

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.  
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## THE HONEST FARMER.

Happy I count the farmer's life,  
In various round of wholesome toil;  
An honest man with loving wife,  
And offspring native to the soil.

Three happy, surely, in his breast  
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;  
His path more straight from East to West  
Than politician ever trod.

His gains no loss to other men,  
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;  
Not busy with his tongue or pen,  
He questions trifling sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun,  
Nature's co-worker, all his skill,  
Obedience, ev'n in his waters run,  
Winds blow, here, best, their laws fulfill.

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold,  
A manly manhood, cheerful age,  
His comely children proudly proud,  
Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,  
Guilt—needless woe, and useless strife—  
O cities vain, insane, insane,  
How happy is the farmer's life!

—Fraser's Magazine.

## JULIET.

### Story of a Hospital Patient—The New Nurse.

Do not for a moment associate anything fair or girlish with our Juliet. Big, brown and bearded, he lay in Cot No. 10, Ward K, of the Army Hospital at Quincy, Ill., saying little, and complaining not at all. We girls, on our daily rounds through the wards with flowers and delicacies, came to speak of him as Juliet simply by reason of the great devotion of a convalescent comrade by the name of Romeo—Romeo Wilkins. Of course, at any time from the hospital register, we could easily have found his proper name and rank; but nothing so proper was ever thought of. We chose always rather to have our own distinctive titles—as "Achilles" for him of the wounded heel, "Schiller" because of a taste in apples similar to that attributed to the great German poet, and "Dickens" because of a fancied personal resemblance to that popular author. If there was only an appearance of levity in this, it was only an appearance, for our sympathy was of a very sincere and tender kind. In those early years of the war, when we looked upon so much suffering and could do so little to relieve it, we must sometimes "laugh to hide the tears we shed," and our pet names were endearing rather than disrespectful.

There was nothing at all romantic about Romeo. He was simply an honest, ignorant, but exceedingly kind-hearted fellow, not quite well enough to be returned to duty, but well enough to do many little kind offices for his more helpless comrades. In particular did he engage himself with services as delicately conceived as they were often awkwardly rendered for his neighbor of Cot No. 10. It was this that in the beginning, as I have said, led us to adopt for the object of his devotion the name of Juliet. Afterward, when by chance one of his pocket-handkerchiefs, we rejected all suggestions of James or Joseph or John, and chose to count the initial as proof positive of Juliet.

He must have overheard sometime a bit of our idle talk, for there was a sly twinkle in his eye as he handed me one day a package marked, "For the Young Ladies." With the compliments of the "fair Juliet." It proved to be a collection of mementoes, mostly pressed flowers or pebbles from various battlefields, daintily put up, and addressed in a scholarly hand. Little amenities of this kind, the nicety of the few personal effects that a soldier may carry with him, the choice diction and enunciation that belong only to the cultured, revealed Juliet to be of distinctly higher social grade than most of his comrades, and we pleased ourselves with many a fine fancy about him. Sometimes these were based upon the ring, a lady's ring, set with a small diamond, that he wore on his little finger; sometimes upon a small volume constantly under his pillow, and frequently read. At first we had a pretty theory that this was the New Testament that he was under filial promise to read daily; but this we were obliged to abandon on discovering the book to be a copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queen." Of course, there was a cruel fair one somewhere—we made no doubt of that.

"I can not understand," said Doctor W., reporting the case to the chief surgeon, "why this man does not improve. His wound is a comparatively trifling affair, there have been no complications, and no inflammation, yet there is still no sign of healing."

We girls held to our original diagnosis, especially when the nice morsels we ourselves prepared, in the hope of tempting his appetites, were received with courteous thanks, only to be sent away, after our departure, scarcely tasted.

Poor, simple, faithful Romeo! It was all a sad puzzle to him. "T stands for reason," he said confidentially, one morning, "that a man that don't sleep o' nights ain't agoin' to get well. When he has a nice feather pillow brought to him, I say it's meant to sleep on, and not to keep verses under that you've writ when you think everybody's asleep and nobody don't know it."

Here was another revelation. If we had had any doubts before we had none now. A man is not generally given to writing verses to his mother or his sister, and if he had a wife she would come to him, we reasoned. We knew now that he loved her—we had named her Duessa by this time—that she was unkind, and we hated her.

One morning there was a general confusion in the hospital. A telegram had been received that a hospital boat would be in at noon with one hundred additional sick and wounded for us. It was a short notice, and taxed not only the entire hospital force, but all our volunteer service as well. It was decided to take possession of an adjoining building and remove to it all of our inmates who were able to bear the change. Things so very nice, mixed

in the busy transfer, and I undertook the task of finding the proper owners of the various articles as they were gathered up here and there by the attendants. Sometimes there was no better clue for doing this than a letter with only the indefinite address: "My dear Tom," and an equally indefinite signature. Sometimes there was neither address nor signature, as was the case with these verses:

"My head is tired,  
My heart is tired,  
With no dream bright or blest;  
My very breath  
Is cold as death,  
And grave-like is my breast.

"I can not sing,  
I can not bring  
Brave thoughts to thee, my dear,  
The light is flown,  
I am alone,  
I fall, I faint, I fear.

"Yet thou wilt take  
Me for love's sake,  
How void so'er I be,  
And wilt not ask  
Me any task  
But just to stay by thee.

"I can not woo  
As I would do,  
With thoughts that burn and glow  
But I would rove  
I on thy breast,  
And simply tell thee so.

"Like jewels wrought  
With gold, bright thought  
I'd set in song for thee;  
But take not worse  
This little verse  
Of trust that lives in me."

Only after I had read these verses did I recall Romeo's confidence about verses "writ when everybody was asleep;" and then, too, I first recognized the handwriting we had admired so much on the package of battlefield mementoes. I told no one of this new knowledge that had come to me in such a strange way, but simply handed the paper to Romeo, to be placed by him under his comrade's pillow before it should be missed.

Not long after this the hospitable major received a letter from her old friend Christina Rossiter, just back from Europe. She wrote:

"The circumstances which led us to go abroad were so embarrassing, and even painful, that neither to you nor to any one else I wish to make them known. I do so now because I wish to ask your aid in making what little amends I may for my own well-meant, but mistaken acts. You know, my dear friend, how entirely my whole life and thoughts have been concentrated upon one purpose, namely—the welfare of my daughter Etta. You know the promise of her early years, and how it justified my motherly devotion. It was my purpose to spare no pains in cultivating her unusual musical gifts; to give her the best training this country could furnish, and afterwards the best masters abroad. Knowing, as you do, the unhappy experience of my own brief married life while still in my teens, you will not be surprised that another thing upon which I was firmly resolved for Etta was that she should never marry, or make an engagement to marry, until old enough to make something more than a child's choice in so important a matter. I kept her out of general society, gave up the house in New York, and removed to the lovely and quiet village of Nyack, twenty-four miles away, which offered likewise the attraction of a good school, with a fine master of vocal culture. Alas! I had also another attraction on which I had not counted, and before I was aware of it Etta had given her love to Professor Hatch, lecturer on English poetry. I wonder now, looking back, that I had never thought of this danger, for Etta's enthusiasm for poetry is second only to her love of music. I myself attended the lectures on Spenser. Indeed, it was during these that I discovered the ever-meaning with which the Professor rendered the old lines:

"And ever when his eye did her behold  
His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold."

He may have been a very worthy young man; he probably was. No one seemed to know much about him, beyond the fact of his residence in New York, whence he came three times a week to deliver the Institute lectures that furnished his support while he was writing a poetical composition. In my sorrow and disappointment I chose to treat the whole affair as a youthful fancy on both sides, and exacted from both that they would hold no communication with each other during the two years that Etta and I should remain abroad. By this test I wished to satisfy myself that it was likely to be an enduring love; besides, I could not abandon my lifelong ambition for Etta's musical culture. She did her best, poor child, to satisfy me; practised with faithfulness; but without straight manner that convinced me that her thoughts were often far away, and read the "Faerie Queen" daily. The outbreak of the war decided our return somewhat before the expiration of the two years. Almost as soon as we had arrived we learned that on the first call for troops Professor Hatch enlisted, and is supposed to have been killed in the battle of Bull Run. Poor Etta has said little, but the stricken look in her face is a constant reproach to me. She seems now to have but one wish in life—to serve as a hospital nurse. I shall make no obstacle; but I shrink from the thought of her going to some far away post, alone and unprotected. Can you, my friend, find a place for her with you? It would give her the usefulness she seeks, and would be a great comfort to

Your sorrowful friend,  
CHRISTINA ROSSITER.

Our good matron was very glad to accept the proffered service, and thought best to confide to us the whole story, lest sometime we should unwittingly wound the feelings of her new assistant. The story excited our warmest sympathy. We waited with eagerness the expected arrival, and were full of all sorts of tender plans for such comfort and happiness as we might be able to bring her. Our affection for the unseen Etta was almost as great as our hatred for the unseen Duessa.

I was at the hospital when she came. A slight, fair young creature, nearly a head shorter than I, yet with a firm, steady look in her large, sad eyes that one felt that here, notwithstanding her youth and pettiness, was a woman to lean upon. How picturesque and lovely she looked when she had donned the nurse's cap, and was ready for duty!

It was my privilege to take her

through the hospital. "This," I said, as we came to "K," "is to be your ward, I believe. I am glad of it, because there is one man here who interests us all so much. No one can tell why he does not get well. He—"

But I had no need to say more; the little nurse had darted from my side. She was kneeling by the bedside of Juliet, and had drawn his pale, wasted face to her breast. I heard her sob "John! Oh! John, John!" Then I turned and left them.—*Anna B. McMahon, in Chicago Current.*

## A STRANGE ATTACHMENT.

The Love a Chinaman Bore for a Little Baby Girl.

In Alaska street, on the corner of a narrow alley below Sixth, there is a dingy laundry, with the name of "Wah Kee" painted in flaming letters on a crazy sign above the door. This is where Wah Kee lives and works and spends his lonely life.

The house across the alley is just as old, and the roof is just as crazy, and the folks that live there are just as poor and lonely as poor Wah.

That's where Tot lived. Everybody knew Tot. Tot's clothes were old, and Tot's face was wan, but somehow the soul of the little one crept into the heart of the lonely Chinaman, and Wah Kee's eyes beamed as they never beamed before.

So he would stand by the door and look across the alley at Tot and smile, and Tot would patter across the little ocean of dirt and water, and clasp her chubby hands around Wah Kee's legs, look up into his face and coo.

Tot's folks chided the little one—for they hated the sight of "the haythen," as they called Tot's friend.

One day Tot stayed away and Wah Kee looked in vain for the baby. Another day passed and then Wah Kee's face grew sad and his heart heavy, and he shuffled across the narrow alley and begged Tot's folks to tell him where Tot was.

They told him she was sick, that it would be many days before Tot would be about.

So Wah went back to his dingy shop and rolled up his sleeves and went to work again, but his head was heavy and his heart was across the alley in the little house where Tot lay ill.

One day Wah Kee looked over the way to the little house and his heart gave a great leap, for there, pressed against the window, was the face of wee Tot—white and wan, but smiling. And Wah Kee dropped his iron and ran across the pavement and stood by the window.

Tot's voice was weak and Tot might not have the window up, for it was cold and damp, but Wah Kee stood outside and talked in pantomime and Tot, punching her fists against the murky pane, laughed with glee.

So every day Tot was propped up in the window and Wah Kee stood in the shop and looked at the little face and sighed.

Sometimes when Wah Kee's countrymen came to see him they laughed, and Hop Long and Lee Yoo and Wong Sing Lung chided him for the strange love he bore the baby, but Wah Kee only shook his head and answered:

"Wah Kee has no one else. Tot is Wah Kee's baby."

But Tot died, and yesterday they buried her. There were only two carriages—there was one for Tot and the father and mother of the dead baby—and Wah had a carriage, and all alone, in the silence of the tight-closed cab, he rode and grieved for the sunny face and prattling nonsense of the child he had worshipped with all the devotion of his pagan faith.

They buried her at Fernwood in a little grave in a little plot almost as small, and Wah Kee stood by the grave and cried, and the great tears streamed down his face, and, dropping upon the grave, kissed the place where Tot—or all that was left of her—slept in silence.—*Philadelphia News.*

## MODEL CHILDREN.

Not the Gooey Good Kind, But Those Who Pose for Artists.

Here in London where I am writing, there are several hundred people whose business it is to sit for artists. Some of them, who are particularly beautiful, are engaged every day in the year, and may earn from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. They must keep still for hours, and often stand or kneel in tiresome positions. However, the models generally take a great interest in the pictures they sit for, and like to do their best for the artists who employ them.

Among the models are some very little children, who began to sit when they were mere babies. I have often wished that some rich children could see how patient these little ones can be, when they understand that they are earning money to buy food and clothes. I have tried for days to persuade a fine little boy, in smart silk stockings and fine shoes, to keep his feet still long enough for me to paint them.

When I find that a child can not sit quietly to have his dress painted, I send for George Munn. He is very proud to put on the beautiful stockings and shoes. I make a chalk mark on the throne where his little feet should go and he will keep carefully on the mark. He has a few minutes for rest at intervals during each hour, and a long rest at dinner time; but he will keep very quiet while we are working, and will not move without leave. He is a very little boy, so his mother keeps her arm around him to steady him, and talks to him in a whisper without disturbing me. She teaches him to count, or to sing little songs, or to spell. Every now and then he tries to guess what there will be for dinner. With so good a boy to help me, I can paint very quickly; and when little Master Restless comes next day it is for his portrait, he is surprised to see the dress quite finished.—*Anna Lee Merrill, in St. Nicholas.*

It is time that the bakers of the country were beginning to employ the aid of science in their business. They are away behind the age, and the nature of their avocation is such that they should lead rather than follow the rapid progress of these times.—*No. 4 Western Miller.*

## MODERN ALADDIN'S CAVES.

The Vaults in which the Millionaire Store Stocks and Bonds and Jewels.

The vast fortunes in stocks and bonds of the millionaires of this city are not stored in the brown-stone dwellings of the avenue. The thin walls, black walnut doors, and easily picked locks of those houses would offer little resistance against the violence of a mob or the ingenuity of a burglar. The days when skillful cracksmen could capture large quantities of valuable property in rich men's homes have almost passed away. Taught by experience, or admonished by example, persons with portable valuables have been forced to seek places of storage and security. Within nearly the last dozen years there have sprung up in answer to that demand buildings of massive structure and exceptional strength. All that inventive genius could discover or money combined has been employed to render these places fire and burglar proof. There are many of them scattered through the city from Wall street to Harlem, all agreeing in their main features of massive strength and inspiring solidity. These are known as safe deposit vaults. They usually occupy the ground floor of some stanch fire-proof structure, and the mass of locks, bars, bolts, combinations and burglar-resisting contrivances is really wonderful.

A description of one up town near the center of the city will answer for the rest. Entering from the street you pass up to a wall of solid steel bars, every bar as thick as a man's wrist and twelve or fifteen feet high. These are firmly fastened to each other and into the stone floor, and across them is placed a stout wire screen. Two keen eyes sharply survey you from the interstices of the screen. If their owner is impressed favorably there is a clicking of locks, a rattling of bolts, and slowly the ponderous iron gate swings back. Next you fall into the hands of the superintendent, who gives you another keen survey, and then, unlatching an iron wicket, ushers you into the vaults. Two massive doors, each nearly eight inches thick, stand ajar. Each of the three entrances is double doored and every door is secured by time and combination locks and six large bolts of steel. Leaving the daylight with the outside world and passing into the interior, the brightly-burning gas jets reveal a low-ceiled, square apartment. The floor is stone, iron and cement; the ceiling is iron, and four iron walls are concealed behind four rows of iron safes. This is the treasure-house of Vanderbilt. Human skill could not build it stronger; mortal genius has not welded steel and stone into a firmer combination.

When one's eyes become accustomed to the light of this iron chamber one perceives that the surface of the walls is divided into little squares of various sizes. The depositors insert a thin key of curious make in one of the squares, He begins to haul on the squares, and it lengthens out into an oblong box nearly three feet long and divided into compartments. These boxes are movable, and may be taken out and brought into a private room, where in the strictest privacy the contents of the box may be examined. Other safes are firmly fastened into the wall, and have changeable combination locks. The locks of the outside doors of the vaults are both time and combination locks, and the time-locks are so arranged that the doors, once closed, can not be opened until nine o'clock in the morning. Outside and inside at least a dozen persons are within earshot, and could easily hear the slightest unusual noise. It is calculated that if by any accident the locks should get out of order it would require more than four days of constant labor to effect an entrance.

These vaults contain almost every variety of valuable property—gold and silver coin, greenbacks, diamonds and other precious stones, family plate, silverware, jewelry, mementoes, bonds, deeds and valuable papers of every description. Families breaking up households and removing or going abroad, are obliged to store their plate and valuables for safety's sake. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has an immense amount of property stored in this way, and frequently goes to the vault to cut off the interest coupons of his bonds with his own fingers, or to read the tally of his gold in board in all the seclusion that this stone-vault can grant. Private papers of immense value lie there in perfect security. Lawyers use the little safes as depositories for important papers, and the key to many a bitter litigation is locked within those walls. Many fashionable ladies keep their jewels there, taking them out for an evening and putting them back next morning. Watchmen guard the vaults within and without, and that all-potent agent, electricity, protects them by ingenious systems of bells and alarms. Even should a mob set out to pilage and destroy the city, it would rage in vain against these iron-clad structures. The companies generally guarantee the safety of goods left in their care, and charge only a few dollars a year for all this lolling, barring and unceasing vigilance. A small box costs twenty or thirty dollars. From that figure the rental of boxes runs up into the hundreds, but all have the same measure of protection.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## The Umbrella for Flirtation.

There is one particular in which the umbrella, as the girls have all learned, is far superior for flirtation purposes to the handkerchief, or the glove, or the fan, or any other article that a lady usually carries in her hand. If she sees the dude coming with a look of wanting to flirt in his eye, and she happens to be with her mamma, she tilts the umbrella between her and her mamma, so that that correct body can not see the dude, who always passes, if he is skillful in the art, next to the girl and not next to the correct mamma. Then, with the umbrella as a shield, the girl casts a quick glance at the young dude, of coquetry and triumph mingled. She passes on and brings the umbrella to a plumb line and looks innocently at her correct mamma by her side and asks demurely: "What were you saying, mamma, dear?" The umbrella in the hand of such a girl is a bonanza.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## ENGLISH CLOTH GOWNS.

All About the Ladies' Gowns Made by Fashionable English Tailors.

The cloth gowns made by fashionable English tailors show great variety in materials, color and design. For visiting, driving and walking suits fine smooth broadcloths are used, or else they are made of broadly-twilled English serge of supple, yielding quality, while for traveling and for country-house wear in the morning there are dresses of Cheviot woven diagonally and of rough surface, but soft and pliable. These Cheviot gowns may be of a single color—reddish-brown, gray or blue—or else they are in two alternating colors in inch-wide stripes, and are made up in very simple fashions with pleated basques or a blouse polonaise, with a belt, collar and cuffs of light-colored kid; sometimes they are combined with velveteen as a skirt and for a Breton vest, but are usually of one fabric. Among the cloth dresses the new moss green and a dark red shade known as the Princess of Wales red are the prevailing colors, and these are trimmed with braid in embroidery patterns, either metal or mohair braid, or else with dark fur, especially that of the black Russian lamb fur known as Astrakhan, and also with seal-skin. The general design, of which there are many variations, is a short skirt laid in pleats on the sides and behind, but plain in front, and with braiding or fur, or both together, bordering this plain front and extending up the sides; sometimes there are braided panels, and on other skirts there is a fan of four or six pleats down the middle of the front, with the braid outlining these pleats on the sides.

The back of the skirt is little trimmed, and is usually laid in large box pleats. The drapery on the most costly gowns is very simple, but is very bouffant by reason of the dress extenders or cushion bustle and steel springs beneath; the front hangs in apron shape, sometimes in lengthwise pleats down the middle, and caught up high on each side with short back drapery, while others have a short apron with many curved folds across it, and straight full pleats behind; still others have a deep drapery on the right side of the front, while the left is a short curved lambrequin, with the pleats of the skirt below visible almost the whole length from the belt to the foot. The straight pleats or water-fall drapery are much used on the back of heavy dresses. Plain kilt-pleated and box-pleated skirts are reserved for very young ladies, and these are trimmed down each pleat either with basket-figured braids or checked cloths, or else with plain wool braid through which are threads of gilt or silver. A very stylish design for the skirts of those who are very tall is to form the front and side breadths in four very wide rucks, or else has folds, that cover the foundation skirt up to the short apron drapery. A large design of wheels, or of arabesques or palm leaves, is then made in braid on each of the side gorse, or else fur is laid on in side panels, and the back of the skirt has full pleats and rather short over-drapery.

Fur is very effective when made to represent two squares in the front and sides of the skirt, that is, crossing the foot and extending up each side twice, as if the front square lapped over that on the sides. English tailors use mohair or satteen for foundation skirts in preference to the silk foundations used in French dresses, because the latter, though pleasant and light to wear, are not durable or strong enough to support heavy cloths. The basques of these cloth dresses are very short, especially in the back, and are more often made without pleats than with the position on pleated back which has been so long in favor. The front of the basque is pointed, the sides are shorter than the fronts, and the back is very short indeed, being only three or four inches below the line of the waist; the back seams are closed to the end, and the braiding borders the entire basque, outlines a vest, and covers the collar and cuffs. There may be a fanciful vest set in of another color, or it may be covered with braid, or else it may be of velvet; the vests in a single piece in Breton style are most used. Another fashion for quite young ladies is that of making a Zouave jacket of cloth to be worn over a waistcoat of different fabric, which also re-appears in the pleats of the skirt, while the apron drapery matches the jacket; the waistcoat is fastened behind, leaving a plain Breton front; and with this is worn a Greek sash of satin, passed around the waist in wide soft folds, and knotted behind. The jacket is edged with gilt braid, which are officers' mess buttons closely strung together, and the collar is straight and high, in military shape.

The serge dresses are principally of the navy blue shade formerly so popular here, and are very often combined with velvet, which may be dark red for brunettes, and golden brown for blondes. Sometimes there are woven gilt borders in this serge, and there are also extremely neat serge dresses made with simple stitching or with black Hercules braid for trimming, while others have a binding or border of black Astrakhan fur. A new and pretty bonnet worn by a blonde with a blue serge suit has the soft crown of poppy red velvet nearly covered by braiding of dark blue done in a leaf design with the braid set on edge; the close brim is covered with many loops of blue braid, and the only trimming is a long rosette of double repped silk of the same dark blue; the throat bow is of the red velvet, with braid embroidery upon it.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A philanthropist of this city has recently been visiting among the respectable poor, and here is his report of an interview with a veritable child of nature: "Ever been to school?" I asked. "Naw," and do'n't want to," he replied. "Can you read?" "Naw." "How old are you?" "Do' no; maw says I was born in peach time."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

General Fremont, gray as he is, again becomes a "pathfinder." He is to head a large party to survey a tract of 13,000,000 acres in Mexico, bought by large capitalists.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

That Remarkable Experience of a Rochester Physician Fully Authenticated.

Cleveland, O., Herald.

Yesterday and the day before we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle, a remarkable statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which befell him, and the next day we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the "Excitement in Rochester" caused by Dr. Henion's statement. It is doubtful if any two articles were ever published which caused greater commotion both among professional people and laymen.

Since the publication of these two articles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion, also one to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given to us as to the validity of the statements published. In answer thereto we have received the following letters, which add interest to the entire subject and verify every statement hitherto made:

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. The published statement, over my signature, to which you refer is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me from the very brink of the grave. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made, for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself, as to my physicians and friends.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 21.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. The published statement, over my signature, to which you refer is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me from the very brink of the grave. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made, for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself, as to my physicians and friends.

H. H. WARNER & Co.

To Whom It May Concern:

In the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of December 31, there appeared a statement in the form of a card from Dr. J. B. Henion, of this city, recounting his remarkable recovery from Bright's disease of the kidneys, after several doctors of prominence had given him up, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion and believe he would publish no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of that remedy, whose commercial and personal standing in this community are of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, (Mayor of Rochester).  
WM. PERCELL, (Editor Union and Advertiser).  
W. D. SHUBERT, (ex-Surrogate Monroe County).  
EDWARD A. FROST, (ex-Clerk Monroe County).  
E. B. FENNER, (ex-District Attorney Monroe County).  
J. M. DAVY, (ex-Member of Congress, Rochester).  
JOHN S. MORGAN, (County Judge, Monroe County).  
HIRAM STIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seedman).  
W. C. ROWLEY, (ex-County Judge, Monroe County).  
JOHN VAN VOORHIS, (ex-Member of Congress).

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago, Ill.:

There was published in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of the 31st of December, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. I was referred to in that statement, as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured. The statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in all other respects. He was a parishioner of mine and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, (D. D.)  
(Late) Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y.

—St. Johns, N. F., now boasts of possessing the largest dry dock in the world. It is 600 feet long, 132 feet wide, and cost \$550,000. It will hold any vessel that floats, with the exception of the Great Eastern. This naturally leads the inquirer to wonder if the Great Eastern has never rested on kelson-blocks since she was launched, away back in the days of Heenan and Sayers, Dr. Kane and Count Cavour.—*Current.*

—A New York lady is said to have a dress of spun glass trimmed with cut crystal beads, the glass being in the pale amber tones, in exact coloring of the hair of the fair wearer.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—For half a century no Cabinet officer has reached the Presidency.

—Somebody says the average size of American families has decreased one tenth since 1850.

—If the water in your Washing is hard or alkali, use the Standard Soap Co.'s Petroleum Bleaching Soap. Its effect will surprise you.