

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HAIL, THOU NEW YEAR.

Hail, thou New Year! 'thou' hast come so soon.
I'm hardly willing yet to say good-by
To the old friend who lays aside his crown,
And in the grave of Time lies down to die,
I had grown fond of him, and learned to know
The faults and virtues of the dear Old Year;
He brought me many a comfort, many a joy,
Although—ah, yes—he caused me many a tear.

But for the tears, as often as they flowed,
He gave me peace, he gave me smiles
Again,
And taught me to look upward to Hope's skies,
And see the rainbow gleaming through the rain.
The dear Old Year! He came as merrily
As thou dost come, just twelve short
Months ago;
And now, because he has grown old at last,
Shall we forget the faithful life? Ah, no!
Thou art a stranger, what know men of
Thee?
Thy promises may all be fair and bright,
But many a morning dawning cloudlessly
Has brought a weary day and stormy
Night.
Well, we will welcome thee—ay, glad, thee,
For
Thy face is fair and young and true,
And
We will ask a blessing on thy reign, O King?
Till a new year shall take thy throne from
Thee.

THE IRON RAILING.

A Love Quest Which Ended in an Unorthodox Manner.

I have been accustomed to walk down Montgomery street every morning for the last six years. My attention had never been especially attracted by any person in the throng I met daily until one day last October. Most of the people on the street were looking at something in a shop-window. I was in a hurry and could not stop. As I passed the crowd I came face to face with a young girl about twenty, whom I saw was very beautiful. She passed me, and I was tempted to turn my head to look after her, but politeness forbade. The following day I met the same young girl again. Her beauty impressed me more than on the former occasion. That day I could think of nothing but her lovely face. It seemed to rise before me every minute. The third day I was on the lookout for her and was not disappointed. For a week I met her every morning, by which time I had come to the conclusion that I must know her, but how such an end was to be accomplished I could not tell. Plan after plan occurred to me, and finally I decided that I would watch and see if she might not bow to some one of my acquaintances. Often she bowed to ladies and gentlemen passing, but never to any one I knew. For three weeks I followed this plan. Each morning brought disappointment, and at last in desperation I determined to follow her and find it possible where she lived. The first morning I had time I carried out my plan; as soon as she passed me I turned and followed her. She walked very briskly, and I was obliged to hurry so as not to lose sight of her in the crowd. She walked about six blocks toward the residence streets, then turned from Montgomery into a side street, then into Concord avenue, a fashionable quarter of the city, where she went into No. 875, a large brown-stone house. The house had a very homely look with its green lawn and trees. I feared my unknown beauty entered the gate she did not live there, but greatly to my peace of mind she took out a latch-key, and I was convinced this must be her home. Fortunately there was a door-plate, but from the sidewalk it was almost impossible to distinguish a letter; and as I did not wish to attract attention by standing still and staring at the house I walked slowly from one end of the block to the other, looking at each house as I passed. After once passing I managed to decipher a "T"; of the rest I could make nothing. I had almost given up in despair, for one day at least, when some one going into the house opened the door so that a strong light fell on the plate and I read "Towner." But Towner alone was not very definite, and without initials I feared I should again be obliged to give it up. When it occurred to me that I knew the name, street and number, I could follow down all the Towners in the directory till I reached the one who lived at No. 875 Concord avenue. With this thought uppermost, I walked quickly back to the last drug-store I had passed and asked to see the directory. The name Towner seemed very common, although I was not favored with the acquaintance of any. By following down the column I at last found "William S. Towner, residence No. 875 Concord avenue. Business, Architectural Iron-work. Towner, Fort & Co., 3 Hancock street." I could think of no way to begin the acquaintance except through a business transaction, and what could I find to buy of an architectural iron-dealer? Suddenly I thought of two little houses I owned. They had been left me by a cousin and had always been a great burden, as I was not able to sell them, and had the trouble and worry of hearing complaints from tenants continually; but now I would make use of them. In front of the houses were small grass-plots which could be surrounded by iron railing, and in that way I would become known to the firm if not personally to Mr. Towner.

The next thing to see to my agent and have him measure the number of feet required. My agent was fortunately in, and I went directly to business. He promised to send his clerk to measure the ground that very afternoon, and then inquired if he might ask of what firm I intended buying the railing. I told him of "Towner, Fort & Co." He then asked if I knew any member of the firm, for if I did not he should be very glad to introduce me to Mr. Towner, as he had had a good many business transactions and was well acquainted with him. I tried to answer in my usual voice, but felt so bubbling over with joy at the prospect of obtaining an in-

roduction to Mr. Towner that I feared I betrayed some of it in my voice, and could hardly collect myself enough to make an appointment for us to go together to the office of Towner, Fort & Co. Ten the following morning was fixed for the time. I felt I could not go earlier, as I did not wish to miss any chance of seeing my unknown beauty. All day my spirits were very high at the thought of really meeting Mr. Towner, though how an introduction merely for business purposes was to be the foundation of a friendship I did not know. I was not a bad-looking fellow, but still not so attractive as to cause any one to fall in love with me at first sight; still, I was hopeful. Ten the following morning found us on our way to No. 3 Hancock street. A very small clerk sat behind the desk in the outer office. We asked if Mr. Towner was in and if we could see him. The clerk went to inquire, and in a few minutes we were ushered into the presence of Mr. Towner, a stout, jolly-looking old gentleman of about sixty. His white hair stood up straight all over his head, as if it defied brush or comb. His sharp, black eyes twinkled with fun and shrewdness. His watch-chain and studs were very massive, and together with his black roadcloth clothes, gave him a general air of affluence and comfort. Mr. Towner rose as we entered and shook hands cordially with my agent, who then turned to me and said: "Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Smartchild." Mr. Towner smiled and said he was happy to meet me. I felt rather embarrassed, although neither of my companions thought I had any object in view except business. It was soon settled about my iron railing, and as I could think of no excuse for staying longer, I was preparing to leave the room when Mr. Towner stopped me to ask if I had not some relations in Machias, Me. I replied that I had. He went on to say that he had known a Frank Smartchild in his youth who afterward became quite a prominent lawyer in Portland, but that for the last ten years he had not heard of or from him. He finished by saying: "Your name is so peculiar that I supposed he was some relation of yours." I answered: "He is my uncle and I am his namesake." Mr. Towner seemed delighted to hear this, and kept plying me with questions about my uncle. After I had answered all Mr. Towner's questions concerning my uncle I started again to leave the office. When Mr. Towner saw that I was really going he said: "This must not be the end of our acquaintance with one another. You must come to the house to see us. Suppose you come next Sunday to dinner. I shall be very glad to have my family know the nephew of such a good friend as your uncle was to me." I accepted the invitation with warmth but realness. It really seemed too good to be true.

As we walked away from Mr. Towner's office, my agent congratulated himself on being the means of bringing Mr. Towner and me together. Little did he know how I had schemed and planned to become acquainted with the Towner family. Perhaps some time I would tell him my story if all progressed as well as it now promised. "All day my thoughts were occupied with my prospective visit. That evening I went to take a short walk. I was buried deep in thought, and as some one in passing pushed me a little I came back to the present, and on looking to see where I had wandered found myself in Concord avenue. I was convinced my thoughts must have been much more occupied with my lovely unknown friend than I had supposed if unconsciously in walking I had strayed to where she lived. After this occurrence I did not allow myself to think of my visit except when I met the supposed Miss Towner each morning on my way down town.

She seemed to grow more beautiful each time I saw her. Saturday morning as she passed me a handkerchief fell from her jacket pocket. She did not notice anything had dropped. I stooped and picked up the handkerchief to return it to its owner. As I handed it to her she raised her beautiful eyes and smiled with ineffable sweetness as she said: "Many thanks." In a moment it was over, but how delightful to have heard her voice—certainly did justice to her face and figure. Sunday was a lovely autumn day. I started early and walked slowly toward Concord avenue. As I walked up the steps I saw Mr. Towner sitting reading at the front window, but he did not see me. I rang the bell. A white capped and aproned maid opened the door; she ushered me into the broad hall, taking my hat and cane, and (having asked my name) drew back the heavy red portieres and announced "Mr. Smartchild." On hearing my name Mr. Towner looked up confusedly from his book. In a minute he seemed to realize who I was and stepped forward with a pleasant good-day. After this greeting I looked around the room expecting to see other persons, but Mr. Towner and I were its only occupants. Mr. Towner said nothing about the family being absent, and I did not feel at liberty to open the subject, but sat down and recommenced talking about my uncle. In the pauses in the conversation I glanced at a clock I saw standing on the mantel; it said quarter-past two. Mr. Towner had invited me to dinner at two, but he made no apology for either being late or for the non-appearance of the family. Finally about half past two I heard several persons come up the front steps and enter the hall, and among whom I recognized the lovely girl I had met so often. None of them came into the parlor, but started quickly up stairs. It seemed an endless time before I again heard steps on the stairs; then the lovely apparition of my unknown friend appeared between the portieres. She looked like an old picture in her light dress as she stood framed in by the dark-red of the curtains. Mr. Towner was so interested in our conversation that he did not look up until he saw my eyes turned toward the door; then he rose quickly and going forward took the girl's hand and led her toward me, saying: "Mr. Smartchild, I take great pleasure in introducing you to my wife."

The iron railing cost me a pretty penny, but I paid the bill without demur.—Chicago Tribune.

WOOL AUCTIONS IN LONDON.

One of the Most Curious Things to be Seen in the Largest City in the World.

There is no more curious sight in the city than one of the wool auctions, which are now being held every afternoon in the Wool Exchange, Coleman street. Imagine a large and lofty room, capable of holding about five hundred people. Benches, in the form of a semi-circle, rise tier above tier, so that all the sitters are plainly visible from the tribune, or rostrum—an elevated desk at the bottom of the room. Every seat is numbered, and the highest number is 398. A narrow gallery provides accommodation for the spectators. At 3:55 o'clock nearly every seat is occupied, the demand for them exceeding the supply, and as the clock strikes the hour the auctioneer, or selling broker, takes his place in the tribune. He is a cool, self-possessed, good-looking man, with a keen eye, rosy cheeks, and hair parted in the middle. On either side of him sits a clerk—one bald and dark, the other hirsute and blonde. No time is lost in preliminaries; an eloquent wool auctioneer would be an intolerable nuisance, and this one is as sparing of words as a telegram from China. Every buyer before him is the busiest of men, and he has to sell £100,000 worth of wool before six o'clock. "Lot 213, ten bales," he says. Simple words, but the signal for a very tempest of excitement. From every part of the room come, as it were, scattered shots in quick succession—"Eight, half, nine, ten, ten-half." Then up spring a dozen, or it may be a score, of eager, earnest men, who shout passionately at the top of their voices, and almost in chorus: "Ten-half, ten-half, ten-half," until it seems as if the roof would split. Some stretch their arms toward the tribune, as if they were threatening a foe; others work them to and fro, as if they were engaged in mortal combat; others, again, raise them upward, as if they were appealing to Heaven. They yell still more loudly, gesticulate still more wildly, some in their excitement bending forward until they nearly topple over on the seats below. It is a bear garden, a Babel, a scene of indescribable confusion, and to the uninitiated spectator it seems as if the frantic bidders were about to spring from their places and punch each other's heads. But the auctioneer speaks one word, and the storm is lulled: every voice is hushed, every man resumes his seat. That word is "Tomkins." One lot has been knocked down to Tomkins. Without drawing breath the selling broker goes on to the next lot, and then there is another startling roar, followed by an equally sudden collapse. The faces of some of the bidders are a study. One gentleman, with a bald head surrounded by a fringe of black hair, and features unmistakably French, gets so excited that you fear he may break a blood-vessel or have a fit of apoplexy. His wide nostrils quiver, his swarthy face becomes dark, he fights the air with his arms and hurls bids at the auctioneer, as if he would annihilate him. Near the Gaul is a fair Teuton, stalwart and tall, shouting offers as if he were crying "Vorwarts!" in the smoke of battle, and glaring at his competitors as if he would like to charge down on them as the Uhlans charged down upon the French at Gravelotte and Sedan. Not far from the foreigners sits a gentleman whose cast of features and style of dress leaves little doubt that he is a manufacturer of wool, or stapler, and hails from a northern country. To make his bid more effective he puts his hand to the side of his mouth and gesticulates with the other; but he needs no artificial aid, for he has a voice of thunder and shouts like a Roanoke. But why all this noise? Why can not a wool auctioneer knock down his wares to the highest bidder. All the firms represented at the auction know to a fraction the value of every parcel they wish to acquire, and five, or ten, or a score, as the case may be, are willing buyers of a certain lot at, let us say, a shilling a pound more than they can afford to give. The rule is, when there are several bidders at the same price—and there are generally several bidders—to prefer the one who bids the first, which is practically the one who first succeeds in attracting the auctioneer's attention. In such a contest the feeble-voiced have no chance to come out of it victorious. When the selling broker names the buyer who has caught his ear all the rest subside like would-be orators in the House of Commons who fail to catch the Speaker's eye. The confidence in the Speaker's impartiality seems to be absolute; he never loses his self-possession, and time is too precious to be wasted in wrangling.—London Spectator.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

How Horrid Captain Quibley Cruelly Disappointed His Wife.

"Here's a good piece of advice," said Captain Quibley, putting aside a newspaper and turning to his wife. "A paragraph here says that a man should never smoke a pipe while going down stairs. In case he should fall, he would be likely to drive the stem through the roof of his mouth and out at the top of his head."

"I never heard of such a thing," replied Mrs. Quibley.

"It's not by any means improbable," rejoined the Captain. "There's our old friend George Gaines. He is a great smoker, you know."

"Well, the other day—I forgot to mention it, by the way—he was coming down stairs and his foot slipped and down he went. He always smoked a long stem pipe you know."

A MOLE-CATCHER.

A Man Who Never Grows Weary of His Singular Occupation.

A mole-catcher is a picturesque personage, more interesting in his life and surroundings than many better known or prettier types of life. He can hold his own with many gamekeepers and the country characters which abound where leaves are green and fields are plowed and waters are clear, though he has nothing more terrible to hide in the earth than a wooden trap, and all the skill he possesses is his own experience of cunning. He follows his work as silent as the moles themselves, and his humble earnestness would stand many a preacher in good stead. We might, with a little wit, make fun of his old clothes, his battered hat, and rough hands, and compare him to a scavenger; but the moment we talk to him we find what a store of strange observations have been gathered up by those cuts eyes, observations which his wife at night by the fireside alone shares, and we begin to consider what an immense debt we dwellers in cities owe this rustic for keeping down the moles and preserving the crops. As you travel on the highway you see the rude mole-catcher down on his knees at work, with his hands in the soil blessing the ground by playing havoc with the black vermin; and wherever the marks of his knees have been the land prospers, and grows green in spring. His hands are so stiff with rheumatism that they can hardly close, and his eyes are always among his feet, "as if," he says with a wan smile, "he was in search of half a crown he had lost in his young days." Yet in fact his occupation is an artificial one, and has been brought about by high farming and game preservation. "Weasels," he remarks, "destroy moles like smoke. God has eye vermin to keep down another!" The gamekeepers having destroyed many weasels, artificial means have to be taken to destroy moles. Looking from the window of a railway carriage at a solitary figure on the fields, you would think he was about the most lonely and wearisome work on the face of the earth; but old Jim says: "Man, I never weary, I'm eye seeing something new. Faith, the moles'll no allow one to be idle or weary. So I whistles think my nodd watch has ta'en fright an' leaped an hour or two, the time lies by so quick. You set a man to kill moles, an', faith, he'll never weary." "It's fine," continued he, and the remark was that of a healthy man, "it's fine to be fired at nights after a long and a hard day's work, and to fall asleep as your cheek kisses the pillow. A hard day's work has a good night's rest." Any open-air work like mole-catching makes one sano-minded and moderate in thought, and gives one a natural life.—Good Words.

A RAVENOUS APPETITE.

The Show Elephant That Eats Tobacco and Woolen Clothing.

"Yes, Gypsy here has some queer tastes and habits."

"Gypsy," continued the manager, "has explained the theory that all elephants hate tobacco. A common idea would never forget the insult and would have its revenge if it took years to accomplish it. I have given Gypsy pound after pound of plug and line-cut, and instead of resenting it he, figuratively speaking, cries for more."

"Has he a fondness for eating any other odd things?"

"Yes, He is like the camel which Mark Twain describes that chewed up Mark's coat. We do not dare to leave any old clothes lying within reach of his trunk. Gypsy will take just about three minutes to get away with a coat. A pair of pants will disappear down his throat in just four minutes, and he will masticate an overcoat in about ten minutes."

PITH AND POINT.

A machine has been invented which will dark stockings by just turning a crank. "Who will care for mother now?"—Burlington Free Press.

"Woman is a luxury. Unless a man's circumstances permit of luxuries, he had better be content with sewing on his own collar studs.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"As a nation we do not have ourselves under sufficient control. When a Senator goes down on a slippery corner he is laughed at the same as the man with a market basket.—Boston Post.

"Rattlesnake poison is awful. A Florida cow was bitten, and died immediately. Six buzzards that fed on the carcass died soon after, and a newspaper reporter was found lying in the vicinity.—Lowell Courier.

"How do you braid your hair so nicely?" queried a gentleman who was visiting a lady friend. "Oh," broke in her satanic terrible sister, "she takes it off and ties the knot to the gas chandelier, and fuses over two hours every morning.—Chicago Herald.

"A hymn as written: 'Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.' And as sung by our choir. 'Waw-kaw, waw, daw aw waw, Thaw saw, thaw law aw waw, Waw-kaw, law, thaw, raw, waw-vaw waw, Aw thaw raw law saw aw.'—Argonaut.

"A man having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His Irish steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. 'And what,' said he, smiling, 'shall I do with the earth that I dig up from it?' To which the steward, with great gravity, replied: 'Have the pit made large enough to hold all.'—Chicago Tribune.

"Simpson," said the managing editor, "please don't write any more pathetic articles. I ask you this as a personal favor, for I am inclined to look on the bright side of life, and when I thoughtlessly take up an article like the one you wrote last night, why, it topples me over the precipice of despondency and gloom, where I flounder for hours before I can climb up the rugged steep and again bask in the beams of the sun." "To which article do you refer?" asked Simpson. "The one headed 'A Drummer's Experience with a Bottle of Cocktail.'" "Why, sir, that was a humorous article." "That's so! Well, give us some pathos, then. Say, Simpson, label 'em, please."—Arkansas Traveler.

MONKEYS.

The Demand For Individuals of the Genus Simia For Pets—Their Value.

"Monkeys are in greater demand as pets than most people would suppose possible," said Mr. Alfred Wilkins of 1235 Broadway. "Ladies favor them greatly, chiefly on account of their amusing antics and gestures. Those two in the window keep a crowd in front of the store all day. Look at them now." A monkey, who was eating nothing, put out his hand in a friendly manner to his cage companion who was holding a nut in his palm. The animal so approached responded to the overture in the readiest manner, but first, as a precautionary measure, transferred the nut to his mouth. This was not what the monkey who made the advance wanted, and he sulkily withdrew his extended hand, while his selfish companion looked knowingly at the crowd outside and resumed his meal.

"There are about four kinds of monkeys that are saleable as pets," continued the dealer, "and all are small. The ring-tail is so called, not because of the rings around its tail, but because it swings to the branches of trees, and helps itself to climb with that appendage. All other monkeys climb with their hands only. The pig-tail monkey is about the same size as the ring-tail, and it is easy to see how he gets his name. His tail is stubby and short, like that of a pig. He is not considered a handsome monkey, but he is very popular. The Java monkey is somewhat like the ring-tail. He has a long tail, too, but it seems to be more for ornament than use. The ring-tail comes from Africa, the pig-tail from the Isthmus of Panama, and the Java, of course, from the island whose name he bears. All of these monkeys are worth from \$20 to \$30 each, according to condition and size, the smallest ranking first. There is a larger demand for them than any other kind. The little Marmazette, a native of Brazil, is the most diminutive of known monkeys. In fact, he is too small to be very healthy, and in our harsh climate he easily falls into consumption and dies. A fair-sized one is smaller than a newly-born kitten, only a few inches in length, excluding the little tail, which is the longest part of him. They have little wizened faces, and hardly look like monkeys at all. Ladies invariably fancy them at first, but a closer examination shows how delicate they are, as they lie huddled up together and shiver at every draught. They are by no means as high-priced as the other popular kinds of monkeys, and can be readily purchased for \$10 each. Placed in company with a larger monkey they seem to thrive better. The bigger one takes great care of the smaller one, shielding him, as far as practicable, from the cold, and ceaselessly exerting himself to keep him clean. Sometimes, indeed, he kills him with kindness.

"There are a great many people who have a chronic prejudice against monkeys. It is hard to say why, for monkeys are amusing, affectionate and very intelligent."—N. Y. Sun.

The business portion of Kentland, Ind., was wiped out by fire last week. Loss, \$50,000. Incendiarism was the cause.

A CLEAR HEAD AND A STRONG HEART.

If you muddle your brains with any of the whisky compounds which are sold under the name of "bitters," and which toppers delight in for stimulants, you do your system irreparable mischief. Brown's Iron Bitters is not one of these. It promotes healthy action of the heart, liver and stomach. It cleanses and enriches the blood, and fits the brain for the best mental work. The best physicians prescribe it, and it is well worthy of a trial by all.

APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

With few exceptions, the first effects of the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Pelen, 1160 Grand street, Philadelphia, is an improvement in appetite and digestion. A change in the whole personal appearance soon follows. The skin grows clearer, the eyes brighter, the movements more elastic. There is a sense of lightness and comfort. The chest begins to expand and the weight to increase. All the depressed or sluggish functions of the body take on a better action, and there is a gradual return to a more healthy condition. If the Treatment is continued, and the laws of health carefully observed, restoration, unless the physical system is too far broken down, will follow in nearly every case. All desired information in regard to this remarkable Treatment will be furnished by Drs. Starkey & Pelen. Write to them, and your communication will get a prompt response.

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.

Shaw has signified his wish to be admitted to the University Postal Union.

"WORK, WORK, WORK!"

How many women there are working today in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard by the fact that their lives are shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.

A carload of salmon costs \$900 at Portland, Or., and sells for \$3,000 in New York.

FILES! FILES! FILES!

A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST NO ONE NEED SUFFER.

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William Leitch, a single bill has cured the worst chronic case of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Leitch's Ointment is a certain, positive, pleasant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

IS YOUR BLOOD PURE!

For impure blood the best medicine known, SCUOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, may be implicitly relied on when everything else fails. Take it is the spring time especially for the impure currents of the blood incident to that season of the year; and take it at all times for Cancer, Scrofula, Liver Complaints, Weakness, Boils, Tumors, Swellings, Skin Diseases, Malaria, and the thousand ills that come from impure blood. To ensure a cheerful disposition take this well known medicine, which will remove the prime cause, and restore the mind to its natural equilibrium.

A BARGAIN IN CORNER LOTS

Is what most men desire, but to keep from falling prey to a corner lot one half year days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten times the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest, but far pleasanter to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions and other humors. By druggists.

Over 100,000 persons pay taxes on real estate in New York city.

JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, etc.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE." 25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age! Indorsed all over the World.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

GRAY HAIR OF WHATEVER COLOR IS CHANGED TO GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and is instantly restored. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.