EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

BE WHAT YOU AM.

Dare's a mighty sight ob differns
B'Tween de man dat goes erlong
Thout pradin' ob his virtues,
An' a singin' his own song,

An' de chump dat makes folks weary By a blowin' his bazoo Bout de monstrous great big "I" An' de little bit ob yo'.

De firs' kin larn a lesson In de rough an' tumble school; De odder nebber kin ketch on, Erkase be am a fool.

Mos' folks dey know dat he am like
A bladder full ob bref,
An' dat if he war simmered down
Dar wouldn' be much lef.

Jen'imember dia, deah chiliun,
To be jist what yo' am,
Fur de oyater's nebber tryin' to
Make folks think he's a clam.
—Mort Wood, in Maverick.

BACK TO LEPER'S LAND.

A Daughter Overjoyed at Being Sent "Home." There is a dreary, desolate region on

Bayou L-, not very far from New Orleans, which is shunned and dreaded by all men. It is not that the gray Spanish moss, whose lugubrious festoons cover the

trees and hang their funereal banners to the earth, seem to whisper to the sluggish air: "Malaria! malaria!" It is not because of the festering lagoons, with their green scum, broken

now and then by the flat, waving head of a water moccasin, nor yet for the ugly swamp stretching back, with its fantastic lines, like monstrous serpents twisting around the trees, and a green, ghastly light filtering through the densely-woven branches overhead and playing on the brown water of the swamp pools, like a witch's dance of light and shadow. No; nature had done her part to make

that portion of Bayou L-hideous, but a heavier curse rests upon it. It is

La terre des Lepreux (Leper's Land). Many years ago the dreaded disease appeared on one of the French colon-ists, shortly after Louisiana was settled. He fled from his family and buried himself in that wild region. His family joined him there, either because some other member was stricken or from devotion, and one by one suc-cumbed to the fatal plague. Meantime other lepers had joined them, for at one time there was a great many cases among the foreigners, and Bayon L- became a common refuge for those pariahs. They cultivated the ground, and took into their wretched lives such enjoyments as lay in their power. They were not forgotten by the charitable. Catholic priests visited them at intervals, carrying the donations of the pious, and though mystery enveloped the country of these hapless beings, they were assisted whenever they needed assistance.

One morning I was sitting on a bench in Jackson Square, when I saw coming out of the cathedral the good priest, Father Raymond, holding a little girl by They crossed the street, entered the Square, and approached the bronze equestrian figure of the great General near which I was sitting. little girl, a beautiful child she was, about ten years old, was looking about with a grave, pre-occupied air, which seemed strange in one so young. Father Raymond had been my friend from childhood, and we were always happy to meet, in spite of the difference in our

"What a lovely child that is, Father!" I said, when the first greeting was over. "Who is sho?

"Marie St. Cyr," he answered. "Go, then, ma petite, and look at the flowers and trees. Thou wilt find me here when thou art tired, and we will go home.

The child moved slowly off, not with a buoyant, light step, but heavily, and with evident reluctance.

"She is not sick, is she?" I asked. "She looks so blooming! I never saw lovelier creature, with those sunny auburn curls, and those soft gray eyes, with their long black lashes. She can not be sick?" The priest shook his head gravely.

"She is not sick now, but there is lit-tle of the child in that ten-year-old maiden. You will understand me when I tell you she comes from 'Leper's Land.' Her father was attacked by leprosy five years ago, and his wife and child followed him. Madame St. Cyr. has reason to believe that she has contracted the disease, and, having no relatives in this country, she has confided the child to me. She wishes to give her the only chance to escape; perfect isolation from the lepers. She said to me:

"'It breaks my heart to part with my darling, my only child; but we must give her a chance. Father, she must never see us again, even in our death hour. I may have to live long, long years without her, for leprosy kills by slow inches, but I bid farewell to her forever. I think the death agony will be more easily borne by the poor mother than the separation from her child. She tried hard to be brave, but it was a pitiful courage. The father-poor wretch!whose days are numbered, broke down utterly. He was afraid to touch his child or caress her, for hands and face are alike leprous, but he sank on his knees and cried aloud amidst sobs:

O ma petite, never to see thy sweet face again! never to hear thy voice! God help me to bear it!" " "And poor Marie?" I asked.

did the child bear it?" 'She clung to her mother, screaming, and refused to come. She can not understand why she is banished.. She knows, no one better, what a fearful disease leprosy is, and that it will soon kill her father, but she wants to be at home. It seems to her worse than death to be separated from her parents. The St. Cyrs are people of education and refinement, so their situation is the more terrible on that account. They have ample means, too, to provide for Marie, and give her every advantage of education.

"But do you think she will escape the He shrugged his shoulders "Who knows? At least her only chance was this separation. It is not

a hereditary taint in the family. "I am tired, Father," said a mild voice; and looking back, we saw Marie. I held out my hand, and made her sit beside me. Her exquisite beauty seemed almost tragic in the light of the sad story I had just beard.

"Are not the flowers beautiful, Marie?" I said. "And the birds and the butterflies?"

"Yes, madame," she answered, indifferently; "but they are not as pretty as the big yellow sunflowers in mamma's blossoms in the swamp. And they have no Spanish beard here" (Tilandsia usnoides). "Ah! it was so pretty to pull it from the trees and make soft beds to play on. Jacques and Elena and me, we used to build real houses with it, and dance 'la ronde' in them."

"And they dance in Leper's Land?" I whispered to the priest. He nodded silently. The child, who was not shy, went on talking gravely, and, as it seemed, more to herself than to us.

"But Elena can dance no more, you know, mon Pere. Her feet are swollen so big," holding out her hands. "Ah, I want to see her, and mamma and papa. You know, Pere Raymond, mamma said may be you would have to také me back.

The priest bent his head sadly. "In one case, yes petite, but it will be because the object of the separation has failed. You must be good and patient, as your mamma told you. Bid madame good-bye, Marie, and let us go."

After that meeting, I made it a point to see the child as often as I could. She went as a day-scholar to a convent not far from my boarding-house, and, with Father Raymond's permission, often stopped to see me. The child interested me, not only for her beauty, but a loving, sweet disposition. In looking at her, I always seemed to see, like a vast, formless hadow hovering over her head, the terrible specter of leprosy. ready to clutch the sunny hair and lovely face.

Instead of becoming more reconciled to the separation from her home, she began to pine with homesickness. Once a week her mother wrote to her cheerful, even gay letters, which she brought me to read. The tears sometimes blind-ed me as I read. I could feel the mental torture through the brave effort to speak cheerfully. It was like a hymn of rejoicing sung by martyrs while the flames were consuming them.

"But mamma will not say when I am to come back?" Marie said to me. "No, I have read you every word; she says nothing about it."

"But I can not stay away!" she cried. burying her face in her hands, and bursting into a passion of tears. "I dream, dream all night of mamma, and when I wake up, oh, I cry so much, it makes me sick!

"But don't you want to obey mamma?" I asked. "She knows if you stay at home you will be very ill and die, and she wants you to be well and

The child's eves filled with passionate longing as she cried:

"Oh, to be sick with mamma! why, madame, that would be Heaven! Look you, she takes me in her arms, and she rocks me like a baby, and she tells me stories, and she kisses me all the time. Ah, mon Dieu, but that is all I want in the world! I shall die if I do not go

I soothed her convulsive sobs as well as I could, but again and again the same seene was enacted.

"She will die of home-sickness," said to Pere Raymond the next time we met. "Leper's Land is to her a paradise, and you will never weaken either her memory or her attachments.

The good priest raised his reverent eyes to the skies. "When our own wisdom fails, why, we will have to leave the matter in wiser hands. Some way will be opened for the innocent little one. We will do our duty, and safely leave her in her Father's hands."

"Are you not afraid to go among those people?" I asked. "Afraid!" looking at me with surprise. "It is not for a priest to hold back where duty takes him. All places are good to us where we can do the Master's will. My allotted duties call me to Leper's Land, and if the deaths increase as they have done within the past year, I will take up my abode there. It will not do for man's outcasts to die without the ministrations of God's ministers, and

that has happened more than once. "And Madame St. Cyr, is she much

worse?' "No; the disease progresses slowly with her, as it does with most. Years elapse while it is moving by inches. Her husband is near the end, but the dominant idea with both is to give Marie her one chance of escape. Such scenes as I go through there! Between the mother's agonized cry for her darling, whom yet she will not see, and the child's yearning for her parents, my heart is wrung all the time."

The next day I left New Orleans and did not return for a month. A few hours after I arrived, Father Raymond called, and my first glance at him told me something had happened. "How is Marie?" I asked instantly, feeling assured that the gloom on the good priest's usually cheerful face had something to do with his little charge.

"I take her to her parents to-morrow. "Then she is"-the word stuck in my

"A leper, yes," he answered, sadly. "A few days after you left she was taken ill, but only a day or two ago the fatal sign appeared on her arm. There was a long silence, I could not

speak for my tears, and Father Ravmond, with bent head and mournful eyes, seemed praying to himself. "How does she bear it?" I asked

"She is perfectly happy. That seems the saddest thing. But I can not talk of it yet. She wishes to see you this even-There is not the slightest danger yet, for the disease is just beginning. Of course I will come," I said.

When I entered Marie's room, also can to meet me. She was positively radiant, her beautiful eyes shining, her cheeks rose-tinged, looking like an inearnation of health and happiness. "I am so glad you have come back!"

she cried. "I thought I would go home

for they say I have leprosy, and that is the reason I am going back to mamma and papa. Oh, I am so glad!" and she clapped her hands and laughed as I had never heard her laugh before. Didever a mortal before rejoice at being attacked by a loathsome and fatal disease? Could the child understand what was before her? As if in answer to my thought, the said:

"I suppose the leprosy will kill m as it does the others, and make me ug ly and dreadful like poor papa. But then, you see, I shall be with them. I don't mind anything when I think of

that, O madame, I am so happy!" I left her smiling and full of joy at the garden at home, and the red trumpet thought of home. A few weeks after-blossoms in the swamp. And they have ward Father Raymond told me of the return to Leper's Land. The poor mother fell back unconscious when she saw her child. When she recovered, Marie's arms were around her, Marie's kisses on her lips.

"Thou, too, my darling?" she cried; "thou, too! Oh, couldst thou not be spared the curse?" "I am glad, mamma!" Marie cried.
"I am glad, for it gives me back to

thee.

"I left them thus," said Father Ray mond. "In time I suppose the mother" anguish will soften, and she will see that it is best for the little-one to die I anticipated has come to pass. I am needed at Bayou L-, and the rest of neither beauty nor comeliness. my life will be spent among the poor outcasts. This is my last visit to you I parted with the good priest with a heavy heart. Three years ago he was brought to the Charity Hospital stricken with leprosy, and died in a short time. I saw a statement of the case published intimation of the death of the good man. Of Marie I have heard nothing. Those who go into that mysterious Land are isolated from the rest of the world, and their terrible life-drama is knows how it went with the beautiful child, but I hope death soon came to her .- M. B. Williams, in Youths' Com-

ITALIAN PAPERS.

The Undeveloped State of the Daily Press of Italy. There are about two hundred daily

papers in Italy. Nothing analogous to the county or village newspaper in tial knots shall be tied under her chin America exists in the Italian peninsula. and the bonnet and herself shall be one As for the large cities and those of the second and third class, they are amply supplied, as will appear from the following statement: There are in Milan eight, in Rome twenty-three, in Venice six, in Genoa six, in Naples seven, in Turin five, in Florence five and in Palermo three. Those in Milan are in the most reasonable proportion, for there are only eight, and the population is not far from 300,000, while the people of Lombardy are the most energetic and intelligent in Italy. twenty-three Rome at are the anomaly. Rome has a population of 160,000, or a little more than half that of San Francisco, yet it has three or four times the number of daily newspapers. Of these the Romano Popolo, a sort of Government organ, has a circulation of 36,000. It is intelligently edited and influential and reasonable, like most of the journals of the country, which, when they entertain apon the premises. - San Francisco ultra-republican views like the Secole, at Milan, content themselves with mild exions of opinion, that the public harmony may not be disturbed. The Secolo, which is said to have a circulation of 140,000, is seen everywhere in Italy and occasionally is sold at news stands in France and Spain. It has a reputation for ability and enterprise not are over-musical in their tastes, yet only among its partisans but its enemies, there are some who love to lay aside and the manner in which it is conducted is more like that of a first-class American than any other journal in Italy. The general distribution of newspapers indicates the prevailing degree of intelligence in the localities where He has a fine baritone voice, which he they are published, Rome being a notable exception. Naples, though having 200,000 more inhabitants than Milan, [avorites are some quaint old drinking has less daily newspapers, while Paler-Bongs, and in their rendition he is wellmo, a great and important city, has aigh inimitable. only three. Genoa is about the size of Rome, yet has but six dailies and an ig- a basso, and a good singer he is, too. reading constituency. norant greatest proportion of illiteracy is, of course, found at Naples and down singer of Congressional renown. His through Calabria into Sicily, and here there is not only a greatly diminished circulation of newspapers, but of all kinds of literature.-Parma (Italy) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

PERPLEXING.

The Pirst Financial Transaction of Prominent Banker.

in my native town in Indiana County. I was a little shaver of five, and one day I importuned my father far some money with which to buy candy. He was talking with a gentleman at the time, but he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a dime, giving it to me with the injunction to spend but half of it and to bring the other half home. rived in front of a tinsmith's, when a bright idea struck me. Entering boldly in, for I knew the tinsmith, I as boldly demanded that he cut my tenpence in two pieces. He inquired the reason for my strange request, and when I told him he laughingly told me that I could have it halved at the candy store without any cutting. Ashamed to ask there for the accommodation I desired, I invested it all in candy and then told my father the difficulty I had experienced in carrying out his instructions."-N. Y.

-A rather shiftless sort of a fellow, who hangs around the saloons of a Texas town, was asked: "Why don't you mar-ry and settle down?" "Well, I've got my reasons for it. The woman I want marry must have lots of money, and so smart; but, when I find a woman who has money, and who is willing to marry me, her willingness is positive proof to my mind that she is stupid, and then, without seeing you. I won't kiss you, ings.

AN ENJOYABLE SIGHT.

The Interesting and Charming Way is "Did you ever notice how a woman puts on a bonnet?" asked an irreverent friend not long ago.

"No? Then you have missed the en joyment of a most interesting performance. When a man dons his head piece he merely claps the cover over his brows, with as little consideration as one would drop an extinguisher over a candle. He simply puts it on, and that is all there is in the operation. Light or dark is all the same to him. With a woman how different. When she puts on her new bonnet a poem is created, a picture is called into being. music is brought back to earth and the atmosphere is saturated with sweet

He had a quizzical look in his face and there was a suspicious smile about his mouth. I wonder if he knew I had

on a new bonnet? She brings forth her band-box (her plump arms can scarcely clasp its aldermanic waist), sets it upon a chair or table, removes the lid, and with a sweet smile reaches down into the cavernous interior of that box and draws forth very tenderly a little, insignifiyoung. I shall be with them, for what cant, heterogeneous affair that courtesy calls a bonnet. To the male eye it has

I knew he was going to say it.

Aren't men hateful? "But wait a bit," he continued, reck

leasly. "Now she advances toward the mirror, holding the delicate trifle before her, after the manner in which a careful bousewife carries a pan full in the records of the hospital, my first to the brim of hot fat. Arrived at the looking glass, she releases one ear of the bonnet, and with the disengaged hand d fily brushes her front hair. Then her hand resumes hold of the bonnet, and the fellow-hand in its turn pays wrought out without spectators. God attention to the clustering locks on its side of the house. Now both hands have the bonnet in their gentle grasp. The fair creature looks into the glass. and remarks, apologetically, that her hair isn't fixed. She feels that it is her duty to exhibit that bonnet in the most favorable manner. She has no excuses to make for its shortcomings; it has none. It is herself alone and always her hair, that is responsible for any thing short of perfection when the nupglory.

"And still she hasn't it on her head

yet?" said I, not wholly mortified. "Ah, no; she raises the airy nothing aloft; her chin protrudes; her hand oscillates; she cranes her neck and hunches her shoulders while she adjusts the bonnet astride her pug and settles it down carefully upon its hair sub-couch. It is now exactly as it should be. There is no guesswork about it. Square, level and plump could not be more precise in results. Up goes her rounded chin; the strings are tied without the slightest wrinkling of the ribbon; the ends are brushed out with a delicate sleight-of-hand; the bows are picked out flat and squarenot too flat nor too square-and a long, dender pin is thrust remorselessly through the bow, its point, naked and inguarded, protruding from the thither side-a warning to all whom it may concern that no trespassers are allowed Examiner.

MUSICAL LEGISLATORS.

List of the Best Singers in the National

Senate and House. While it is not generally supposed that the staid statesmen at the capital he cares of official work and bathe heir souls in song. Among the mempers of Congress Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, is the best known singer. ases to excellent advantage. The Senstor's repertoire is extensive, but his

Senator Is a kburn, of Kentucky, is

His favorite is "Old Kentucky Home. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is another voice is a baritone, and he sings a number of selections very nicely. Not a great while ago he sang his favorite. "One Hundred Years Ago," in his committee room to a company of friends. and they do say it was a magnificent performance. Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania, has the best tenor in Congress and it has been thoroughly cultivated It is a high, pure and sweet voice. Mr. B. K. Jamison, the Philadelphia bank- Brown is fond of the highest order of er, recently said: "Did I ever tell you music, although he sings some plaintive about my first financial transaction of ballads in a way that would do credit importance? No? Well, it took place to a professional. Mr. Hanback, of Kansas, is another tenor. His voice is not as finely cultivated as Mr. Brown's but it is powerful and sonorous. He would make a good chorus singer in the comic opera were it not for his bald head. Mr. Hanback likes the seriocomic songs of the day. He belongs to the Elks and is a regular attendant upon their meetings. He can give a good recitation as well as sing a song. took the money, but how to obey puzzled me. I walked along cogitating over the matter until I arpartake of the comic, but he seldom partake of the comic, but he seldom sings any thing sentimental. There are a number of other singers in Congress -enough, in fact, to furnish choruses for several opera companies-but the gentlemen mentioned are those who have achieved reputations on account of their own musical gifts and attainments. - Washington Letter.

-One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that you preserve an almost absolute silence concerning yourself. Play the comedy, some day, of speaking of your own interests to ordinary acquaintances, and you will see feigned attention swiftly followed by indifference and then by weariness, until every one has found a pretext for leaving you. But if you wish to group about you the sympathies of all and to be considered a charming and agreeable fellow, talk to them of themselves, seek some way of bringing each of them into action in turn; ther of course, she don't suit me. I want a smart woman for a wife."—Texas Sift. you and praise you when you are gone.

—N. Y. Herald.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A Maine man says the way to start an obstinate horse is to take him out of the shafts and lead him around until he is

The farmer who worries the least, and does more work than his neighbor with less trouble apparently, is the one who is never behind with his work.

Secretary Russell says that a farmer who cannot make \$100 bring him more than \$4 interest a year invested in his own business must be a poor manager. There is lots of difference in hired

men; the good ones are not paid enough, and the poor ones are paid too much, says a writer in the New York Tribune. Stock needs salt, and it is a matter that should be looked after, Many cases of colic in horses and hoven in cat-

ply of salt. A first-class man who is capable o taking charge of other hands, commands on a farm in Scotland from \$150 to \$200 a year, with house rent and fuel fur-nished. But he keeps himself.

tle are caused by a deficiency of a sup-

The Berlin farmers have organized a grange, No. 134, with forty charter mem-bers. Samuel Wheeler is master. This is the eighth grange organized in Massachusetts since the 1st of January.

The chick that seems nearly naked and which feathers slowly will be easier to raise, if kept warm, than one that begins to feather rapidly from the start. It is the feathering period that is the critical time with young chicks.

Milk does vary. At a Maine dairy meeting, Washington Hall, of Brewer, said his berd of cows would make a pound of butter from sixteen pounds of milk. Charles Foster, of Stetson, said it took twenty-two pounds. Here is a difference of 33 and more per cent, in the value of milk.

Ed. Cheever, of the New England Farmer, says that the character of the rersey cow has been sadly injured in public estimation by the course too often of the course calf that has a pedigree, regardless of other qualifications. It has come to be a common saying with some of our best breeders that more than one-half the Jerseys now in the country ought to have been sold for veal before they were six weeks old.

J. D. Goodwin brings to light in the Sheep Breeder a new enemy of sheep-the skunk. This odorous little animal attacked his flock and succeeded in killing two sheep. It caught them by the rose and held on in spite of the frantic efforts of the sheep to throw it off. The heads of the wounded sheep swelled badly, and they lived but a few days, thus strengthening the general belief that the bite of the skunk is, to a certain degree, poisonous.

Prof. Long, of England, says there are in every herd cows that are mere ma-nure-makers or pickpockets. They have the same feed that the rest get, and yet they will not give one-half the milk. The cows are in the herd, yet the trou-ble is to pick them out. They are generally frauds in the fact that they are the best looking cows of all. They give a good mess of milk for a short time and then drop almost out. It pays to get rid of all such cows.

A PERFECT BAKING POWDER. The great success of the Royal Bak-

ing Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening power. all the scientific knowledge, care and lew skill attained by a twenty years' practical experience are contributed toward | LUNGS, and advised her total this end, and no pharmaceutical preparation can be dispensed with a greater accuracy, precision and exactness. Every article used is absolutely pure, A number of chemists are employed to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact power and effect in combination with its co-ingredients, is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business. As a consequence, the Royal Baking Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure wholesome and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its powers and produce the same and the highest leavening effect in any climate at any time. The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity, and wholesomeness, and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

The judges of the State of Delaware are the most venerable in years in the country. Chief Justice Comegys, an ex-Senator of the United States, is seventy-three years old; Justice Wotton is eighty, and so is Justice Houston, who has been on the bench thirty years. and is the only Republican there. Chancellor Saulsbury is the youngest, and he is sixty-six. He was the predecessor of his brother, Eli Saulsbury, in the United States Senate.- N. Y. Sun.

-Sheriff Coons, of Sacramento, Cal., last winter was in the habit of putting his knee upon the edge of a table in his office in order to reach the gas burner, but after doing so a number of times he found that the sharp edge of the table was hurting his leg, and afterward he stood apon a chair when lighting up. Recently the leg began to trouble him, growing worse daily, and the result is that amputation of the limb will be necessary to save his life. -San Francisco Chronicle.

The manager of the Fort Wayne, Ind., Gazette, Mr. B. M. Holman, says he has often read of the wonderful cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil. Recently he sprained his ankle, and invested in a cane and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, The latter proved the better investment, as it entirely cured his ankle.

In a railway collision near Vienna, Spain, seven persons were killed and many wounded,

Col. Wm. Louis Schley, Grand Secretary R. O. M. Grand Lodge, Maryland, found Red Star Cough Cure a perfect and cer-tain remedy. Price, twenty-five cents a

A FRIEND OF THE PA The acsirability of a proeffective remedy in the cases of croup, scarlet fever, as fever, insomnia and sore that admitted by everybody. Sale exists in Dra. Starkey & pound Oxygen, which is made dispensed from 12.9 Arch that phia, Pa, to almost every part of this fact Elmer E. Burliage, N. Y., wrote September 15. Of this fact Etmer E. Burkers
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There was a thrilling scene in circus at Madison, Wis., renz. Henry Reif's hat blew under a taining four panthers. When to pick it up one of the situation her head in its paw, and her face in a frightful manner. A GENTLE STINUL

is imparted to the kidners and Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, vie useful in overcoming torpidity of a Besides infusing more activity in excellent tonic endows them vis vigor, and enables them the better the wear and tear of the dischard the wear and tear of the disclarate imposed upon them by nature the they are the channel for the ensimpurities from the blood, inconfulness by strengthening and but ulating them. In certain morie these important organs, they fall state, which is the usual percent what then can be of greater since which impels them to rewished soldfull No maindles are than those which effect the timedicine which averts the prohighly esteemed.

- Geronimo has notified the partment that he desires to so

WHAT IS WOMAN'S WOR asked a fair damsel of a crestr invaded her system and is di-her strength. For all females Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite! stands unrivaled. It cures its and builds up the system. Sai in stamps for pamphlet to its pensary Medical Associates a Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

At London, recently, a not George run a mile in 4:122, theha

UNNECESSARY MISER

Probably as much misers an habitual constipation as from an ments of the functions of the less is difficult to cure, for the result one likes to take the medical prescribed. HAMBURG FISS pared to obviate this difficult will be found pleasant to the women and children. So can druggists, J. J. Mack & Co., pages 15 of the control of the San Francisco.

When Baby was sick, we gave be (a When she was a Child, she crist let When she became Miss, she chugu When she had Children, she gavelie

A CURE OF PREUMONIA

Mr. D. H. Barnaby of Oswers says that his daughter was the violent cold which terminateful monia and all the b st physical the case up and said she could be hours at th condition when a friend recom WM HALL'S BALSAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR accepted it as a last resort, and prised to find that it produced at change for the better, and by per a permanent cure was effected

There are 50,000 Mormon child Utah Territory.

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