

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## Enjoyments of the Blind.

Blind men or women have to the full as much enjoyment in their own peculiar way of the glories and beauties of fair external nature, and of the sweetness of social intercourse, as those who can see. When they feel the warmth of the sun, it calls up before them a picture of exceeding brightness, which very likely far outshines the actual scene around them. Their sense of smell, which is always especially delicate, fills, for them, the summer breeze, which comes stealing up from the garden, or dancing across the fields and woodland, with a spell of many-woven perfume which language has no words subtle enough to describe. The different tones of loved voices have, for their ears, a range and depth of meaning, which betrays to them, often more quickly than the most careful study of a face will do, what is going on in the heart and mind within.

A blind man or woman gains, much more quickly than is often supposed, a knowledge of a new house or locality, a correct notion of space, size and etc. The noise made by a closing door or window gives the practiced ear at once the dimensions of a room, the sound of a footstep tells the length of a passage, the roll of carriage wheels describes the extent of the street. And when the chimes break into little waves of harmony among the lofty arches of some cathedral, or the organ pours a majestic river of swelling tones down the vast shadowy aisles, what a vision of grandeur, built up in glorified stone, rises before the mind, which, by means of the ear alone, takes in the whole fabric.

In the same way the experienced ear gauges characters by the voice, and seldom is wrong in its conceptions. In this respect, indeed the blind have often the advantage over those who can see, for the voice always betrays emotions more quickly than the face; it is more difficult to school our tones into playing a hollow part than our features.

## Tea-Cup Fortune-Telling.

I have a friend who is quite renowned for her success as a fortune-teller through her skill in shaking and tapping a teacup until the grounds or tea-leaves in the bottom of the tea-cup assume in a rude way certain shapes or forms representing people, animals and various other images which she professes to understand as referring in some way to the person whose fortune she happens to be telling at the time.

I was present once when she told the fortune of a young lady. The prophecy and method of making it seemed to me to be very vague; but the gist of it all was that in a short time a young gentleman of extremely prepossessing appearance would arrive, and exert a powerful influence on the future prospects of the young lady. Wishing to discover what was in the cup to warrant such a forecast, I obtained possession of it without being observed. In the bottom of the cup I discovered that the leaves had assumed a form which, with a little aid of the imagination, might be accepted as resembling a very spare, delicate and altogether debilitated young man.

With the aid of a teaspoon, and using a few other grounds of leaves that were lying on the bottom of the cup, I quickly changed the young man into a disreputable old tramp, with a big bundle on his back, and accompanied by a ferocious-looking bulldog. Then I awaited the result. Presently the young lady whose fortune had been told took up the cup, with a blush of pleasure, to examine its contents. The moment she saw the dreadful figure of the old tramp she exclaimed, "What a horrid old fright!" Then there was a great commotion, which was only quelled when I acknowledged my guilt. But I learned something, which was that with a little management and a teaspoon pictures of any kind could be made in a tea cup.

## Personality in Handwriting.

Persons writing naturally do so without thought regarding the peculiar construction of their writing. The hand operates the pen as it were automatically through the sheer force of habit, by which all the innumerable personalities are unconsciously imparted to writing. Learners and forgers think respecting their writing, and hence, the more stiff and formal style of their work; where is wanting the easy, graceful flow apparent in thoughtless or habitual writing. Lines show more of nervousness and hesitancy while the whole construction of the writing is more exact and firm; and, besides, every different handwriting abounds in well-nigh numberless habitual peculiarities, of which the writer himself is unconscious, and cannot, therefore avoid.

Thus, two other insurmountable difficulties are placed in the way of the forger: First, to observe and imitate all the characteristics of the writing he would imitate; and, second, to note and avoid all the habitual characteristics of his own hand. Habit in writing becomes so fixed and arbitrary (not to mention the great artistic skill required to exactly imitate an unpracticed hand), that I do not conceive it to be possible for any one to simulate the writing of another, or to so dissemble his own writing, in any considerable quantity, as to defy detection through a really skilled expert examination.

## To Prevent Petroleum Fires.

As a preventive of petroleum fires it is now proposed to place a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil. On ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapors would be to extinguish the flames.

An attendant in the treasury department who can count 4,000 new notes an hour for seven hours a day is considered unusually dexterous.

Geologists say that if no new deposits are found, the coal-beds of the earth will be exhausted in exactly 10,476 years.

## A FIREMAN'S LUCK.

Engineer Crockett Draws \$15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery.

"I don't believe it," was the reply of engineer Frank Crockett of steamer 12 of the fire department of this city, when he was aroused from his sleep the other night by a brother fireman, who breathlessly informed him that he had won \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery in the drawing of the 11th inst.; "what's more I won't believe it until I have had positive proof."

"Supposing I should advance you \$100 on the strength of your chances, would you believe it then?" asked his comrade. "Yes, I might."

The fireman went out to Crockett, who for the first time began to realize his great good luck. Then, in the language of a friend, "he got up, dressed himself and tried to stand on his head in the corner." "Crockett never had \$300 at one time before this lucky strike," said another fireman to the reporter, "to be sure he gets \$140 a month as engineer, but he isn't much of a hand at saving. The ticket that won the money was No. 68,980, and it captured one-fifth of the first capital prize of \$75,000."

Has Crockett received his money yet? "Yes, but, strange to say, he still sticks to his job. We all thought it would paralyze him when he heard the news, but it didn't. He isn't a man who drinks or gambles to any great extent. He is about 35 years of age and married. I heard that he intends to go back to New Jersey, where he came from, and buy a farm and settle down."

Crockett was interviewed, but no amount of questioning could make him say anything further than that he "didn't care for notoriety," and that he "didn't want anything published about the matter."

No. 68,980 was the first ticket Crockett ever bought in any lottery and his fortunate experience adds another scrap to the history of lucky lottery players in this city.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Nov. 26.

## Lawyer's Morals.

A lawyer ought not to sell his services for the promotion of injustice and knavery. Swindlers of all types are aided by lawyers in their depredations upon society. The mock broker who operates in Wall street, and strips green country speculators of their hard-earned gains by the most nefarious rogaury, always has an able lawyer as an accomplice. The gentleman by whose agency a nest of these rascals was lately broken up says: "The great difficulty in stopping swindlers of this class is that the rascals make enough money to be able to employ the best of legal advice, and are, moreover, careful to do nothing which will render them liable to arrest." This is the testimony of a lawyer, Mr. Ralph Oakley, of New York. "The best legal advice" can be had, then, in New York city for such purposes. It would be more difficult to believe this if its truth were not so often illustrated in the stupendous frauds and piracies of great corporations, all of which are carefully engineered by eminent lawyers. Our modern "booneaters"—our brave railroad wreckers—are in constant consultation with distinguished lawyers. They undeniably have "the best of legal advice" in planning and executing their bold iniquities.

## Lime-Kiln Club Mottoes.

Brother Gardner announced the following new legends to be hung on the walls during the fall and winter term: "A bigot am' mo' to be feared dan a fule." "You kin silence a man by knockin' him down, but it takes argyment to convince him." "Human natur' kin sometimes be depended on ober night, but it's de safest way to take a note of hand fur it." "A man's rating am' not how much he can run in debt, but how high he kin squar' up ebery Saturday night."

"Industry am' sartin to bring plenty an' economy neber goes b'arfut in winter."

"Between sayin' nuffin' an' talkin' too much, de world leans to de man who holds his tongue."

"Our opinion of ourselves makes us all great men."

## The Most Crowded Spot on Earth.

The most crowded spot on earth is the block in New York city bounded by Fourth street, Fifth street, Avenue A, and First avenue. There are many equal spaces of ground in this city and elsewhere holding worse squalor and closer crowding, but in those cases the buildings are low, so that the layers of humanity are few. This square is solidly composed of six-story tenement houses, each twenty-five foot frontage representing four families on each floor, and these families wondrously prolific in children. The number of residents is estimated at over 7,000. Fix in your mind some town with that population, and then imagine it compressed in a single city block.

## Flies Killed by Electricity.

It is stated that billions of insects have been killed by the electric lights in the capitol at Washington and their skeletons are either hanging on the walls or are piled up in heaps all over the recesses of the roof. They comprise May flies, beetles, crickets, earwigs, dragon flies, grasshoppers, caddis flies, honey bees, wasps, ants, hornets, butterflies, moths, cicadas, froghoppers, plant lice, water beetles, whirligigs, skippers, horned midges, gnats, mosquitoes and every species of insectaria known to the surrounding swamps and woods of Washington.

## Lunatics in China.

Expert testimony in lunacy does not seem to be regarded with respect in China. The Pekin Gazette relates that a lunatic in that city, who, in a paroxysm of madness, murdered his grandmother with a vegetable-knife, was summarily executed in the disagreeable manner known as the "slicing" process. The imperial warrant says that paricides and matricides "must be sliced," and contains no saving clause concerning the insanity of the prisoner.

The silver dug out of the Comstock mine in Nevada would load a wagon train 547 miles in length.

## THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

The Foreign Legations a Prominent Feature in Washington Society.

The diplomatic corps, few in numbers at the commencement of the government, gradually became a prominent feature in Washington society, and as many of the ministers had liberal allowances of "table money," they contributed in no small degree to the fashionable enjoyments of the season. During the Crimean and Italian wars it was amusing to see the efforts made by the representatives of the belligerent powers to avoid each other in drawing-rooms where they met. But now, Pentente cordiale prevails. The diplomatic servants of queen and czar, emperor and kaiser, pledged their respective sovereignties, and all united in deluding themselves with the belief that they play an important political part here. So they did, in the opinion of the marriageable damsels who are flattered with their flirtations, or in the estimation of snobbish citizens who glory in writing home that they have shaken hands with a lord, had a baron to dine with them, or loaned an attache \$100. But, in reality, they are the veriest supernumeraries in the political drama now being performed on the Washington stage. Should any difficulty arise with the foreign powers they represent, special ministers would be appointed to arrange it, and meanwhile the corps diplomatique "gives tone to society," and is a potential power—in its own estimation.

The various legations all exhibit their national characteristics. The British attaches represent the Belgravia of the London magazines—their hair parted just a line off the exact center, their soft eyes only one degree firmer than their sisters', while their beautiful, long side whiskers are wonderful to behold. The Spanish gentlemen one recognizes by their close-shorn black heads and smooth faces; all courteous, inevitable pride and secretiveness; eyes that, like those of their women, betray a hundred intrigues, because they seek to conceal so much.

The exquisite politeness of the South Americans make you wonder if you really can be dust and ashes after this perfect deference, and their manners are marked by more vivacity than those of the Spanish people. Catch one of them at fault if you can. He will denigrate the American women as prudish, and "incomplete," as they insignificantly say, stigmatize the country as unendurable, and the people as frightfully stiff and cold, without giving one a possible chance to retort, by the dexterous courtesy of tone which characterizes all. The Argentine and Peruvian legations are extremely popular for the gaiety and the new, excitable pleasures they infuse into the steady, unimaginative American society.

To see the diplomatic corps in all its glory one must attend an opera night at the National theatre. He will find the diplomats out in full force, and all cluster together in the front chairs of the orchestra, with a few, perhaps, perched like crows in one of the stage boxes. Between the acts the corps rise up and face the audience, and then they appear at all their awful glory. Taken separately, one would not be seriously impressed, but to be attacked in diplomatic platoon is overpowering. If one draws near he hears a chattering in French, like unto so many jays in mass meeting.

The gods of the gallery finally undertook to resent this fairing about of the little corps, and when this diplomatic and dramatic inness occurred, a general shout of derision went up, and cries of "Down in front," "Ain't we handsome?" and imitations of the croaking crows were heard; for, owing to their sombre dresses, these subtle representatives of effete despotisms were called crows by the gods of the gallery. The corps took this assault calmly and with superior indifference, until a few decayed oranges and apples came, with indications of eggs in reserve, when the corps gracefully subsided. Occasionally there is a sensational scandal in which some of the younger diplomats are mixed up, and their respective governments are requested by the department of state to recall them.

## Under the Spell of a Locomotive.

A large moose deer experienced a singular fate a few miles west of Mattawa, on the Canadian Pacific railway. While No. 38 mixed was coming east at a high rate of speed the driver thought that he observed through the morning mist a dark object a short distance ahead. Every effort was made to bring the train to a standstill, but without success, for the next moment the obstruction was struck and sent flying from the track. It proved to be nothing less than a large sized moose deer, which, becoming bewildered at the sight of the approaching train, was utterly powerless to move from the spot. Death must have resulted instantaneously, as its side was literally smashed to a jelly. The antlers monarch weighed 750 pounds, and is said to be one of the largest specimens of the moose killed in that locality for several years.

## Away Off in Chinese Geography.

"You no talkoo no mabee mole 'bout English newspapee puttee (Chicago) in Vermont and Niagra Fall in San Francisco," said a fat-eyed, sa'ron-hued linen destroyer. "What's the matter now John?" asked the gentleman who was after his wash. "This New York placees say the French takee Yen-ping on Lake Cha-oo, in the province of Toong-tse-ting. Yen-ping, tlee thousand miles from Cha-oo and Toong-tse-ting, is the name of a mountain, not province. Melican newspapee fool."

## Exchanging Compliments.

A man visiting London went to church and seated himself without hesitation in the nearest pew. Soon the owner came in, eyed the stranger critically, and then, writing "My pew" on the fly leaf of a prayer-book, handed the book to the intruder. The stranger read the message, smiled a beautiful smile and wrote underneath: "Nice pew. What do you pay for it?"

American canned frogs are now sent to France.

## WHAT THE DREDGE BRINGS UP.

Many Strange Things Found on the Bottom of New York Bay.

Sometimes it is a different thing from mud that the dredge brings up from the bottom of the bay. Usually it is mud, however—mud and gravel, bits of rock, and long strings of slime. It is clean mud, however, and the dredger thinks nothing of plunging feet foremost into it in search of anything bright that glitters for a moment in the sun as the jaws of the scoop are jerked open above the scow. Close to the docks the mud is not so clean, but the chances of finding something valuable are so much greater that the difference is not taken into practical consideration. Sometimes it is a silver dollar that glitters in the sun and finds a resting place in the scow; once in a rare while a watch, made useless by long contact with salt water, comes to excite in the dredger the blistering regret that it cannot be sold or pawned, and quite frequently knives of strange shape and rusted out of all semblance to edged steel join forces with bits of broken glass, to cut the feet of the dredger who treads unwarily along the bottom of the scow. Twice the harbor dredges have brought up, within the past year, a bright-bladed knife, showing along its point and edge a corroded stain, as though blood had stuck there. Once the sharp jaws of the scow cut off both feet of a drowned man, and the tide carried the body beyond the reach of grappling hooks. A human hand, with one of the fingers bruised as though a ring had been torn from it by great force, fell out of the scow several months ago. The dredgers thought that the man from whose arm the hand had been torn had been led down to a dock while intoxicated, and robbed and thrown overboard by the members of a "gang." It is a common practice, but the dredge rarely disturbs the body.

An immense drag-net stretched across the Narrows would catch a multitude of strange and mysterious things. It would be a storehouse ten times more ghastly than a morgue. There is a tradition that years ago a murderer was convicted by a blood-stained knife brought up in a dredge. The names and dates are lacking. Another tradition says that a dredger once brought up his own runaway daughter from the bottom of the river. A ghastly bruise on her temple told the story of her death. The dredger beat his brains out against the barred door of an insane asylum two years later. He had lived some long enough to murder the man that ran off with his daughter, and a merciful court sent him to an asylum for the insane. A third blood-curdling tradition is to the effect that a dredger nursed a grudge against another dredger for many years, hoping for vengeance. At length when the enemy got between the jaws of the scoop to fasten a loose rivet, the jaws closed on him, and he was swung out over the water. Then the dredge went out slowly, and the last thing that the dredger saw of earth was the face of his murderer grinning triumphantly over the edge of the scow. These traditions have no facts to make them real, but the dredgers believe in them. An old Spanish proverb says: "For the character of the people look in the bottom of the canal." New York would not find much of a character in the bed of the East river, or in the slip adjoining the mouth of the sewers. When the water closes over the unlawful deeds done in the darkness or the night, only the dredge can bring it back to life. How many bodies weighted with lead lie in the mud beneath six fathoms of water, how many bodies float out to sea, no man can know. How greatly the number of discovered dead exceeds the number of unknown dead reported by the police can never be estimated.

Other than ghastly things, however, come up in the dredge. Down the bay, a few days ago, a big crab was found in a copper kettle, and an eel was found confined in a long-necked bottle, much too small for him. While still young he had made the bottle his home, and had grown so rapidly that he could not get out. A lizard crawled out of a rusted musket last summer in Burlington, and a big "bullhead" was found in a rat trap. A three-foot shark came up on the end of a fishing line, and two sting-rays were found dead in a crabber's dipnet. Hammers, hatchets, saws, adzes, pieces of ship's stoves, pots, kettles, table dishes, and various articles of ship's outfitting seem to strew the bottom of the river. Few of them are of use. Only the new ones pay the dredger for his trouble for fishing them out of the mud in the scow. Those that are of no value help fill up the channel again when the scow is dumping. Some time in the future they will be dredged up again, in order that the channel may be kept clear.

A Machine for Producing Rain. (Scientific American.) Among the last inventions reported from Australia is a machine for producing rain storms. It is intended to force a rain supply from the clouds during a period of drought. The apparatus is in the form of a balloon with a charge of dynamite attached underneath it. The balloon is to be sent into the clouds, and when there the dynamite is to be fired by a wire connecting it with the earth. A trial of this novel contrivance is to be given upon the dry districts of New South Wales, and the result is looked forward to with interest by some of the residents of that colony.

## Amusement.

"What is your favorite amusement?" asked a friend once of Charles Kingsley. "Sleep," was the short reply. "This answer," says a writer, "is absurd as it may at first seem to us, has in it a germ of sound physiological truth, especially if we substitute the word recreation for amusement. Recreation, primarily, means re-creation—the creating anew."

## Genealogy and Grief.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was out down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of 24." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobbed the widow, in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

## The Japanese "Treaty Box."

(Boston Budget.)

The principal object of the mission of the Japanese embassy, which lately arrived at Washington, was to get a copy of the treaty between Japan and the United States signed by the president. The original was burned in the great fire at Jeddo in 1858. The copy in Japanese was saved. This they brought with them, and a copy of it not signed, and a letter from the Iycoon to the president.

The box containing these documents was looked upon by them as almost sacred. It was called the "treaty box," and was never allowed to be out of their sight. It was a box three feet long, twenty-six inches in depth and eighteen inches wide, covered with red morocco leather and neatly sewed around the edges. There were three japanned boxes placed together and then covered. Around the box was a light frame, and when carried was borne on the backs of four men by poles. The embassy brought with them \$80,000 cash for the purpose of making purchases. Their money was all brought from Japan in Mexican dollars and American half dollars, stamped with the Japanese mark. They brought an immense amount of baggage, over eighty tons, which made four full carloads over the Panama railroad. They had fifty-seven boxes containing valuable presents for the president of the United States.

## Emperor and Workingman.

(Chicago Herald.)

A favorite amusement of Dom Pedro II, of Brazil, is to leave his gorgeous turnout in a side street, and, accompanied by a gray-haired chamberlain and a stalwart lifeguardman, walk the distance of a square or more to a manufactory or other establishment and surprise the proprietor and employes by his sudden and unannounced appearance among them. Of course he is given the liberty of the establishment, and he takes his time in examining the machinery and modus operandi. With a kind word of encouragement and commendation, he goes away, perhaps to pay a similar visit to another establishment. These visits he makes impartially to the mechanical and mercantile establishments, controlled by foreigners as well as natives.

## The Oldest Dynasty in the World.

(Chicago Times.)

The present reigning dynasty of Japan is the oldest in the world. It dates back 2,546 years, and its records are accurately preserved for that time. During this period the reigning houses of China have several times been changed, and all the nations now civilized, without exception, have had their beginning. It is sometimes marvelous to reflect that any house could preserve its integrity and occupy the throne for such a period of time.

## "DOING A GRAND WORK FOR ME."

In sending for a new supply of Compound Oxygen, a gentleman at Walnut, Iowa, says:

"I cannot get along without it, as it is doing such a grand work for me. For several years I have been unable to gain weight, and I have lost my appetite. I have gained more than I ever did in my life before, but I still have pains through my lungs when I do any work; but other ways I am feeling as well as I ever did."

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 Drs. STARKY & PALIN, 1102 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Matthews, 602 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

## 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 receipt 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.

Hostetter's 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 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, Flirting of the Heart, Dose before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEeded, SERIOUS ILLNESS WILL SOON BE INevitable.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They increase the Appetite, and cause 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 OF WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and is instantly restored. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

## POOR FELLOWS!

Prostrated, debilitated, enfeebled, they feel as if they were hardly worth picking up. They would hardly give the loss of a bright penny for a chance of a choice between life and death. But even such forlorn people can be renewed by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. It vitalizes the system, tones the nerves and renovates the system. Mr. Isaac C. Weed, Burr's Mills, O., says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness, and it helped me greatly."

The sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited in ten counties in Mississippi.

The worst pile tumors cured in ten days, future in one month. Pamphlet two (2ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

How can we expect another to keep a secret when we cannot do it ourselves.

If you want a handsome photograph go to the only first-class gallery in Portland, Abel & Son, 29 Washington street.

Dr. Hensley's Coery, Beef and Iron is the best Nerve Tonic ever discovered.

## HOW WOMEN DIFFER FROM MEN.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest, just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms one pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

one of the doors of Westminster Abbey has cost \$60,000.

## TRY GERBEEA for Breakfast.

## THE SECRET OF LIFE.

SCOVILL'S SALSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, is the remedy for the cure of Scrofulous Taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Goitre, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading Physicians, Ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, endorsing SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP in the highest terms. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best remedy for above diseases.

Not every green thing comes from the green Nile, not by a jug-full.

## HUMAN CALVES.

An exchange says:—"Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Ninetenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.

Speaking of dishonest tailors: What did the skunk-cabbage?

For Catarrhal and Throat Disorders, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are renowned and most effectively effective, giving immediate relief.

## HOW EX-SHERIFF TRAVILLION, OF BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, WAS CURED OF DEAFNESS.

Mr. Editor:—For eighteen months past I have gradually been getting deaf from the effects of cold and exposure. Hearing of Drs Darrin, at 113 Stockton street, San Francisco, and their wonderful success in curing deafness and other chronic diseases, I concluded to put myself under their care. The doctors told me they thought two months' time would be required to cure me, but I might be restored sooner, as they could not always tell how long it would take; that they were often surprised themselves with the effect of the magnetic treatment. I was cured in three days, so I can hear perfectly, and as well as ever in my life. Can be referred to at Alhilton Hotel, San Francisco, for one week; after that at Baker City, Oregon.

W. W. TRAVILLION.

The above card from Mr. Travillion, which Drs. Darrin have just received, is positive proof of the unexampled success which attends their treatment. It shows how radical as well as unexpected are many of their cures, and how chronic diseases of many years' duration are unable to resist their skill.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

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 & SONS, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

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, honorable treatment; board and room per day, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; 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 whatever with saloons. The largest number of steady patrons of any hotel in the State; board and room, \$1 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.

DR. FVORY: Your DIAMOND CATARRH REMEDY is astonishing every one around here. No one had any faith in it when I first commenced using it, but now every one is crazy to get it.

E. JAMESON, Petaluma, Cal.

Price 50c per bottle. For sale by Hodges, Davis & Co., C. A. Plummer & Co., and Clarke, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

DR. ROGERS' HEART TONIC

Warranted to relieve or cure Heart Disease.

J. J. MACK & CO., AGENTS, S. F.

W. B. WILSHIRE & CO. SAFE SCALES

95 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OR.