EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, - . Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

WHICH ONE?

I have a garden full of flowers, Of blossoms sweet and rare: And which, my triend has asked of me, I hold to be most fair?

To answer him, we enter through A gate where lyies twine : For when among the flowers, methinks, | My secret he'll divine.

A glow of color greets the eye, And fragrance fills the air. From tulips gay, and daffodils, And violets here and there.

The jonguils bright are all in bloom, And pinks of love's own bue, And heartsense sweet, and columbines, And dainty harebells blue.

The nodding poppies, blushing red, Grow near fair illes tail; And creeping vines their tendrils spread Upon the garden wall.

The Place, with their drooping sprays-The purple and the white-Are found near buttercops that drop Their shining petals bright.

The margolds stand all arrayed, 4 Kach with a crown of gold, 9 Mid johnny jumpers springing up Like little warriors bold.

A wealth of color, rich and warm, Is seen at every turn; While sheltered by the leafy hedge, Peeps out the fronded fern.

My friend, the plain, is at a loss To guess the one 1 prize, And yet before him, bright and fair, My dear old garden lies.

"Tis then I tell him, if he'd know The secret of my joy. That he must say which best he loves, His blue-eyed girl or boy

He does not answer, so I feel My secret he has ghowed. Ah, yes, he knows, full well he knows, Hove each one the best! -Jos phine Canning, in Good Housekeeping.

KOLLER'S VICTORY.

A Genuine Love Affair at a Watering Place.

It has been so many years since a genuine love affair occurred at a waterplace that the one between Koller and the French governess was regarded as a succession of phenomena. The Brandon was the latest type of resthetic summer hotel-a large Queen Anne mansion, surrounded with cottages equally Queen Anne, high in altitude as in tariff, as the Anglo-Saxons say. The cottages were the resort of those favorites of fortune who, wearying of Newport and Lenox, sought a place where they could have a fortnight's rest from the business of pleasure. The style of dress was severely plain among the beauty, her youth and her money, women, and the men affected Norfolk jackets and shoot ng coats. These pecultarities were unknown to the Burt-Robinsons when they took the most expensive cottage for the season. They only knew it was very high priced and very exclusive. The time came during the sojourn when they blushed for the numberless gorgeous toilets displayed [by Lillian Burt-Robinson, and for Mrs. Burt-Rob nson's diamonds as large as peas, which she wore every evening. The Burt-Robinsons had been evolved thus: First, there was Josiah B, Robin- Koller's palace in Munich fixed it. She son, hardware merchant and dealer in | would not in the least mind being agricultural implements, then a fine Countess Koller, and if the violin epuse on Ffty-eight street, and cards sode got out it could be treated as a engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Jo-iah Burt lark. Robinson;" next a box at the opera, noticed in the society papers as that of the Burt-Robinsons; and at last simply the Burt-Robinsons, as people say the Howard de Redelvffes. They had not, however, got quite up to the level of the Howard de Redelyffes, or they would not have been found at the Brandon House, with Lilian the daughter, and Clarence the son, and litthe Gwendolen the baby, with her French governess, Miss Lefevre, as they all voted it poky, and only came because of it, and when, after a triumphal progress the acquaintances to be made. Miss to Munich, gilded by the Burt-Rob ason Lilian had thought to do great things with her pretty blond hair blowzed over her blue eyes and her innumerable fluffy white toilets. She had suggested bringing the governess along, thinking in the depths of her beart that M as Lefevre's dark skin and trim black dresses would make a good foil for her own bright beauty. The governess was certainly very dark and had no clothes to speak of; but she had eyes as black as sloes, and the way she wore her simple gowns was truly Paris an. There was one thing Lillan did nnderstand, and that was music. The Brandon did not indulge in any thing so commonplace as a regular orchestra, but it had a couple of young Germans, one of whom played on the plano and the other on the cornet, while Koller was the viol nist, who "rendered" Wagner, Schumann and Raff most art.stically in the great dim drawing-room every morning and evening. Lilian, although given to affectation, could truly say that she "adored" to hear them play; but there was a mystery about Koller which attracted her. True, he was only the violinist at a summer hotel, but there was a delicious aroma of "family" floating around him. Somebody said he was a count, or had been a count, or was going to be a count; and one morning, as the Burt-Robinsons sat listening to the last strains of a concerto, Mr. Prescott Fairbanks, the most fashionable acquaintance they had in the world, came up to speak to them, and see ng Koller, started visibly. Then he went up to nim and said, holding out his hand: "Why, Count-excuse me, but surely I am not mistakon - I knew Count Maurice Koller so well!" Koller colored up to the roots of his curly yellow hair, and awkwardly accepted Mr. Prescott Fairbank's outstretched hand. "Yes, I am Koller, but in somewhat hard circumstances. I would prefer my family did not know-" Then he stopped short. It was equally embarrassing to Mr. Prescott Fair-banks. "Don't let me interrupt rou," he said, hurriedly, waving his hand as if Kaller were playing for his own this French girl he saw through easily amusement. "Presently we'll have a enough. She hated Germans; she laid dalk Koller went back somewhat tremulons and excited to his everlasting con- and she fed her resentment on this cool, certos and nocturnes. Miss Lillan selzed.

h in and w at brought him here," she win-percel as he bent down.

"Cart, my d a young lady. Never was more surprised a my life Lestime I saw h m I was at his father's palace in Munich. Most embarra a ng reaconfre. That was all, but that was enough.

Mr. Fairbanks presently escaped from the ladies; was seen no more until some one eaught him coming - ut of the cottage where the musician lodged, and left on the night train. Nobody else but the Burt-Robinsons had witnessed the Fairbanks episode, and they tacitly agreed to keep it to themselves. But to Lilian a glorious vista opened up. She was not without that grain of romance that is seldom left out in women. The Countess Maurice Kollerwas not that quite as good as the half dozen counte-ses she read about in the society columns of the papers? And then the romance-although it would be as well not to have it too widely known; and if it was a money troub e were there not many hundred thousand dollars belonging to the Burt-Rob'nsons, and but three to divide it among? Then Maurice was so handsome, and played so grandly-only the soener he stopped playing the better. And so Miss Lilian dreamed and planned, sitting in a faultless attitude in a large arm-chair, slowly fluttering her Watteau fan, while the breeze as softly fluttered her filmy draperies. Next to her sat mamma, as dutiful and obedient as the American mamma usually is in families of the Burt-Robinson stamp, and back of them the French girl with

Gwendolen sprawled all over her lap. The first time the eyes of Jeanne Lefevre and Koller had met, something like an electric shock had passed be tween them. Jeanne had thought it was hate, although it might have been love, as the boundary line between these two emotions is not always clearly defined. Jeanne's father had been an officer in the French army, from Alsace, and had been killed in the sortle from Metz; and Koller had actually belonged to the army of occupation, and had spent two years in garrison at Strasburg, as she found out in some way. Naturally she hated him, and Koller, seeing the tierceness of the hatred that flamed in her pretty face, had determined to be revenged on her. He had had his victories, and he said to himself that he would make this black-browed French girl yet give him a soft glance out of

her Southern eyes. He had a way of looking at her-tenderly, intently-that exasperated her. He played at her, things she knew, full of sentiment and longing, that made her yearn to box his ears. And yet he was so stealthy about it! He saw, what every body saw, what filled Mrs. Burt-Rob nson with anguish, that Lilian was making what is vulgarly and with vul-garity called "a dead set" at him. Why, he could not imagine. Why any girl on earth, with Lillian's should want to marry a man whom eyeverybody supposed to be a penniless German violinist, was beyond him. He mistakenly fancied that titles without money were not valued in this glorious Republic; and having squandered all that he could lay his hands on, and having nothing but his violin at present between himself and starvation, he saw no more reason why Lillian should devote herself to his capture than to that of the cornet, who was also a remarkably good-looking young fellow. But Miss Lillian knew her game. Count charmingly when they rested on little! Gwendolen, which was the only genuine thing in the Burt-Robinson family. By slow degrees he got Jeanne to look at him, and then gradually the fierceness meltal out of her face; and when she smiled she was beautiful. The first time she answered his glance, as he sat playing Chopin in the h lf-light, Koller feit

that he had won a hard-fought battle. It was getting late in the season; sum mer had uttered her mysterious "Hush!" before she takes her flight: tiere were but few people left at the Brandon House. when, late one afternoon, Koller and Lilian, sauntering along, met Miss Lefevre. Gwendolen, for oneo, was not with her. The two young women saluted each other coldiv, and Lilian walked on when she saw Koller disposed to loiter behind. In a moment or two they had disappeared. Miss Le fevre stood still when they were out of sight, that they might get a long way ahead. Presently, as she moved slowly down the winding path, she saw a fan, na expensive trifle that she recognized at once as belonging to Lilian, ly ng in the path. At that moment Koller appeared.

'Good-evening again, mademo selle,' said he, addressing her in French. "Mademoiselle Lil an requested me to for sinding her back." The house was return and look for her fan, which she had dropped; and as it led me toward you, I came willingly." "There it is," said Jeanne, sullenly

and as Koller stooped to pick it up, she snatched it from the ground, and in an instant her strong white fingers had broken it into a dozen pieces.

"What are Koller caught her wr sts. you doing that for?" he cried. "Beenuse," said Jeanne, coolly, "it

belongs to her, and because you came to look for it. See," She took the shreds and splinters in her hand, and threw them with no ignoble skill into the pond, fifty yards away,

Koller stared at her blankly. Was it possible that rose-bud Lilian ill-treated th's dependent? His heart swelled within him, as a man's heart is apt to swell at the idea of injustice to any th ng young and pretty of the other sex. "Does she treat you ill?" he asked.

Jeanne looked at him with fine scorn. "Do you not think," she asked, in her pretty French-English, "that I could take care of myself from that-that little thing? But I tell you what, monsieur," she cont nued as Koller remained silent, "you need to take care of your self. She knows you are a Count. Bah! these Americans!"

Koller bit his lip and looked annoved. but at last burst out laughing, and then sighed a German sigh. "Mademoiselle," sa d he, "do not deprive me of my only friend. This M ss Liban Burt-Robinson is kind to me when you are not. She feels sympathy for me, a stranger and an exile: you do not,'

Jeanne, being desperately in love with Koller by this time, could make but one answer to these reproaches, which was to burst into violent weeping. Kolley remained calm. He knew something about women, and was not inordinately disturbed by their sentimental tears. He attempted respectfully, after the Continental fashion, to take her hand, but Jeanne rudely repulsed him, and rashed past, saying, between her sobs: "Yes, yes, you are the lover of that little thing. Take her and be happy. Forget all about Jeanne Lefevre, I am rightly served. The Germans have done harm to me and mine from the List. I wish I could have you as I ought, and-and-

Koller saw her slim black figure darting ahead of h m in the gloom. As he walked slowly back, pulling his blonde mustache, he concluded that he really loved this little French girl, and the away toward Germany, with a cableonly thing for him to do was to marry. her and take her back to Munich. In and another from the mother of the the joy of the prodigil's return, his bride securely laid away in Koller's parents would probably forgive him, pocket-book. Lilian was cross for a and he would be free from the perseentions he endured in regard to fall ng in hearted girl, she got over it, and found (love with a certain Baroness you Kafelstein, who had eyes I ke the bottom of a friend Countess Maurice Koller. As for pewter plate, and weighed twice as Jeanne, A'saw and Lorraine are formuch as he d.d. It is easy to convince gotten. She is quite willing to let byone's self of the wisdom of what one strongly desires; so Koller's mind was German war to the machinations of polpretty well made up before he reached | itieians -Harper's Weekly, the Burt-Rob nson cottage.

few weeks. I'm sure mamma will agree to it.

"But I have no friends nearer than France," replied Jeanne, doggedly, replied Jeanne, doggedly, sitting down and disentangling a wonderful piece of crocheting belonging to Gwendolen. "Then you can go down to the house

in Fifty-eighth street." "But why do you wish to get rid of me, mademoiselle? Do I interfere with

your plans in any way?" It will be seen that the two young ladies were rapidly drifting into a quar- buttons down upon the vest, and is ref. Opportunely Mrs. Burt-Robinson entered

"You up at this time, Gwendolen? It's a quarter of an hour past your bedtime. Miss Lefevre, you should not allow Gwendolen to sit up until nearly eight o'clock,"

Jeanne marched Gwendolen off to hed. So then she was to be sent back to Fifty-eighth street. Well, it did not matter; she would tell Mrs. Burt-Robinson she was willing to go, and she would be spared the sight of Koller's and Lilian's billing and cooling. Next morning it was all arranged before breakfast. Mrs. Burt-Robinson, who had, of course, i.e. n dragooned by Miss Lilian, gave some preposterous reason open. The housekeeper and two servants were there, and Mr. Burt-Rohinson. And M as Lefevre left on the midday train. Two or three nights afterward, Mr. Burt-Robinson was smoking his after-dinner e'gar on the balcony, when Koller's card was brought up to him. Mr. Burt-Robinson's heart sank. He had heard in some way how things were going up at the Brandon, and he was convinced that Koller came to ask him for Lilian's hand, and interentially for a large sum of ready money. If there was any thing on earth this excellent hardware merchant loathed, it was a German Count. Next to an Italiau Marquis , he esteemed them the most odious' of their species. Consequently his greeting to Koller was

Consequently insightatory, any thing but conciliatory, said Koller, standing with his handsome head bared, and his hat held at a correct angle, "I came to you as the nearest and only friend of a young lady in whom I am deeply interested.

"Go on, sir," snorted Mr. Burt-Robinson.

"I am deeply attached to her. I wish to ask her to be my wife. Not being familiar with the custom of the country, I have only my own instincts to guide me. I refer to Mademoiselle Jeanne Lefevre

Mr. Burt-Robinson jumped up and grasped Koller's hand warmly. "A most excellent young woman. Any thing I can do, you may command me.

"I can refer you to the German Consul," said Ko'ler, fumbling in his card case. "You will perhaps understand me when I say that I prefer having certain circumstances-in my favor, per-haps-remain unknown." He handed Mr. Burt-Robinson a card with his name, "Count Otto von Koller," engraved on it, and in a corner a coronet. This last impressed the sturdy republican deeply. "If I can gain Mademo'selle Lefevre' consent, I would choose to be married at the French consulate here. I understand there is great simplicity in your marriage laws, and if rightly vised by German representatives here, it will be quite sufficient.

"The laws of the United States, and of the State of New York in particular," impressively remarked Mr. Burt-Robinson, "are good enough for any man to get married under.

A week or two after this, Koller and

LATE FASHIONS.

RED STAR Pretty and Stylish Dresses That the Ladies Are Now Wearing.

The fronts of many ball dresses are of brocade, embroldered satin, or net, or tulle, or net wrought with jet. The backs are draped very full with talle or velvet.

A handsome dinner dress has the vest and plain skirt of dark green velvet, the polonaise of rich green failler. draped high in front, falling in long full folds at the back.

In Paris the old-time gown made with a demi-traid, which is looped up en pouf for street wear and worn long in the house, is revived. It is made of cloth or velveteen.

A ball dress of resedutulle with chenille tufts of the same color is worn over skirts of net of the exact shade of the tulle. The neck and sleeves of the low-cut bodice are finished with a fulling of tulie. Apple blossoms and leaves of the most exquisite workmanship form the trimming of this beautiful and airy toilette.

Black, white, yellow in all shades, pink and blue are the favorite colors for evening dresses

In Paris, for full dress, scarfs of gold and tinsel-worked net, ruchings of net with loops and ends of satin ribbon. and folds of tulle forming braces into which brilliant butterflies are placed at intervals, are more fash onable than flowers.

Vests covered with gold embroidery are used with cloth dresses.

A dark brown cashmere dress has the skirt made with white pleats edged with brown velvet. The bodice is partly covered by a cape of brown brocaded velvet trimmed with chenille fringe and broad embro.dery of gold and brown beads.

A ruby cashmere toilet has a pleated skirt. The overskirt is pointed in front and draped full in the back and s trimmed with cream lace. The blouse waist has a ruby vel/et collar trimmed with the cream lace and fastened by a bronze buckle.

A reception tollette is of black Sicilienne; the bodice and tablier are of brocaded silk tr mmed with rich lace and bead embroidery.

Foulard covered with lace is much worn for evening dresses in Europe.

A dinner dress of citron-colored velvet is trimmed with narrow bands of marten fur about the bodice and the front breadth. The high collar is lined with poppy red silk, and the flounce on the bottom of the skirt has the plaits turned back from the upper edge showing a similar lining. An evening dress is made of scarlet

silk, covered with jet-embroidered net. The low-cut bod ce seems made entirely of jet. The sleeves are formed of three festoons of black beads.

A dark green cloth dress has the skirt made with kilt plaitings and panis alternating. The panels are trimmed with gold braid in leaf design. The heavy corded Jer-ey bodice has a long spray of leaves on the left side just below the waist line. The edge of the bodice is concealed by the overskirt, which is draped very short in front, and full and long in the back.

SENATOR BOONE'S OPINION OF DR-, DARRIN.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The reporter wended his way to the office of Scrivner & Boone, attorneys-at-law, 320 Cali-fornia street, with the view of applying the re-porter's exhaust pump to the Hon. John L. Boone, who was cured by Drs. Darrin. Upon stating the object of his visit he found Mr. Boone an enthusiast on the subject of his treat-





Complexion bright and clear.

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M'ss Lefevre, sitting far back, and glowering darkly at the handsome young German, rather amused Lillian, until, in a paroxysm of ill-temper one day, she remarked that she didn't believe Koller was a Count at all. Something like thrill of fear shot through Lillian's heart. Suppose, after all her languishing and posing, the violinist should turn out no more than the cormet? But she reassured herself; she had Mr. Prescott Fairbanks' word for dollars, she burst upon New York in a blaze of glory as the Countess Maurice Koller, she would reap a rich harvest for her penetration.

After a while a little rivulet of talk began to trickle Letween the violin st and the sofa whereon the Burt-Robinson sat. Very deftly Koller would get the French girl in conversation. They would tak about music in the pauses between the nocturnes and concertos, and Koher would, inadvertantly as it were, drop into French. This made Jeanne tugle the first time he did so, When the music was over, and the pap-ple would stream out of the vast room, Koller got into the way of saunter n ; along toward the Burt-Robinson cottage, and finally to sitting on the little red and green porch. In vain Mrs. Burt-Robinson entreated, almost wept, and pointed out to Lil an how n cessary it was for them to do like other people. and that Koller went to no other cottage. P.nk and white Lilian had some that merce and enterprise about her that had he'ped to make Josiah Burt Robinson, out of small beginnings, one of the greatest hardware men in New York. The Van Santvoords and the Van der Trunks had made overtures to Koller on the strength of the floating reports, which day by day became crystal zed, about his superiority to his employment, and of this Miss Lilian did not fail to rem nd her mother. And so, with heart-burn ngs and anxiet es and much gossip, Koller gradually became an habilue of the Burt-Robinson cot-Ingle.

For himself, he thought it much bet ter to sit in the shade and watch Lilian's graceful white-robed figure swinging in the baromock than to drink beer and play dominoes with the cornet. His whole soul was absorbed in one ideato make money enough to get back to Germany creditably, and with an outlit which would not reveal the straits to which he had been put after getting rid of the handsome allowance made him for his tour. Jeanne Lefevre was an eposode. Americans puzzled him, but enough. She hated Germans; she laid her orphanhood, her poverty, her changed position, all to the German-, handsome young fellow. Koller adored

Lilian was waiting for him in a dark corner of the porch. "Well, where is my fan?"

Koller's heart gave a jump. He had forgotten all about the fan. "1-1 assure you, madenio selle, 1 searched--I'm sure it is not in the path," he andadded, with sudden boldness, for it was surely at the bottom of the pond.

"You prohably met 'the governess," said Lilian, with sareasm in her smooth \$ 131414

"I di l," replied Koller, lamely. * Ahf

She reflected. It was now or never, Koller, in his supposed position, would never dare to make the first advances to her; that had been fully decided. Counte-s Maurice Koller- well, it was worth streams of blood running down, and the stake, and she had read in several novels where the heroine had very snecessfully proposed to the hero, and had. been accepted. She rapidly ran over inher mind the general form of the proposition.

"Kol'er," she said, dramatically, "you sre poor-unknown-a wand sing minstrol

"i beg your pardon, mademoiselle, I have a regular contract with the proprietor of the Brandon House for four months, beginning fast June.

"That is nothing." said Lilian, vexed have her exordium so disturbed. But do you not see how it is? Do you not feel for me?"

To have two women throw themselves rabbit an 'your fadder!" at his head the same afternoon was more than even German stolidity could stand. Koller seized his hat and retreated toward the steps, "Mademoiselle," he said earnestly,

I assure you I feel for you. To lose an ornament like your fan, cherished for a thousand tender associations, the gift, and the old man held the boy off and perhaps of a favored lover-a-ah?- asked: good evening, mademoisalle," and he "Jul WBS gone.

Lilian stood, angry and irresolute. Just then she saw the lamps lighted in the little drawing-room, and Jeanne enter, with Gwendolen tagging after her as usual. It suddenly occurred to her as usual. It suddenly occurred to her de nex' time you go huntin' you holler that perhaps it would be as well to send off yer mout befo' you shoot off yer

ably, to Jeanne, "that you must find it rather stupid up here, and perhaps you'd

steamer saumg gram from the parents of the bridegroom month or two, but, not being a badsome compensation in bragging of her gones bely-gones, and lays the Franco-

HE WAS EXCUSED.

An Old Darky's Striking Argument in a Question of Natural History.

Down in the woods of the Chickamauga battle fields rabb ts skurry from one brush-heap to another, and the spairrels chatter as they look down from their perches at men wandering from point to point in the openings. We were skirting Snodgrass Hill when we heard a gun go off, followed by a series of yells and whoops. Pushing into the woods a few rods we came upon an eldarky souted on a log with one past-log rolled up. There were four or five t as was plain enough that some scattering shot had struck him.

As we reached hum a colored boy » ut sixteen years old came out of the br sh with a light shot-gun in his hands, and the old man looked up and said:

"Julius, look heah! You has dun shot your fadder in de leg!' "Why, pap, I dun 'sposed you was a

rabbit, I seed sunthin' movin' in de brush, an' I blazed away." " Zaetly, Julius-I correspond. You dun took an ole nigger weighin' one hundred and eighty pounds fur a little

rabbit 'bout a foot long an' jist 'nuff to make soup for one! Julius, Ize gwine to show you de difference between a

He had been cutting a green limb as he talked, and when he finished he took the boy by the collar and played the to him until the young man "bud" jumped two feet high and sung out like a brass band. By and by we gently interfered to prevent further punishment,

"Julius, does you see me?" "Yes, fadder,

"Does you know me frum a rabbit?" "Yes.

stating the object of his visit he found Mr. Boote an enthusiast on the subject of his treatment and cure. He said: "I was troubled with eczema, which had at-tacked my nose. This gave me the appearance of being a hard drinker, when, as a matter of fact I have always been most abstemious in the usefor liquors. I was for ten years under treat-ment with the best physicians in the city. In-stead of getting better I got worse, though one of my doctors, I am satisfied, did the best he could for me. Indeed, he declared that be would stake his reputation as a physician on my case, and if he failed would consider him-self disgraced. So great was my annoyance that it threatened to drive me from my profes-sion. Finally, becoming disgusted with these repeated failures, I consulted Dr. Darr.n and placed inyself under his care. My improve-ment was immediate, and after a few days, to my inexpressible relief, the disagreeable erup-tion was entirely removed. DR. DARRIN'S MADNATIC THEATMENT CLIED ME. This was more that its or as ago and none of the symme-tion was entirely removed. MAGNETIC TREATMENT CURED ME. MADNETIC TREATMENT CURED ME. This was more than two yea's ago, and none of the symp-toms have since reappeared. Dr. Darrin is a well-read, scientific and skillful man, and I am glad to test fy to his attainments. My previous experiments had cost me large sums or monoy, which was worse then thrown away. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to again become similarly afflicted, if I could not again come under this man's treatment."

A LADY'S THANKSGIVING.

A LADY'S THANKSGIVING. To THE PUBLIC: This is indeed a Thanksgiv-ing Day for me, and I know of no better way to express my thanks than by giving the public the marvelous way in which Drs. Durrin of 113 stockton street, San Francisco, cured me of deathess. That been deaf a long time, which had gradually come upon me. I applied to the Doctors, and through their magnetic treatment I am restored. MRS. M. C. PETERISON. 225 Pacific street, S. F. November 25, 1886.

Dr. Darrin can be seen daily st his parlors, 113 Stockton street, San Franciscu, from 10 A. M. to S P. M. The poor treated free of charge 9 to 10 daily. Said for dreumar. Examination

Three negroes were lynched ear Hoodtown, S.C

A LOVELY COMPLEXION.

"What a lovely complexion," we often hear persons say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

J. C. M lier was shot and probably fatally wounded by G. N. Walker in Washington.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

DR. FLINT'S HEART REMEDY cures palpitation of the heart, which may be the result of cardiac disease, and when not, is sure to give rise to some one of the many cardiac trouble. At druggists. \$1.50. Descriptive treatise with each bot tle; or address J. J. Mack & Co., S. F.

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the French governess home. She gun! Gemilen, good mawnin', an stepped in through the open window. "Two been thinking," she said, ami- Detroit Free Press.

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