

## EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

IT IS SAID that coffee has been successfully grafted on the mesquite tree in Arizona.

C. W. MACK has brought suit against the San Francisco Chronicle for \$100,000, for alleged slander.

TO LAY OFF an acre of land, measure 209 feet for each side of your square, and it will contain an acre within an inch.

THE area of closely built stores and residences of London, including the most populous suburbs, is 120 square miles.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE was not as wealthy as many supposed. His fortune, according to late reports, did not reach \$5,000,000.

THE six parks of Chicago, aggregating nearly 1900 acres, are connected by a cordon of boulevards 250 feet wide, extending around the three land sides of the city.

THE great red spot which has so long been visible on Jupiter is disappearing. An oval white spot now covers all the central portion, leaving only a narrow ring of the red substance visible around its edge.

THE foreign trade, imports and exports together, of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30th last amounted to \$1,319,370,533. This is a smaller aggregate volume than we have had for six years. Taking the returns in millions they compare as follows since 1878:

Years.	Volume of trade.
1878-79	\$1,320,000,000
1879-80	1,320,000,000
1880-81	1,675,000,000
1881-82	1,567,000,000
1882-83	1,607,000,000
1883-84	1,512,000,000
1884-85	1,319,370,533

MAJOR JONES reports that the proper way of overcoming obstacles at the Cascades, on the Columbia river, is by a canal and a system of locks extending over a space of thirteen miles and costing about \$11,000,000. But as it would require a very long period of time to excavate the canal—which, indeed, appears to be a work only second in magnitude to the Panama canal—he proposes in the meantime a portage over railway tracks, to cost something like a million and a quarter.

THE DARK CONTINENT is receiving more attention than ever since Stanley's explorations. This explorer, in writing of the country, says: "If a railway were completed from the mouth of the Congo sufficiently far into the interior to connect the four basins of the Congo, the Sahari, the Nile and the Niger, the result would be the establishment of commercial intercourse with 80,000,000 of people who now contribute nothing to the world's commerce, while the area of the country thus opened would be about 2,370,000 square miles, or about two-thirds that of the United States."

THERE are several easy ways to prevent rusting of plows and cultivators and to keep the teeth bright. One is to give them a coat of thick linewash as soon as they are brought in from the field. Another is to dissolve an ounce of camphor in some turpentine, and add to this four ounces of lard and one ounce of pulverized black lead or stove polish, and mix well. This may be rubbed on with a rag. To remove rust from plows or tools nothing is better than a mixture of half a pint of oil of vitriol poured slowly into a quart of water, and apply this to the rusted metal. Wash off with water.

OFFICERS of the Chilean navy inform officers of our navy on the South American station that they look forward hopefully to the day when they may loot San Francisco. They esteem that they could destroy the whole American navy in three hours. In view of the coldness, not to say the rudeness, with which our South American Commission was received by the rulers of Chile, the braggadocio of the navy officers of the Southern Republic cannot be dismissed with silent contempt, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Chile has all the temper required for a brush with the United States, and she could, as she says, loot San Francisco. Of course, the ultimate end of the enterprise would be the obliteration of the name of Chile from the list of nations. But wars, as a rule, at the present day, are short, sharp and decisive. And South American statesmen are not famed for foresight. The bait of a temporary triumph over the great North American Republic is well calculated to lure Chile into a fatal course.

## NATAL.

The Wild Animals That Abound in South Africa.

There are no tigers in Africa. This is a fact which is not generally known, for one can hardly hear of "tiger" hunts at the Cape—a mistake that is caused by the native habit of calling any creature belonging to the cat or tiger family a "tiger." Colonists also fall into the same mistake. Panthers and leopards are indiscriminately "tigers" to the Kaffir, and the wild-cats are all "tigers," and even these so-called "tigers," which are in reality a small kind of leopard, have become so rare in the civilized parts that a "tiger"-hunt there is now a rare diversion.

Leopards are exceedingly shy creatures. As the farms and villages have increased, they have retreated further inland, so that the report of one being seen about a village or farm creates quite a sensation, and he is soon hunted and killed, or driven back to his proper domain. The increasing scarcity of this particular kind of "game," though a matter of lament to sportsmen, is fortunate for the farmer, as these animals are terrible robbers. The depredations which even one will commit in a herd or flock are ruinous, because they not only kill what they eat at the time, but they like to have a well-filled larder, and when they get a chance lay up provisions in some secret place for a future day, a leopard not being, I imagine, over-particular as to the state of preservation his dinner may be in when he requires it. This is such a difficult animal to get at, that a Kaffir who manages to kill one is regarded as a kind of hero, and receives an oval from his brother-Kaffirs, who at the same time are not a little envious of him who has earned such a distinction. A leopard is a great prize to a Kaffir. Its teeth and claws he strings together for a necklace, and very well they look glistening against his dark skin; he hides his trophies in a corner of his hut, and the tail is dangled by a string from his waist. If he happens to have several of these ornaments hung round him he is looked upon as a great swell, quite in full dress, indeed. Kaffirs seem to think that there is something royal about a leopard's skin, and their chiefs' thrones are often composed of one thrown over a mound of earth.

Though the leopard is so scarce in Natal that persons need have little fear of coming face to face with one, yet there is a smaller edition of the same tribe which is more to be dreaded, on account of its frequent and daring depredations in the poultry-yard. This is the "tiger-cat," or, properly speaking, bush-cat. Wherever there are fowls to be had, these creatures will haunt the place, and take every one, unless the fowls are securely shut up. They break through the Kaffir-built huts, which people often unwisely keep their fowls in, as a neighbor of ours found to his cost, for one morning all his fowls were strewn about dead in the fowl-house, killed by the tiger-cat. These creatures are much larger than the common cat, and very fierce and strong, though capable of being tamed.

Another kind of cat also does a deal of harm in Natal, namely, the common cat run wild. Cats get driven away from home, or left behind when people leave their farms, these colonise, and become great pests. When we left our house, there was a brood of kittens on the roof which we could not get near; they were perfectly wild. I have heard people say that these cats become fiercer and do more harm than even the bush-cats.

There are some other enemies to poultry of all kinds, which should be carefully kept at a distance. One of these is the jackal, the black-backed one being the most common in Natal. This animal is gifted with a ravenous appetite, to which nothing comes amiss. He will walk off with any small, weak creature that comes in his way. Fowls, young pigs, lambs, and even small puppies are never safe from him; and he has been known to enter houses and take even the cooked meat. Luckily, they, too, are getting scarcer in Natal, though there are still a number left about Cape Town. The Kaffirs make splendid carcases of their skins, particularly of the rare silver jackal, a very handsome animal, which skins they sew together with perfectly even stitches. The most skilled workwoman could not do them better, though the process must require a great deal of patience, from the peculiar manner in which they sew. They punch holes with a strong thorn in the edges of the things they want to fasten together, and then pass a long piece of sinew as fine as a thread backwards and forwards through the holes.

Another South African animal much sought after for the sake of its prey fur must also be refused admittance to the fowl-house. It is one of the smallest of fowls, and can therefore creep through a very small hole. It is called the ass or caama. It does not kill fowls. Its specialty is eggs of all kinds. Even the egg of the ostrich is not safe from it. As its teeth are too small to break through the shell, it rolls the eggs about until they smash against the other eggs, or something hard. They are excessively greedy. I have had a nestful of eggs taken off in no time, no doubt by one of these creatures. They have no objection to an egg having been sat upon; added ones and all kinds are acceptable.—Chambers' Journal.

## The French Birth Rate.

The French birth rate is the lowest in Europe, and the consequence is that Frenchmen are becoming so scarce even in France that they are obliged to fill their workshops with Belgian, Italian, Swiss and English artificers; while they have no surplus population, except criminals, to send to their own colonies, and they even find a great difficulty in shipping off a few thousand soldiers to keep their little wars from cooling.—N. Y. Post.

## STUMPY GROUND.

Reminiscences of the Time When Oxen Were Used to Plow It.

When my memory goes back to the good old days of "whoa-haw buck," I can not help instinctively rubbing my shins. The first thing I ever bossed was a yoke of oxen. At the mature age of eleven I was invested with a large whip, ornamented with a keen cracker, and informed that I might shape the course of old Buck and Bright while our hired man guided the plow. I was young and inexperienced and entered upon my new duties with a zeal well nigh amounting to enthusiasm, but at the end of the first half day, when started for dinner with the bark nearly all off the front part of my legs and four thousand splinters in the bottoms of my feet, I felt that a change had come over the happy scene, and was willing, in consideration of some slight recompense, to resign my position of honor and trust and accept a more humble and less responsible office, where I would not be held to answer for everything that happened to the hired man.

Oxen, when drawing the plow in land that has not yielded to the gentle inducements of civilization, are apt to pause occasionally for the purpose of meditating upon the good they are doing. They generally pause just at the moment the plow gets stuck against a stump, and when the hired man, who has been walking leisurely along after the team thinking about getting married, overtakes the plow and attempts to shove it right ahead with his stomach, the sky generally becomes a shade more azure, and the superincumbent atmosphere reeks with the fumes of overdone brimstone. At such a moment, the boy who is driving the steers needs great presence of mind. Unless he is quick and firm, he is liable to be slapped over before he can detract the attention of the hired man from himself to the steers. An experienced boy, as soon as he observes that the hired man has been unsuccessful in driving the plow through the stump, will have a great deal of trouble with the oxen, and cut and slash around with the whip in trying to bring them to rights, in a way that will render it dangerous for the hired man to get very close to him. The chances are that he will get interested in the oxen and counter upon them the favors he seemed about to shower upon the boy.

There were a few other small issues liable to crop out in the course of driving a yoke of oxen across a field of stumpy ground. One of them was the premature awakening of the snakes that had lain dormant during the winter. As the plow-sharred them up and they wound around the bare legs of the hired man, he often expressed himself in a way that made me doubt his Christianity, and I always noticed that he did not beam upon me so graciously at such moments as he did when the patriotic note of the dinner horn was wafted to us from the house.

There was another experience, however, that sometimes fell to our lot. It was to ruthlessly break in upon the domestic harmony and blissful repose of a den of yellow-jackets. I am afraid my readers never saw a yellow-jacket, so I will inform them right here that it is a sort of small, yellow wasp that can sting a few bars and then go right back and repeat fortissimo. The yellow-jackets always build their nests in the immediate vicinity of a small stump, and the hired man never found out that he had disturbed them until the plow was effectually set against the stump, when he bent all his energies to pull it out while the oxen were bending all their energies to pull it in and the yellow-jackets were working off their energies on the oxen and hired man, while a boy about my size was carrying his energy away from all danger as a rate truly surprising.

The oxen finally broke the chain that bound them to the plow and made their way to a place where they could stand in water something more than knee-deep, and that ended the work of that particular day, the rest of which was devoted to cremating the yellow-jackets' nest.—Bloomington Through Mail.

## ABOUT THE BREWSTERS.

The Wife of the Ex-Attorney-General and the Family She Came From.

In no country in the world is fortune so fickle as in this; no position seems to be secure, no fortune enduring and no good lasting. Take the case of the wife of ex-Attorney-General Brewster. She is the daughter of Benjamin J. Walker and the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and intellectually of either. In her father's lifetime she lived among the fortunate of the world, enjoying all that distinguished society and wealth can bestow. But Walker left no fortune, having exhausted it all during his lifetime, and so his eldest daughter, a young widow, with two children, became a clerk in Washington in the Internal Revenue Department. The confinement and clerical work told rapidly on one accustomed only to the luxurious side of life and the roses on the rounded cheeks began to pale. But one morning the chair at her desk was empty. She had resigned in favor of a younger sister and to marry Lawyer Benjamin Brewster, of Philadelphia. After that event the beautiful Mrs. Brewster became again a leader in society, principally in Washington. Her reign there is over now. With her husband she has retired to the old Brewster homestead in Philadelphia, but wherever she goes kind wishes must attend her and society be adorned by her presence. The Brewsters are among the oldest of old Philadelphia families. Many of them have deserved and won distinction in various ways, but the best known to the American public are the ex-Attorney-General and his sister, Anna Brewster, who has resided for many years in Rome and who has made for herself an enviable name in the light literature of the day.—N. Y. World.

—There are 75,000 boys and girls employed in the shops and factories in the State of New York.

—The first morning you forget to be polite to your wife, the honeymoon is over.

## ANTIPODEAN TOURISTS.

Some of the Peculiarities of Our Australian Cousins.

The British tourist is in many ways an extraordinary creature and his Australian cousin is no whit less so. In fact in many particulars the gentleman from the South Pacific island-continent is more remarkable than the gentleman from the "right little, tight little island," with the German Ocean and its German sovereigns. Just as the loyalty of the colonist is more elusive and pronounced in the details of show so does it happen that the Australian is found to retain certain peculiarities of dress and address which have long been attached to the Britisher as part and parcel of his insularity. More British than the Britisher, he clings more pertinaciously to his briar root pipe, his little hat fits less than his home cousin's does, his clothes have creases in them which nothing but a long sea voyage in a tightly packed trunk could impart, while his pantalons are marvels of ungainliness—tight where they should be loose, and very, very baggy where they should be the snugest. Coming from Melbourne or Sydney, San Francisco is the first American port which they strike and here it is that the attraction with another people begins. One of their great troubles is that of mastering the baggage-check system. They are accustomed to having a railroad card pasted on their "juggage" with the point of destination printed thereon and to looking out for the safety of each piece whenever the journey's end is reached or a change of cars made. They can not understand that the numbered and initialed metal tag affords them security and frees them from anxiety concerning the whereabouts of their goods and they may be seen staring at "the brasses" as though they formed part of a gigantic swindle.

An Australian steamer arrived recently and for several days thereafter it was "as good as a play" to take up one's stand in the corner of the Palace Hotel courtyard where the baggage is weighed and checked. It was a sight to watch the hopeless way in which these exiles deliver themselves into the hands of the colored porters, their horrified expression with which they saw their "boxes" whacked down on the weighing machine, and their protests, "you know," against the exorbitant rates for overweight. They could not seem to understand that their personal attention was not required to superintend every move and everything, and for two hours before the departure of any train on which they might take passage they hovered around crushed balm. A large contingent from the Australia's passenger list departed for the Yosemite, and though the hotel "bus" did not roll out of the courtyard until after three o'clock, the swarm of Australians buzzed about the corner from a little after one o'clock. Now they would skurry out to the agent's to inquire for the fiftieth time if their tickets were all right; then they would trot up-stairs to see what had become of "that portmanteau, you know," again they would rush into the office to consult with the clerk on the railway time schedule; and so on, backward and forward, fuming, fretting, smoking and worrying generally. In marked contradiction to their demeanor was that of an American who was going overland. He came out of the office at 2:30 o'clock, dressed as if he was going to an afternoon tea—dark-gray pantaloons and blue frock-coat, both fitting to perfection, a silk hat on his head, natty shoes on his feet, and an overcoat on his arm. He gave his ticket to the transfer delivery man, saying:

"When the things come down from 009, check 'em all 'cept the little alligay-tor bag." Then, turning to a porter, he added: "Charley, I'm a-going into the barber shop; get a kerriage, will you?"

"All right," said Charley, and all right it was. The things came down from 009, all were checked, and five minutes after the yellow omnibus drove away, the American, neatly shaved, was handed into a hack by Charley, who passed him his ticket, checks and the "alligay-tor bag."

Another peculiarity of these antipodean globe-trotters is the religious use which they make of the "free coach." The party referred to, some "en or twelve in number, clambered up into the outside seats at the cry of "All aboard!" and crowded in one on the other, jostling each other like a lot of school-boys, and all vigorously sucking short pipes. The short pipe is the unfailing indication of the Australian tourist, and even a clerical-looking gentleman held one as black as his coat between his teeth. Next to the pipe (and the pantaloons) is the bludgeon-like stick which he always carries. The Englishman never stirs without his umbrella; the Australian never comes to this country without his stick. It is to him as the *maquila* of the Basque—at once a support and a protector. Peculiar as are these young colonialists in their manners and appearance, conversation with them will go far toward removing the outer impression which a casual acquaintance might produce. It will be found by talking to them that they are chockfull of hard common sense and good judgment. They dress they will tell you for comfort and not for show; they travel to learn and to enjoy themselves, not to create a stir; they have money, but they do not see fit to spend it foolishly; they are prepared to admire the United States and to give the American his meed of praise, but they will not hesitate to tell you that they consider Australia and Australians by no means behind this country and people in the rank of races.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—It is a safe and wise rule to follow, in all legislation, that whatever the people can do without legislation will be better done than by the intervention of the State or Nation.—Garfield.

—Prof. Waite, of the Lewisburg University, received the prize of \$1,000 offered by the American Sunday-School Union for the best essay on "The Lord's Day of Rest."

—Salt will remove the stain caused by eggs from silver. It must be applied dry.—Detroit Post.

## LOST HIS RAILROAD NERVE.

A Traveling Man Who Has Become Morbidly Fearful of an Accident.

A roving theatrical manager and a newspaper man were breakfasting at the Morton House one day last week, when the former remarked: "I am trying to get control of a house of my own, so that I can locate permanently. In fact, I have lost my railroad nerve."

"Your railroad nerve; what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I have lost my railroad nerve. Up to about a year ago I felt almost as safe on a railway train as I did in a hotel, but since that time, for some cause or other, I have become morbidly apprehensive of railroad accidents, and now, when traveling, I fret and worry all the time. I can't rest in a sleeper any more. Many a time I have lain awake all night, and even if I do doze, the slightest out-of-the-way jar will startle and arouse me in the most unpleasant manner. If the train slackens its speed, I dread that we are too close to another, and I sometimes become so agitated that I leave my berth and walk the aisle for an hour at a time."

"You should conquer your fears," said the newspaper man. "When I step on a train I consider that my fate is in the hands of others—that worry or fret will not avail one particle to help me in case of trouble—and I sleep almost as well in a Pullman or a Wagner as I do in my own bed."

"I have tried to reason myself out of my fears," was the response, "but I can't. I know I have only got to die once, and that I must die some time. Honestly, though I am not at all disposed to go off the hooks just yet, the fear of instant death is not so much what haunts me as the dread of accident that would deprive me of a limb or otherwise cripple me permanently. Did you ever see a one-armed or one-legged theatrical manager or agent? We have had enough times to get along with our limbs and faculties. To deprive me of a leg or an arm would be to take away my means of living and cause me to resort to some other and would perhaps make me a semi-mendicant. That is what I fear, and it is that which has deprived me of my railroad nerve. I will make almost any sacrifice that will enable me to locate and regain my former buoyancy of spirits. Even as I talk with you now I fret because I have to take the train for Boston to-day, and I won't feel easy in my mind till I get to the end of my journey, and not then, for I know I have to come back again."

"Are your fears shared by many other managers or actors?"

"Indeed they are, but few of them care to acknowledge it. I know lots of drummers, too, who feel just as I do. Stand in front of a ticket office before the departure of a through train, especially at night, and watch the men buy accident insurance tickets, and you will be surprised to find how many there are who, like me, have lost their railroad nerve. A year ago I had a gray hair in my head. Now there are plenty of them. Still, if circumstances compel, I will be on the road next season, with only one consolatory thought, and that is that perhaps after all I may never get a scratch, while some one who never gave the matter a thought, or who would laugh at it if he did, may be killed by a derailment or a collision within a year. It is strange though, considering how much they travel, how few actors get hurt, and I don't believe one in a thousand ever buys an accident ticket. They are too superstitious, and feel that if they were to insure they would be certain to 'beat the game,' and have to die to do it."—N. Y. Sun.

## BUDDENSIK MORTGAGES.

A Warning to Those Who Advance Money to Builders.

The *Sanitary World* offers a warning to persons who are in the habit of advancing money on mortgage to builders without examining the structures intended to secure the loan, which derives additional emphasis from the recent fall of one Buddensiek block in New York and the enforced rebuilding of others, which is now going on by direction of the Building Bureau. In the English case to which the *Sanitary World* refers, a builder of the Buddensiek sort of work erected in London two houses, the workmanship of which was far from satisfactory to the district surveyor, who complained against him for using bad mortar, and had him fined for the offense, and ordered to change his method of building forthwith. The builder took no notice of the order, but completed the houses ready for occupancy, and then managed to obtain, as builders know how to do, a large loan upon them, giving a mortgage in return. The Metropolitan Board of Works, whose mandate he had disobeyed, had in the meanwhile, however, instituted legal proceedings against him, and obtaining a verdict, with the necessary authority from the court, it proceeded, after ordering out the occupants, to demolish both the houses, and with them the security of the unfortunate lender, who had really bought the houses at a high price from the builder, without troubling himself to inquire about defects, which, as it proved, made them worse than worthless. The *Sanitary World*, while deploring the success of the trick by which the rascally builder shifted the consequences of his misdeeds upon the innocent mortgagee, points out that the latter, by taking the precaution to inquire of the district surveyor as to the character of the houses, might easily have ascertained that they were not only defective but had been actually condemned and ordered to be taken down, and would thus have been warned against throwing away his money in a loan upon them, and truly says that notwithstanding the hardship to the mortgagee, his want of prudence should not be allowed to interfere with the public welfare, which unquestionably demanded the destruction of the buildings.—*American Architect*.

—Measures should at once be taken for renewing the forests, which are rapidly wasting away. This can not be done by speech-making, hymn-singing and setting out saplings and bushes about schoolhouses.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## WHATSPORTING MEN RELY ON.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse.

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin of Buffalo caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always take the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News*.

## OFF ON A TOUR.

The Shrewd Observations of a Detroit Street Gamin.

"Hi! hi!" yelled a boy in an alley off Clifford street yesterday.

A second boy, who stood on the crosswalk, meandered down and asked what was wanted.

"Put your eye to this knot-hole and tell me what you see."

"Nuthin' but a man sittin' out in the back-yard."

"Don't you read the papers?"

"Course I do."

"Didn't you see in the papers three or four days ago that this fellow got married? Name's John Black."

"Oh, yes."

"And it said the happy couple had started on a bridal tour to Omaha."

"Yes."

"Just went as far as Chicago, and headed back for home. Got here in the night and walked up to the house to escape observation. That happy couple has got to put in about ten days around here with the front door locked and the curtains down, and some morning you'll see a great stir and learn that they have just returned after an enjoyable trip. Say, Jim."

"Yes, Jim."

"Don't get married."

"Never!"

"If you ever do, don't try to Omaha the public."

"I won't."

"Cause truth is mighty and must prevail, and deception must sooner or later go to grass."—*Detroit Free Press*.

## SOME OF THE RECENT ECCENTRICITIES OF JOHN McCULLOUGH, THE ACTOR, NOW IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

He has been rather unpleasant ones. It has required the service of his servants constantly to watch him in the house, and even then he has nearly killed himself with gas and flooded the house with water a dozen times, it being a great trick of his to turn on gas, leave it unlighted, and go to bed, or turn on water, plug up the outlets, and walk off, till the falling ceiling below told what was happening.

## THE ART OF GETTING VIGOROUS.

Is comprised in one very simple piece of advice, improve digestion. No elaborate system of dietetics is needed. If you lack vigor, use systematically that pleasant promoter of it, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If you take this hint, and do not commit any excesses, there is no reason why you should not gain in strength, appetite and weight. Hosts of whom invalids are to-day building a foundation for years of vigorous health with this sound and thorough renovator of a dilapidated physique and failing energy. Dyspepsia is eradicated by it, and the constitution fortified against disorders to which, if it were exposed, it must surely succumb—namely, malarial fever, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, nervousness, and their various symptoms, disappear when it is used with persistency, not abandoned after a brief and irregular trial.

King Alfonso is soon to publish a book describing his visit to Germany in 1888.

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