

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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

PANASOFFKEE, FLORIDA, boasts of a lemon weighing four pounds and thirteen ounces.

THERE is but one man in Nebraska who is a millionaire, and only ten in the State whose wealth exceeds \$500,000.

AT Emmettsville, I. T., work has been commenced on a ditch that is to furnish water for irrigating 250,000 acres of land.

THE TAX on commercial drummers in North Carolina yields \$100,000 a year. A Judge has just decided it to be unconstitutional.

THE cotton king of the world is Mr. Richardson, of Mississippi. His annual crop is greater than that of all Egypt, and his plantations are worth \$12,000,000.

A FOUR-FOOTED BIRD is found on the Island of Marajoa at the mouth of the Amazon. In time, one pair of legs are changed into wings by a singular process as that which makes the tadpole a frog.

THE smallness of the compensation is the complaint of the special delivery messengers in nearly every part of the country. In Savannah the messengers averaged 7½ cents per diem for the first three days.

A GOOSE was seen fluttering on the surface of one of the Wisconsin lakes, and investigation proved that a forty-two pound turtle had it by the leg. Both were drawn into a boat.

THE whole number of men enlisted for three years in the Union army during the rebellion was 2,320,272. The losses, including those who died of disease or in prison, were 279,376 on the Union side, and 133,821 on the Confederate.

DR. LEWIS says that no devotee of tobacco has ever graduated at the head of his class in Harvard. The Argonaut disproves this with the statement that the leaders of the graduating classes of that institution for 1883 and 1884 were addicted to the use of the weed.

IN VIEW of the fact that artificial mineral waters are bottled under the names of well-known mineral springs abroad and imported into this country, the Secretary of the Treasury has ordered customs officers to refuse free entry to mineral waters which do not bear a certificate from the owner of the spring from which they come, showing them to be genuine mineral waters.

IN ABOUT the center of the Island of Trinidad, a dot in the Caribbean sea, just off the coast of Venezuela, there is an asphalt lake. It is said to cover about 100 acres, and is apparently inexhaustible. It is a black sand substance and is believed to be crude rotten petroleum. A singular feature of the substance is that, although 30,000 tons are taken out of this lake annually, it constantly fills up so there is no lessening of the supply. This singular lake of paving material is owned by the Venezuelan government, but is leased to a company in Washington.

THE material used in the new postal card is twenty-five per cent wood pulp and seventy-five per cent fine rags. It takes about twelve hours to convert the raw material into the cards, and between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 of them are turned out daily, giving employment to about 130 women and girls. They come from the press in sheets of forty cards each. It costs \$100 a month for the little paper bands that are placed about the bunches of twenty-five each. The new card has a watermark that will aid in the detection of counterfeiters. Even with 1,000,000 turned out daily the demand is greater than the supply.

IN some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen solid in a temperature of about 20 degrees Fahrenheit, and kept in that position for half an hour. On thawing slowly they recovered perfectly, but it was found that longer periods of exposure invariably killed the animals. The experiment was tried of freezing hermetically sealed meat, so as to kill its bacterial organism, and thus render it incapable of putrifying. It was found, however, that so low a temperature as 80 degrees below zero would not destroy the vitality of micro-organisms. It was thus made clear that the attempts to preserve meat for a long time by a momentary freezing of it must be abandoned.

## DEMOSTHENES.

A Thoroughly Appreciated Tribute to the Lately Deceased Orator.

Twenty centuries ago last Christmas, there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the greatest orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring he would have been twenty-two hundred and seventy years old; but he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourae whence no traveler returns.

Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud. This sketch is not intended to cast a gloom over your hearts. It was designed to cheer those who read it, and make them glad they could read.

Therefore, I would have been glad if I could have spared them the pain which this sudden breaking of the news of the death of Demosthenes will bring. But it could not be avoided. We should remember the transitory nature of life, and when we are tempted to boast of our health, and strength, and wealth, let us remember the sudden and early death of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was not born an orator. He struggled hard and failed many times. He was homely, and he stammered in his speech, but before his death they came to him for hundreds of miles to get him to open their country fairs and jerk the bird of freedom bald-headed on the fourth of July.

When Demosthenes' father died, he left fifteen talents to be divided between Demosthenes and his sister. A talent is equal to about one thousand dollars. Often wish that I had been born a little more talented.

Demosthenes had a short breath, a hesitating speech, and his manners were very ungraceful. To remedy his stammering he filled his mouth full of pebbles and howled his sententious at the angry sea. However, Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech. This did not discourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country, and it was no uncommon thing for him to fill the First Baptist Church of Athens full. There are now sixty of his orations extant, and part of them written by Demosthenes and part of them written by his private secretary.

When he started in he was gentle, mild and quiet in his manner, but later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the table, kicked the lamps out of the chandeliers, and smashed the big bass viol over the chief fiddler's head.

Oh, Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

"Such was the first of orators," says Lord Brougham. "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."

I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard both of us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.

And not only did I admire Demosthenes as an orator, but as a man, and though I am no Vanderbilt, I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing the square thing by his sorrowing wife if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

I must now leave Demosthenes and pass on rapidly to speak of Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty though. If he couldn't have liberty he wanted to die, but he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty if there was plenty of it, but if the British had no liberty to spare he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted he said that he would rather die of extreme old age. He was willing to wait, he said. He didn't want to go unprepared, and he thought it would take him eighty or ninety years more to prepare, so that when he was ushered into another world he wouldn't be ashamed of himself.

One hundred and ten years ago Patrick Henry said: "Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and it comes. I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict floating around waiting for permission to come, it devolves on the great statesmen and bald-headed literati of the Nation to avoid all delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged in gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.—Bill Nyc. in Boston Globe.

A New York club man has an exhibition talking parrot which can give any order that is issued on ship-board. The other evening, when the wind was blowing a pretty stiff breeze, Jim (the parrot) began to muster all hands on deck to take in the light canvas and reef topsails, using a great many nautical phrases that are not given in any encyclopedia, much to the amusement of the guests present.—N. Y. Graphic.

Good Advice.—Journalist to his wife: "I feel very bad this morning. I don't see that it's worth while to go to work, for my head aches so painfully that I can't think." Wife: "Don't try to think any to-day. Look. Stay at home and work on your book."—Arkansas Traveler.

## PURPOSEFUL PET NAMES.

A Marital Communication with a Well-Defined Motive.

A lady, whose forehead was thatched like a rustic cottage with a wealth of yellow bangs, and who moved in an atmosphere of patchouli, came up to the judicial desk in the Jefferson Market Police Court. When she had opened her mouth wide enough to declare a dividend she suspended operations and rolled her eyes from the magisterial presence along the line of ornamental court clerks.

"What are you looking for, madame?" inquired the dispenser of justice.

"A husband, sir."

"At this Court looked frightened, and the instantaneous smile which decorated all the unmarried court clerks became frozen as soon as they raised their heads.

"Where do you mean to find him?"

"I want to learn where you mean to find him. That's your business, I guess. I'm here for that."

"Madame" cried the Magistrate, "do you take this for a matrimonial agency?"

"Not I. I take it for just what it is. I come here to have you look up my husband for me. He left me to go with a theatrical company. He's back now, I guess, and he ought to provide for me."

"Certainly, madame; when did he leave you?"

"Three months ago. He went off to play a walking gentleman's part with a big salary and lots of money to bring him home. That's what he said. And I should say he has played it. I have not seen him since."

"Nor heard from him?"

"Oh, I heard from him. I just did."

"Did his letters indicate any falling off of affection?"

"No, indeed. He only wrote one, but it was a warm one."

"You mean a loving one?"

"I should say so. You never heard such lovely names used to a woman in your life."

"Did he promise continued constancy?"

"He promised everything, Judge. The man seemed dying to get home to me."

"He did, eh?" Well, that looks all right. What was the purport of this letter?"

"Oh, he wanted me to pawn my duds so as to raise \$20 for him to pay his fare back."—N. Y. Herald.

## A REMINISCENCE OF WEBSTER.

How He Saw the Sea-Serpent and Refused to Speak of It.

B. M. W.—tells me that he learns from pretty good authority that Webster once saw the sea-serpent. It seems it was first seen in the bay between Manomet and Plymouth Beach by a perfectly reliable witness (many years ago), who was accustomed to look out on the sea with his glass every morning the first thing, as regularly as he ate his breakfast. One morning he saw this monster, with a head somewhat like a horse's, raised some six feet above the water, and his body, the size of a cask, trailing behind. He was careering over the bay, chasing the mackerel, which ran ashore in their fright, and were washed up and died in great numbers.

The story is that Webster had appointed to meet some Plymouth gentlemen at Manomet and spend the day fishing. After the fishing was over he set out to return to Duxbury in his sailboat with Peterson, as he had come, and on the way they saw the sea-serpent which answered to the common account of this creature. It passed directly across the bows only six or seven rods off, and then disappeared. On the way homeward, Webster having had time to reflect on what had occurred, at length said to Peterson, "For God's sake, never say a word about this to any one, for if it should be known that I have seen the sea-serpent, I should never hear the last of it, but, wherever I went, should have to tell the story to every one I met." So it has not leaked out until now.—Theoran's Summer.

Five years ago a remarkably bright and pretty girl of seventeen worked in a San Francisco laundry. The son of a wealthy parents fell in love with her. She returned his passion, but said that she would not marry him, as he wished, because she was uneducated and coarse. Then he offered to send her away to school. She accepted this offer. During the ensuing four years she was in a Montreal convent, very apt and studious. The training wrought all the change that was desirable, and the wedding took place, with a long tour in Europe afterward. The couple returned to San Francisco lately. To show that she had neither forgotten nor was ashamed of her former employment, the bride gave a grand supper to those of her old companions who could be brought together.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Boston terra cotta company have completed what is said to be the largest terra cotta frieze in America, to be placed on the memorial arch now in course of construction in Hartford in honor of the sailors and soldiers of that city who served in the civil war. It measures one hundred and eighty feet in length and seven feet vertically. Its sculpture, which is in full relief, presents nearly one hundred full length human figures, besides which there are figures of horses and the various paraphernalia of war on land and sea. The frieze will be placed at an elevation of fifty feet from the ground, and the figures are molded to adapt them to the vision under these circumstances.—Boston Journal.

On a certain occasion, says the New York Baptist, Mr. W. K. Travers was in a stage going up Fifth avenue, and his son, W. R. Jr., who was then a very small boy, was sitting on his knee, the stage being very crowded. A lady got in and there was no seat for her. Mr. Travers, with his usual display of gallantry, said to his son: "Billy, get up and give this lady your seat."

## INSANITY.

Long Devotion to Any Subject Likely to Result in Unbalanced Minds.

"It is odd," says an expert in insanity, "that when supposedly insane people say they are sane it is the best proof to many who are in charge of asylums that they are insane. And it is on record as the judgment of certain asylum-keepers that there is no surer proof of a patient's sanity than the acknowledgment on his part that he is or has been insane."

Doubtless there is good ground for these conclusions; but one would naturally think that the sane person would be the last one to falsely acknowledge present or past insanity, whatever the cunning of the other class might inspire it to say or do. Recently an expert in this city, who had been prominent in a case of alleged insanity, was afflicted in that way himself, and he is now in the asylum, while the man against whom he testified is enjoying his freedom and nobody is the worse for it. Is it not possible that men who practically devote themselves to this subject unavoidably acquire queer notions, and perhaps irrational ones? The brain is very delicately constructed, and long devotion to any one matter, whether it be insanity or something else, is quite likely to result in what is called the crankish or the unbalanced mind.

The Rochester papers have long accounts of the case of a woman who was carried to an asylum apparently without the slightest legitimate authority. Two men found her at work in her house and roughly ordered her to go with them. Of course she refused. She fled from the house, and they caught her and brought her back. She struggled, but they conquered. She pleaded for mercy, and they cursed her as a vicious subject. She begged them to bring her husband, promising that if they complied and he acquiesced in her removal she would go willingly. She was shown no mercy, but carried off by force, apparently by the husband's order. It seems that she was taken to the asylum, as she has written a letter which is remarkably sane as the production of a violently insane woman, and it is dated at that institution; but what villainy might not be perpetrated by a bad man upon an eccentric, or even an extremely level-headed, wife in this way, provided he desired to get rid of her? A year or so ago the newspapers of the northern part of the State told the story of a woman apparently taken possession of by two blacklegs on the Central Railroad. They said she was insane. She begged the passengers to protect her, but the story of insanity was believed. She wished to telegraph to her friends, but this was refused. She was taken off the cars at Utica, and has not been heard from since. Probably the story is untrue; but how easily this manner of outrage might be perpetrated upon a sane woman. The allegation of insanity shuts out all defense. The victim is friendless and an outcast the moment she is charged with insanity. If she resists she is dangerously insane. If she protests she is emotionally irrational. If she is silent through despair she has come to a temporary and rather satisfactory realization of her condition.

Entrance to a lunatic asylum is too easily effected. Once the victim is there he is comparatively hopeless. Old cases are forgotten and new cases rapidly grow old. Communication with friends is generally forbidden; but too often the friends, so called, are peculiarly or otherwise interested in the victim's confinement. To whom shall the sane occupant of bedlam appeal? The stranger has no time to waste on strangers, and the relatives and friends are the ones who are responsible for the outrage. There are casual and regular investigations of the asylums, but how many of the investigators are competent or care to judge? The man charged with insanity is comparatively helpless, no matter how sane he may be. There ought to be some means to rectify this great and apparently growing evil.—N. Y. Graphic.

## NEW YORKERS.

The Overweening Conceit of the People of the Metropolis.

To men who were born here and have lived here long New York is miles and away so superior to any other city in America that he never thinks of uttering them or mentioning them in the same breath. This may be the sublimity of conceit—perhaps it is—but the fact remains that New-Yorkers consider there is but one city in America. They may travel all over the world, but when they return to America they live in New York. In the same way we observe that if a man makes a great fortune in Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Cincinnati or Pittsburgh he comes here, for many of the magnificent palaces on Fifth avenue have been purchased by men from other cities who made haste to come here as soon as they had made vast fortunes. I don't know whether they like New York or not, but they seem to stay. It is true that a man does not amount to much here unless he is a good deal of a man, but still the advantages of life in the most popular city in the Union are too numerous to be overlooked. A man worth \$10,000,000 is of importance, if only on account of his wealth, in Cincinnati. But \$10,000,000, unless it is backed by social graces and other advantages, will do little or nothing for a man in New York. I know that this statement will not be accepted, because it is the general impression that wealth opens the doors to society in New York; still such is not the fact. There are hundreds of millionaires along the avenues who live magnificently and spend enormous incomes, yet whom nobody knows or cares to know. Not long ago a list of the number of men who were worth more than \$5,000,000 was published in one of the papers here. There were hundreds of names, occupying considerably more than a column and a half, and it is no exaggeration to say that fully five-sixths of them were entirely strange to the ears of New Yorkers.—Blackley Hall, in San Francisco Argonaut.

A ring of salt at a little distance from a choice plant forms a barrier which "a slug can no more cross than a man could swim through an ocean of fire."—Christian at Work.

## FEASTS AND FASTS.

The Unaccountable Scarcity of Feast Days in the United States Compared With the Days of Rejoicing Observed by Other Nations.

There is an inherent love of festivals and feasts in human nature, a desire to express joy, and that not in solitude, but surrounded by sympathetic friends; a desire to experience pleasure, and to experience it unselfishly, shared by everyone within reach; a desire, possibly, to make ourselves one in our joy with all the surrounding human race. It is certain, at any rate, that public festivals do that work for the time being; for as long ago as the period of the celebration of the Greek games, which really had their origin far back in mythical times, the Olympic games kept alive a common interest between all the Greek States, and had much to do with the existence and preservation of a national feeling, while so important were they deemed in this regard that the year of their revival, some eight hundred years before our era, was used as a chronological period from which to date.

The Romans had fixed, movable and occasional feasts; the Egyptians made them of such moment that it is recorded of one that nearly three-quarters of a million of men and women were present; while the East Indians still make their festivals quite beyond the usual range of our imaginations with numbers and with treasures. The Jews had an immense variety of feasts, all of a sacred nature, among them being the Sabbath, the Passover, the Pentecost, the Feast of Trumpets—marking a day on which every one's doom for eternity was supposed to be set down, although with mitigating possibilities, in the case of disastrous doom, should repentance take place before death—the Feast of Tabernacles, the Purim and the Dedication; while the Christian Church has, with others, its Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Easter and Whitsuntide, all joyous spiritual feasts.

But just as strong a tendency with humanity as that to festivals is that to fasts. Indeed, with many, there may be a preference as to the latter, owing to a feeling that after duly keeping fast one can enjoy more freely the riotous living of feasts. The Jews had at first but one fast, that of the Atonement, which they kept with great severity, although later the Pharisees were wont to fast every Monday and Thursday. The Egyptians, Phoenicians and Assyrians all kept their fasts and the Mohammedans keep the whole of the ninth month, Ramadan, most strictly, neither eating nor drinking, however great their suffering, from sunrise till starshine. The Sibylline books ordered a fast to be kept every fifth year in honor of Ceres. And with the Holy Orthodox Church of the East, the Fast of the Mother of God begins the 1st of August and lasts fourteen days, that Church in especial keeping two hundred and sixty-six days of the year as days of fast. Every one, meanwhile, is familiar with the customs of the religious sects about us, and with our own national feasts and fasts.

It is certainly astonishing how very few national feasts we have, on the whole—the more astonishing that in our great pleasure of business, and rapid deed and thought, we need rest and relaxation more than most. Christmas is not universally kept among us, nor is New Year's; we make nothing of the 8th of January or of the 23d of February, a little bell-ringing or a few guns compassing the most of our observance of those days; we forget the April day of the battle of Lexington till after it has passed; and we content ourselves with a sorry and solemn parade that can not be called a feast, if it can not be called a fast; on Decoration Day, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill has sometimes a good send-off in New England and sometimes not—seldom anywhere else; and in truth we lie back and reserve all our strength for the Fourth of July, and now we celebrate that and now we don't. And when we do celebrate, we have not much idea of doing so other than with cannons and with flags, fire-crackers and torpedoes, by day, and the blue-lights and their kind by night—music, flowers, and the gentler arts seeming to us of insufficient import to turn to exterior use.

It is rather a pity that we rest so contentedly, as a people, with so few opportunities of general merry-making and acquaintanceship. It would not be amiss, at all events, if in the sweet spring and early summer season we made the most of the chance that comes to us in pleasant weather and turned it to account in general social ways. If the 19th of April, that initial day of our independence of Kings and Crowns, can not be made of much practical outdoor use on account of the inclemency of that part of the year, yet the 17th of June, when we first discovered that farmers with their rusty weapons could hold the trained regulars of the King in check, can not claim any such immunity, for winds are soft and skies are blue and roses are in blossom then, and all things invite to joy and its expression. Yet however it be with those days, the heart that does not beat more quickly on the Fourth of July, and does not wish to celebrate it even when it is impossible to do so, if by no more than doing reverence to the flag, ought to beat in some more ignoble bosom than an American's.—Harper's Bazar.

Presence of Mind.

Pugsby (concluding story)—Thus was I saved by mere presence of mind.

Bolgertop (gloomily)—Great thing—presence of mind. I might have been a rich man to-day if my presence of mind had not failed me one time.

Pugsby—Indeed! When was that?

Bolgertop—You remember my Uncle George—rich old duffer? Well, sir, I was with him one day when he was t'en with a fit. I was so frightened that I lost my presence of mind and called 'em a doctor, and Uncle George is living yet.—Philadelphia Call.

The "oyster bug" is declared by Mr. Cudington, of Fair Haven, Conn., to be a good sign, rather than one of destruction. He says: "The story about the brown, coral-like insects on oysters is all nonsense. The excrescence found on seed oysters a year old is a natural growth, and is always an indication that the young oysters are healthy and vigorous."

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

Albert Gerdes committed suicide in a cemetery at San Francisco.

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