

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

A. L. CAMPBELL, - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time to every mortal being, Whatever his station or his lot in life, When his sad soul yearns for the final freeing, From all this jarring and unlovely strife.

There comes a time when, having lost its way, The soul of wealth is worthless. When Grows weary of the world's capricious favor, And sighs for something that it does not find.

There comes a time when, though kind friends are thronging, About our pathway with sweet acts of grace, We feel a vast and overwhelming longing For something that we can not name or place.

There comes a time when, with earth's best love by us, To feed the heart's great hunger and desire, We find not even this can satisfy us: The soul within it cries for something higher.

What greater proof need we, that men in heart, A life immortal in another sphere: It is the immortal longing of the spirit That can not find its satisfaction here. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Chicago Advocate*.

LIFE IN ALASKA.

Reminiscences of Six Years' Residence There.

Grizzly Bears Catching Salmon and Mosquitoes That Really Bite—Queer Habits of the Natives—Beavers Damming Streams.

"I haven't been in Alaska since 1876," said a former Government employe who was stationed in that country for several years, "but from all I can hear the occupation of the land by increasing numbers of white people has not had the effect of changing the customs of the country, in some portions of it at least, to any great extent. The Indians still believe in evil spirits that inhabit the water, hold their slaves secretly, practice polygamy, and retain all their social and religious forms and ceremonies. They have their sorcerers, repudiate all relationship on the father's side, and live generally as they did under the rule of the Russian. There are muskels and species of fish in Alaskan waters which have strong and sometimes fatal toxic qualities in them, which they frequently eat. Sick-ness always follows such indulgence, and it was no uncommon thing, when I lived in Alaska, to see an entire Kolosk village suffering from its effects. It is this tradition upon which the belief in evil spirits who live in the water and spread sickness and disease among the people is founded. They profess to hold communication with these spirits through their sorcerers, but they offer them no sacrifices, and use no means to propitiate them.

"Marriage among these Indians is a peculiar institution; in fact, there is no marriage—simply the taking of wives. When a young Indian wants a wife he goes to his mother and tells her so. If she gives her consent he goes to where the lady of his heart is cooped up in her father's house, taking his next best friend with him. Through the latter he sends word of his inamorata that he is near and would wed. If she has a leaning toward her suitor she returns word to him by the friend that she is inclined to join her interests with his. He then takes presents to her and her parents, and having delivered them enters at once into the possession of his bride. There are no further ceremonies, except that a day later the couple must visit her relatives, and if she then has no complaint to make to them about her husband, they are given presents and the wedding is over. This may be repeated indefinitely, until an Indian may become as well-to-do in wives as a Mormon elder. Polygamy was practiced even by the so-called Christian tribes when I lived in the Territory, and their evolution must have been rapid from what I remember of them, if they have abandoned the practice.

"Dried salmon is the luxury of the Alaskan Indians, and the children begin to nibble it before they think of walking. The way they bring up children out there would hardly suit in this region. The mother carries her child about from the time it is born until it is able to creep, no matter where she goes. Until that time she keeps it wrapped in a sort of fur sack. The moment the young one shows a disposition to crawl she yanks the fur off it, and then begins the building up of its constitution. This is done by giving it a dose in the sea or river every morning, and the chorus of yells that greets every village during this interesting ceremony is something terrific. The cries of the young ones are piteous, and for fear that their maternal breasts might not be proof against these appeals for mercy, and thus fail to do their duty by their offspring, the mothers do not perform this bathing rite themselves, but delegate some brother or sister to do the dousing. These conscientious aunts and uncles vary the switch with the bath, in vain attempts to make the one overawe the noisy results of the other.

"There is one thing that is noticeable among these half-civilized tribes, and is creditable withal. Their old and disabled members are carefully attended to, and orphans become a common charge, and fare the same as the most favored children with living parents. These Indians are original cremationists. Their dead are burned as soon as death ensues; their ashes are interred on the spot and a rude monument erected over them. They have crude ideas of immortality, believing that a man has a spirit that lives forever, but they know nothing of future rewards or punishments. Their heaven is a place where the spirits of the chiefs congregate in one place, the common people by themselves, and slaves, if there are any, have still another dwelling place, unless a chief's slave should die with him, and then his spirit will be in eternal attendance on his master. It was formerly the universal custom

to kill the slave when the master died to insure the latter's spirit proper attendance. That custom was abolished by the Russian Government, but it was still kept up in isolated places, and cases where it has been followed were well known as late as 1876.

"Some of the Indian tribes, notably the Kanaitze, traveling from place to place hunting or fishing, have the very excellent habit of leaving behind them when they break camp a quantity of kindling material at each fireplace for the use of the next travelers who come along, and who may possibly not be oversupplied with this very necessary item in their outfit. This kindling consists of some pine pitch and some dry moss and sticks all wrapped up in a curl of birch bark. The traveler who uses this and does not leave some for the next one who comes along is sadly deficient in the etiquette of Alaskan travel.

"That is a curious country, truly. In one day's trip I was treated to three of the rarest sights I ever saw. One of these was the watching from behind a rock of a family of beavers at work falling timber and building dams. I saw

one of them, but there must have been two hundred of them, every one working away like mad. I had been making a trip to see some of the country back from the sea, and was surprised to see how heavily wooded, comparatively, it was. I was guided by a Kanaitze Indian, and long before we reached the lake where I saw the beavers I was puzzled at the crashing of timbers to the ground, as if some great whirlwind were at play among the trees. I could hardly believe the Indian when he said the trees were being felled by beavers. When we came in sight of the lake and the hills about it I no longer doubted. Scores of the busy animals were gnawing down the trees; others were trimming the branches off as neatly as it could have been done with an axe; others were chopping the timber into the proper lengths for use; others rolled the pieces into the water and floated them to the dam-workers, who were rapidly laying up a wooden structure of which the most expert of human workmen might well have been proud. I watched the beavers at work for an hour and then left the spot reluctantly. That night, by the way, I had beaver meat for supper, went to bed on beaver skins and covered myself with beaver furs, and had beaver again for breakfast. I had never eaten beaver meat before, and I found it good. My guide told me that the lake where we had seen the beavers was one of a chain of seven, and that it was the great Indian trapping place. They trapped in one lake one year, in another the next, and so on, thus giving the beaver an opportunity to increase in the waters which were not disturbed.

"One of the other curious sights I saw that day was a grizzly bear fishing for salmon. That was a funny sight. They have the common brown bear and the grizzly in Alaska, and the Alaska grizzly is bigger than his brother of the Rocky Mountains and just as tough. Long before we came to the spot where we saw the grizzly fishing we saw his tracks in the soft margin of the lake. The marks of his feet measured sixteen inches across and were nearly twice as long. Suddenly my guide made me a sign and dropped down behind a rock. I did the same, and looking ahead not more than three rods, I saw the largest wild animal I had ever seen in my life outside of a menagerie. I knew it was a grizzly. The great brute was lying on the top of a bank in which he had scooped out a chute down to the water's edge, at a sharp angle. The bear's eyes were fixed intently on the water, and he had not heard our approach. Presently he slid down that chute with astonishing velocity and plunged head first in the water. When he arose and backed out he had in one of his great paws an enormous salmon which he took to the top of the bank and proceeded to make a meal of. He never finished it, for both my guide and myself sent two rifle balls into his gigantic carcass. He arose to his feet with a roar like a lion, turned two or three times as if to see whence the deadly fire had come, and then fell to the ground and was soon dead. This fishing for salmon is a common method of securing choice morsels of food by both the common bear and the grizzly.

"The third strange sight I saw that day was toward evening. It was summer, and we came to the mouth of a mountain torrent, near where we were to camp. As we stopped by the shore of the stream, a herd of reindeer, at least twenty of them, came out to drink. They were not thirty feet from us, and raised their great antlers, and stood looking at us with such apparent confidence of our good intentions that I would not permit the guide to abuse it, as he was on the point of doing, although it was a bitter task for him to keep his rifle from his shoulder. The deer finally stopped and drank and then disappeared in the woods as quietly as they had come upon us.

"You would hardly think that there were mosquitoes in Alaska, I suppose, from the idea you have probably formed of the nature of the country, but of all the vivid memories I have of the Territory, those I retain of the Alaskan mosquito are the most vivid. I camped for some days one summer on the Kenai River, near Lake Skeloka, of which it is the outlet, and of all the poisonous, persistent, insatiable pests that ever lived I found there in the form of mosquitoes and black flies. The mosquitoes resemble those we have East, but to correspond with everything else in that land of wonders, they are built on a much grander scale. They have a proboscis that I will wager could drill, saw and chop a hole through the hide of Jumbo in less time than the most expert and able-bodied Jersey mosquito could tap the enticement of a three-month-old baby. The moment the Alaska mosquito lights on you you begin to itch and swell. His bite on me was so poisonous that after my first hour's experience with him I was taken to camp ill, and for two days I was unable to get around. The Indian who was with me burned some native herb which had a pungent odor, and anointed me with some kind of oil. The smoke kept the mosquitoes away from me and the oil removed the poison. The natives do not seem to mind these pests, and I suppose that if a white man could live in their midst

long enough he might become in a measure indifferent to the sting. The black flies seem to have stingers all over them, for when they get a hold on your flesh they hang on like a wood tick, and when you do get them off you will find a spot of blood where every one of them cling. They say there are snakes in Alaska, but if there are I never saw any.

"I was there six years, and when I first went there a great many white adventurers were trying to get on the trail of an alleged gold mine, or gold region, which legend said had been discovered by some Russians in 1850. When I left this country there were men still looking for that gold region and there was a rumor that indications of its existence had been found somewhere away in the belt of some mountain stream, beyond the headwaters of the Kena River. If that was true subsequent developments must have been indefinitely postponed, for I have never heard of any great amount of bullion coming out of that region." —N. Y. Times.

A WASHINGTON EPISODE.

That Had a Pointer in it for Those Who Are Foreign Matters.

Baron de Struve, the Russian Minister, and his wife are among the most popular people of the diplomatic circle in Washington. They are utterly simple and sincere, and are completely captivated by all things American. Madame de Struve is a very intelligent woman, but utterly without ostentation, and thoroughly a lady in all the best meaning of the term. The Baron is as plain a man as a Maryland farmer and both pay America the delicate compliment of seeking to appear American in all things.

The Baroness, one day recently, showed her quick knowledge and appreciation of the fine points of etiquette, and at the same time fittingly rebuked a pert young American in a manner that will not be forgotten, and that should be told for the benefit of other similar young women who are prone to airs, cultivate foreign tongues, and think it the proper thing to shrug one's shoulders, elevate one's eyebrows, and turn the palms of one's hands outward in all the essence of deprecating at the mention of their own country.

There is a class of those female dudes in Washington who esteem it the proper performance to chatter in bad French at all times and upon all occasions. A bevy of these young women approached Madame de Struve at a reception in the White House, and began chattering in more or less broken French, and she replied, in her rather lame English:

"Why," said one of the party, "do you not speak French, madame? I am sure you must be able to speak it."

The Baroness gave them a keen glance and replied, "Yes, I speak French, but not in the house of the American President. Though I speak English poorly, I speak it here as well as I can."

The party were not dull enough to miss the rebuke in the calm and lady-like remark, and the Baroness continued: "I do not like to speak French anywhere. It is a foolish and frivolous language and I dislike it. Why should one use it when one can express herself in the English, which is the noblest and best language in the world, as America is the greatest and grandest Nation in the world. I am proud to speak in the language of the Americans."

The giddy young misses began to converse in English, at least while in Madame de Struve's presence. Some of them told the story, and its circulation caused the young lady who wondered that the Baroness did not speak French, some mortification. —Washington Cor. Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

FEET IN DIFFERENT STATES.

Pedal Anatomy East, South and West, As Viewed by the Shoemakers.

"There is a decided difference in the shape of people's feet in different sections of the country," said a member of one of the largest shoe-manufacturing firms in the city last week. "In the Eastern States the feet are narrower and somewhat longer than in the West, while in the South they are not only narrow but they possess very much higher insteps. So much is this the case that we are obliged to keep three sets of lasts for these three sections. That comes to be a large item, I can assure you, when it is remembered the number of sizes there are in each set. For example, in one size alone we have the initial number—say seven; then there are narrow sevens, broad sevens; seven and a quarter (narrow and broad), seven and a half (narrow and broad), seven and three-quarters (narrow and broad)—that is, twelve pairs of lasts to one size, and to each of these sizes we must have three different styles for the sections of the country to which we are going to send our goods—that is, thirty-six pairs of lasts to one size pair of boots. Sounds rather extravagant, doesn't it? Of course this is only the case with firms who deal with all these sections.

"Some firms only send their goods to one part of the country. Now, you would be surprised to be told that in different sections of the country, different shapes of the toes of boots are required. Out in the West nothing will suit but the square-toed shoe, whereas in the Eastern States square toes would be in stock a century and then never sell. Different parts of the country require different kinds of leather, also. In the North and West a tougher, harder leather can be worn than in the South, where not only a soft upper is necessary, but, owing to the sandy, hot soil, quite thin soles are necessary. For this kind of wear it is not unusual to use imported leather—that is, for the uppers—but for soles we employ domestic productions almost exclusively." —Philadelphia Press.

"The yan-yan of the Southern States has been known to drop from the apex of its leaf, between sunset and sunrise, enough water to fill a tea saucer. The 'rain-tree,' though growing in comparatively dry places, drops enough moisture in a night to make the surface of the ground actually wet." —Philadelphia Times.

MISFIT CLOTHING.

A Business Which, to the Uninitiated, Is a Mystery.

The trade in misfit clothing in New York is getting to be quite an extensive business. Until three or four years ago it was unknown or carried on in such a small way as to escape notice. Even now it is but little advertised, as the demand from the initiated fully equals the supply. The business in this city is controlled by two or three houses that deal in misfits exclusively. The dealers have establishments with all the large tailoring contractors by which every misfit suit or garment is at once taken to the maker the goods are a most a dead loss, and they are therefore sold for a very low price. In this way the dealers are enabled to sell them for about half the original fancy price charged by the tailors, and at the same time to make a very handsome profit.

These are tricks in all trades, and the proprietors of some ready-made clothing houses, becoming aware of the growing proportions of the misfit trade, have established what they are pleased to call a "misfit department" in which cheaply made clothes of shoddy material, but with a style about them that easily deceives the unwary, are palmed off as misfits. The deception is even carried so far as to sew on a fraudulent maker's tag, and to furnish the trousers with buttons having the name of a fashionable tailor stamped upon them.

Whether it is that the tailors of Gotham are more careful and make better fitting clothes than Chicago tailors, or whether New Yorkers care less if their apparel is baggy, wrinkled or scant, is a question, but at any rate the misfits in Chicago outnumber ten to one those in New York. The newspapers there contain more advertisements of misfit dealers than they do for genuine clothing houses.

"Of course they are not genuine," said a dealer to a *Herald* reporter, referring to the trade in West-run cities. "It is only the result of a very sharp competition." He was standing in a very dainty store that was filled on all sides with piles of vari-colored and many shaped coats, vests and trousers. Sombre looking dress coats were hanging side by side with military uniforms and gorgeous smoking jackets. In the same pile were shaggy winter ulsters and striped cotton coats. Dark cutaways were mingled with loud checks that suggested strongly the race track.

"Most of our patrons are theatrical people," continued the dealer as he stroked a light-colored, short-skirted overcoat, that bore a London tailor's name. "We are very apt to get suits that are somewhat too striking for ordinary wear, but that are just the thing for the stage. This broadcated silk dressing gown is going out with a 7-20-8' company for the old man's make up. I sold it to the actor this morning for \$15. It would cost about \$50 to have it made new. It is an unsalable article, you see, and I have to let it go for a merely nominal price. The man for whom it was made never called for it."

"What sort of clothes do you get the most of?"

"It will seem a little odd to you, I presume, but tailors seem to have less luck with dress suits than anything else. Partly because a dress suit is very hard to alter from its peculiar style, and partly because men are more particular about the fit than they are with other clothes. Nothing shows up so bad as a dress suit if it is a little off. Here is one of the new style you see that was brought in the other day. The dealer drew forth from a pile a plum colored garment with a cutaway front. Then followed a flowered satin vest and a pair of light colored knee breeches, with black silk gaiters and silver buckles.

"The young man that they were made for couldn't stomach them when they were completed. They fitted him all right, but his calves didn't light up well in knickerbockers. He padded them out ones and wore the suit to a reception, but he got grayed so he was only too glad to shake it. He tried to get the tailor to take it back but that wouldn't work. They told him to come to me, and I bought them for a song. He looked sort of disgraced with life, but he seemed glad to get rid of the things at any price. I don't think that style is going to take well. The New York shank is too ugly."

"Don't you find great difficulty in getting the clothes to fit any one?"

"Now, there is another rather curious thing. Have you ever noticed how often other people's clothes fitted you better than those you had made for yourself? Well, it's a fact. It seems as though tailors ought to take the measure of a woman they want to fit. We don't do as much altering as you would think necessary. People object to it. They prefer to put on a suit that fits them the first time rather than take any chances. If there is not one that suits them they tell us to hunt up one that does. We have got any number of such orders."

"Do you deal in second-hand clothing at all?"

"A very little. There are several large houses in the city whose business that is exclusively. It is their agents that go around the city and buy second-hand clothing, hats, shoes, and all kinds of furnishing goods. Their harvest is in the moving season and when people are getting ready to go into the country in the beginning of summer. Then closets and wardrobes are cleared out and their contents, some of them almost new, given gladly to any one who will take them away. In the spring winter clothes, which would be out of fashion next season, are parted with, and in the fall summer clothes are not thought worth saving. The traders gather these all in and send most of them away. The South gets the lion's share. There clothes a year behind prevailing New York fashions pass unnoticed, and the goods, which cost but little more than the expense incurred in cleaning them, are sold for an exorbitant price, especially to the negroes. Others, though, are disposed of here in New York. A favorite method is to pack a valise with a full outfit, including a hat, shoes, a shirt, underclothes, socks, collars, cuffs and neckties, and sell the whole at one-

tion. Sometimes prizes are put in the bundle in the shape of brushes, razors and similar articles. These are all second-hand and you won't you try on some of the overcoats? Here is a Newmarket that will just fit you."

"No not today."

"Well, so long, then."

"As the reporter was leaving the store he met the two youths who talk in the restaurant had sent him to the dealer's. He lingered as they looked over the goods and listened again to their chatter.

"My boy, did I give it to you straight?"

"You'd do, right in the neck. Truly a prophet is occasionally honored even on his native heath. Now is it possible for me to appear in all the elegance of a fifteen dollar a week dry-goods clerk? Let us fit." —N. Y. Herald.

THE LOCO WEED.

A Plant That Works Great Damage to Stock in the New States and Territories.

The early stock raisers of the far Western States and Territories were, among other drawbacks, often confronted with a peculiar affliction attacking their horses. The symptoms were a general emaciation, accompanied with glaring eyes and unmistakable indications of dementia. Animals so afflicted would rush at a man or other object, with mouth wide open and every appearance of ungovernable frenzy, rearing upon their hind feet and striking out wildly with the forelegs. For a long time no satisfactory cause for this affliction was discovered. The term "loco," or "craz," was applied to it, and an animal so affected was said to be "locoed." At length it was settled beyond doubt that feeding upon a certain plant peculiar to these regions was the cause. This plant belongs to the order Leguminosae, of which there are two species, all equally deleterious in their effects. Many analyses have been made with the view of ascertaining the active principle possessing such peculiar powers, but with no success so far. This plant, as its name implies, belongs to the pea family. It usually has a great many stalks proceeding from a strong root stock, and forms a low bushy plant of a pretty light green. The stalks are branching at the base and give rise to numerous leaves and stems bearing flowers and pods. The leaves are of oval form, from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length, and are of a shining silvery hue, from being covered with soft silky hairs. The flowers is of a purplish, somewhat yellow color, and has the general appearance of the pea flower. This is succeeded by a pod about an inch long, very smooth and having generally two seeds. One of the most prominent peculiarities of this plant is its hardness, its delicate green foliage often being found growing thriftily on the dry and barren plains where but little other vegetation appears. It is from this thriftiness and tempting appearance that stock are probably led to feed upon it in the absence of other grasses.

Many attempts have been made at discovering some antidote for the poisonous effects of the plant, but so far unsuccessfully, death generally following from its use in a longer or shorter time, according to the amount eaten. In Colorado so great has been the damage done to stock that a bounty is paid for the destruction of the dangerous growth. It has been proved in this State however, that when an animal has not indulged too freely in the weed, by removing him at once from the locality and feeding nothing but cultivated grass or hay, the evil effect will in time pass away to a great degree and the animal may be worked though care should be used, as he will always be subject to sudden and apparently causeless attacks of mania, resulting in runaways or other accidents.

The plant is variously known as "loco weed" or "rattler weed" (from the rattling of the seeds in the pod), and an animal which has become diseased from eating it is said to be "locoed" or "rattled." So common has this latter term become that passes among the current slang of the day in many localities as descriptive of those who are in any way uncomposed. —San Francisco Chronicle.

LARGE FARMS.

The Desire to Operate Large Tracts of Land Dispelled.

The glamour which but recently surrounded the ownership and management of large farms devoted exclusively to wheat growing is of late being rapidly dispelled. The discovery that such enterprises are not profitable, and sooner or later involve the owner in a maze of disaster. Farmers who have sold out good farms in the heart of the great grass and corn belt of a central latitude, and rushed off several hundred miles northward to engage in wheat growing exulted, in a climate of much greater severity than they were accustomed to, where the reign of winter began early and hangs on late, are fast finding out that there is a dark as well as a bright side to the picture the imagination had painted. Numbers of candid, well qualified business men, who have thoroughly tried to coin money out of wheat growing, plainly acknowledge the disappointment in the attempt, and are not slow to state that a new system must be inaugurated before wheat, except in a limited number of individual cases, will flow into the pockets of husbandmen in the much landed wheat region.

By the more thoughtful, a system of mixed husbandry is already advocated. A rotation of crops is needed to retain the soil. The rearing of stock for market purposes is heartily commended, and the known fact that wheat growing kept up through a series of years continuously, will unfit the soil for that purpose, renders such a course imperative, now stares them blank in the face.

The disadvantages against stock rearing that must exist in a high latitude, caused by a feeding period of so great length, are by no means light, and should be carefully weighed by those tempted to remove from more favored climate where grass grows luxuriantly, and the feeding period is much shorter. —Burlington Hawkeye.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

A reporter recently called at Cady's Commercial College, 14th St. and University Place, N. Y., and asked an interview with the principal of that institution, Mr. Chas. E. Cady, in regard to the truth or falsity of certain statements which had been made about his having been cured of a bad chronic nasal Catarrh by Compound Oxygen; the matter being one of special interest to the public, as a very large number of people in America are afflicted with this troublesome and often disgusting disease. Mr. Cady cheerfully responded to his enquiries and made substantially the following statement:

"By the time I was twenty-one I had catarrh deep-seated and fixed. It came on so slowly that I hardly knew it was Catarrh. I was continually hacking and spitting. I became a nuisance to myself, and I knew I was to other people. There was a constant dripping into my throat. I always had a weak stomach, and this made it weaker. I was in the grip of this horrible Catarrh.

"After trying sundry remedies without advantage, I resolved to make an experiment with Compound Oxygen, and procured a Home Treatment. In the short space of four weeks great improvement was visible. I continued the treatment, at intervals, for nearly six months, when my Catarrh, which had been unusually obstinate, was at an end. The unpleasant secretions disappeared, and also the pain in my head which had accompanied it. The necessity for hacking and spitting disappeared, my stomach grew stronger and my digestion better.

"This was about three years ago. Since then I have had no return of the Catarrh. I know my cure must be reasonably permanent, for I have taken several slight colds, which have passed away without leaving any evil effects. During my Catarrh days such colds would have aggravated my disease to a serious extent.

"You may quote me as freely as you please as a firm believer in the virtues of Compound Oxygen."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, sent free. Address DR. STARBUCK & PALLEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. E. Mathews, 621 Powell street, between Bush and Pine streets, San Francisco.

A negro at Vili Rica, Georgia, who insulted a white lady, was punished by indignant citizens with three hundred lashes.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

Catarrh is a mucous discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite known as the internal mucus worm. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Murkiness of the blood, as the slightest corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of typhoid, mercury, toxemia, from the retention of the effluvia of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly regulated diet, indigestion, and a wide range of chronic diseases, sent free. Address DR. STARBUCK & PALLEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other agencies, but with no success. The only true and reliable remedy is the Compound Oxygen, which is a part of a good used by the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue. Some time since a well known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in curing the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail to absolutely and permanently eradicate this horrible disease, whether existing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the managers, Messrs. H. Dixon & Son, 305 E. 12th Street, West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

Seventy-two families were rendered homeless by the recent tenement-house fire in New Jersey City.

THE POOR LITTLE ONES.

We often see children with red eruptions on face and hands, rough, scaly skin, and often sores on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period, children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. If Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given, the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, rickets, fever-sores, hip-joints disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

I. D. Ludington, a brakeman, was shot and killed by a negro tramp near Edgfield Junction, Tenn.

For Bronchial and Asthmatic Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" manifest remarkable curative properties.

TRY GERMEX for breakfast.

Everyone's duty to use Oregon Blood Purifier

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c. SOLE AGENTS: HESLEY, 31, FORT ST. DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

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DIFFY'S Pure Malt WHISKEY Absolutely Pure.

Entirely free from Food Oil.

RECOMMENDED BY ALL PRICES. \$1.50 per Bottle

Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Malaria, Dysentery, Consumption, Typhoid, Cholera, Fevers, and all Bowel Troubles, WORST CASES, prevented, cured and relieved by Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, endorsed by the leading Physicians and Chemists of the world.

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