

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## THE WORLD'S MINISTRY.

[Susan Coolidge.]

No soul can be quite separate; However set apart by fate, However cold or dull or shy Or shrinking from the public eye. The world is common to the race And nowhere is a hiding-place; Before, behind, on either side, The surging masses press, divide; Behind, before with rhythmic beat, Is heard the tread of marching feet; To left, to right, they urge, they fare, And touch us here and touch us there. Hold back your garment as you will, The crowding world will rub it still. Then, since that contact needs must be, What shall it do for you and me?

Let every such brief contact be A glorious, helpful ministry; The contact of the soul and soul, Each giving to the other's need, Each helping on the other's best, And blessing, each, as well as blest.

## SOUTHERN WOMEN.

"M. QUAD" TELLS OF THEIR SUBLIME DEVOTION TO THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE. Detroit Free Press.

History will never detail the self-sacrifice and heroic courage of southern women. No matter as to the right or wrong of the cause—they believed it was right. The blow fell upon the family household early and with full force. In Virginia seven out of ten families were without men folk at home within three months from the first battle. Father and sons went together. The wife and mother gave all she had, and then turned to face further anxieties. There were thousands of women in the Old Dominion who had never laced their shoes or combed their hair. The slave was at hand to obey every nod. These women sent their husbands and sons to the front and then faced the question of food supply. In many cases the slaves ran away. When this occurred the women went into the fields and put in such crops as they could. Where the slaves remained the mistress was forced to act as her own manager and overseer and assume all responsibility. There are plenty of Federal troopers still living who found educated and cultured southern women wielding hoes and holding plows in the corn-field within six months of the opening of the war. It was the southern women more than the provost marshals who checked desertion and made the offense odious. The Confederate who left the front without leave found no welcome outside of his own family. He who came home by authority, and with a wound to attest his bravery in action, was a hero until duty compelled his return. No man ever saw a night so wild that a southern woman would not face it to carry news to Confederate soldiers. Every woman was a scout and a spy. If the mother could not go the daughter was sent. If there was no daughter a dispatch or message was hurried off by a negro or a signal was made. They came to accurately estimate the strength of marching columns, to identify one make of gun from another in the batteries, and where scouts and spies could not go the women could. It was the women who saved Mosby again and again. It was a woman who told Gen. Jackson the exact strength of the Federal force at Front Royal before he fell upon it in carrying out his valley campaign. It was a woman who told Early just how Sheridan's army was distributed at Cedar Creek, and there was scarcely a battle on Virginia's soil with which women had not something to do as the bearers of information. Once enlisted in the cause they did not know what despair was. They sent their bedding to the hospitals, their provisions to the army and their jewelry to a buyer of Confederate arms in Europe. When the Confederate government could not furnish rations the Confederate women did. I have asked hundreds of Confederate soldiers how they made a start after the war, and in nearly every instance the answer began with: "Well, my wife, you know."

His wife had been the power to brace him for the new start in life. The home was in ashes, the farm grown up to briars and the country overrun with outlaws, but the wife's words of hope and encouragement set the returned soldier to work. With any other class of women the south would have built up by the inch instead of the foot. As they were enthusiasts in war, so also are they heroines in peace. In the real southern woman's heart there is no hatred of northerners. There is not even distrust or suspicion. In her parlor may hang portraits through which Sherman's men thrust bayonets, but her pleasant letters are mailed to and received from friends in the north. The war as a war is buried and forgotten, or if bitter memories force themselves to the surface there is no heartburning for vengeance.

JUDGING PEOPLE BY WHAT THEY READ. New York Tribune.

A news-stand at a central point or a much traveled thoroughfare is a good criterion of the intellectual character of the people who pass that way. Take Fulton and Hamilton ferries, for instance. On the news-stand at Fulton ferry, by which the better class of educated Brooklynites pass to and from their homes of more than the average in style and comfort, there may be found all the daily papers, the best weeklies, and the first-class magazines, together with current and standard novels, bound and in paper. By way of Hamilton Ferry the working classes pass to lumber homes; and the newsman there finds his profit in selling the penny and 2-cent papers, and such light literature as negro minstrel song books, exposures of freemasonry, adventures of highwaymen, and the novels of Dumas and Sue and Munro's publications. Probably the poverty rather than the taste of his customers dictates his sorry collection, but the newsman at Hamilton Ferry has not a high opinion of the intellectual calibre of the customers.

## EATING AND SLEEPING.

Wakefulness a Sign of Hunger... Wakeful Children—Eating at Night. [Boston Physician.]

Four to five hours having elapsed since the last meal, invalids and the delicate should always eat at bed-time. This seems heretical, but it is not. Food of simple kind will induce sleep. Animals after eating, instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, become pale and the powers grow dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger. The writer was called at 2 a. m. to see a lady who assured him she was dying. The body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation he ordered buttered bread (hot milk or tea would be better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life, and desire to sleep.

The feeble will be stronger at dawn if they eat on going to bed. Fourteen hours lie between supper and breakfast. By that time the fuel of the body has become expended. Consequently the morning toilet fatigues many. Let such eat at bed-time and take a glass of warm milk or beef tea before rising. Increased vigor will result. "But the stomach must rest." True. Yet when hungry we should eat. Does the infant's stomach rest as long as the adult's? The latter eats less often merely because his food requires more time for digestion. Seldom can one remain awake till 10:30 or 11:00 p. m. without hunger. Satisfy it, and your sleep will be sounder.

During the night give wakeful children food. Sleep will follow. The sick should invariably eat during the night. This is imperative. At night the delicate and children may take slowly warm milk, beef tea or oatmeal gruel. Vigorous adults may also eat bread and milk, cold beef, mutton, chicken and bread, raw oysters, all, of course, in moderation. Do not eat if not hungry. Eat if you are.

## The Vermonters' Family Doctor.

[Dr. Norman Bridges' Address.]

The family doctor was a great puzzle to me. When we were sorely sick we longed for his coming, wondered what detained him, and why he did not come faster; when he came he was so kind and tender to us, and gave no such delectable doses, and so few of them, and made us so comfortable and hopeful!

The puzzle was how this blessed man could be so wicked as ever to have joined—as he doubtless did—with other students of Castleton and Hanover in those blood-curdling scrapes and expeditions for raising material for study. The doctors had a powerful ally in the Vermont housewife. The people had many habits conducive to health and helpful in sickness. Our mothers did a great many things to aid and assist in a hygienic way. These mothers were, to their everlasting credit, consecrated to the religion of cleanliness. They believed in soap, and used it; it was soft soap, and of their own manufacture; it was a most searching article, and they never used it metaphorically. The Vermont housewife of spirit was degraded by untidiness and hated it as she did bad morals. Everything was swept and washed and made wholesome and sweet.

The doctor never left a house without prescribing medicine; to do so would have disgraced him in the family. The idea of the doctor was associated with that of medicine-taking—they went together. Sanitary science and hygiene had hardly been heard of, and it required years for the people to learn that their doctors might be of service to them by showing them how better to eat and drink and live, and avoid being sick. So it happened that, notwithstanding their noble virtues and rugged habits, some of their practices were the most unhygienic imaginable. They would not ventilate their bed-rooms; they ate pie and hot biscuit and new bread, and so dyspepsia was a common experience. Great numbers had it. And let me here testify to the long suffering and stoicism of these people. I remember away back in the years, a hundred haggard victims of dyspepsia, and they never murmured; they appeared to regard it as a matter of course, and were resigned to their fate—but not one of them would ever resign his pie.

## Dangers of Kerosene.

[Prof. Stoddard in Popular Science Monthly.]

Petroleum, from which kerosene is prepared, is, as is generally known, a mixture of a large number of intimately related compounds of widely differing volatility. Some are gaseous, and escape in this form as the petroleum issues from the ground, while others form the solid paraffine. The middle portions of the crude oil are separated from the more and less volatile compounds by distillation, and after a further process of purification go into the market as kerosene. The entire removal of the lighter and more volatile portions, which are known as naphtha and benzine, is of the utmost importance, for it is in their presence that the danger lies. Alone, they are easily ignited, and alone or mixed, even in small proportion with kerosene, they readily emit vapors which are inflammable, and with air form an explosive mixture.

## Young Diplomacy.

[Texas Sittings.]

"Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school, "and how are you this morning?" "We darssen't tell you," replied the eldest of the crowd, a boy of 8. "Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the physician, "and why not?" "Cause, papa said that last year it cost him over \$50 to have you come in and ask us how we were."

## The Bear and the Lost Child.

[Leadville (Col.) Chronicle.]

Mr. George Swift, a ranchman in the Grand valley, told a story this morning which shows how unenviable is the life of the stock raiser in that wilderness. A few days ago Mr. Swift let his 3-year-old daughter ride upon his horse, and after she had ridden about forty rods from home he lifted her off the animal and told her to run home. On returning about an hour later he found that the little one had not reached home, and, going to the place where he had last seen her, he found bear tracks in the sand. A posse was formed, and all night was spent in searching for the lost child.

In the morning, as the searchers were passing a swampy spot where the undergrowth was thick, they heard her voice. They called to the little girl to come out of the bushes, but she replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush and when near the spot heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. They found her standing upon a log, extending half-way across the swamp, and it seemed as though the bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and, being pursued, left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body, but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found upon her back, where he had taken hold of her clothes to carry her. The child told her rescuers that the bear had put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, whereupon she would slap him and he would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat.

Her father asked her if she had been cold during the night, and she told him the old bear lay beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm. "I believed the little one's story," concluded Mr. Swift, "for there was evidence to prove its truth, and I never knew her to utter a falsehood. Stranger than fiction, is it not?"

## When a Man Grows Old.

[Cornhill Magazine.]

When a man grows old, most pleasures indeed, properly so called, are dead to him; and if, in spite of nature's warning, he will pursue them, his experience is the reverse of that of Don Juan, who, instead of a spirit found "her frolic grace Fitz Fulke," he finds them the mere ghosts of his dead follies. There is nothing, for example, more pitiable than any pretensions to gallantry in an old man; let him adopt the role of "heavy father," "benevolent uncle," or whatever best suits his character, but at all events, discard that "lover" once for all. The only possible ground for his retaining it would be that his doing so affords amusement to his fellow-creatures—at the expense, however, of all who wear gray hairs.

There is another pleasure just as inappropriate, but to which old age is much more inclined—that of money-getting. It has been said of it, as of lust, that it is the only pleasure that lasts. It may be so—for unfortunately I have never been in a position to test it—but certainly, to the looker-on, nothing can be more contemptible than this piling-up of money upon the verge of the grave. If, as the wit suggested, one could "begin the next world with it," then, indeed, such solicitude would be explicable enough. How little the world people then "leave behind them!" How small would be the probate duties! How rare the bequests to missionary enterprise! But since it must all be left, and that so soon, how amazing is the satisfaction derived from its increase! There is an idea among the baser sort of wealthy persons that the more money they can hoard the more "respected" they are; but as a matter of fact they are the more detested for it.

## El Mahdi's Lieutenant.

[New York Herald.]

The Paris Figaro gives some interesting details respecting a Frenchman named Soulie, who is believed to be the Mahdi's right-hand man, and to have taken a leading share in the defeat of the Egyptian forces under Hicks Pasha. Soulie is described as having haunted the cafes and beer shops of the Quartier Latin some seven years ago. He was then a young fellow of about 24 years, very dark and wiry, loud in talk, and exuberant in gesticulation. He was born in Algiers, where his family still resides. In Paris he attended the lectures of the School of Mining Engineering, and studied law; but quiet life did not suit him, and he returned to Algiers, where he wrote letters to friends in Paris, breathing a violent hatred to England and the English, whom he conceived to have used Germany as an instrument to crush France. One fine morning he disappeared, and his friends were at a loss to know what had become of him, when they suddenly heard that he had joined Arabi, to gratify his passion by fighting the English. After the collapse of Arabi he migrated to Kairwan, and subsequently joined the False Prophet, in whose operations he is believed to have taken a leading part. The story may be pure romance, but there is this foundation for it: there are many adventurers who follow the False Prophet, and that among them there is a Frenchman named Soulie seems true beyond a doubt.

## Among the Dead.

[Inter Ocean.]

Among the clerks in the treasury department at Washington is a young man who was found buried among the dead on the field of the second Bull Run. When the burial squad pulled him out from among the dead he was found to have a terrible wound in the side, and his left hand was hanging by a few tendons. These he bit off and threw the hand away, gave his canteen to a dying Confederate, and crawled off toward the hospital, preferring to help himself, so the squad could search for others who might be in the same fix. The next day he received his commission as lieutenant. He married the sister of the "Johnny" to whom he gave the last drop of water he had, and lives happily on Capitol hill.

## Camel's Hair.

[Inter Ocean.]

There is a peculiarity in camel's hair which is worthy of scientific investigation. It continues to grow after it is cut off. While attached to the animal it grows in length, and when cut it grows in value.

## A MEAN OLD GENERAL ROUTED.

Old "General Debility" has been put to flight in Arkansas, with happy results. From Brinkley, from Webb City, and from Walnut Ridge, Messrs. P. R. Anderson, E. M. Taylor and F. S. Pinchbeck respectively, write that they were all afflicted with general debility, and received solid benefit from Brown's Iron Bitters. This is pleasant to know, not only for Arkansas people, but for all sections of the country where General Debility has counted victims by the thousand. For sale everywhere.

## CHARITY IN THE SLUMS.

How the London Outcasts Assist Each Other When in Distress. [London Daily News.]

The first thing which a visitor to the slums asks is: What becomes of the children of the men and women who are sent to prison, or who are removed to the hospitals? The answer is simple. The neighbors take them in and take care of them. Orphans are by no means rare in the slums, but they are almost always "adopted."

In the house of a Mrs. R. lived a family named Hinde. Mrs. Hinde died of consumption, leaving four children and a husband out of work. He set out to look for it, and Mrs. R. took the four little ones into her room to sleep with her own six. Out of her scanty earnings she fed them, too, and when she was asked why she had taxed her limited resources to this extent, she answered: "Poor young 'uns! How could I see 'em starvin', and their father out o' work, and no mother?" The man is still out of work, and Mrs. R. has thought it her duty to keep his children for over six months.

Orphans are not only kept, but are passed on sometimes from family to family. There is a little crippled lad I know named Dennis Sullivan. Till lately he was kept by an old watercress seller, who had adopted him. A month or two since the poor old woman fell into the fire, and was so severely burned that she died. And when the boy was to be sent to an institution a brother of the watercress woman, a poor hawker, came forward and said: "He shan't be sent away. I'll keep him for the sake o' the old woman as was so fond of him."

One of the most touching cases of this kind I ever met I have alluded to elsewhere, but for the sake of my argument I will repeat it here. A poor woman had taken charge of three children, whose father was away in the country. She had children of her own as well. Sickness came upon her, and a terrible disease almost disabled her. Yet she refused to let the little ones go uncaared for. Dying slowly of dropsy, she was found one day propped up in a chair, with her poor, weak hands making a brave struggle to wash the little ones' clothes, that they might look clean and tidy at school.

A servant girl lost her place, and in the slums gave birth to an illegitimate child. She could not keep it; she must go to service. An old woman adopted the child, brought it up, giving it her own name. The mother married, and then wanted the child. The old woman had fallen on evil days and consented to part with it. But the real mother ill-treated the child, and she was unhappy. Off marched the old lady, and fetched it again. "I ain't got much to spare, God knows," she said, "but I ain't goin' to see the gal unhappy, and I'll keep her somehow."

A maker of wooden toys deserted his child and left it starving. A poor woman with eight children of her own and an income of 15 shillings a week, "felt her 'at bleed for the poor little thing." She took the child into her own room, and her eight are now nine. When these people have no money and their friends are in distress, they often pledge their clothes rather than see misery unrelieved.

The other day, at a police court, a woman was fined 2 shillings 6 pence and, in default, sent to the cells. Her "pal" went out of court, took the stail from her shoulders, collected a few more of her garments, and pawing the lot, returned and liberated the prisoner. Pawning is frequently resorted to by the women, who attend each other in their confinements. In these districts the female neighbors, be it remembered, invariably take the place of the doctor, and their kindness and gentleness to their suffering sisters are marvelous. They will sit by the invalid day and night in a fond den, destitute of every comfort, and perform all the household duties as well. They will see to the children, get the husband's tea, and if there is, as is often the case, a lack of all the sufferer needs, they will go and pledge all they have and buy it.

These people do not inquire into a person's creed or moral character before they hold out the helping hand. When a thief comes back to his district from prison, his "pals" find him money and food for weeks until he either gets a job or takes to his former line of business again. A notoriously bad character has just died here. He was ill for months, and his "pal" kept him the whole time, and gave him a grand funeral when he died. I have known men, out of work and ill, kept for months and months by the subscriptions of their poor neighbors.

A street-hawker was found last Sunday sharing his dinner with a man, his wife and his children, who live in the same house with him, and who were penniless. The hawker's takings on the previous Saturday had been 3 shillings 7 pence, and depending on him were a wife, two children, and a donkey. How provident! but how kind!

## Pessimists in Business.

[Prof. David Swing.]

Thus there are pessimists in business all the way from the woodsawyer to the man of college education. The lowest form of this class becomes a common tramp, the highest form waits for a fortune to come to him, but death often reaches him soonest. His life is made up of hesitations.

## Another Life Saved.

[Inter Ocean.]

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

## Teach your children to be kind and respectful to their grandparents.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

## HOW THEY TREATED THE MINISTER.

Cor. Inter Ocean.

In the grocery a group of dialecticians were discussing peaches and meanness. "Talk about meanness," said one pointing a peach meditatively on the point of his knife-blade, "bont the smallest thing I've heard in a long while happened over to N. They pretend to give their minister \$250, but he don't get half of it, and if it warn't for his little garden he'd have a pretty tough time a livin'; guess he does anyway. He's wore the same suit of black for fifteen years and walks four miles to church every Sunday. This summer some folks was stoppin' at the village and they got to talkin' round among themselves and declared 'twas a shame to treat a minister so, and they decided to give him a little somethin'. So they clubbed together and took him over a barrel of flour, a set of chiny, and a silver cake basket.

Of course the minister and his wife they was delighted. The next mornin' they was admirin' the things again when there came a knock at the door and in walks two of the deacons—the highest men in the church. They set round a spell and finally asked to see the donation. So the minister he showed 'em all to 'em. They examined 'em pretty close, weighed the cake basket, tapped the chiny, and run the flour through their hands. Then they went off smilin' as you please. The next week the minister's quarter was due, and what do you suppose? Yes, sir; there was half the money, and, in place of the rest, a bill for the flour, chiny, and cake basket, which, by Judas, they' taken out of the salary!"

## A MARYLAND TOURNAMENT.

New York Sun.

Tournaments are still fashionable in Baltimore, Howard, and Carroll counties, Maryland. There was one that was brilliant in Woodstock, Howard county, on Saturday last. It was under the auspices of the Woodstock college. Early in the morning red-sashed marshals and decorated knights rode at high speed up and down the streets, and multitudes began to arrive in the trains from the near-by towns. Later in the day a procession moved to an elevated plateau half a mile out of town, where a flag was flying. Three arcs, from which the rings were suspended, stood about thirty feet apart and were painted red, white, and blue. About 300 vehicles were ranged in parallel rows facing each other, and the intervening space was the tilting ground. In the carriages were young ladies dressed in white and Mother Hubbards. The knights were tastefully dressed in black and white corduroy, and most of them wore red sashes. Some had fancy rosettes, and some wore no decoration. The riding was begun at noon. Dr. Keene, of Ellicott City, delivered the charge. "It is for woman's smiles," he said, in conclusion, "that you are here, sir knights. Spur them, the panting sides of your steeds, and remember that your bravest will crown the fairest." The course was 100 yards, the rings were an inch and a quarter in diameter, and the time to be made inside of nine seconds. The rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing.

## WRECKED MANHOOD.

[Inter Ocean.]

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter-stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A dissipated man is apt to be dizzy pated, also.

Use Wellington's Improved Egg Food for Poultry.

FARMERS, WHEN YOU VISIT SAN FRANCISCO remember that the American Exchange Hotel continues to be the farmers' headquarters; under the experienced management of Charles Montgomery, the traveling public are assured of fair, honest, and comfortable rooms and room per night; this hotel stands as a securely doing an extensive family business; it is strictly a temperance hotel, having no connection directly or indirectly with a saloon; it is next door in the same building; Montgomery's temperance hotel ever started in San Francisco (14 years ago) and has the largest number of board and room, \$4 to \$5 per week, or 75 cents to \$1 per day; single rooms, 25 to 50 cents per night; when you visit the city don't forget to try either the American Exchange or Montgomery's Hotel; both hotels have free coaches to and from all steamers and trains.

CHARLES MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.

Morning Call, S. F., says: "THE DIAMOND CATARRH REMEDY will cure Catarrh and Colds, no matter how long standing. It is pleasant to take, and can be carried in the pocket. The testimonials of the head of our most influential citizens can be seen at the Doctor's office." Price 50¢ per bottle. For sale by Hodge, Davis & Co., C. A. Plummer & Co. and Clarke, Woodard & Co., Portland, Or.

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

Dr. Henley's Cherry, Beef and Iron is the best Nerve Tonic ever discovered.

## HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

The best salve used in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Piles, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. The salve is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case. Be sure you get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are but imitations and counterfeits.

If you want a good smoke, try "Seal of North Carolina," plug cut."

A game name for a petulant wife—La-crosse.

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## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BRUISES AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price 50¢ a bottle. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

## HOPBITTERS.



## STOMACH BITTERS.

## TUTT'S PILLS.

"THE OLD RELIABLE." 25 YEARS IN USE. The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age! Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER. Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASE WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to subside the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cleanse the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

## TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, sets instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of order. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.



Warranted to relieve or cure Heart Disease. J. J. MACK & CO., ASTORIA, S. F.