

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A RARE LOVE LETTER.

Sir Walter Scott's Affair, and Her Objection to "Must."

[Every Other Saturday.]

Scott's biographer thus describes Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, afterward Lady Scott. Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions: "A form that was fashioned as light as a fay's; a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep set and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown, and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing—her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lover's vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined.

It was late in the summer of 1797 that Scott met, and became engaged to, Miss Carpenter. The marriage took place in December of that year. In a letter to a friend, Scott thus describes his fiancée. "Of her personal accomplishments I shall only say that she possesses very good sense, with uncommon good temper, which I have seen put to most severe trials. I may give you a hint that there is no romance in her composition, and that though born in France, she has the sentiments and manners of an Englishwoman, and does not like to be thought otherwise. A very slight tinge in her pronunciation is all which reveals the foreigner. She is not a beauty, by any means, but her person and face are very engaging. She is a brunette—her manners are lively, but when necessary she can be very serious. She was baptized and educated a Protestant of the Church of England."

Here is a characteristic letter from the lady herself, written but a few days before that "graceful love letter" printed in Every Other Saturday of March 1.

"CARLEISLE, Oct. 25.—Indeed, Mr. Scott, I am by no means pleased with all this writing. I have told you how much I dislike it, and yet you still persist in asking me to write, and that by return of post. O, you really are quite out of your senses. I should not have indulged you in that whim of yours, had you not given me that hint that my silence gives an air of mystery. I have no reason that can detain me in acquainting you that my father and mother were French, of the name of Charpentier. He had a place under government; their residence was at Lyons, where you would find on inquiries that they lived in good repute and in very good style. I had the misfortune of losing my father before I could know the value of such a parent. At his death we were left to the care of Lord Lansdowne, who was his very great friend; and very soon after I had the affliction of losing my mother. On taking the name of Carpenter was on my brother's going to India, to prevent any little dissent that might have occurred. I hope now you are pleased. Lord Lansdowne has given you every information, as he has been acquainted with all my family. You say you almost love him; but until you almost become a quite, I cannot love you. I will give you a little hint—that is, not to put so many musts in your letters. It is beginning rather too soon; and another thing is that I take the liberty not to mind them much, but I expect you to mind me. You must take care of yourself; you must think of me, and believe me yours sincerely. C. C."

Tyrol and Switzerland.

[Adred E. Lee in The Current.]

A mile or so from Munster, toward Mals, the road crosses the Austrian boundary and enters Switzerland. Instantly a striking change takes place. The road changes from a rough, primitive bridle-path to a broad, smooth, solid highway the moment the boundary is passed. On the Tyrol side the villages are miserably filthy; monster dung-heaps are piled under the windows, and great pools of mire stand in the streets. To aggravate, if possible, this disgusting aspect of village life, unsightly crucifixes are set up amid the pig-sties and manure-heaps. The roadside representations of the crucifixion are generally as rude and horrible as they are common in the Tyrol, but in this particular region extra touches of clumsy art render them more than usually repulsive. On the cross are hung not only the writhing body, bespattered with blood, but the hammer, the nails, the whips used in the scourging, the dice with which the seamless garment was raffled away, and all other accompaniments that can intensify the historical brutality of the spectacle. Passing to the west side of the boundary, one escapes these horrible sights immediately, and thereat leaves a great sigh of relief. Not another crucifix appears. More significant still, the fields are better cultivated, the houses better built, and the people better dressed and more intelligent looking. In the villages, instead of filthy garbage heaps and drossful crucifixes, are seen clean, well-paved streets, and dwellings nicely painted, with flowers set in the windows, where dainty white curtains are eloquent of tidy housekeeping.

Anti-Horse Torture.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is an invention spoken of which it is thought may abolish the bit. It is called the carriage, or anti-horse torture. It is composed of steel bands placed over the front bone of the horse's nose, and to this appliance the reins are attached. The inventor claims for this substitute for the bit that it gives complete control to the driver over the horse, without inflicting the least discomfort or torture on the animal itself. It has been tried with satisfactory results.

APPEARANCES PROMOTE SUCCESS.

How Quacks Succeed—How a Lawyer Impresses His Clients.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Even the most credulous cannot believe that a spirited span of 100 lbs., silver-mounted harness and a handsome carriage or coupe, with a dash of eccentricity conspicuously displayed in equipage, or personality of a physician, will cure consumption, renovate the liver, be a panacea for gout, or prove an infallible sedative to an irritable nervous system. These auxiliaries, however, go far toward increasing the number of a doctor's patients. The man of medicine may be scientific, industrious, perfectly wedded to his profession; still, if he ignores those minor accessories that, by their mere presence, indicate prosperity, he will be left to derive amidst the pages of his Esculapian lore and grow rusty from want of practice, save such as he may find in the wards of a hospital and on the dissecting-table of a medical institute. It must be absurd, but it is no less a fact, that a horse and carriage have great weight in advancing a doctor toward the goal of auspicious popularity. Witness the alacrity with which quacks and unscrupulous, diplomat-like adventurers seize upon this theory and gain fame and fortune solely through its aid. The majority of people rather mistrust the practitioner who tramps his weary way from patient to patient by nature's economical method of locomotion.

The facts on the subject of the effect of appearances which are applicable to the medical professions are equally so to all professions, trades and occupations, whether scientific, mercantile or commercial, by which monetary power or successful competition is sought. A lawyer favorably impresses his patrons through the medium of large, airy, well-lighted, elegantly appointed suits of offices, black-walnut bookcases and writing-desks having an imposing effect on a client. He likes to tread on Brussels carpets and sit, while waiting for his lawyer, in a leather-upholstered armchair and entertain himself by allowing his eyes to roam backward and forward, up and down over call-bound legal tomes. He feels importance in the idea that the man he employs to attend to his debts, titles and lawsuits is able to live in the midst of magnificence, and he holds himself a part and parcel of those indications of success. Most men will willingly pay 50 per cent. higher fees to the prosperous-appearing attorney than to the L. L. D. who gropes his legal path through cobwebs, dust, broken-down chairs, rickety tables, tripping-up cocoa matting and newspaper substitute for glass windows. The latter may be equal, or even superior, in ability, to his professional brother of handsomely arranged apartments, but appearances are against him.

A veteran pioneer, one who financially and politically has prospered in this state, one who is known to the literary world by at least one standard work, in speaking to a daughter whose husband is a lawyer, said: "Dress well; always keep your children presentable and attractive in appearance; let your surroundings be the best your income warrants; by such means you will promote your husband's business and demand for him the esteem and respect of his fellowmen." This advice, coming from a successful man, now calmly resting in advanced years, is worthy of serious mental digestion.

Prince Leopold's Warning.

[Chicago Herald.]

An extraordinary story is told in English court circles, and has been related by the Spiritualists, as to the reasons which induced the queen at the last moment to alter the arrangements for Prince Leopold's funeral. It is said that a short time before his death, dancing with an intimate friend, a lady of Danish birth, of great personal beauty, and the wife of an English peer, he was rallied by her upon his unwonted abstraction. His answer was that his sister Alice had come to him in the night, warned him of an approaching calamity, and told him not to trouble, for all would soon be well. The royal duke, like his mother, the queen, seems to have accepted supernatural visitations as real, and he told the lady he would prefer, if anything happened to him, to have a military funeral. Her ladyship, the recipient of these confidences, wrote a letter to a high court official, telling him the story, and he laid her communication before her majesty. At once the queen ordered her dead son's desires, expressed in life, to be fulfilled. Hence the change at the last moment which led to so much perplexity and inconvenience.

Life on the Navigator Islands.

[Apia Cor. Inter Ocean.]

As long as a Samoan has his two acres of land planted with bananas, yams, breadfruit, and coconut trees and a taro-patch in the river-bed hard by, he is as happy as a human being can be. He sends his mother or grandmother (if he has one) to weed the bananas and yams once or twice in the year, and makes just enough copra (dried coconut kernel) to purchase a few yards of gandy calico occasionally, and may be a few other small articles, such as axes, knives, and, above all things, Columbia river salmon, which costs him just 25 cents per tin. Should he have a \$1 over he invariably invests it in "falana" (biscuits).

A Shabby Excuse.

[Rev. John Hall.]

Men do things which their fathers would have deprecated, and then draw about themselves a flimsy cordon of sophistry and talk about the advance of humanity; and liberal thought, when it is nothing after all but a preference for individual license.

Who Is Great?

It may not be generally known, but the fact is nevertheless true, that the man who will beat a carpet in the back yard is greater than he who stays down town until midnight talking politics.

The island of New Guinea contains about as much surface as Texas, Pennsylvania and South Carolina, or Great Britain and France.

Telegraphy's Last Triumph.

[London Telegraphist.]

We have often heard of the wonderful line between this country and Teheran, the capital of Persia, a distance of 3,000 miles; but we scarcely realize the fact that good signals were obtainable through so great a length of wire until recently, when we availed ourselves of an invitation from Mr. W. Andrews, the managing director of the Indo-European Telegraph company, to make a visit of inspection. It was between 7 and 8 on a Sunday evening, April 13, when we reached the office in Old Broad street. We were first shown the Morse printer in connection with the main line from London to Teheran. The clerk in charge informed us that we were through to Fenden, and with the same ease with which one "wires" from the city to the west end, we asked a few questions of the telegraphist in the German town. When we had finished with a stenographer, we spoke with the same facility to the clerk on duty at Odessa. A few seconds later we were through to the Persian capital (Teheran). The operator said "Call Aurachee," and in less time than it takes to say these words we gained the attention of the Indian town. The signals were good, and our speech must have reached Tehran within a minute.

The operator at Kurachee, when he learned that London was speaking to him, thought it would be a good opportunity to put us through to Agra, and to our astonishment the signals did not fail, and we chatted pleasantly with the clerk on duty. To make this triumph of telegraphy complete, Agra switched us on to another line, and we were soon talking to a native telegraphist at the Indian government cable station, Calcutta. At first he could not believe that he was really in direct communication with the English capital, and exclaimed in Moslem language: "Are you really London?" Truly this was a great achievement. Metallic communication without a break from 18 Old Broad street, London, to the telegraph office in Calcutta, seven thousand miles of wire! The signals were excellent, and the speed attained was not less than twelve, perhaps fourteen, words per minute.

Pompeii's Forthcoming Festa.

[Naples Letter.]

It is strange to see the elaborate preparations now being made for a festa among its ruins. In 1879 the Neapolitans celebrated the eighteenth century of the destruction of the town. The day fixed was in August, but the heat was so intolerable that the festa had to be put off to September, and even then its celebration was almost an impossibility. This year the month of May has been chosen, less with a view to chronological accuracy than to the probable readings of the thermometer.

In all matters of theatrical decorations the Neapolitans are masters. In 1879 they fitted up part of the forum, set up pasteboard statues, copied from the originals in the museum at Naples, on their appropriate pedestals, and a harangue delivered from a nostrum gave a fair idea of what might have happened the week before the eruption. The forthcoming festa will be on a much larger and more complete scale, and already the hotels of Naples are crowded by visitors coming from all directions to assist at it. The old Roman ligas will be driven through the streets, the wheels pass over the rutted ground by a traffic that ceased eighteen centuries ago—it will need careful charioting to drive the horses through these narrow causeways, generally only four and one half feet wide—while the gladiatorial combats to be held in the amphitheatre are already being rehearsed.

The nuptial and funeral processions will be very accurate, though perhaps a little stagey, but the idea of serving Falernian wine to customers who shall see it drawn out of the very amphora that held the vintages of A. D. 78, and who shall be served at the tables and on the benches last used by the Romans 1,800 years ago, pushes realization to its utmost limits, even though the sight of modern Neapolitans masquerading in togas and sandals may tend to disillusionment.

The Origin of Dixie.

[Oakland Times.]

On a Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's minstrels, New York, Dan Bryant came to him and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a 'walk around'? I want something new and lively for Monday night." Dan went to work and by Sunday afternoon he had the words commencing "I wish I was in Dixie." This expression was not southern, but appeared among the circus people of the north. In early fall when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wand-ers, the boys would think of the warmth of the south, and the common expression would be: "Well, I wish I was in Dixie." This gave the catch line, and the rest of the song was original.

On Monday morning it was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house caught up the refrain and half of them went home singing Dixie. The song became the rage, and W. W. Newcomb's Buckley's minstrels and others gave Dan \$5 each for the privilege of using it. Mr. Werlean wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright; but, without waiting for a reply, published it with words by a Mr. Peters, Pond, of New York, secured it from Emmett for \$600; but Werlean sold thousands of copies without giving him a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profits of his song, but the authorship of it was disputed. Will S. Hayes claimed it as his own. Pond brought the matter before a music publishers' convention and settled the authorship; but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice.

Cyclones and Temperature.

From figures published regarding the variations of temperature produced in Europe by cyclones, it appears that during the winter cyclones bring warmer air, and colder air during the summer.

Gen. Grant called his son "Buck" "Buckey," because he was born in Ohio and was therefore a "Buckeye" boy.

THE WHITE TIN PAIL.

The Millionaire Takes Lunch with a Laboring Man.

[New York Times.]

A wave of memory seemed to sweep up and take possession of the portly old gentleman, for a smile broke across his face and he went over to the big hoghead and gazed vacantly down at the white tin pail. Then he sat on the edge of the wharf in the lee of the hoghead, and dangled his feet over the water. A moment later he put out his hand timidly and touched the tin pail. There was no illusion, it was a genuine dinner-pail, such as the Pilgrim Fathers might have carried in their way of extrajurisdiction against the basket-carrying Quakers of New England. There seemed to be an affinity between the dinner-pail and the old man, for in a short time the cover came off and his hand went into it on a tour of investigation. A tin tank of black coffee came out, and underneath was a slab of cold boiled beef as thick as a board. The old gentleman forgot his shiny silk hat and his elaborate gold watch chain, and drifted back somewhere in the past, when life was young, when the burden was heavy and ambition strong. He held the pail between his well-clad knees, and taking up the slab of beef in both hands began to eat like a half-starved Indian. A chunk of bread of home-made stability came next and followed the boiled beef. Then an egg was found.

"This is something like, this is," said the portly old gentleman, in glee, as he sucked off the shell and laid bare the greenish-yellow color of the solid yolk. "That's the way to boil an egg!"

Two cold boiled potatoes, soggy with much cooking, went the way of the other things. Then the home-made mince pie was poised for a moment in air. It disappeared, and the pail was empty.

"Look a-here, you old duffer, whose dinner have you been eating?" demanded the big, heavy voice of a laboring man, who, at that moment loomed in sight, from behind the hoghead.

The amiable but portly old gentleman struggled to his feet. "Iours, I suppose," he answered calmly, flicking the crumbs from his coat with a white silk handkerchief. "Why, do you know," he continued, as the laboring man made ready to explode with wrath, "I've know I haven't had such a genuine home-made dinner since I swung the pick and shovel on the first section of the Union Pacific railroad years ago. There! Don't swear! It's all right. Come up to my home on Pierrepont street and my cook shall give you my dinner. Fair exchange, you know. It's an even chance whether you get the gout or I get the dyspepsia—a mere toss up, I might say. Come along."

And the honest laboring man, wiping his hands on a piece of waste and polishing his face on his coat sleeve, went with great alacrity.

Evolution of the Corset.

[Good Words.]

As long ago as the days of the Greeks and Romans a slight, elegant figure was admired, and stoutness looked upon as a deformity. Martial ridiculed fat women, and Ovid put large waists in the first rank of his rebuffs against love. Several means were tried then, as now, not only to restrain an expanding figure, but to enhance the beauty of a very slight one. But they were of a different kind from those with which we are familiar. Bandages were worn, which consisted of the stroph up, the cloth worn round the bosom; the tertia, a similar band below, and the zona, or waist-belt. When bandages failed, those who valued the beauty of their figure had recourse to a remedy prescribed by Serenus Samonicus. They enveloped their busts with garlands of ivy, which were thrown on the fire as soon as withdrawn, and afterward rubbed all the upper part of their figures either with goose-fat mixed with warm milk, or with the egg of a partridge.

Men were as vain as the women, if we are to believe Aristophanes and other writers. The great comic dramatist mocked his contemporary, Cinecitas, for wearing bands of linden-wood, and Capitoliinus, in his biography of the Emperor Anthony, mentions that he also had recourse to them to compress his swelling figure. Testimony is conflicting, however. Some contend that the ancients wore veritable corsets, arguing that when Homer, in describing Juno's toilet when she wished to captivate Jupiter, speaks of the two girdles worn around her waist—the one bordered with gold fringe, the other borrowed from Venus—she was really describing a Greek corset; and that the egide or cuirass of Minerva, which Virgil describes, is to be interpreted in the same manner. But this view is surely mistaken, for no monument of antiquity, no artistic work, no evidence gleaned from other sources, points to the use of stiff, unyielding whalebone corsets.

A Wily Toastmaster.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Not long since Mr. J. Russell Lowell was present at a London dinner at which he did not expect to speak, and hence was not prepared. Toward the end of the feast, however, the obsequious toastmaster approached him and put into his hands the usual slip of paper, which, in nine cases out of ten, provokes immediate indisposition. In real or feigned horror, the American minister exclaimed: "What! am I to speak? Wh, on earth didn't you give me notice?"

"Bless yez," replied the toastmaster, "we never do; if we was to we should have a gent talking all night."

Annual Loss by Fire.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The annual loss by fires in the United States is about \$100,000,000. This is twice as much per inhabitant as the loss in Great Britain, four times as much as that of France, and six times as much as that of Germany.

NO MARKS.

Mr. T. M. Casad, editor of the Corydon, Iowa, Times, writes that his little girl burned her foot severely on a stove. One application of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-reliever, cured it completely, leaving no marks. By two applications of St. Jacobs Oil, he cured himself of a torturing pain in the side.

A Cantonese Missionary's Bungalow.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.]

The Bungalow is quite roomy, though, of course, only one story in height. The drawing-room is twenty-five feet high and forty-eight feet long. There are no windows, except such as are embodied in the glass set into the double doors, and a few lofty openings filled with the most stained-glass transoms. The walls are of brick, plastered within and without. The white always rubs off, and nowhere in the Orient have I found papered or frescoed walls.

The airways from room to room are supplied with screens on rings and poles. The floors are covered with straw or rope matting, the almost universal carpet. The pictures, books, etc., are the only things that look natural. Every morning there are expeditions throughout the house in quest of the white ant. Despite the fact that the building is well constructed, it is a common thing to discover a great patch of plaster adhering to the ceiling, white wai, which has been deposited there by the tiny pests during the night. You carefully clear the mass away, and find that all this has been brought to the surface through a hole smaller than the finest knitting needle.

Perhaps they will work for months without giving any trace of their presence, accomplishing a great deal in an incredibly short space of time. At length your house collapses, and you discover the extent of the unseen ravages.

Baking Type.

[London Truth.]

Taking a purely self-delight in the pleasure of children, I have always regretted the painful necessity of teaching them their letters. The least nauseous way of administering such doses of scholarship is undoubtedly by the kindergarten biscuits. But their good service is entirely frustrated by a ridiculous blunder. All these eatable and no doubt nourishing letters are capitals. Now it is a stupid practice to teach children the capital letters first, because by so doing you oblige the poor little things to learn the alphabet twice over. There is, indeed, no positive reason why children should be taught capitals at all, for as these are the exceptions in writing and printing, they would be acquired involuntarily and imperceptibly when the child, having learnt all the small letters, begins to read. Will the kindergarten people take my hint and bake "lower-case type?"

Dog Jewelry in the D. C.

[Washington Critic.]

The commissioners have just secured the dog jewelry for the coming fiscal year," said a district employe to a reporter. "The dog-tag for 1885 has just been selected, and every licensed canine, from the tiniest pet to the largest hound, will be presented with a German-silver or acorn, about an inch in length, bearing the impression of a dog's head, the number, and the inscription, 'Dog Tax, D. C., 1885.' The dogs have been annually presented with a charm since 1878, when a brass circle with the number on it formed the unornamental tag. Since that time the dogs have carried a diamond, a triangle, a shield, a maltese cross, a keystone and a trefoil. For the last two or three years the tags have been small and neat, and the new one will be decidedly the neatest of the lot."

Dividing Honorably.

[Texas Siftings.]

The same spirit seems to animate certain politicians that inspired one of the brothers who were dividing a cake. Says Johnny—"Now Charlie, I want you to divide it honorably." "What do you mean by that?" "It means you are to give me the biggest piece," to which Charlie retorts: "Then suppose you divide it honorably and give me the biggest piece."

How many.

The latest mathematical puzzle in England is said to be this: "Two ladies met three ladies, they all kissed; how many kisses were exchanged?"

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

[Rev. J. H. Richards, of South Haven, Mich., gives us, under date of June 14th, 1882, the following account of what Compound Oxygen did for an old lady, seventy years old, who, a year ago, was at death's door:

"Compound Oxygen has done a fine work here in the person of a lady near seventy. She had a pulmonary attack, coughed incessantly and became greatly reduced—in fact, was completely prostrated. The physicians said that they could do no more for her, and that her end was at hand. She used, after this, one treatment, and was so much relieved that she could endure life. But in two or three months she was again at death's door. Her family were called in to say farewell, and she gave them her dying charge. But not really dying, one of the daughters asked if the Compound Oxygen had ceased to do her good. 'Oh! no,' she replied, 'but I have been without it for some time.' A treatment was immediately procured. This was about one year ago. Now she is doing work for her family and going out visiting in her carriage for miles in the country.

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All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Matthews, 607 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

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