bull lies down on the sidewalk, the proprietor of the next house sends a servant to fan his distinguished guest, or sprinkle him with scented Ganges water. Hucksters must not drive him away from their stalls, but anticipate his desires by a voluntary offering of garden greens. If he invades the garden itself, the owner must try by persuasion first, and gentle force only as a last resort.

"Oh, my son, oppress not the poor!" Von Orlich heard a Hindoo farmer adjure a voracious bull. "Come, my child, I will feed thee with honey if thou wilt follow me." The bull continued to help himself. "Provoke not the weak," resumed the Hindoo. "Brahm is just; come, repent in time." The bull never budged, and the farmer at last summoned two companions. "Oh, my son," they began again, but at the same time two of them seized the bull's horns left and right, and thus trotted him out, chanting a passage from the Upanishads, while their assistant enforced the quotation by hammering a board with a sort of mallet.

If an unbeliever should lift his hand against a cow the meanest Hindoo would risk his life in her defense.

About thirty years ago the native soldiers ascertained that the pasteboard shells of their cartridges had been lubricated with beef tallow instead of wax, and that discovery led to the instruction that cost the lives of 360,000 natives and 14,000 foreign soldiers!

The Grave of Journalism.

[Kinahan Cornwells in Manhattan.]

Journalism is truly the bottomless well which swallows up the literary genius and talent of America—the "mute inglorious Miltons" who pass from the cradle to the grave of their newspaper career under the impenetrable veil of the anonymous, a screen that allows no scope for the gratification of a laudable ambition. It is only where the anonymous system does not exist, as, for instance, in France, where every writer appends his own name, or his nom de plume, to his articles, that journalism offers a fair field to literary men who are not content to forever hide their light under a bushel—to be, in a certain sense, buried alive instead of being acknowledged leaders of thought and action. It is no exaggeration to say that more men of genius are buried alive on the press in this country than in any other in the world.

A mere salaried writer on the staff of a leading American newspaper is practically not permitted to shine, even as a glow-worm. He has, in fact, no more opportunity to become known, or to do anything inconsistent with diligence with his tread-mill work behind the scenes than he has of amassing "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" out of his commonly scanty salary.

PARIS' FAVORITE DENTIST.

From a Shop in Pennsylvania to the Court of France—Evans' Luck.

[Cleveland Leader.]

Charles Howard, the millionaire of Vermont, is to leave \$1,000,000 to his niece, Mrs. Evans, the wife of the rich Parisian dentist. Evans is already several times a millionaire, and this will be a pretty addition to his fortune, which is increasing at the rate of hundreds of thousands yearly. It is generally supposed that he made the most of his fortune in filling teeth. But this is a mistake, as the following talk with one of the old dentists in the United States, a man who was years ago connected with one of the imperial courts of Europe, will show:

"Dr. Evans" said the gentleman, "was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and he started life as a jeweler's apprentice in Lancaster, the same town in which Buchanan began life as a young lawyer. He went to Paris as a dentist in a few years."

"When did Evans become court dentist?"

"I do not know the time. He says, I understand, he was filling Eugenie's teeth when Louis Napoleon came to his office for some dental work, and that here the two met, and from that meeting afterward sprang their marriage. Napoleon owed much to Evans in many ways. You know he saved the life of Eugenie one night as she left the grand opera house, and an attempt was made to assassinate Napoleon by throwing hand grenades. He afterwards aided Eugenie in escaping to England, and went with her in 1870. At this time every one else had deserted the empress, and she fled to Dr. Evans' house. The doctor's wife was at the sea shore, and Eugenie dressed in Mrs. Evans' clothing, was passed off by Evans as his wife, and driven in his own carriage to the Norman coast. Thence they got a boat to England."

"Dr. Evans," this gentleman went on, "is worth several millions, and he has a grand palace in Paris. His office practice in the Rue de la Paix nets him \$60,000 a year, but this is not how he has made the most of his money. When Napoleon was president of the republic he was quite poor. He died very wealthy, and much of his money was made through Evans. Napoleon knew what action was going to be taken on public matters, and he also knew how this would effect stocks. If he could use his information in buying and selling he could make large sums easily. But it would not do for Napoleon to be connected with a broker. There must be some trusty go-between, added to a safe banker. Evans, I am told by good authority, was the go-between, and his position as dentist enabled him to do it to the best advantage. He had access to Napoleon at all hours, and he was the only one who could take precedence over the cabinet and every one else. He attended him at his toilet at 8 o'clock in the morning, and was on as close terms with Eugenie as with Louis Napoleon."

"One day Eugenie said to him, 'Dr. Evans, at 11 o'clock to-morrow an order will be issued withdrawing the French troops from Rome.' Evans at once went to the broker and invested in certain securities which he knew would be affected. At 12 o'clock the next day, after the order was issued, these securities went up like a shot, and Evans made \$600,000. Of course, Eugenie came in for her share of her pin money."

Killing the Killers.

[London Globe.]

Last night a cleverly executed scheme deceiving a large number of gentlemen was consummated at the Haymarket theatre. About ten days back, it appears, each received a missive, in a lady's handwriting, which ran as follows: "The writer of this is anxious to have the pleasure of meeting you. She will be at the Haymarket theatre on Tuesday, 11th of March next. If you will be in the stalls you will not fail to recognize her; but to show that this meeting is agreeable, will you wear a button-hole of violets and lilies of the valley, and she will wear scarlet geraniums." So successful was this letter, that two advertisements in the "agony" column of The Times requested the lady to send her address in confidence.

About 8 o'clock last evening the first victim appeared on the scene. Gallantly, yet cautiously, he looked round for the fair unknown, when to his dismay he noticed other men dropping in, one by one, all bearing the floral sign. Men came from Aldershot, from Brighton, and from the country, many of them wearing the scarlet geraniums in place of the Parma violets, which made them the more conspicuous. It was not long before the Bancroft exchequer was enriched by the appearance of at least sixty victims, many of whom were acute enough to hide their flowers in their hats, to be assumed if the fair wearer of scarlet should be discerned.

Before the end of the first act it was very patent that a "sell" of the first war had been perpetrated; two noble lords, the chief character in an Irish breach of promise case, and others equally well known being among the gay Lotharios. The dress circle was full of men who, having received letters themselves, had compared notes, and detecting the joke, secured this coin of vantage to enjoy the scene. It was not necessary to look very far for those by whom the scheme was originated. A certain stage-box was graced by the presence of a well-known firm, and the party took the keenest interest in the successive entries of the lady killers.

Cetewayo's Death.

[Chicago Herald.]

Just before Cetewayo died he sent the following dispatch to Mr. Grant, his late adviser: "Durban—I am dying. I say so. Tell my European friends that I am dead forever. I leave Udimuzula (Cetewayo's son) in my place. This must be communicated to Queen Victoria." Cetewayo, like the lamented Brown, had a real though disinterested affection for the queen, whom he regarded as a sort of mother to him.

Louise Colet: Not to enjoy one's youth, when one is young, is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures.

An Important Church Document.

[Chicago Times.]

A book was known to the early fathers of the Christian church called "Teachings of the Apostles." It was quoted by Clement of Alexandria as a portion of holy scripture. Eusebius knew of it, and classified it with certain other important but not strictly sacred writings. Athanasius does the same, saying that, while it was not strictly canonical, it was one of the books appointed to be read by catechumens. That book was lost, and nothing known of it by moderns beyond the quotations alluded to above, and the general character it sustained.

Singularly enough, this book, which belonged to an age which without it is poor in authentic Christian documents, —the first half of the second century—has, after so long and so hopeless an oblivion, come to light again. It has just been given to the world by the accomplished metropolitan bishop of Nicomedia, Philotheos Bryennios. Its genuineness has been inquired into with great care by best experts in that line of Christian antiquities and firmly approved. It not only belongs to the oldest documents of the Gentile church, but it is itself the oldest book of church order that is known. This is its peculiar value. Whether written in Syria or Egypt can not be determined, but it is believed that it will henceforth be the chief authority in determining the organization of the Apostolic church, especially as to the status of "prophets," "teachers," "bishops" and "deacons."

It is a small book, about the length of the epistle to the Galatians. The first half of it contains nothing that is not somewhere cited in the writings of the fathers. The second half is measurably new. In its entirety it is probably the very beginning of the whole body of literature in the Oriental church. It treats of baptism, the eucharist, the signs of a true prophet, the choosing of bishops and deacons, the discipline of the heart and life, and the observance of the Lord's day. Whether this new book, breaking in upon the church from the time immediately succeeding the apostles, will reopen old controversies, it is, perhaps, too early to say. It is not yet translated into the English language. What is known of it here is through the German version of Prof. Harnock.

Another Safest Part of a Car.

[Merchant Traveler.]

A party of merchant travelers in a passenger coach were talking over their traveling experience and the danger of accidents, and finally the question arose as to the safest part of the car. Failing to settle the question among themselves, they called upon the conductor and one of them said to him: "Conductor, we have been discussing the matter of the safest part of the car and want to know your opinion." "Want to know the safest, eh?" replied the conductor. "Yes that's it."

"Well," replied the conductor, borrowing a chew of tobacco and looking disappointed because he didn't get a cigar, "I've been on the road for fifteen years, and I have been turned over embankments, busted up in tunnels, dumped off bridges, telescoped in collisions, blown off the track by cyclones, run into open switches, and had other pleasant incidental diversions of kindred nature, and I should say, gentlemen, the safest part of the car was that part which happened to be in the shop for repairs at the time of the accident."

Truly Said.

[Exchange.]

When the Abbe Lixzt was once asked whether he thought a certain pianist had talent or not, he replied, smiling: "He is a good man, at least according to Bible precepts; for it can be truly said of him that his right hand knoweth not what his left hand is doing."

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

Therapeutic Treatment for chronic diseases introduced to the public by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, is affecting most wonderful cures in Consumption, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc. Thousands have been relieved from suffering during the past thirteen years, and hundreds saved from death, by this new discovery. Send for their pamphlet, in which you will find all desired information in regard to a treatment which is destined to revolutionize the practice of medicine.

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.

Can a man with a big heart be light-hearted?

The increasing sales of Piso's Cure attests its claim as the best cough remedy.

It is reported that cholera is abating in Calcutta.

A MODEL BANK.

The age of any institution, especially a financial or commercial one, is always a proof of its solidity, reliability and soundness. Even extensive capital and high credit do not always present so acceptable a guarantee as age. It is for this reason that all old residents of San Francisco look upon the pioneer banking institution of the coast, the Pacific Bank, at the corner of Pine and Sansome streets. The policy of this bank combined prudence with liberality in a very marked degree, it is acknowledged to present the best possible security to depositors whose numbers are steadily increasing.

A CASE NOT BEYOND HELP.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quack Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. W.M. HALL'S BAL-SAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one-half dozen bottles, she was about the house doing her own work."

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

Allen's Bilious Physic is a purely vegetable liquid remedy for Headaches, Biliary Disorders and Constipation. Easily taken, acting promptly, relieving quickly. 25c. At all druggists. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

"BUCHU-PAIRA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. \$1.

OUR ANCESTORS' NERVE.

The Secret of Their Unusual Vigor Explained and How It Can Be Acquired.

There was something about the sturdy vigor of former generations that challenges the admiration of every modern man and child. They were not only physically strong, but they were also mentally and successfully met and overcome difficulties that would have discouraged this age and generation. The rigors of the frontier were supplemented by the savages; wild beasts threatened their enterprise and poverty was a constant companion. Yet they bravely encountered and resisted all those things and laid the foundations of a land whose blessings we now enjoy. Their constitutions were strong; their health unsurpassed and yet they were forced to expose themselves continually. There certainly must have been some good and adequate cause for all this and for the physical superiority of that age over the present.

It is well known to every conversant with the history of the time that certain home compounds of strengthening qualities were used almost universally by those pioneers. The malarial evils and exposures to which they were subjected necessitated this. When their bodies became chilled by cold or debilitated by the damp mists of a dewy country they were forced to counteract it by the use of antiseptics. Medicines were few in those days and doctors almost unknown. Hence the preparations above referred to. From among the number, all of which were compounded upon the same general principle, one was found to be more efficient and hence far more popular than all the rest. It was well known through the middle and western states and was acknowledged as the best preparation for malarial disorders, and general debility then known. The recipe for compounding this valuable article was handed down from one family and generation to another, was known to the Harrison family and is used as the basis and general formula for the present "Tippecanoe," the name being suggested by the battle in which General Harrison was enabled to defeat the Indians and to prepare for the malarial diseases and general debility then known. The recipe for compounding this valuable article was handed down from one family and generation to another, was known to the Harrison family and is used as the basis and general formula for the present "Tippecanoe," the name being suggested by the battle in which General Harrison was enabled to defeat the Indians and to prepare for the malarial diseases and general debility then known. The recipe for compounding this valuable article was handed down from one family and generation to another, was known to the Harrison family and is used as the basis and general formula for the present "Tippecanoe," the name being suggested by the battle in which General Harrison was enabled to defeat the Indians and to prepare for the malarial diseases and general debility then known.

"Tippecanoe" is prepared and given to the public by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., proprietors of the famous Warner's Safe Cure, which is now the most extensively used of any American medicine. The well known standing of this house is a sufficient guarantee of the purity and power of this preparation which seeks to banish one of the greatest plagues of the nineteenth century—malaria—the simulation of food. Any one who experiences trouble of digestion; who feels less vigor than formerly; whose system has unquestionably "run down" and who realizes the necessity of some strengthening tonic cannot afford to permit such symptoms to continue. If the farmer finds that his threshing machine does not separate the grain from the straw he realizes that something is wrong and tries to repair the machine. When the food does not sustain the life; when it fails to make blood; when it causes the energy to depart and ambition to die, it is a certain sign that something is wrong and that the human machine needs repairing. It is not a question of cost; it is a matter of duty. You must attend to your health or your sickness and nothing will sooner overcome these evils than "Tippecanoe," the medicine of the past, a safeguard for the present and a guarantee of health for the future.

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