# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

# L. L. CAMPBELL, . . Proprietor.

# EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

I know time's halo's 'round the past I know time's halo's 'round the past And boyhood's dream are fair. Though retrospective vision **cast** Dissolves them into air— Yet a memory comes to me betimes— Red lips and teeth like pearl— The ringing laugh like sliver chimes Of the good old-fashioned girl.

Time has its transmutations. Throwing off old ways for new, And the law of compensations Bribes us not to make ado-But there's one thing I miss sadly, 'Mid life's bustle and its whiri, And I'd give a few years gladly To see a good old-fashioned girL

Without airs or affectation, A modest voice and low, Not sorning occupation, Cheeks all with health aglow Such were our girls in other days; Don't take me for a churl. Don't chide me that I like the ways Of the good old fashioned gira

There was true love in the olden time, Not love of vain display, And poverty was not the erime It seems to be to-day— And a loving girl was well content— Nor strove for knicht or earl— But wedded at her heart's sweet bent, Did the good old fashioned stri. —Philadelphia Ness.

# THE MISSING DEED.

### The Manner of Finding It and Winning a Bride.

I am a Grant. I know there are other Grants. A clumsy Englishman once told me that Grant was a very common name. There are the Grants of Grant and the Grants of Dalvey; there are Grants in Edinburgh and Grants in London. Alas! the Grants are a disinherited race, for their grandfathers, it seems, always squandered the fortunes which they ought to have left to their sons. At least, I know that it was the case of my own grandfather. Had he not played ducks and drakes with my inheritance, I should have been-but there, I am content to be what I am, Grant of Tullybardane, and never a dearer or lovelier home had Scottish man to dwell in. My wife often laughs at me for being so fond of the place. surely I may well remember and be thankful for that event, for without it yonder lady with the silver hair would scarely now have been sitting near me, and laughing at the follies of an old man as she does.

Five-and-thirty years ago I was living here in the Grange at Tullybardane. The place had come to my father by bequest not many years before, and he ad scarcely learned to play the laird before he died and left it to me. I was only a boy then, and my mother and I were quite content with our lives in the new home. So there I lived and grew up to manhood, and there, in the course of years, I fell in love. Accordingly, one winter morning I rode across to Glen Levannoch, and asked Mr. Fraser to give me his daughter to be my wife. Of course, I had found out beforehand that Miss Fraser was not unwilling to be given. the results in brief were these. I had figure advanced. It was the figure of a left home tolerably confident, as one is wont to be at four and-twenty, and 1 returned about as dejected and indignant as any reasonable man ever was. Mr. Fraser was an old friend. He had been one of my guardians. He was my father's executor. I expected my declaration to be heartily welcomed. Tullybardane is a better property than Glen Levannoch. What was there to stand in our way? But when I came back I felt like a man who has been stunned by a treacherous blow. All of a sudden, for the first time in my life, I learned that my title to Tullybardane was not beyond dispute. I heard that a certain document had long been missing from the title-deeds, and that till that document were found, I could never be entirely secure in my own home. But what was far worse, under the circum-stances, Mr. Fraser informed me he could not encourage my suit for his daughter's hand. What followed I don't quite remember. I have a haunting fear that I lost my temper, and that on one side or the other a good deal of strong language was used: I know I swore I would never give Nell up, not even if I were turned out of Tullybardane neck and crop next day. Of course, it was very foolish, but then the circumstances were exceptional. When I got home I sent for the attorney, and for the next four days I did noth ng, I think, except consult lawyers and look over papers and rummage every hole and corner of the Grange for the missing deed. But what Mr. Fraser had told me proved to be only too true. In the week that followed I remember three things distinctly, not that they were in themselves important, but that they bore upon that strange event which made a turning point in my life. The first is that I rode over to Glen Levannoch and was told that Mr. and Miss Fraser had left home, to stay with friends in Edinburgh. The second is that my man George, who acted as footman and walet to me, got drunk one night and left the house door wide open-for which I have not ceased to thank Providence ever since. Now, as a rule, I am lonient to these failings. Whisky, I regret to say, has an attraction for men in these northern climates. But, whether it was that I was out of sorts, But, or whether it was that my mother was alarmed, I don't know, but I resolved to make an example, and I turned the man out of the house the next day. The third incident was more important, and shall be told at length. I am a good sleeper. I don't dream nuch. I don't believe in dream warnmuch. ings and such things. I have no faith in ghosts-though I know for a fact that my cousins, the Mac Mocks have a e in their family-as a fact, I say. bunsh But about that time I used to try and dream of a certain lady, and so one night I fell asleep and I did dream. And this is what I dreamed. I thought I was in Edinburgh, stand-ing in Princes street (and let me find

any street in England or anywhere else which can compare with that) and wait-ing by the Waverly Monument. Opposite me was a hotel, which i suppose I was watching, for out of it p esently came, as clear and vivid as in 1 fe, Nelly Fraser, with a veil over her head. She came slowly toward me and lifted her veil, revealing a face so white and m'serable that I scarcely knew it, and then, as I stepped forward, she raised one hand, and, pointing up across the gorge toward the High street hill, van sh d into a moving mist. Then the shadows began to shift and shuffle themselves, and presently out came another vision from my dream. I was there still, standing, but all the surroundings had changed. I seemed to be in a sort of shop or office. A counter was before me, and all around me were thin phantom figures, with no features that I could see. Only one among these misty shapes had a visible human face. And that one advanced toward me with a smile which I shall never forget. It was the face of a young man, slightly drooped, as if its owner were shy or deferential, with blue, bright eyes and gentle, handsome features, and fair hair, and lips that seemed to be made for laughter, and a smile that shone like a gleam of sunshine there. And in a moment the face and forms had vanished. The darkness seemed to grow darker. I heard soft steps walking in the air. I felt as if a cold wind were blowing in

my face. Suddenly I saw the chill sea shining far off under the white stars. A voice that was harsh broke out in hoarse laughter beside me, and then-I awoke. Two days after I set out for Edinburgh, with three objects. I wanted to consult an eminent advocate. I wanted to get a new servant. And I wanted, at least, to find out where the Frasers were.

I saw the great advocate, and he confirmed my fears. "Unless the missing deed is found, my dear sir," he sa d in his blandest accents, "your title is so defective as to be entirely worthless, should a rival claimant arise.

I did not see the Frasers, but I got their address, and I wrote one letter to the father and four to the daughter. engaged a new man servant in this way:

Our need for a man servant being pressing, I went, for the first and last time in my life, to a registry office. The shop lay in the south of the town, up beyond the High street, and when I entered it there were several subduedlooking beings, unfortunate applicants, I suppose, standing round. Behind the counter were a man and woman, and But then the strangest event of my life to the former, having a prejudice in is bound up with its possession. And favor of doing business with my own and read me out numerous applications which were perfectly useless. At last, however, he came to one which I thought would do. I told him so, and he thereupon invited me to wait a little longer, as the "young man" in question was likely to call shortly. At first I refused, but on consideration I decided to go out and have my hair cut, and then to return and see if the young man were there.

> When I came back some twenty minutes later, the small office was full of people. As I entered, something in the look of the place and the attitude of the figures struck me as familiar. But I dismissed the idea at once. The shopman came to meet me.

"Ine young man is here, sir," he said, and he turned with a wave of his Well, we had a long interview, and hand to a figure behind him. The good looking boy rather than of a man, slight and fair, and with the head a little drooping. As the boy raised his face to look at me, I started back. Feature for feature, as clear as it could be, it was the face I had seen in my dream! I don't know what followed; I don't know whether my conduct appeared very strange I don't what the boy said to me, or what I said to him. I have only a vague idea that I generally assented to everything. And I know that when I went home to Tullybardane, Sydney Loch went with me as my man. Tullybardane is a desolate place. It lies in a narrow gorge which runs down straight to the shore. The hills slope up on e ther hand, and end in tumbled rocks and caverns where the sea foam breaks and the sea waves sing. The old grange is a rambling house. From its windows you can look over the beach. and only the falling gardens separate you from it. On the right hand is the brary, which faces down a long avenue of firs to the sea, and beyond the library stretches the deserted part of the house, which for five-and-thirty years I have been meaning to repair. The library was rather a gloomy room, communicating only by a long passage with the other inhabited parts of the house. Indeed, the whole house was rather

"He must be as blind as a bat," I an- | the cold air. It was quite dark outside, swered, "or else have been playing practical joke on us. I never saw any thing so absurd in my life."

But in the next few days I was de tined to see stranger things. I aske Sydney if he were shortsighted, but h denied the charge with warmth. An yet the more I watched him, the mor obvious was it that he was alway meet ing invisible people. Once, as I chan w to see him coming down stairs, I d s tinctly saw him draw back, pressing himself against the wall, as if to allow an invisible person to pass. Another time I saw him walk to the front door open it, and hold it, as if for an in visible visitor to pass out. After that could stand it no longer. I am the worst possible hand at fault-find ng with servants, but I was determined to have an explanation of this. So that

afternoon I spoke to Sydney. "Sydney," I said, bluntly, "are you given to seeing ghosts?" "I, sir!" he answered, with a smile o

astonishment. "No, sir, I never saw a ghost in my life."

"Then, what do you mean," I broke out, "by behaving in the way you have been doing?"

The boy stared. Evidently he though me off my head. I determined to speak more gently. "Then," I said, "who was that person

you showed out of the house this morning?" I knew I had him there, for .! was sure nobody had called.

"Oh, you mean the old gentleman in gray, sir. He left no name. I thought sir, he seemed to be at home in the house; I had seen him here so often, sir."

Now it was my turn to stare. I was dumbfounded. I literally stammered for want of words. Then I showed what I have always thought was re-markable present of mind. I turned around and walked into the diningroom, telling the boy to follow. There poured out a glass of whisky and gave

"Drink that," I said, "and you had better sit down."

Obviously he thought me as eccentric as I thought him. But he merely said: "Thank you, sir," and drank the whisky.

"Do you feel quite well?" I asked, frigidly.

"Quite well, thank you, sir." "Are you subject to delusions or hallucinations?"

"No, sir; never, sir," he answered promptly, with a lurking smile, which he vainly tried to conceal.

That smile annoyed me. I broke out again-

'Then, what on earth do you mean," I cried, "by telling me this nonsense about a gentleman in gray?"

Sydney rose. There was some dignity in his manner. He spoke respectfully, but in an injured tone:

"I beg your pardon, sir-but I only told you about the gentleman who called, and I thought, sir, you might have seen him, for he passed by you, and I fancied he nodded to you as he passed.

Really, things had come to a pretty pass! Here was my own servant accusing me of seeing invisible phantoms which only existed in his own disordered brain!

But there-I will not repeat all the conversation that followed. I must say Sydney kept his temper wonderfully, for I lost mine. However, we had a long explanation, which ended in this The boy asserted post vely that wav. he had three or four times seen an

hough one or two blurred stars were flickering palely, and the moon, thought, was struggling behind a cloud. Round the house we went, faster and faster, into the gardens at the back, and down the slopes toward the sea. Sydney seemed to be dragging me along. Once I caught a glimpse of his face and I saw it was deadly white, although his eyes were straining wildly after the phantom he was following. Still he went on and on. We were nearing the beach now, and I could hear the surf beating against the rocks, and dimly see the white crests of the waves hanging in the foggy night. Now we were on the beach I felt the seaweed under my feet and stumbled. Still the boy dragged me along. Now we must be on the brink of the water, I thought, and shivered. Then I put out my other hand and clutched at Sydney's arm.

"In God's name, where are you going?" I said, in a terrified whisper. The boy did not answer. He stopped

dead. The darkness was thick about us. We were standing in a mist, and even the blurred stars had faded out. Suddenly I felt a wave break over my feet. And at that moment, hissing out and echoing across the darkness, there grated in my ears the sound of a harsh and hollow laugh-the very laugh I had heard in my dream.

The gloom was so dense that could only see the outline of Sydney's body. though I was grasping him with my two hands. There was a perfect si-lence. Still I stood there motionless, rooted to the rocks. Then I felt the boy start again, toward the house. Another wave washed up against my feet as I turned with him and began to ascend to the gardens again. The fog was growing thinner. Presently it parted, and a strong wind seemed to have risen suddenly out of the sea. Now I could dist'notly see Sydney's eyes fixed on the invisible thing before him. I could see, too, that we were mounting the pale avenue of trees, and from the distant windows of the library a dim light was casting shadows down upon our faces. But we did not make for those windows, My guide turned off to the left, and we entered the deserted part of the house. I felt utterly spellbound. I seemed to have lost all power of vo-lition. I believe I should blindly have followed that boy to my death.

We had plunged into a labyrinth of shadowy rooms, leaving the outer air. How we got into that part of the house I cannot tell. I had not been there for years. Sydney could never have been in it, and yet he led me on rapidly, and never faltered or hesitated once, 1 think the moon must have come out, for there was a faint light shining through the windows as we passed, and by that light he guided me. We crossed several empty rooms and passages, and at last came out into a long corridor. That, too, we traversed. At the further end a door opened before us. I stepped through it into my own library, and stood there in the lamplight, gazing stupidly into Sydney's face. He, too, had paused. But he never spoke a word, nor looked at me. His eyes were fixed on a tall bookcase in a corner of the room. Presently he began to move slowly toward it, and I, still holding him, followed. Then, as we approached it, to my utter amazement, the whole bookcase swung back upon its hinges, revealing a small c'oset, which I had never seen be ore, with some dusty rolls of paper lying on a shelf within it. With a state of the same seen be sure you get H&NRY's CARBOLIC SALVE, all others are but imitations and counterfails it. With a weird cry Sydney sprung

#### WALKED HALF A MILE.

Exactly how far a lady ought to walk overy day is not agreed on by competent authorities, but it is safe to say that most ladies ought to walk a good deal more than they do. Fut when a lady is so broken down in health that for a long time she has not walked at all, her first half-mile is has not walked at all, her first half-mile is a piece of pedestrianism very satisfying to herself and her friends. It was a severe case of lung trouble. For two years the lady had been housed In the determined hope of getting well she concluded to try Compound Oxygen. After three months' use of this vitalizing remedy she wrote, "I was able to attend church yesterday. Walked to church nearly half a mile and back scin. Every one was surprised to back again. Every one was surprised to see me as they had thought me the s me as 'dead and buried for the past two years." There are many others who have suffered this way who might as well be healed if they would. To set such invalids on foot is a great achievement. It costs nothing to learn all about it. Write to Drs. STAR KEY & PALEN for treati-e on Compound Oxygen, and state your symptoms. They will tell you, free of cost, what can be done for you.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Mathews, 615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

A ten-year-old girl who rescued two children from certain death at Lisbon, Portugal, has been awarded a silver medal by the King, put in a college to be edu-cated, and quite a respectable sum has been collected, whi h will constitute her marriage portion.

### A GENTLE STIMULUS

is imparted to the kidneys and bladder by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is most useful in overcoming torpidity of these organs. Besides infusing more activity into them, this excellent tonic endows them with additional vigor, and enables them the better to undergo the wear and tear of the dischauging function

the wear and tear of the discharging function imposed upon them by nature. Moreover, as they are the channel for the escape of certain impurities from the blood, increases their use-fulness by strengthening and healthfully stim-ulating them. In certain morbid conditions of these important organs, they fall into a sluggish state, which is the usual percursor of disease What then can be of greater service than a med-leine which impels them to greater activity when slothfull No maladies are more perilous than those which effect the kidneys, and a medicine which averts the peril should be highly estcemed. highly esteemed.

Pine creek, Baker county, Oregon, is dried up, and fish by the thousands can be seen dead in the bed of the stream.

#### AN OFFENSIVE BREATH

Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has par-ted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catar h Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

James C. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, committed suicide at Elmira, N. Y., by shooting himself through the head with a rifle.

#### RAPID BEATING OF THE HEART.

Whenever you feel an uneasiness in the region of the heart, a slight pain in the shoulder, arm, br under the shoulder-blade or when you find yourself short of breath when exercising, or your heart has periods of beating fast, you have heart disease, and should take DR. FLINT'S HEART REM. EDY. At druggists. \$1.50. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address J. J. Mack & Co., S. F.

### HENRYS CARBOLIC SALVE.

The best salve used in the world for Cuts, Bruises. Piles, Sores. Ulcers, Salt Rheum. Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chil-blains. Corns, and all kinds of Skin Frup-tions, Freckles and Pimples. The salve

Reanchial

PERILS OF INFANCT.

"Doctor, why is it that some die before the age of 5 years" "The subject is a complex on its analysis we have to consider the various conditions sur the latent tendency to the intent tendency to dis fashionable mother, the set father, hand down to their ch wrought nervous systems physical powers, which res death, or more often a life of feebleness. Very little of the sense which is exercised in and preserving of choices relation to the human anima

relation to the human animal, require too long a time to each the questions of heredity which the fate of the child. They are of vital importance both to the of vital importance both to the and to the race. That the race in int-licetonal capacity is an fact; but we are iosing just a more in physical power. We as robust forms, such perfect deres the muscular system a. etiated and every generation will win ago. We are breeding children a and every generation will wines and smaller infants, who will at time have more delicate nerror isms, and, as a result, more ner isms, and, the houses, the shear

eases. Add to this the energy comment, the houses, the sism ments, the nurses and attend govern its food and raiment, and easily imagine the result in task of the infant." "Gill Blas writes: 'My trut-menced just nine months bein born,' and the same assertion made of the children of too healthy, strong offspring, then healthy, strong parents. The se-child lies not so much in the size ditions of its life as in its image withstand them, and this is data measure to the physical come parents during gestation." "But, doctor, may not se-"But, doctor, may not some done to remedy this weaking

parents ?" "Much. If parents will under upon the integrity and strength nervous system depend the is life of their intants, a. d at the add to their own happiness, i will be less mortality and less a

their infants." "What will best strengthen in nervous system ?"

nervous system f" "Fresn air, exercise, less an fashionable or social distinction careful attention to the load which supplies the elements of force. If the system has not porm at first to eliminate these from h they may be taken as medica since we know upon what he system depends for strength, th nation of phosphorus, albumea, petc., known as DUJARDIN'S LINE will furnish the material in a form for absorption, and even in children there can be no bever One dollar and fifty cents per all druggists. Snell, Heitahu & wholesale agents, Portland, Or.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Cast

When she was a Child, she cried for Cas

When she became Miss, she clung to (ii) When ano had Children, she gavet

The British Government has seen Kermadic Islands, in the Sou Ocean.

power in either sex, however i p edily and permanently cured. 10 c-nts in stamps for book of a World's Dispensary Medica As Buffalo, N. Y. ok of an

The wheat crop of South Aven

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and in.

average seven bushels to the an

BROWNS

lonely. For myself. I never minded that, but I fancy it struck my new servant as a bit solitary and weird. Now, I must tell you about the do-ings of this young fellow. A day or after my return, both my mother and began to notice something strange about him. It was not that I did not like him, for I took a strong fancy to him at once, and here, five-and-thirty years after, he lives to this day less, I think, of a servant to us than a faithful and trusted friend. But certainly his behavior was odd, and the first thing we observed was this.

One afternoon I was sitting with my mother in the drawing-room. My mother had ordered tes. Personally, I am afraid of these unwholesome drinks, and never have taken to that surreptitious fashion of working in an extra meal in the afternoon. But I was sit-ting with her and talking very discon-solately, for I fait thoroughly depressed. Presently Sydney came in with some cups of tea on a tray-a detestable plan of taking tea if you must take it, but one to which my dear mother was par-tial. He handed the tray to my mother, and he handed it to me. Then, to our surprise, he walked straight across the room to a big armchair that stood near the window, and handed the tray to the empty chair! But the armchair, or its invisible occupant, refused it, apparently, and the man withdrew. I am en-dowed with a large fund of Scottiah humor, and I burst out laughing. My

"He must have thought there was some one sitting there," she said. "He must be very short-sighted, poor boy. It's very strange." "He

elderly gentleman in gray walking about the house. He had seen him in the passages up stairs and in the grounds outside. He had, he admitted, wondered who he could be, and had fancied that he must be some very intimate friend, or some one connected with the establishment. He had never heard him speak, certainly. He had not as yet questioned any of the other servants about him. But then he had himself only been a few days in the house, and as yet did not know all the people about the place. When I told him that no one else in the house had ever heard of such a person, Sydney was completely staggered. In fact, the only result of our conversation was to leave on the minds of each of us grave doubts as to the other's sanity, if not as to his own. But before we parted I made the boy promise me solemnly that the very next time he saw this mysterious figure he would summon me at once.

Next day nothing happened, and I meditated dismissing Sydney. The day after, an event occurred which changed the current of my thoughts, which, thank God, altered my whole life since, and which has made Sydney Loch the of the broken glass was running freely most faithful friend I have.

It was late in the afternoon-a winter dusk. I was upstairs in my bed-room, writing a letter to Nelly, vowing that I would never g ve her up, and yet seeing no prospect of ever being ab e to claim her for my wife. It was that hour when the day beg ns to pass into the night. and shadows have grown gigantic, and men's thoughts are turning toward din-ner. Sudden'y I was roused by a quick step and a knock at the door. I called out "Come in," and Sydney appeared on the threshold. He looked very pale and excited, as far as I could see him by the dim light of my candles, and he spoke in a strange voice.

"He is there, sir, the old gentleman in gray-in the passage."

I jumped up, and was following him in a moment. It must have been well past six o'clock, and yet the lights in the corridor were still unlighted. I looked all around, but could see no one.

"Where?" I said, in a whisper; for I think the gloom and the boy's strange looks had frightened my common sense out of me.

Sydney took me by the arm and point-I felt he was trembling all over. ed. And for my own part, an uncomfortable chill seemed to be creeping through my limbs.

"There, sir, there-don't you him?-at the top of the stairs. He' beckoning us to fullow-come."

I strained my eyes in the direction where he pointed, but could discern nothing. However, I caught hold o Sydney's arm, and followed him silently like a sheep. Why I did so I can not a this moment conceive. The boy led the way down stairs, ap

parent'y keeping his eyes fixed on some thing he could see in front. I held hiv bin fly. We went down and across the hall, and then out of the front door in:

forward, wrenching himself from my grasp. He seized the papers, and and, thrning, thrust them into my hand. Then, with his face as white as snow and eye distended, he raised one arm and pointed to the window. In another moment he had tottered back and fallen

on the floor. But I was already at the window. In my frenzy I dashed my shoulder against it. The fastening gave. The glass came crashing down about me. I was outside, standing in the chill blue night. Round me the wind was whining and blustering. The fog had melted away. Overhead the stars were burning golden The banished clouds had gone. But no sign of any human figure, man or ghost, was there. Only the desolate avenue, with its fir trees bending over it, and at the far end, in the dimness. the high moon over the whitefied sea

. . . . . . .

When I went into the library I found Sydney in a dead faint on the floor. rushed to the bell and rang it til its tones went pealing and clashing through the hou e. Then I raised the boy in my arms and carried him easily into the lighted hall. The blood from the cuts down my face and hands. But I did not mind it, for I felt as if life had suddenly come back to me. And when my mother and the servants came out and gathered, startled and lamenting, round us, I fell down on my knees beside the boy and wept as never I wept, I think, before that day or since.

I have no more to tell. The closet in the library opened, I found, by a secret spring-but what hand opened it that terrible night I never knew. Among the papers which Sydney had thrust into my hand was the long lost document which confirmed my title to the estate. Sydney was for long very ill; but at last with careful nursing-I know my mother and I did all we could for him, and somebody else, who shall be nameless, did more than we-he recovered, and has ever since remained with me. Neither of us ever spoke much of the things we had seen that winter day. The mystery of my inheritance i a mystery still, and men will bury i with us in our graves. Only this I know and will tell you, that, from that hour to this, Sydney has never seen : ghost again.

So I am Grant of Tullybardane, and the heiress of Glen Levannoch is my wife. - Boston Sunday Herald.

-To crystallize fruit, pick out the fin est of any kind of fruit, leave in the stones; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lay the fruit in the beaten egg, with the stems upward; drain and beat the part that drips off again; select them out one by one, and dip them into a cup of finely-powdered sugar. Cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper, place the fruit on it and set it in a cool oven. When the icing on the fruit become firm, pile them on a dish and set them in a cool place .- Boston Budget.

ches" are not new and untried, but, having before meals, creates a healthy m been tested by constant use for an entire generation, they have attained we l-mer ited rank among the few staple remedies of the age.

There were two Japanese and two colored men in the late graduating class at Ann Arbor.

ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women,' said the gifted but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there ar complaints that only women suffer. that are carry-ing numbers of them down to early gr ve-There is hope for those who suffer, no mat er how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safein its action it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when womensuffer, the household is askew.

"Josh Billings" is the only inscription that the dead humorist's monument at Lanesborough, Mass., will contain.

#### TORPID LIVER.

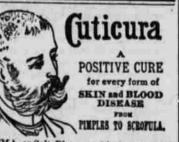
It is hardly possible to prepare a medicine which is so pleasant to the palate as are HAMBURG FIGS, or which are so efficacious in cases of constipation, piles, torpid liver or sick-headache 25 cents. At all druggists. J. J. Mack & Co., proprietors, San Francisco.

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