

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

A. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

W. H. Vanderbilt admits that he is worth \$194,000,000 and has an income of \$12,000,000 a year.—N. Y. Star.

Mrs. Skidmore, of New York, is 120 years old, has had five husbands, has smoked the same pipe for fifty-five years, and was once kissed by George Washington.—N. Y. Tribune.

The body of General James Shields, the hero of two wars and Senator from three States, who in life received the freedom of cities and honors from Commonwealths, fills an unmarked grave in a neglected burying ground two miles outside of Carrollton, Mo.—N. Y. Post.

Of the Prince of Wales' three daughters the Princess Victoria seems to possess the greatest sense of authority. She is taller than her elder sister, of more decisive countenance, and has brighter eyes. She is said to resemble the Queen more than the other children, and to be more like her grandmother in character as well.

The oldest clergyman in the Church of England is believed to be Richard Moore, Vicar of Lund-in-the-Fylde, Lancashire. On a recent Sunday he completed his ninety-fourth year. He was ordained in 1815, and his health is still good. He is also the senior Justice in Lancashire, having been appointed by the Crown in 1824.

Henry Goodwin, the manager of the Hartford Courant for the quarter of a century previous to 1835, died Monday, aged ninety-one. His father was the publisher of the Courant before him, and also a member of the firm that published hundreds of thousands of Noah Webster's spelling books. Father and son were practical printers, and when his son was managing the even then venerable Courant, which another son was editing, the father, dressed in knee-breeches and the Continental vest and hat, set type in the office for recreation.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald prints the following curious letter: "Editor Herald: I have just read in your local columns that J. A. Reavis and Laura Bridger were licensed to be married. Now, whilst J. A. Reavis has my most unlimited consent to make a fool of himself, he has never had my consent, nor never will have, to make an application for a marriage license for himself and me. My impression is that the next application to be made by Mr. J. A. Reavis ought to be a commission in lunacy to examine into his mental condition. I am afraid that the great possessions in Arizona and the heat of that climate have very much muddled whatever little brains he ever had. Laura Bridger."

HUMOROUS.

An ostrich egg is worth one hundred dollars. Does anybody know anything that will beat an ostrich egg?—Lyonell Courier. Try an ax.—Boston Post.

When Fogg came into the room unexpectedly Mrs. F. gave a scream and exclaimed: "You frightened me half to death." "Did I?" was the unfeeling reply; "suppose I try it over again?"—Boston Transcript.

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call—good-night or good-evening. Never tell a lie, young man. Say good-morning.—Burlington Free Press.

"You are lucky," said a criminal lawyer to his client, a thief. "Am I acquitted?" inquired the thief. "No, not that," replied the lawyer, "but you will be the first inmate of the new prison, and you will get a write-up as such."—Galveston News.

Length of Our Lives Increasing.

At a recent international health exhibition held in London, Sir James Paget delivered an address before the association, the Prince of Wales being present. The learned physician asserted that people live longer than formerly, and that less sickness prevails among the mass of people, and he then gives the following reasons for the decrease of mortality during the last few years:

"There is less from intemperance, less from immorality; we have better, cheaper and more various food; far more and cheaper clothing; far more and healthier recreations. We have on the whole better houses and better drains, better water and air, and better ways of using them. The care and skill with which the sick are treated in hospitals, infirmaries, and even in private houses are far greater than they were; the improvement and extension of nursing are more than can be described; the care which the rich bestow on the poor, whom they visit in their own homes, is every day saving health and life; and even more effectual than any of these is the work done by the medical officers of health and all the sanitary authorities now active and influential in every part of the kingdom. But we want," adds the lecturer in closing, "more ambition for health—a personal ambition for renown in health as keen as is that for bravery or for beauty, or for success in our athletic games and field sports."—Scientific American.

One of the Concord philosophers is credited with lucidly remarking that life means feeling, and feeling means the presence of a principle in all its totality in every portion of an extended whole; only such presence could constitute an extended or a continuous whole, since an extended whole which was not all at once present to something unextended could not be extended. Such life must be worth living.—Harper's Bazar.

About six hundred German newspapers are published in the United States, of which seven are in the New England States, 208 in the middle States, 85 in the Southern States and 350 in the Western States.

San Francisco has 3,500 Chinamen in cigar factories, and dealers are training white boys and girls to take their places.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

One-seventh of the population of Kentucky is colored.

The coming corn crop is estimated at 1,297,000,000 bushels, against 852,665,000 last year and 812,771,000 in 1882.

Most of the more than 4,000 women employed in the Government service at Washington are from the Middle and New England States.

If all the locomotives in the United States were placed in line they would make a train more than 200 miles long, worth \$30,000,000.—Chicago Herald.

The supply of postal-cards this year will cost the Government \$232,000, and it will require \$7,300 to pay for their distribution and the expense of the agency.

The sugar consumption of the United States averages forty-five pounds a year to each inhabitant. One-fourth of all the sugar produced in the world is consumed in the United States, where the sweet tooth seems to be in everybody's mouth.—N. Y. Sun.

If the engines, passenger and freight cars of the United States were placed in line they would reach 5,400 miles, or form one solid train from New York to San Francisco, with lateral trains reaching from Chicago to St. Paul, to New Orleans and Washington, D. C.—Chicago Herald.

In 1871 there were 300,000 deaths from cholera in Russia; in 1873 there were 16,000 deaths in Poland; in 1872-73 there were 140,000 deaths in Hungary; in 1872-73 there were nearly 27,000 deaths in Prussia; in 1865-67 there were 143,000 deaths in Italy. In Paris the mortality from cholera has been as follows: In 1832, 18,654 deaths; in 1849, 19,184; in 1853-54, 8,096; in 1865-66, 12,082; in 1873, 885. In England in 1849 the deaths from cholera were 70,000. In 1817 the army of the Marquis of Hastings lost in India 9,000 men in twelve days from Asiatic cholera.

Officers of the United States army on the active list: One Lieutenant-General, three Major-Generals, fifteen Brigadier-Generals, twenty-three Aids-de-Camp, one Military Secretary, sixty-six Colonels, eighty-five Lieutenant-Colonels, 241 Majors, 311 Captains (mounted), 301 Captains (not mounted), thirty-four Chaplains, fourteen Store-keepers, forty Adjutants, forty Regimental Quarter-masters, Adjutant and Quartermaster of Engineer Battalion, 218 First Lieutenants (mounted), 350 First Lieutenants (not mounted), 145 Second Lieutenants (mounted), 300 Second Lieutenants (not mounted), 180 Acting Commissaries of Subsistence.—N. Y. Herald.

WIT AND WISDOM.

It is a wise young man who early makes up his mind that gamblers know more about gambling than he does.—Lial.

A little school girl's definition of scandal: Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere.—Troy Times.

True wealth consists in health, vigor and courage, domestic quiet, concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary and contentment of all that is superfluous.—Fenelon.

"Do cats reason?" asks a writer in natural history. We don't know whether they reason or not, but for pure, unadulterated argumentation they take the cake.—Burlington Free Press.

Justice is blind according to the old tradition, but it looks a little of late as though it was only blind in one eye and that the big rascals succeeded in getting on the blind side every time.—Philadelphia Times.

He—If I were to live my life over again, madam, I would do very differently. She—Indeed—and what would you do? He—I should marry nobody, madam—nobody at all. She—You would make a great mistake if you did that. He—I don't think so. She—Yes, you would. I married nobody when I married you.—N. Y. Graphic.

A writer in the Providence Journal says we "must wait until 1892 for Jupiter's next perihelion." Well, if we must wait, though it seems pretty rough. We don't suppose the writer could induce Jupiter to perihelion next year? There may be two or three persons right here in this town who wouldn't murmur greatly if Jupiter were to defer the exhibition until 18,920. They would be willing to wait.—Norristown Herald.

"Say, Pat," said a gentleman to his hired man, who had many domestic quarrels, "with whom would you sooner fight, the English or your wife, Biddy?" "Och, bedad," was the reply, "whin the English declare war on moinds it out in advance, an' he gets a chance ter run, but whin Biddy declares war, niver a bit do I find it out until I have recovered. D'yez understand?" The gentleman comprehended the peculiar position of his domestic.—Scissors.

"What in the world brought you down here to-day, Charlie?" exclaimed the surprised Miss Fusanfeather to young Crimstoneak, who had quite unexpectedly presented himself at the resort where she was stopping. "I was drawn toward you, dear," replied the blood, in dulcet tones. "How, Charlie? What drew you toward me?" "The cars, dear." "Oh, no, you provoking fellow; I mean what was the motive that brought you here?" "Oh, the loco-motive, dear!" and they went out to perform the hammock act alone and unobserved.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Excretion and the Eulogy.

An Excretion, lying in the shade reading a newspaper, was approached by a Eulogy.

"Anything new, Excretion?" "Yes, I've lost a job."

"How's that? Panic knock you out?" "No; but you know Mr. Prominent Man?"

"What, that generous gentleman, so kind yet so firm, so proud yet so humble, so profound yet so simple?" "Yes, that old skinflint so full of taffy yet so pig-headed, so vain yet so obese, yet so bombastic yet so puerile; that's the fellow."

"What of him?" "Why, he's dead, and that throws me out of a job."

"I'm sorry for you, Excretion, but your loss is my gain; his death gives me plenty of work."—Chicago News.

A Story of a Tree-Frog.

One sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends only after dark; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim, falling on its back vainly kicked its little legs in the air.

Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window—a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on the window-sill a little tree-frog gravely looking at me. His skin—of an exquisite pale apple-green color—shone in the lamp-light. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair, watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird-note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence not misplaced), and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes; and then hopped under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash any careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hopped rather lazily across the desk, repeated the whistle with which he had entered—as if to say good night—and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signaled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under my lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit my room nightly, and he and I became great friends. He stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with his little disks, or suckers, on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one leg and then the other, and when within proper distance he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing head downward, his hind feet firmly glued to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zigzag up and down the side wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand, and sit there looking at me with a grave composure ludicrous to behold.—T. Igneyre in St. Nicholas.

The Saguenay River.

The round trip from Quebec up the Saguenay River is about four hundred and seventy miles, and occupies forty-eight hours. Leaving Quebec in the morning one is down the St. Lawrence about one hundred miles to Tadoussac, the mouth of the Saguenay, at night, and is up that river to Chicoutimi, one hundred and thirty-five miles further, in the morning, while the next day is given to viewing the grand scenery as the steamer returns. The great features of the river are its mountain banks, rising from one to two thousand feet, and this for seventy-five miles. The depth of the water in many places is something like a thousand feet. The steamer runs in close to Cape Trinity to allow the passengers a vertical look up the cliff, and you think the steamboat almost upon the bank of solid rock. A pair of pebble stones stands on deck, however, for experimenting, and not a passenger can hurl one with sufficient force to strike the rock, so deceptive is the distance.

There are no lights on the shore for signals, and in a fog or thick darkness at night the steamers are run by the whistle, the echo of which, between the two abrupt banks marks the distance from the shore. The population of the Saguenay region is very largely French, and the ladies of our party found a good opportunity to use all they could command of the language, both here and at Quebec, especially with table waiters, some of whom had but a mere smattering of English. In one instance one of the party put back the joke upon a French gentleman, who politely corrected a mistake, by citing the laborious efforts of a certain Frenchman with English, who remarked: "My wife he sick; the doctor she come." But the last clause might be all right in these modern days.—Congregationalist.

His Recipe.

The old adage, "Hunger makes the best sauce," was amusingly illustrated, some years ago, at a dinner-party in Philadelphia, given by Commodore Rainbridge. Among the guests was Silas Dinsmoor, who had been United States Agent among the Cherokee Indians.

The conversation drifted upon the merits of the different brands of hams, and Mr. Dinsmoor remarked: "I do not think the quality of a ham depends so much on the brand as on the cooking."

"Well, sir, be good enough to give us a recipe for cooking a ham," said Mrs. Rainbridge, a lady famous for her culinary skill.

"Take a ham of any of the approved brands," said the guest, bowing to the hostess, "wash it clean, put it in a pot and cover with cold water, place it over the fire and bring it nearly to the boiling point; keep it there until thoroughly tender, and let it boil rapidly a few minutes. Then take it off the fire, wrap it in a coarse cloth, place it in a knapsack, bind the knapsack upon your shoulder, then march twenty-five miles through the woods, taking a bee-line over logs and brush-piles, and you will find the ham possessed of a most exquisite flavor."

There was silence for a moment after the guest had given his recipe. Then there was a burst of laughter, as all saw what it was that gave the ham its appetizing flavor.—Louth's Companion.

Among the nearly one hundred memorial stones thus far contributed to the Washington Monument is one from Vesuvius, sent by Mr. William Terrill, of Georgia.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A girl at Phoenix, A. T., has been handicapped for life with the name of "Fan Rosa Beauty Spot Temptation Touch-Me-Not."

Anthony Arnoux, who committed suicide in New York recently, was the first man to solicit baggage carrying from incoming trains.—N. Y. Sun.

Captain James B. Eades is the first American that ever received the English Society of Arts medal for successful service in engineering science.—Chicago Herald.

The mother of Charley Ross suffers constantly from melancholy. She never expects to find her boy, and it would be a relief to her to know that he was dead.—Philadelphia Press.

Ex-United States Treasurer Spinner is now living in Jacksonville, Fla. He is eighty-two years old, hale and hearty. He spends a greater part of his time fishing and gathering shells.

The wife of an Episcopal clergyman in Minnesota is afflicted with a terrible malady. Her bones have turned virtually into chalk, and are so fragile that she can scarcely move without breaking them.—Chicago Herald.

Walter C. Squire, the new Governor of Washington Territory, is an Ohio man by birth. He lived for years at Ilion, N. Y., and married Philo Remington's daughter. He has been a resident of Seattle for several years.—Cleveland Leader.

The oldest delegate to the Democratic National Convention was Dr. Uriah Terrill, of Virginia, who is ninety-two years of age, served in the war of 1812, entered politics in Jackson's first campaign, and went first to a National Convention as a delegate in 1844, to vote and work for Henry Clay.—Chicago News.

What was believed to be one of the pirate Kidd's treasure boxes was unearthed recently by a party of Italian emigrants near Berkshire, Conn. In a powder horn, tipped with silver and covered with hieroglyphics, were found some old English coins, a Spanish doubloon, and a piece of parchment.—Harford Courant.

One of the most popular as well as the most useful men in Atkinson, Me., is John Hornish, who is a blacksmith by trade, but he is also a lawyer and the spare room of his house is his office. Furthermore, he has a dentist's chair in one corner of his store, and when business is otherwise light he practices the trade of cabinet-making.—Boston Post.

An old Indiana railroad man recently remarked that ninety-five per cent of the accidents which occur when men are coupling cars are through their own recklessness or want of attention. In his large experience he said he had never known a half dozen cases where men had been injured in coupling cars if they had been duly careful.—N. Y. Post.

We learn from the Colonist that a monkey signalman manages the railway traffic at Whitehenge, South Africa. The human signalman has had the misfortune to lose both his legs, and has trained a baboon to discharge his duties. Jacko pushes his master about on a trolley, and under his direction works the lever to set the signals, with a most ludicrous imitation of humanity. He puts down the lever, looks round to see that the correct signal is up, and then gravely watches the approaching train, his master being at hand to correct any mistake.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"Patti's friends at home find her 'dreadfully tanned.' Probably because, when she came to this country, she left her Paris-all behind her.—W. A. Craft.

"Did you ever keep a boarding-house?" asked Jones of Smith. "Well, no; not exactly," was the reply, "although I once boarded a Mississippi steamboat."—Washington Herald.

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; wa went out washing and forgot to put it out for you before she left." "How do you know she forgot to put it out?" "Well, she told me so."—Chicago Times.

A Vermont girl, who has married a young man by the name of William, says that she intends no treason in affirming that hereafter she will follow the dictates of her own sweet will.—Burlington Free Press.

A barber says—barbers are forever saying something—that it is the rich and not the poor man who becomes bald the soonest. The barber is probably right. A poor man's blessing you know. The less there is to inherit, the more abundant the heirs.—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, when will my love come back?" sings a plaintive poetess. That depends largely upon your own exertions, dear. If you will chain up the dog, hide your father's boots, and persuade your mother that when the clock strikes nine it is high time for all old people were in bed, you may hear something from the young man.—Exchange.

"Shall I sing 'When the Robins Nest Again,' darling?" she asked with a sweet smile as she moved towards the piano. "Yes, love," he replied; then after a moment's pause he added, "Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the robins won't nest again till next year. She did not sing, and he doesn't go there any more.—Somerville Journal.

Edwin C. Burt, the widely-known shoe man, is dead. He was sixty-six years old and enjoyed the reputation of having furnished more ladies and children with shoes than any other manufacturer in this country.—Boston Post.

"How do you like it?" asked a yachtsman of a young lady as the boat went up and down in the trough of the waves. "Oh, I—I—it's too awfully swell!" was the distressed reply.

CAN BE HAD IF WANTED.

"Have you any malaria here?" asked a lady who was looking at a rural boarding-place for her family. "Well," said the landlady, "we haven't got none just now; folks haven't asked for it; but we'll get it for your family if you want it." Most folks get malaria without wanting it. To get rid of its noxious effects, use Brown's Iron Bitters. Mrs. S. R. MacDonald, New Haven, Conn., says: "I suffered from malaria for nearly six years. Brown's Iron Bitters cured me completely."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Fanny Fern's once popular books are now out of print.

Will Carleton is rambling through Europe, seeking fresh poetical inspirations.

John King, Jr., will get \$30,000 a year salary as President of the Erie Railroad.

Mother Goose was born in 1665, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. In 1693 she was married to Isaac Goose. The first edition of her rhymes was published in 1716, and her death occurred in 1737.

Miss Louisa Shelton, of Walnut Grove, Ga., dreamed three times of a handsome young man with a red necktie, who pointed out to her the spot where a treasure was buried. She found the place, and dug up a tin box full of gold coins. So 'tis said.—N. Y. Sun.

Miss Louisa Alcott says "for a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be." "Hope and keep busy," is her advice to the girls who want to get a living by literature.

Mr. Folger was the thirty-fourth Secretary of the Treasury, and the fifth chosen from the State of New York. Pennsylvania has had seven Secretaries of the Treasury, Ohio four, Massachusetts three, Kentucky three, Maine two, Maryland two, Georgia two, and Connecticut, Tennessee, Delaware, New Hampshire, Indiana and Minnesota one.—N. Y. Sun.

In America there are annually printed about 2,800,000,000 copies of daily, weekly and monthly journals, while in Europe the annual issue amounts to 7,300,000,000 copies. America does pretty well for a new country not yet wholly settled, and which is not broken up into groups of small nations—each with peculiar interests.—Current.

Santa Quanta, aged 122 years, of Archer, Fla., is dead. He was a native of West Africa, and was brought to this country in 1778, when sixteen years old. He outlived his master, the son, and the grandson, who inherited him. He buried five wives, living 105 years in the married relation, and outlived all his children. He was very athletic and tall, and, considering his age, retained his faculties well.

P. T. Barnum is now seventy-one years old. He has gone through a wider variety of employment than any other man on record, the range including the sale of lottery tickets, keeping an oyster saloon, editing a paper, tending bar, negro melodist, boarding house keeper, book canvasser, making bears' grease, Bohemian dramatic critic, preacher, bank president, author, partner in clock factory, Jenny Lind concert manager, museum proprietor, and, last of all, traveling showman. He is worth about three millions.—N. Y. Herald.

The Boston Globe thinks that when the one hundred and twelve young fellows who have graduated from Princeton as "journalists" have worked twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four for a few weeks they will begin to realize what Longfellow meant when he wrote: "Life is real, life is earnest."

Callow youth (before looking-glass, as he troked his chin): "I think I must get a razor." Sister: "Do, Will. Get a beard-raiser."—Golden Days.

CONVINCED BEYOND A DOUBT.

The editor of the Bridgeport, Conn., Eagle (Mr. A. Cheney) gives the following emphatic testimony: "I have wanted to satisfy myself that the cure would be permanent, and I am convinced beyond a doubt. I am free to say that without the Oxygen I should have been hundreds of dollars 'poorer off' to-day in consequence of not being able to attend to business. When I commenced its use I was completely run down, my stomach being in a wretched condition. After a faithful course of the Oxygen, I am as hearty, strong, and vigorous as I ever was in my life. I feel like a 'new man,' all owing to the Compound Oxygen, which deserves all the praise I can bestow."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALLEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

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.

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

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

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 remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. IRMAN, Station D, New York.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Trochoc." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, and ALL OTHER HOBBLE PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers every where. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Beware of cheap imitations in 25 Cents Bottles. THE CHARLES A. VOEGELIN CO., Sole Importers, N. Y. & C.

How do you like it? asked a yachtsman of a young lady as the boat went up and down in the trough of the waves. "Oh, I—I—it's too awfully swell!" was the distressed reply.

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HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

SCOVILL'S SASSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore perfect health to the Physical Organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening and purifying agent, and has often proven itself the best Blood Purifier ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilis, Disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, all Nervous Disorders, and Debility, Bilious Complaints and Diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

If big heads are a sign of astuteness, a cabbage should be sharper than a pin.

DON'T WEAR CUMBERBEEB TRUSSES. When our new method without use of a knife, is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send two letter stamps for references and pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is an evidence of great prosperity when the milk man orders a steam pump.

TRY GERMEA for Breakfast.

FARMERS, WHEN YOU VISIT SAN FRANCISCO remember that the America Exchange Hotel continues to be the farmer's headquarters; under the experienced management of Charles Montgomery, the traveling public are assured of fair, honorable treatment; board and room per day, \$1.50 and \$1.75; nice single rooms, 50 cents per night; this hotel stands at the head of the list for respectability, and consequently is doing an extensive family business; it is strictly a temperance hotel, having no connection directly or indirectly with a saloon that is next door in the same building; Montgomery's Temperance Hotel on Second street was the first temperance hotel ever started in San Francisco (14 years ago) and has the largest number of steady patrons of any hotel in the State; board and room, \$1 to \$5 per week, or 15 cents to 18 cents 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.

All astronomers are men of high aspirations.

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, combined with French Brandy, Jamaica Ginger, Smart-Weed and other pure Water, the best possible agents for the cure of diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux, and colic or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

A broken friendship may be soldered, but not by a plumber.

Dr. FVONY—Dear Sir: I have used your DIAMOND CATARRH REMEDY four months. It has cured me completely. I suffered nearly death with the catarrh, and have spent within the past eight years \$1,000 with doctors, who did me no good. J. L. McKEE.

No. 257 Stevenson St., S. F. Cal. Price 50¢ per bottle. For sale by Hodge, Davis & Co., C. A. Plummer & Co., and Clarke, Woodard & Co., Portland, Or.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood-purifier, a rational anti-bilious specific. It rids the falling empire of the biliousness, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague, biliousness, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organically and unfavorably affected by the constant influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary and valuable remedy. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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 constive, 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 UNHE