

## EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

### SILENT SOUNDS.

You do not hear it? Unto me  
The sweet low sound comes ceaselessly;  
Ah, floating, floods the earth and sky  
With tender tone.  
You do not hear the restless beat,  
Upon the floor, of childish feet—  
Of feet that tread the flowery street  
Of Heaven alone.

At morn, at noon, at eve, at night,  
I hear the patter, soft and light,  
And catch the gust of wings, snow-white,  
About my door.  
And on the silent air is borne  
The voice that from my world was torn—  
That left me, comfortless, to mourn,  
For evermore.

Sometimes floats up from out the street  
The boyish laughter, bird-like, sweet—  
I turn, forgetting, to greet,  
My darling fair;  
Soft as the ripple of the stream,  
Breeze-kissed beneath the moon's pale beam,  
How strangely real doth it seem!  
And he not there.

Ah, no; you can not hear his call.  
You catch no laugh, nor light footfall;  
I am his mother—that is all;  
And he who said:  
"I will not leave thee desolate."  
Has, somehow, loosed the bonds of fate  
And left ajar the golden gate  
Which hides my dead.  
—Nellie Watts McVey, in Frank Leslie's.

## THE SWEDISH DIET.

Opening It With Impressive Royal Ceremonies.

The Diet answers to the American Congress, being composed of two Chambers. The second Chamber has two hundred and fifty members, elected every two years, while the first Chamber has one hundred and fifty, elected every four years. In appearance they resemble very much any deliberative body selected from the mass of the people. Many of them have the air of well-to-do business men or farmers, while here and there you can pick out a professional man from the greater ease in his bearing and his readiness in debate. Altogether, however, they are a solid, substantial and worthy-looking body of men. The opening of the Diet, or Riksdag, as it is called in Swedish, is always an important event, and is attended with great ceremony. It is the one occasion of the year in which the King assumes the crown and scepter, and, clad in his kingly robes, ascends the silver throne and personally delivers the opening address. One also sees, provided he be fortunate enough to be invited to be present, all that is ceremonial and impressive in a royal court. In addition to the King and his family, the opening ceremonies are attended by the state Ministers, all the principal officers of the army and navy, the chamberlains, attendants, gentlemen-in-waiting and the diplomatic corps. Each individual man in uniform, gay in brilliant colors and trappings, and many of them having their breasts covered with decorations earned for meritorious services in their country's interest. The ceremony always takes place in the grand hall of the palace, a room built expressly for the purpose, which, upon the occasion of yesterday, was filled with as brilliant a gathering of ladies and gentlemen as a most formal and ceremonious court could bring together. There was nothing simple about it, but, upon the contrary, it was as imposing and impressive as human display could make it, presenting a spectacle of true novel and interesting.

At eleven o'clock in the morning the two Chambers attended church in a body, and upon the conclusion of divine service repaired to the hall, where they awaited the coming of the King. My invitation required me to be present at twelve o'clock, and knowing that an invitation from a King means a command, I was prompt in my attendance, although it was a full half hour before the trumpets sounded the approach of his Majesty, and we repaired to the gallery in the hall reserved for our accommodation. The evidences of the coming event were to be seen by the great crowds of people on the streets leading to the palace, and in and about the court. I have often been impressed with the orderly conduct of a Swedish crowd. They are a quiet, well-behaved and orderly people, making no sign of approval or disapproval, but quietly satisfying their inordinate curiosity by silently standing and looking at what may be seen. If there is any enthusiasm it is all pent up and never permitted to uncoil itself after the fashion of Americans.

The stairway leading from the court to the room in which I was received is a broad, winding one, and on this occasion contained two rows of uniformed guards, with crested helmets, at a present arms. Through this line of soldiery the visitors passed to a spacious reception room adjoining the great hall. In this room were stationed the gentlemen-in-waiting, in brilliant colored uniforms, who waited the approach of the royal procession, and preceded it to the hall. Every order is by rank and precedent, and as every one knows his or her place there is no confusion or scrambling for vantage places. The hall is about sixty by two hundred feet, with a small gallery on either side. It displays a very commendable economy in its interior. It is severely plain and unpretentious. Aside from two heroic statues in marble—one of Gustavus Adolphus and one of Gustavus III.—there are no works of art to relieve the barrenness of its white walls, without it is the frieze, which is in plaster bas relief. The throne stands at one end on a dais raised four steps from the level of the floor, and above is suspended a canopy of faded green velvet, plentifully adorned with crowns in gold. The floor and steps of the dais were covered with black tapestry, also besprinkled with crowns in yellow. An open space some forty feet square, immediately in front of the throne, was enclosed by a small railing, and this space was covered with a rich

Turkish rug. The members sat in the auditorium on raised seats, the first Chamber to the right and the second to the left of the large aisle running from the open space to the rear of the room. In the gallery opposite to the one it was my privilege to occupy at the Crown Princess and the ladies of the court. She is a most gracious and amiable woman, greatly admired by all classes for the extreme sweetness and benignity of her disposition. As each member of the court passed into the hall and took his appointed place, he paused for a moment, looked up at the Princess, and saluted her after the military fashion, which was recognized by a gentle inclination of the head. After all of the Ministers, officers, etc., had filed in a detachment of guards, known as Charles XII. satellites, marched in and were placed in the aisle spoken of above. They wore dark-blue frock uniforms, surfaced with yellow, with ye-low-trimmed hats and gauntlet gloves of the same saffron hue. Following these came the pages, bare-headed, dressed in green silk uniforms, with white stockings, clasped by a blue ribbon at the knee. Two heralds came next, bearing maces, followed by the attendants on Prince Eugenie, the youngest son, who headed the royal procession. The Prince wore around his shoulders a long robe of blue velvet, ornamented with crowns, and a crown upon his head. His three elder brothers came next in order, wearing similar mantles, the tails of which were borne by the chamberlains, the Crown Prince being distinguished by having two, while but one performed this office for the other princes. They took their seats on either side of the throne, and as soon as they were seated the grand master of ceremonies, with his mace, came in, followed by the King and his attendants. His Majesty wore a scarlet velvet robe trimmed with ermine, with a large ermine collar about his shoulders; upon his head was a crown set in brilliant rubies and sapphires, while in his right hand he carried a scepter, and in his left a roll of manuscript. Three chamberlains bore up his robe while others accompanied him on either side. As soon as he had taken his seat upon the throne the mace-bearer struck the floor once, turned to the King, made a low bow, when his Majesty without further formality unfolded his manuscript and commenced to read his address. The King has a magnificent voice, and brought some little dramatic effect into his reading, which, from the opening sentence of "Good Gentlemen and Swedish men," to its close was listened to with marked attention. The reading did not occupy more than fifteen minutes, after which the respective presidents of the two Chambers made brief responses, the grand master of ceremonies again saluted the King, turned to the members of the Diet, struck the floor with his mace, and the ceremony was at an end. The order of departure was the same as observed in entering the hall—each person again saluting the King and Crown Princess.

The personal appearance of the King adds very much to the dignity of this very formal ceremony. In stature he is six feet two inches, well proportioned, and bears himself with an ease and grace, which, while in some degree natural, has been supplemented by his long military training. It was very noticeable that in all this brilliant gathering of men who have passed their lives in the atmosphere of the court, he was by far the most gracious and kindly in his presence of them all. I can make no comparisons, but I involuntarily recalled the magnificent manner of Edwin Forrest as the only thing approaching the real scene being enacted under my eyes. All in all it was a spectacle never to be forgotten. It was the pomp and circumstance of royalty giving expression to its imposing character on the one hand, and an exhibition of loyal adherence to the affairs of the country on the other. A generous, courteous and intelligent people, they are fortunate in having a King thoroughly in sympathy with their national aspirations.—Indianapolis Journal.

### HE HIT THE CASE.

A Kind Gentleman Whose Writing Proved Him to Be a Married Man.

A stranger was yesterday writing a letter at the desk in the corridor of the post-office when a woman with a postal card in one hand and the other tied up in a handkerchief came walking up and eyed him in a wistful manner.

"Ah! you want to write a card, madam," he observed.

"I don't believe I can, sir. I have a letter from my husband, who is in Cincinnati, and I want to let him know I got it."

"I see. Give me the card his name is—"

"Peter Jones, sir."

"Exactly, Peter Jones, Esq., Cincinnati, O. Now then."

He turned the card over and rapidly wrote:

"Mr. Jones—Your letter, the first for three weeks, is at hand, and the two dollar bill has been noted. I am half sick, out of wood and provisions, and tired of lying to the landlady. Either come home and attend to business or change your name to No Good and never dare to address me again. I am, sir, your patient, but determined wife."

He read it to her in a well-modulated voice, and she held up her well hand and exclaimed:

"Oh! thank! That's beautiful. Why, I couldn't have done so well in a week! You must surely be a married man yourself!"

She trotted away to mail it, and went out of the office with a smile all over her face.—Detroit Free Press.

—Once a shepherd, caught out upon the hills by night, built a fire under the lee of a pile of stones that he had tossed together. The heat split some of the stones, and in the morning the man saw within one of the cracks a piece of shining silver ore. That happened in Peru, and thus was discovered the mines of the Cerro de Paseo, which have yielded four hundred million dollars.—Boston Budget.

—It is said that of the sixty thousand Hebrews in New York City not one is the keeper of a grog-shop.

## HE RESIGNED.

Why a Newly-Appointed Railway Mail Clerk Returned His Commission.

A story they tell about Andrew Jeck, the veteran railway mail clerk, comes in well at this time, when they are making so many changes in the postal service. Jeck is the oldest railway clerk in Maine, and there are few, if any, on the postal cars anywhere as old as he; yet he is active, efficient and sharp. Years ago another fellow succeeded in getting himself appointed to fill Jeck's place. Of course Jeck consented to make one or two trips with him to show him the ropes. It happened that on the first trip they made together there was an accident and the car was thrown from the track. Jeck caught firmly hold of the table when he felt the first jar and came out of the accident unscathed and not the least disconcerted. The novice was flung in a heap into one corner and badly bruised.

"Does this sort of thing happen very often?" he asked Jeck.

"Oh, yes," said Jeck. "And I forgot to tell you that we all have a place to cling to when it comes. You must have a holding place purposely fixed to get a stiff grip on with your hands."

The top of the car was much battered by time and the new man asked, before they had gone much further on the route, "Mr. Jeck, what has made all these scars in the top of this car?"

"That's nothing," said Jeck. "It's only where my heels have struck when I've been tossed into the air by accidents such as we have had this morning."

When they finished their run the new appointee said he guessed he had enough of it, and would go back to selling groceries for a living, and Jeck staid in the railway mail service then and ever after.—Louisville (Me.) Journal.

## HE SKIPPED.

A Washing-Machine Agent Who Was Not Proof Against Dynamite.

"About four weeks ago," said a farmer on the market the other day, "I concluded to get rid of several old stumps near the barn, and I came in and purchased some giant cartridges. Next day forenoon I went at the job, and had just got a cartridge tamped down in the first stump when I saw a man drive up to the house. That was nothing to bother over, however, and I lighted the fuse and ran around the barn to wait for the explosion. I had only got in place when I heard a voice calling:

"Ah! there, Sharp! I want to sell you the best washing-machine ever made."

"It was the chap who had driven up, and my wife had sent him out to hunt me up. He was within ten feet of the stump when he called. I had a two-minute fuse on the cartridge when I heard his voice, and I called back:

"For Heaven's sake get out o' that!"

"Oh, I'll get out, after I have sold you a machine. Sharp, where are you?"

"Well, sir, you can have my ears if that infernal idiot didn't walk up and rest his elbow on the stump, and he was there when she exploded. He took a rise of six or eight feet, came down spread-eagle fashion, and then scrambled up and made for his wagon with silver sticking out all over him. When he was by the house my wife asked him if the machine saved ten per cent. in soap, but he never answered or came to a halt. He just sailed over the forehead to his seat on the wagon, giving the horses a cut with the whip, and was a mile away when I went out to the road to inquire if his machine was full-jeweled."—Detroit Free Press.

## HIS EXPERIENCE.

Where Lovers of Dog Flesh Can Purchase a Canine Champ.

The Lewiston Journal gives a Boston drummer's experience with a high-priced dog, which he had purchased on one of his trips to Maine. The animal had become sufficiently familiar with his delighted owner to follow him, so the young man started to drive to Readfield. His dog ran along beside his team, jumping fences and scouring among the bushes. The drummer had not gone far when the dog played the mischief with a farmer's sheep, and the drummer cheerfully settled for the mutt, greatly admiring the prowess of his dog. A few miles further on, the animal made a raid on a flock of hens, and killed several of them. The drummer pulled his wallet again, and paid the cost of damage.

Well, he had hardly got under way once more, when that dog saw another flock of sheep. The drummer had bought all the spring lamb he could use, so he got out of the buggy and started for his dog with the whip. The horse became frightened and sprang. Raymond caught the tail-board of the wagon and stopped the horse.

He had no further adventures, but when he reached Readfield, he saw for the first time that only a small piece of chain dangled from his vest. When he jumped into the back of the wagon, the chain had caught, pulled out his gold watch, and broken in two. The watch, which had cost him one hundred and twenty-five dollars, dropped in the road. He sent that dog home in a freight-car.

## Pretty Good Material.

As Hostetter McGinnis was passing Schaumburg's Boss Clothing Emporium, that worthy merchant prince halted him and said:

"Don't yer vant ter buy a coat?"

"No, I guess not. The material of coats isn't as good as it used to be. Just look at this coat. I've had it five years, and had it turned once and it is as good as new."

"Eggshell me, but dot coat has never been turned. Dot outside breast pocket is on dot left side."

This was getting Hostetter in a corner, but he managed to get out very gracefully.

"Yes, I know, the outside breast pocket is still on the left side, but that just goes to prove what I said about the material being so good. The coat has been turned twice."—Texas Siftings.

## WOMEN AND BIRDS.

A Cruel Fashion Which is Unworthy of American Women.

Women were once taunted with their devotion to their canaries. A more serious accusation can now be brought against them. The alarming decrease of American song and shore birds has been deplored by lovers of nature for many years. It has been due in part to unavoidable causes, such as the drainage of marshes, the conversion of woodlands into farms, the destruction of forests and rapid settlement of the country; but a much larger share of the extermination of bird-life is directly attributable to feminine folly. An interesting and valuable supplement of Science discloses the magnitude of the evil and suggests legislative remedies. It is plain, however, that the friends of the birds can not hope to accomplish their purpose by means of legislation unless they can appeal successfully to public sentiment for adequate support and encouragement. Singularly enough, they must begin by declaring war upon modern fashions and enlisting the sympathies of sensible American women. Wanton and improvident as is the destruction of birds for sport, food and scientific and amateur collections, the slaughter is mainly conducted for the millinery trade.

Some of the details of this wholesale sacrifice of bird-life on the altar of fashion are of startling significance. At Cape Cod 40,000 terns have been killed in the season by a single agent of the hat trade. At Cobb's Island, on the Virginia coast, an enterprising business woman of New York has recently succeeded in filling a contract with a Paris millinery firm for 40,000 bird-skins of gulls, sea-swallows and terns, at 40 cents apiece. The demand for egret and heron plumes has extended the line of slaughter from Florida all along the Gulf coast. In Texas sportsmen receive orders from New York for the plumes of white egrets in lots of 10,000. The prairies and mountain vales of the far West are scoured for birds of small sizes and every variety of plumage, and from the Pacific coast hundreds of thousands of bird-skins are shipped annually. Nearer home the coast line of Long Island, once one of the favorite haunts of sea-birds, has been the scene of indiscriminate butchery. Terns and sea-swallows have well-nigh disappeared from the marshes between Coney Island and Fire Island, which ten years ago were their breeding-ground. At Seaford, Moriches, Greenport and many other towns the slaughter of birds for the millinery trade is a lucrative means of livelihood; and the New Jersey coast is ravaged in the most merciless manner. The land-birds suffer in the same way. Robins, gold-winged woodpeckers, humming-birds, thrushes, orioles, cedar wax-wings, blue-birds and meadow larks are shot by the thousand and the skins and plumage sent to the shops to be used in frivolous ornithological displays in female head-dress.—N. Y. Tribune.

## THE HUMAN VOICE.

Its Infallible Indication of the State of a Speaker's Mind.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice save perhaps the eyes, but they can be lowered, and so far the expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be falling and tremulous. Certain voices grate on the nerves and set our teeth on edge, and others are just as calming as they are irritating, quieting, or like a composing draught. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician—the "bedside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in address, but overwhelming and chilling at home, partially because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonations and accurate accent, would be as much out of place beside a sick bed as a brocade silk for a kitchen girl. The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know or allow. One of the first symptoms of falling brain power is indistinct and confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial, and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate and stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the most active work, and when a keen-witted man draws and lets his words drop instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that ought to be natural to him, there is a flaw somewhere.—Chicago Sun.

## Would Save Trouble.

A prominent citizen was seen digging a large hole in his front yard.

"What are you doing?" some one asked.

"Making a pond."

"What a pond in your front yard? What do you mean?"

"I am doing it as an accommodation. It was so much trouble for the boy who carries papers to throw them in a little puddle during wet weather that I concluded to make a pond for him. He is a gentlemanly fellow, and I want to assist him all I can. This pond will save him much trouble."—Arizona Traveler.

## Where She Missed It.

Anxious Mother—Well, darling, did you have a pleasant time?

Charming Daughter—Oh! so nice. George was all attention, and we had oysters twice and terrapin and canvas-back duck. He is so liberal.

Anxious Mother (hoarsely)—Wretched girl, you have ruined your chance for life. Rather would I have heard a tale of a wail home to save car fare.—Philadelphia Call.

## A GREAT CATHEDRAL.

Cost of the Recently Completed National Temple at Moscow.

The great Moscow Cathedral, lately completed, has cost more than \$11,000,000 and will accommodate 10,000 worshippers. It is one of the most remarkable churches in Europe. "Not many cathedrals can boast of having been built in one lifetime, but there are Russians still living who saw the French army depart from Moscow, to commemorate which event the Church of St. Saviour has been erected. In less than three months after the retreat of the foe a decree went from Alexander I. that a memorial temple should be built, and five years later the foundations were laid. But not on the present site. The Emperor accepted plans which, had they been carried out, would have given Russia the highest building in the world—namely, 770 feet, on the Sparrow Hills, between the routes of the entrance and departure of Napoleon, but the undertaking for a while collapsed, and the architect and building committee, after expending or misappropriating in ten years upwards of 4,000,000 rubles, were banished and their estates confiscated. The Emperor Nicholas adopted new plans, and chose the present site, which has cost, with embankment, terrace, etc., upwards of \$900,000, and where, at the outset, a nunnery had to be removed and 70,000 feet of earth displaced, before, on the 27th of July, 1838, the laying of the foundations was commenced. The building continued slowly to rise for twenty years, and in 1858 the scaffolding was removed, this latter item alone having cost 277,000 rubles, or upwards of \$200,000 (reckoning the ruble, that is, at seventy-five cents, as throughout this letter.) A quarter of a century more has been expended on fittings and decorations. The style is ancient Russian or rather Græco-Byzantine, the most striking features of which, to a Western eye, are the five copper cupolas, for the gilding of which required 900 pounds of gold, their total cost being upward of \$850,000. The domes are surrounded by crosses, the center one, nearly thirty feet high, standing 340 feet from the ground. The building covers an area of 73,000 square feet. The bells, as usual in Russia, are of ponderous weight. The largest or "holy day" bell, weighs twenty-six tons, or half as much again as "Great Paul." Even the second or "Sunday" bell, is within a ton's weight of our bantling; while the smallest of the "every day" bells descend to about thirty pounds. The cost of the peal was upward of \$65,000."—London Times.

## GLYCERINE.

The Wonderful Increase in Its Use as a Medicinal Agent.

The consumption of glycerine for medicinal purposes, arts and manufactures has greatly increased in the past few years. It is the by-product of the manufacture of candles. Tallow or other animal or vegetable fats are saponified, with the addition of water, under heat and high steam pressure, in closed tanks. The neutral fats separate into fatty acids and glycerine, which latter remains dissolved in the water. The solution of glycerine thus formed is concentrated and sold to refiners. Some of the latter, in order to cheapen the process of refining, bleach their half refined product by means of vegetable or animal charcoal. This absorbs the color and also some of the acids still in the glycerine, rendering it for a short time inodorous and almost colorless; but the seeds of decomposition are not removed, and in time the acids still contained in the glycerine oxidize and the glycerine becomes "off-color." It should properly be distilled until the last trace of impurities is removed, when the glycerine becomes chemically pure, inodorous and colorless.

When the concentrated glycerine is applied undiluted to a chapped or ulcerated surface it produces a burning sensation, which to some persons is almost unbearable. The reason is glycerine has a strong affinity for moisture; it takes it from the skin, and thus gives rise to the burning sensation. If a small quantity of water is added to the glycerine before it is applied this unpleasant effect will be observed but little, if at all.—Toledo Blade.

## FORGOT THE CURVE.

A Railway Official's "Ingenious" Device and Its Utility.

During a recent struggle of the Union Pacific with the snow blockade, a newly-appointed official in the mechanical department of the road found occasion to make of himself a first-class butt for ridicule. The story as told by one of his subordinates is this, in brief: Hitherto it had been the custom to send out heavy trains which had to break the snow, with four or five engines coupled together in the ordinary fashion. The unequal motion of the locomotives when "bucking" a heavy drift served to lessen the power of the attack, because the force could not be brought into a single impetus, this circumstance being due to the fact that the engines were loosely coupled together. The officials in question, after studying the problem, decided that it would be a fine scheme to have the engines coupled together by means of long timbers placed on either side, and riveted strongly to each locomotive. In this way all the engines would move at once against the drift and scatter it to the four winds of heaven. The thing was tried. Every thing went swimmingly until a sharp curve was met. The engines being coupled together in a manner which left no play of action, it was impossible to round the curve. Before the danger was noticed, however, it was too late, and every one of the five engines was ditched.—Dantha Herald.

—Cures of scabies are reported as having taken place in Paris after a simple application of Dr. DeWitt's method of freezing the skin above the painful parts with a spray of ethyl-ether of methyl. The operation is said to be applicable also a facial neuralgia.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—Why is a little boy learning the alphabet like a postage stamp? Because he gets stuck on the letters.

—A man who gives his children a habit of industry provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Be Careful!—When people tell you slight things of Dick and Tom and Harry, Be careful how you answer back—for those who fetch will carry.

—Property-holder—Hey, wake up there! I think there's a bugler in your house. Weary officer—Well, you've got gall to wake a man out of a sound sleep to tell him what you think.—Judge.

—"Papa," said an inquisitive youth, "what is the difference between a broker and a banker?" Papa is puzzled, and brings experience to his aid. He finally tells the difference: "A broker is one who breaks you up to pieces by degrees, while a banker takes you in at a gulp."—Boston Record.

—The Fizzletop children were playing with their toys: "Johnny, you are spoiling the whole game. You are the biggest donkey I ever saw," said little Mamie. Colonel Fizzletop, reprovingly: "Why, Mamie, I am surprised." Mamie, indignantly: "Why, pa, I didn't mean you. You ain't the biggest donkey I ever saw."—Texas Siftings.

—De Jones—I wonder why Miss Bessie married Snifkins instead of Boozey? They were certainly engaged. Podgrass—Yes, I know, but Boozey wanted to break the engagement off long ago and was afraid to, so he sent Snifkins to break it to her. De Jones—Ah, I see! Failing to get the one she wanted, she thought she would proxy mate! (She haven't spoken since.)—Tambler.

## TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

For All Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Spleen.

This purely vegetable preparation, now celebrated as a Family Medicine, originated in the South in 1828. It acts gently on the Bowels and Kidneys, and corrects the action of the Liver, and is, therefore, the best preparatory medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a speedy cure.

The Regulator is safe to administer in any condition of the system, and under no circumstances can it do harm. It will improve the action of the liver, and is, therefore, a good agent to lead to temperance; will promote digestion, dissipate headache, and generally tone up the system. The dose is small, not unpleasant, and its virtues unclouded.

No loss of time, no interruption or stoppage of business while taking the Regulator.

Children complaining of Colic, Headache, or Sick Stomach, a teaspoonful or more will give relief.

If taken occasionally by patients exposed to MALARIA, will expel the poison and protect them from a return.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a single compound that would, like Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver, and, at the same time, aid in the removal of the impurities of the digestive and assimilative power of the system. L. M. HINTON, M.D., Washington, D.C.

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JOHN GORDON—REWARD. Any per on giving information of the whereabouts of John Gordon, who left Beaverton, Canada, about the 15th of 1861, will be liberally rewarded. Gordon was a tall man, dark hair from at Onany or San Miguel, N. Mex. Important information from home. Address: J. H. MAGUIRE, San Bernardino, Cal.

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