

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## THE LOST BATTLE.

To his heart he struck such terror  
That he laughed a laugh of scorn—  
The man in the soldier's doublet,  
With the sword so bravely worn.

It struck his heart like the frost-wind  
To find his comrades fled,  
While the battle-field was guarded  
By the heroes who lay dead.

He drew his sword in the sunlight,  
And called with a long halloo,  
"Dead men, there is one living  
Soil stay it out with you!"

He raised a ragged standard,  
This lonely soul in war,  
And called the foe to onset  
By shouts they hear afar.

They galloped swift toward him,  
The banner floated wide;  
It sank; he sank beside it  
Upon his sword, and died.

—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.

## SOMETIME.

### A Practical Sermon Preached by the Collar Stairs.

Strangely enough, the cellar stairs preached it—at least they contributed that very important part, the application. Sister Searles had furnished the text in the morning, but then the sermon might have gone on from firstly to forty-seventh without Mrs. Barney's notice, had it not been for the cellar stairs.

Mrs. Barney was hurried that day—she was always hurried—and it was warm and uncomfortable in the sunshiny, stove-heated kitchen, where she was hastening to and fro, growing fretted and tired without slackening her speed. Nealie, standing at the ironing-table, was tired also.

"There's so much to do," she said, wearily. "I do not see why we need do baking and ironing both in one day. It makes such a crowd, and we could have left one for to-morrow."

"To-morrow will bring work enough of its own," answered Mrs. Barney, quickly. "Besides, if we should get the work all out of the way the first of the week, a whole day to rest in would be worth something."

"But then we shouldn't take it for resting just because it would be a whole day and something else would be crowded into it," murmured Nealie, to whom one hour now looked very inviting and that possible day in the future very uncertain.

The mother did not answer, and the girl's hand moved more slowly over the damp muslin as her gaze wandered away to the hills where great trees were throwing cool shadows. How pleasant the shade and greenness were! The desire to bring it nearer suggested another thought to Nealie. "Some vines would be so nice at this window, mother, I could plant them if you would let Tim dig a little spot out there."

"Yes, but if we ever get the house fixed up as we want it we shall have shutters at that window."

"But we don't know when we can do that, and the vines would be so pretty now," urged Nealie.

"Pretty? Well, yes, if we had the whole yard trimmed and laid out as it should be, and I hope we shall have it some day; but a stray vine here and there seems hardly worth fussing over when we can't have the whole done."

Nalie sighed but was silent, and presently Tim came in with an armful of wood.

"Nalie," he said, pausing near her table, "if you just see this sleeve up a little. The old thing tears awful easy, and I just hit it against a nail."

He spoke low, but Mrs. Barney's quick ears caught the words.

"That jacket torn again, Tim? I never saw such a boy to tear things to pieces! No, Nealie can't stop to mend it now, and I can't either. I've been intending to get you a new one, but there doesn't seem much chance to make anything new while you contrive to make so much patching and darning on the old."

Mrs. Barney shut the oven door with a snap. Tim was the hired boy, kind-hearted but careless, and he was rather discouraging. Board and clothing sometimes appeared to her a high price for his services. "Hurry, now, and pick some currants for dinner," she said.

Tim took the tin pail pointed out to him, but he did not hurry as he passed with clouded face down the walk. The thought of a new jacket would have been very pleasant a few minutes before, but it had suddenly lost attractiveness. The boy drew his bushy brows into a scowl, and as soon as he was out of sight of the house, threw himself upon the grass and began his currant-picking in a very leisurely manner. Then it was that Sister Searles drove up in her rattling old buggy with a horse that was, as Tim said, "a regular old revolutionary pensioner."

"If I can't have fine horses and carriage, I can't have a deal of comfort with these," was always Sister Searles's cheery comment upon her equipage. She had an errand at Mrs. Barney's, and had stopped on her way to the village. A plump, rosy-faced little woman she was, not young, only that she belonged to the class of people who never grow old; neatly dressed, though it was "but the old poplin made over."

Mrs. Barney noticed while she was talking, wondering a little that she should have "taken the trouble, when she surely needed a new one."

"This room is so warm to ask any one to sit in," she said, apologetically, placing a chair for her caller just outside the door. "When we are able to have the house altered to suit us I shall have a stove here in the summer."

"In the mean time you have this nice cool porch. What a pleasant place it is!" said Sister Searles, admiringly.

"Yes, if one had time to enjoy it," answered Mrs. Barney, with an uneasy laugh. "I'm so hurried trying to get everything about the place in just the right order that I don't have time."

"Take time, Sister Barney, take time," said Mrs. Searles, smiling, but earnestly. "Make the most of what you have while you are working for something better. Don't crowd out any little sweetness you have to make room for some great pleasure that's further off. You see," she added, blushing a little, as if her words needed excuse, "it's something I had to learn myself years ago—never tramp! on daisies in a wild chase after roses. The roses I haven't found, but the daisies have been enough to make the path bright."

Mrs. Barney looked upon her in some perplexity as she took her departure. She had listened with one-half her mind on the leaves of bread in the oven and the other half did not fully comprehend what had been said.

"Daisies and roses! I don't see what any sort of flower has to do with wanting a new kitchen. But there! I suppose minister's wives hear so much talk that it comes natural to them. Bits of old sermons, like as anyway. Dear me! I don't get much time for poetry in my life, I'm sure of that. How Tim does loiter!"

Tim, meanwhile, had sauntered out from among the bushes, and was engaged in untying the old horse that Mrs. Searles had fastened as securely as if it could be induced under any circumstances to run. He was moved to this act of gallantry partly because he really liked the cheery little woman and partly because he heard Mrs. Barney's call and was in no haste to go to the house.

"That will do, thank you, Tim," said Sister Searles, nervously anxious to expedite his steps in the way of obedience. "I think Mrs. Barney is calling you."

"Yes'm; she mostly always is," answered Tim, philosophically, pausing to arrange the harness with painful deliberation.

"But, my dear boy," urged Sister Searles, reading something in his knitted brows, "you should really try to please and help her all you know. She is kind to you."

"Oh, yes, she's kind. Only when I see one of her kindnesses a-comin', I dodge it; it generally hits a fellow hard enough to be uncomfortable," responded Tim. Then, having relieved his feelings by this statement, his conscience pricked him slightly, and he added: "You see, she's always in such a hurry. She can't come and bring 'em; she has to pitch 'em."

Mrs. Searles meditated as she drove down the country road.

"Well, I never thought of that before, but I do suppose that's why the Bible speaks of the Lord's loving kindness and tender mercy—because there is so much kindness in the world that isn't one bit loving, and so much mercy that is only duty and not tenderness. I'll tell Josiah that." For it happened that while the good minister pored over his books and studied theology, his wife, going here and there, studied humanity. And though he cooked his own sermons she often seasoned them.

The baking was done at last, the currants picked and Mrs. Barney's dinner ready.

"For the bounty bestowed upon us may be duly grateful," murmured Mr. Barney, with head bowed low over his plate. Then he looked up and remarked that he was tired of a steady diet of ham and eggs and didn't see why they couldn't have a little variety.

"You would see if you had to cook in the hot kitchen as I do," responded Mrs. Barney, more shortly than her wont. "I'm glad to have whatever I get most quickly and easily. When we have a summer-kitchen we can begin to live as other people do."

"If we ain't all as old as Methusalem," complained Master Tommy in an undertone which was perfectly audible; "anyway, the chickens will be, if we can't have any cooked till that time." He had sniffed the odors of the baking on his homeward way from school, and, settling his juvenile mind upon chicken pie for dinner, had been grievously disappointed.

Warm and weary with her morning's work the questions and suggestions fretted Mrs. Barney. She felt wounded and aggrieved, too, as she moved about silently after dinner. No one seemed to see she cared as much for things nice and comfortable as did the others, she said to herself. She cared far more, indeed, since she was willing to do much now, and work and plan for the sake of having things all that could be desired by and by. How many present comforts and conveniences had she foregone for that! Those very cellar stairs toward whose dark and tortuous steps she was tending were an example; they could scarcely be more badly built, or in a more inconvenient place. Mr. Barney had wanted to remove them, but she would not allow him to incur the expense, because a second removal might be necessary when the house was thoroughly rearranged.

No, she preferred to submit to the discomfort all this time.

"Too long a time it proved, for, while she meditated, an insecure board slipped beneath her feet, plunging her down the dark, narrow stairway, against the rough stone wall, and then upon the hard floor of the cellar. One swift moment of terror, the crash of the dishes that fell from her hands, a flash of excruciating pain, and then she knew nothing more. She did not hear Nealie's wild cry from the room above, nor see her husband's pale face as he lifted her in his arms.

When she returned to consciousness a strange voice—the physician's—was saying:

"No bones broken, though it's a wonder her neck wasn't, falling in the way she did."

Slowly she opened her eyes upon a confused mingling of anxious faces, wet cloths and bottles of ammonia and camphor, and gradually comprehended what had happened and her own condition—not dangerously injured, but bruised and lamed, and with a sprained ankle that would keep her a prisoner for some days at least. It was a sudden pause in her busy life—an enforced rest. She scarcely knew how to bear it for a moment, as she remembered all she had planned to do, until a second shuddering thought suggested that she might have left it all forever; then she grew patient and thoughtful. Yet it seemed strange to be lying quietly on the lounge in the best bed-room—the room that had been kept so carefully

closed to preserve its furniture until in addition to the house should transmute it into a back parlor; to watch through the open door, only a spectator, while Nealie flitted to and fro in the kitchen beyond, spearing the table for tea.

How good the children were that evening, how tenderly thoughtful her husband was, coming to her side again and again to talk or read to her! They had not found much time for talking or reading together these late years, she and David; she had always been so busy when he was in the house. She had dreamed of a leisure time coming, though, when they should have many evenings like this, except the illness. She had not thought much of illness or accident coming to mar her plans, or of death suddenly ending them. But it flashed upon her now how many little loving words and offices and daily enjoyments had been crowded out of their little home, and in that brief retrospective glance she understood the meaning and the earnestness of Sister Searles's entreaty.

"Why, it's all kind of real nice and jolly—if you wasn't hurt," declared Tommy, unable to express his enjoyment of the pretty room and the unusual family gathering any more clearly.

Tears gathered in the mother's eyes, but she had found her cue and she meant to follow it. She had ample time for thought in the days that followed, when she was only able to sew a little now and then on garments for Tim, or look over seeds for Nealie's vine-planting; and slowly but surely she learned her lesson, and brought it back to health with her—to gather life's pleasantness as God sends his sunshine—day by day.—Pacific Evangelist.

## SKATING.

The Distinction Between Skating On the Ice and In the Rink.

Skating on rollers round and round a rink is one thing; skating on the ice, over a long, straight-away course, under cliffs, past meadows, among hills, is quite another. The relation of the former to the latter is the same that shooting at clay-pigeons bears to quail-hunting in the stubble. In the one case we find pleasure in dexterity; in the other we get near to nature and catch the spirit of adventure.

The writer never had but one thoroughly satisfactory skating experience in his life. It occurred on the Kentucky River. He was one of a party of ten, all young enough to be lively, all old enough to appreciate the rare conditions. The river was struck where a break in the bluffs gave an easy descent to the ice—the objective point (and it is always well to have an objective point in life, whether one is skating, soldiering or sermonizing), seven miles away. The sky was gray; just a thought of snow in the air; the wind with us; the scenery rugged and picturesque. Here was felicity unmingled. We seemed to sink into the embrace of nature. The region was as wild to the view as when Daniel Boone first looked upon it. We gazed down the perspective of the valleys, that occasionally opened as we swept out of one defile into another, half-expecting to see a village of wigwags in the distance. There was a charm in every foot of the landscape which, like a vast panorama, swept behind us as we flew. But the charms were those that flow irresistibly when we contemplate the "deep solitudes" of nature, profoundly sensitive of the august majesty of the Creator's own handiwork. We began with a whoop; but, as the true sentiment of the scene touched our souls, we grew subdued by the enviroing grandeur, the pace conforming to the general mood, and it was not until there was a sudden realization that the goal was near that the wild halloo of the foremost, himself abruptly aroused, awoke the spirit of frolic.

If skating were only attractive under these circumstances there would be few skaters in the world; but the same uplifting experience may be attained in other ways and at all seasons. The busy American needs the suggestive diversion that sport in the open air gives—whether it be skating, bicycling, hunting, fishing or tours afoot. And he needs to open his soul to the sentiment of the pastime. To play merely to perfunctorily acquiesce in a physician's prescription is not the doctor's intention. We should learn to enjoy hunting quite as much because we go to the hills and fields as for the opportunity to fill a game-bag. Skating in a rink, shooting at a target under cover, or racing against time around the tank-barrel, are well enough in their way, but the better thing is to go a-sporting where the eye can discover a distant horizon. The anise-bag has its proper use in default of the fox.

That there is, at the present time, a popular tendency to play out-of-doors is very evident, notwithstanding the fervor with which some in-door pastimes are held. It is giving, as has been noted by intelligent observers a grateful element to American literature, and is awakening in the American youth an ardor in the pursuit of these healthful pleasures which are only to be found where Nature maintains something of her original conditions. It was not many years ago when there were but comparatively few resorts for the summer-tourist in quest of an idling-place. Now they abound everywhere. The reason lies in the fact that people no longer, as a rule, desire to go with the crowd, but prefer the small groups in the places to which the noise of commerce does not reach, and where the beat of Nature's heart can be heard.—G. C. Matthews, in Chicago Current.

—According to Dr. Delan's work on hydrophobia, physicians may convey to their patients a reasonable hope of almost perfect immunity from the disease after three months have elapsed from the time the bite was inflicted. The danger is thought to be lessened with every month that passes, "so that after a year the physician may afford a scientific certainty of the patient's recovery." Absolute quietude, or "sedation," and the use of the Turkish bath, are the measures chiefly recommended as preventive treatment.—N. Y. Post.

"HANDS UP."

A Condition Tending to Make One Anxious and Uncomfortable.

I don't know of anything that makes a modest, retiring man feel more uncomfortable than to sit in a railway train, holding up both hands, while in front of him stands a fellow that looks like a hurriedly arranged Mephistopheles in a tramp Faust company, lording a six-shooter whose muzzle seems to open like the mouth of a hungry carnivore. A man may have fought duels and may have the reputation of being as firm as the architecture of Themistocles; but when an ungainly citizen, wearing a mask, throws up a revolver and says: "What time did you say it was?" he will not repeat an old joke and reply: "Same time it 'twas this time yesterday," but hands his watch to the demonstrative stranger. This is not surmise with me. I argue from a foundation of truth, plastered with the cement of experience. I was a passenger on the railway train recently robbed near Little Rock. Just before leaving Pine Bluff, a friend came to me and said: "I wish you would take my watch up to the city and leave it with a jeweler. It stopped the other day and I think there must be something the matter with it; indigestion, probably."

Of course I consented, desiring to accommodate my friend, as I didn't owe him anything. I put the dyspeptic time-killer in my valise, but after the train started, fearing that some one might mistake my luggage for his own, I took the watch out and wore it, not without a slight thrill of pleasure as the gold chain caught the rays of the lamp overhead.

When within a short distance of Little Rock, the train suddenly stopped. The rapid firing of pistols without seemed to assure the passengers that tax collectors were in the neighborhood, for every one began to show signs of uneasiness, but before we had time to engage in those little speculations and humorous remarks which frequently delight an appreciative company, a very tall fellow, followed by several companions, entered the car and made a remark which I understood to mean "hands up." The passengers readily accepted my interpretation of the remark, and following my example, held up their hands. I felt sorry for one poor fellow. He only had one arm with him at the time, and his piteous implorations that somebody would lend him another hand for a few moments were quite enough to have moved a gall of flint. The Captain of the gang was very gentlemanly, and doubtless tore my vest by mistake while taking off the valuable watch which the Pine Bluff man had entrusted to my keeping.

"Look here, William the Kid, or whatever your name may be on the present occasion," said I, "this watch does not belong to me. I am only taking it up to town for a friend. It won't run, so wait until it is repaired."

I looked around to see if the audience were applauding my presence of mind and determination to be facetious. No one smiled, but an old man who was so fat that he filled one seat and bulged over on another, groaned and said: "Wonder why some fellow don't shoot that fool."

"Not your watch, eh?" said the leader, tugging at the chain.

"No, sir; belongs to Colonel Met. L. Jones, of Pine Bluff."

"That so? Why, I am glad to know it. Colonel Jones is a friend of mine and I am sure he made a mistake in letting you take it. There now, it's all right."

"Look here, boss," said an old negro who was being searched, "mebbe yer doan know it am ergin de law ter ack like yerself is er doin'. I see dem had all my property made ober in de name o' my wife, an' yer ain't got no right ter take er lady's property dis er way. I doan mine seef er man 'posed on, but when er persun 'poses on er lady, w'y den I—yas, sah, yas," as a pistol barrel came up under his nose; "take de lady's property, sah. Got no bus'ness wid hit, nobow."

When the robbers allowed the train to proceed, everybody got mad, and after we were under way, one man drew a pistol and swore that no rooster in America could rob him, and then remembering that he had lost his watch, added "again."

It makes no difference how cool and frosty a man's temperament may be, it is quite difficult for him to keep from feeling anxious and uncomfortable when a burly fellow levels a pistol and says: "Throw up your hands."—Opie P. Read, in N. Y. Mercury.

## PAID THE DEBT.

Never So Good a Time as Now to Discharge Obligations.

The following true incident was published by the local papers years ago, but, being true, and having been crushed to earth, rises again:

In Van Buren there once lived an old gentleman of the name of John Bostick. He kept a hotel and was also proprietor of a blacksmith shop. A well-known minister, Rev. M. Buchanan, who always put up with Bostick, met the hotel man on the street one day, after having staid all night with him, and said:

"Well, Uncle John, how much do I owe you?"

"Owe me for what, Brother Buck?"

"Why, you know I have staid all night with you."

"Yes, Brother Buck, but you know that I never charge preachers."

"I know that, Uncle John, but I had my horse shod."

"Brother Buck, I never charge a preacher for shoeing his horse."

"I don't want work done for nothing," said the preacher.

"Well, Brother Buck, just remember me in your prayers."

"All right, Uncle John, but as I have always adhered to the rule of never leaving a place in debt, get down on your knees and we'll have prayers right now."

The two men knelt on the sidewalk and the debt was paid.—Arkansas Traveler.

Cinnamon cake: When the sponge of yeast-cake is ready to knead take a portion of 4 and roll out three-fourths of an inch thick, put thin slices of butter on the top, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar; let it 1/2 an hour, then bake.—The Household.

BROUGHAM'S ORATORY.

How a Man Spoke and Left a Name to Posterity.

Those who have only heard Lord Brougham speak must understand that they have scarcely an idea of the oratory of Harry Brougham. From the first day he entered the House of Peers as Lord Chancellor he seemed to be trammelled by a sense of his position. He would have compromised its dignity, as well as the character of a minister of the Crown, if he addressed his new audience, cold and aristocratic as it was, with the fierce and powerful declamation in which he had formerly excelled. There is a well-known story that when his mother heard that he had accepted the Chancellorship she said: "Then Harry Brougham is ruined;" and ruined he most certainly was, as an orator. He had made himself great by being destroyed. Harry Brougham's speeches produced much the same kind of sensation as would be experienced on witnessing the acting of the elder Kean. Brougham unconsciously acted his speeches. His action, too, was anything but graceful; but it was natural, and perhaps that which is natural can scarcely be deemed ungraceful. The want of finish, however, was always lost in the sense of the rugged earnestness of the speaker, and of the terrific power with which he hurled his investives at his opponents—a power which had once the effect of causing an old stager like Canning to spring from his seat, half frantic, and exclaim, while striking the table in front of him with extraordinary force, "It is a falsehood." While Brougham spoke, the impression would be on the hearer that any attempt to reply would be a hopeless undertaking. And hopeless it would have been to any one but Canning. Brougham had a great fund of humor at his command, but Canning, with an amount of humor still more redundant, had a command of wit and anecdote which carried everything before it. The House has more than once been absolutely electrified by some fierce denunciation on the part of Brougham, and in less than five minutes afterward that same House has been indulging in peal after peal of immoderate laughter at the inimitable dexterity with which Canning warded off the attack and flung ridicule on his opponent. On one occasion, on the first night of a session, Brougham attacked the Government for having, according to the announcements in the speech from the throne, stolen many of the measures advocated by his side of the House and made them their own. The speech was a telling one, and the more telling because it was true. It was applauded to the very echo, and doubtless many of those who heard it wondered how Canning would rebut the fierce attack. When he rose the House welcomed him with tremendous cheering, as if anticipating the success which usually attended his efforts. In this instance, too, it was not doomed to be disappointed. In a spirit of the utmost good humor he said that the honorable and learned gentleman had reminded him of an anecdote which he would relate to the House. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an author named Denis had written a play, which was produced at the Theater Royal of the day. In this play was introduced a scene in which for the first time on any stage there was an imitation of a thunderstorm. Denis attended the performance, and had the mortification to witness his piece, notwithstanding the thunderstorm, unavocally damned. Time passed on, and with it the memory of his play and its unlucky fate, when, one night, he went to see a new play from the pen of another author. The piece was in every respect superior to that of poor Denis, who witnessed each successive scene with feelings of envy. It happened, however, that the author had also introduced a thunderstorm. As soon as Denis, who was in the pit, heard the rolling of the thunder, followed by the plaudits of the audience, he jumped upon one of the seats and raising himself to his fullest height, shouted out with the voice of a stentor, "That's my thunder! That's my thunder!" The roars of laughter which followed, and in which Brougham himself, the Denis of the moment, was compelled to join, baffles all description. His speech was no longer to be thought of, except in so far as it had elicited the ready wit of Canning.—Temple Bar.

"As soon as we got on to the gang we dropped that they were crooks, and we went under cover to pipe. The gang sent out two crows to watch for cops. The three others walked down the avenue, and we felt that their lay was to touch a store. They stopped to crack the store 108 Sixth avenue, but quit it cold and worked their crabs—that is, they went up Clinton place to the Cincinnati Laundry, 138. There was a woman asleep inside, but the biggest crook went inside and swiped the till. We did not collar the three men, because we knew they would split the stuff. When they did, a little further up the street, we got on to them, and after a tough scrap, ran all three in."

—Trenton (N. J.) Times.

The university of Pennsylvania has started a "department of physical culture." Dr. J. W. White, who will preside over it, states that his duties will be to examine each student, note where he needs physical development, and recommend the proper mode of exercise to induce it. If his back is weak, the rowing machine or boat is advised; if the chest is flat, parallel bars are in order. The ordinary trainer generally picks out for the boat a man who does not need it.—Philadelphia Press.

In Georgia an incendiary has been sentenced to death. The laws of that State provide the death penalty for arson.

AS TO MRS. GRUNDY.

This potent personage has been allowed to rule too despotically in the feminine world, and the ladies say that it is time her tyranny received a check. But not even Mrs. Grundy has dared to speak against the value of Brown's Iron Bitters as a strengthening tonic for ladies who suffer from debility. It enriches the blood and completely restores failing health. Miss Sallie L. Paulus, Wrightsville, Pa., was cured by Brown's Iron Bitters of backache, kidney trouble and liver complaint.

—A North Carolina woman, who discovered that a heifer which had been stolen from her was in the possession of a neighbor, went to a magistrate for the purpose of instituting legal proceedings for the recovery of her property, but the magistrate told her that the cost of the lawful proceedings would be considerable, and, as the heifer had been taken from her illegally, she had better raise a sufficient crowd to go and take her back by force, and thus save expense.

"I ain't no use tryin' to drive a woman. 'It's mighty like when ye tryin' to drive a passul o' hens come into the house; and ye chase 'em up and say 'Shoo!' and gits 'em a'most to 'ye do'; and they jist run straight past it.—Auntie Losh, in "True," by George Parsons Lathrop.

—A Maryland wedding had to be postponed because at the last moment it was found that somebody had stolen the marriage license. It is curious what chances some fellows do have, even when it would seem the last opportunity of escape had passed.—Burlington Hulsekeye.

—Vermont has a still unrepented law on her statute books empowering her Justices of the Peace to order the collection of wheat at five shillings, rye at four shillings and Indian corn at four shillings per bushel to pay the salaries of certain specified preachers.—Troy Times.

—Governor Adams, of Nevada, happened to overhaul an old coat the other day and found \$3,800 in one of the pockets. He had forgotten all about the money. From the fact that Governor Adams could lose \$3,800 without missing it, we infer that he is an editor.—Troy Times.

John W. Mackey has gone to Mexico, to look after his railway interests there.

ALL "PLAYED OUT."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, somehow." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

The Egyptian Government has ordered the raising of an army of 60,000 men.

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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, Flittering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, Highly colored Urine.

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