

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## ONE WORD OF LOVE.

One little word of love is worth  
For more than courtly speech,  
Though whispered in the lowest tones,  
The inner ear will reach.  
Though golden words from cultured lips  
May eloquent fall,  
Each heart confesses that one word  
Of love outweighs them all.

When sorely chastened and bereft  
Of joys the heart will cheer,  
When hopes and dreams that cheered  
Fade out and disappear,  
When sorrow settles round the hearth,  
And clouds hang dark above,  
O, how the heart in secret sings  
For just one word of love!

One word of love will warm the soul  
Adversity has chilled,  
One word of love life's stormy waves  
And passions oft has stilled,  
And much of all the wails and woes  
The human heart may feel,  
From childhood's heart to lonely age,  
One word of love can heal.

None are so poor they can not give  
This coin to whom they choose;  
None are so rich they can afford  
The rare gift to refuse;  
And earthly places have been made  
As fair as realms above,  
Who Heaven's own glory there, because  
Of one sweet word of love.

—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

## CHILDREN OF AUTHORS.

They Prove That "Genius Is Not Hereditary."

Emerson's Unappreciative Son—Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, Whipple, Richard Grant White, Curtis, Higginson, Parton and Phillips Alone in Their Glory.

The saying "Genius is not hereditary" has grown almost proverbial, and observation and experience denote that it rests on a basis of truth. Of literary genius it seems particularly true, since authors of note very rarely have sons who distinguish themselves in the field of letters, or ever pursue letters in any form. The prospect of compensation is so small that, in this age of luxury, with the great need of money, young men have reason to be deterred from embracing the lucky profession. But those who have a strong temperamental bias toward a calling are apt to embrace it without regard to its probable or possible rewards. The fact must be that, if a passion for literature is felt by one member of a family, it is not likely to affect any other member. The writing habit may be so unnatural to humanity at large that the contraction of it is entirely exceptional. Gifted authors write, they are prone to say, because they can not help it. Perhaps, then, literature is a compulsory trade independent of the will as it is of recompense. There are, certainly, very few, if any, visible inducements to embrace it.

Curious consideration of American authors will sustain this position. Ralph Waldo Emerson had one son, besides two daughters, and he is a physician, though not eminent, and without any leaning to letters beyond what a man of culture would necessarily have. It is said that he has no sympathy with the poetic philosophy and intellectual ideas of his father, and has often confessed his inability to understand his works. His mind is of a different cast, his tendencies are in another direction. He is devoted to his father's memory, but not to his method of transcendental thinking.

Richard Henry Dana, one of our early poets and essayists, who lived to be past ninety, left a son, who, after a lawyer, wrote one book, "Two Years Before the Mast," that has grown famous as an actual record of a sailor's experiences. It is still widely read, though it is more than half a century since, on account of an ocular disorder, he made the voyage described from Boston to California, a region almost unknown in 1834. He, too, is dead now; but the name, Richard Henry Dana, continues, being borne by his son, also a lawyer, who married one of Longfellow's daughters, and by his grandson, a product of that marriage.

George Bancroft, the venerable historian, is generally regarded as childless, but he has two daughters and a son, who is a decorator and an artist house-furnisher in Boston, with much local reputation in his specialty, though he has not, and has never had, the slightest leaning to authorship.

John Lothrop Motley is said to have been very anxious for a son, who should be renowned in letters, but his wish was never gratified. His daughters are more interested in society than in books, though they are highly cultivated and accomplished.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, lately returned from his greatly-honored journey abroad, will have no successor in his authorial renown. His son, named after him, is a conspicuous barrister, and at present on the bench in Boston. He went to the war at the head of a company in a Massachusetts regiment, and his father wrote a very entertaining article in the *Atlantic* "My Search After the Captain." It gave, as I remember, an account of how he had gone to the front to look after his boy, who had been reported seriously, if not mortally, wounded and encountered him sound and well, with the greeting: "How are you, dad?"

James Russell Lowell, who is thought to have been largely instrumental in preparing the British mind to receive his friend Holmes with cordial, generous hospitality, had a son years ago, but he died, I believe, in Italy, when little more than an infant. His only other child, a daughter, is the wife of young Burnett, son of the proprietor of Bunnett's cocaine. The former owns the celebrated Deerfoot farm, in Massachusetts, and is reputed to be a very pleasant, interesting high-minded fellow.

Edwin R. Whipple had a son in whom he took great pride, and of whom he had ardent hopes, while the boy was small. But, before arriving at his majority, the youth became dissipated, and soon sank into the condition of a sot, from whom the efforts of his father could not re-

claim him. One of Whipple's nieces, because unexpressed, sorrows was on account of his unworthy and intemperate son, whose birth the bitterly disappointed and mortified author must have considered under the circumstances positively calamitous.

Richard Grant White had two sons, one of them a prominent architect, but neither of them has shown any predilection for letters.

George William Curtis has, I believe, a son, though I have never heard of his evincing any disposition to tread in the paternal footsteps.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson had no children by his first marriage, but his wife, if I am stating not a sister of William Ellery Channing, having been for years an invalid. She could not move without assistance, her ailments being a fatty degeneration of the muscles; but her mind retained all its vivacity and brightness to the close. Her husband took care of her himself most of the time, and was the best of nurses, being as competent as he was affectionate. He married again, and became a father, one of his interests being, soon lost his little daughter. He now has another daughter, though he is still without a son, which is a serious disappointment to him for he is nearly sixty-three. He has always been ambitious of distinction in various ways. He was noted for scholarship and cleverness at Harvard (he was born at Cambridge, and has recently returned there to live), and also for his athletic powers. He had the Greek idea of a dual cultivation of the body and mind, and was esteemed by some rather worldly for a *gymnast*. He was graduated in the academic course at eighteen and in the theological school at twenty-four. He belonged in the church militant, being opposed to slavery and ready to fight against it. Having been settled over the First Religious Society at Newburyport, he resigned because he knew that his political views were distasteful to some members of his congregation, and went to a Free church at Worcester. He afterward led an attack on the Boston equestrian in order to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive, who was in the custody of the United States Marshal, and about to be returned to slavery. During the fight he was wounded with a saber, and was afterward indicted for murder, as one of the Marshal's posse had been killed. He was acquitted, owing to a flaw in the indictment. Some years later he was active in Kansas in the contest against the pro-slavery invaders from Missouri. Believing by this time that he was not a good representative of the Prince of Peace, he relinquished the ministry to pursue literature exclusively.

When the Southern States seceded he raised several companies of volunteers and was commissioned Captain. He was next appointed Colonel of the First South Carolina, the first slave regiment mustered into the Union service. This was a position full of danger, for the South had declared that it would show no quarter to any other commanding colored troops. He commanded them for two years, making a number of expeditions into Florida, in one of which he captured Jacksonville. Having been severely wounded, he was forced to leave the service a year before the end of the war. Most of the early leading abolitionists were non-resistants on principle. Higginson felt sure that slavery never could be destroyed except by blows, hard and many, and events demonstrated the clearness of his perception. He has a noble record. He has been a gallant soldier and an eloquent preacher; he is a brilliant writer, a genuine reformer; he has a host of a imitators and friends, but he has never had what he wished most of all, a son, to bear his name and transmit his renown.

James Parton has two children, one of them a son, but they have come late. His first wife was Mrs. Sara Willa Eldridge, Fanny Fern, with whom he led a rather inharmonious life, as any one might imagine who knew that wayward, whimsical woman, eleven years his senior. His second wife was her daughter, and as they were married in Newburyport, he was distressed to learn afterward that the marriage was illegal by the laws of Massachusetts. No one had any idea of its existence; but some monster discovered the unpious fact. Parton had lived most of his life here, and no New York enactment interfered any way from wedding his deceased wife's daughter if he so inclined. Indeed, it is a thing not likely to happen, and would not have happened in this case save for a rare combination of circumstances. He had adopted a little girl, daughter of Mortimer Thompson (Doesticker), and the sister of his present wife, who had kept house for Parton and taken care of the child. Parton, who is entirely domestic by nature, is happy in his second union, and an eyes his family exceedingly. He also enjoys the tranquility of the old town on the Merrimack, which is the antipodes of the modern Babylon on the Hudson. Whether Hugo Parton, a bright little fellow, will take to literature when he has grown up can not be foretold.

Another singular marriage was that of Wendell Phillips, who though known as a gifted orator, was eminently a literary man, as his printed speeches and numerous articles in periodicals and newspapers bear testimony. The lady who became his wife had considerable property, was vehemently opposed to slavery, an invalid, and interested in Phillips as a conspicuous and able abolitionist. She had a settled feeling that she would not live long, and wishing to put her means in Phillips' hands, so as to benefit the cause she had so much at heart, she thought that marriage would be the best method of carrying out the purpose. The couple had few friends, and remained such after their union, which naturally included very little passion or romance of the ordinary kind. But in place of that was a tender regard, an earnest admiration, an exalted esteem, which made them the best and truest of companions. The sympathy between them was complete. He passed hours every day in her society, and many of his ideas and inspirations are said to have come from her. A more devoted, devoted husband has not lived. I have been told that he often framed her letters, because, as he had no taste in such things, she liked to have him display it in her behalf. To those who have never thought of Wendell Phillips except as the great orator, it

will appear strange that he could ever have been engaged in such feminine occupations. But the fact is one of the strongest evidences of his marital attachment.

As may be supposed, the pair had no children; but they adopted a daughter, now the wife of George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *Tribune*. As the story goes, the mother of Mrs. Smalley lived in Martinique, and was a slave-owner. She became interested in the cause of anti-slavery through Wendell Phillips' speeches, and freed her slaves. At her death she left her only child, then a small girl, to Phillips as his ward, he became her guardian, and subsequently adopted her. Smalley, being an earnest Abolitionist, met her at Phillips' house, where a mutual affection arose, with the usual result.

The uncertainty of life is shown by the career-tance that Mrs. Phillips, believing herself doomed to an early death, still survives her husband, who was more than seventy when he passed away. He was always supposed to be comfortably off—worth at least two hundred thousand dollars—and when he died his entire property was not valued at more than eight thousand dollars. What became of it nobody has been able to tell. He was always extremely generous to every charity and every needy person; but it was not believed that he had parted with nearly all his capital. Finally aid has been given to the widow by her intimate friends, as she was sorely in need, although her circumstances had been thought to be very comfortable. —*Chicago Times*.

## PATIENT WANDERERS.

A Peculiar People Whose Origin and Name are Shrouded in Mystery.

Meet them where you will—in Spain or Norway, in Hungary, Wallachia or Scotland, in Italy or Epping Forest, in the arid deserts of Morocco or the snow-swept steppes of Russia—there is no mistaking the Gypsy face, the Gypsy blood or character. They all understand the same language, that of Romyany, subject though, of course, it is to variations in dialect and tinged and interspersed by the language of their several adopted countries.

Even their name is shrouded in mystery. Nearly a century before they appeared in Britain they were known in France as "Bohemians" or "Egyptians," and for long they were popularly supposed to hail originally from Egypt; but philologists and antiquarians differ as to their nationality. There is a faint traceable likeness in the names given to them in different lands: "Zingari" of Italy, the "Gitanos" of Spain, the "Tzigan" of Hungary, the "Cypsy" of England. They are as ignorant of their origin as we are; they have no archives, no family history, no possessions, no patrimony, no literature.

Perhaps they were the cursed descendants of Ham; perhaps the posterity of that first outcast, Ishmael, whom jealousy and injustice drove out to the wilderness to give a name to the hapless pariahs of society to time immortal—"their hand against every man's and every man's hand against theirs." Or were they wandering Bedonins, wandering first by choice and then by necessity, till habit grew to second nature, and grown too numerous to find the needful prey on their native soil, they spread over the known world? A dreamy mystery, deep as their dark eyes, surrounds them; a halo of antiquity on which history has thrown no side light, they are a people complete, individual, separate with no rights, no ties, not even a home. —*All the Year Round*.

## PRACTICAL LESSONS.

Do Not for a Moment Forget That It Is Well to Remember.

That every promise is a debt.

That speculation leads to speculation.

That all are not saints who go to church.

That he who has not a wife is not a man.

That he is well paid who is well satisfied.

That to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

That there is no worse joke than a true one.

That man must either be an anvil or a hammer.

That it is easier to give advice than to follow it.

That every fool is wise when he holds his tongue.

That good fortune is hard to be borne unselfishly.

That it is the second word that makes a quarrel.

That it is better to be innocent than to be penitent.

That there is no resurrection for a dead opportunity.

That a little of every thing really amounts to nothing.

That nothing can come out of a sack but what is in it.

That it is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

That the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.

That there would be no shadows if there were no suns.

That the only way to learn the value of a dollar is to earn one.

That to-morrow has no overflow to make good lost yesterdays.

That to make the car go easily you must first grease the wheels.

That rules and jackasses are as apt to kick at sinners as at sinners.

That it is not the clock with the loud-tick that keeps the best time.

That valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often still more valuable.

—*Good Housekeeping*.

## The Great Need of the Times

"Mr. Dusenberry, isn't it remarkable? A woman down South who had her voice for years, had it restored by the shock of the earthquake."

"Well, may be so, my dear, but it is the kind of an earthquake that married men like myself like. The great need to us is one that will deprive women of speech." —*Philadelphian*.

The great railroad of the country not only shows that the trains can't see each other on the same track, but that the rails are not straight.

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

A union depot, 270 feet long, to cost \$170,000, is being constructed at Leavenworth.

A network of railroads is to be built to connect the Black Sea with the Persian Gulf.

Government laborers now get over-pay for all time they work over eight hours a day. —*Washington Post*.

The St. Paul Railroad Company has let a contract for a cantilever bridge at Kansas City, 1,300 feet long, to cost \$1,000,000.

According to recent experiments, water of maximum density evaporated in steam at atmospheric pressure (14.7 lbs. per square inch) evaporates 1.64 times its former bulk. —*N. Y. Post*.

Saratoga has a woman bill-poster, who handles the broad sheets and the broad paste brush with the skill of an expert. She is the widow of a former bill-poster and continues his business with energy. —*Troy Times*.

Sunday work may seem to be gain, but in the end it will not be, for in the order of nature the day is assigned to rest, and compensation will not be found. —*Chicago Standard*.

The Southern cotton mills have increased in number in six years from 161 to 310, and in production from \$16,387,598 to \$34,726,250, or 88 per cent. They have withstood severe storms, resulting from a too rapid growth, have secured new markets, and are now exporting goods.

The cotton and woolen mills of Eastern Connecticut are about the only industries in the State in which operatives are required to labor more than ten hours a day, and in quite a number of these the ten-hour system has been adopted during the past few months. —*Hartford Post*.

The *Industrial World* (Chicago) says that the importance of the coal fields of New Zealand becomes more evident as they are opened, for they appear to be very extensive. The San Francisco mail steamers use this coal. It contains 93.20 per cent. combustible matter, 4.20 per cent. water, and 2.20 per cent. ash.

A new French decoration has been created. "Industrial Medal of Honor" are to be conferred on those deserving work-people who have served over thirty years in the same manufactory or commercial establishment in France. The medals are made in gold, silver and bronze, and bear on one side the effigy of the Republic and on the other the inscription, "Honor and Labor," with the recipient's name.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Why will people persist in asking over and over again that stupid question, "What's in a name?" Why, letters, of course.

Charleston certainly keeps a stiff upper lip, but what it is particularly anxious to do is to keep a stiff upper crust. —*Chicago Tribune*.

Scene in hotel twenty-five years hence. Guest to porter—"Can you tell me what time it is?" Porter—"Yes, sir, it's half-past twelve. That'll cost you fifty cents, please." —*Merchant Traveler*.

"Father, has you ever read that poem called 'Strike the lyre gently'?" "No, I've neither read nor seen it, but I think you've wrote it had been nearer the mark if he had said, 'Gild him a gild-soun' thrashing.'" —*Prairie Farmer*.

"There are many temptations to profanity besetting the unwary, and particularly those of hasty temper. 'Do you ever swear, young man?' 'No, sir, I don't,' was the reply. 'I'm a proof reader. It's the other fellows that do the swearing.'" —*N. Y. Mail*.

"Wise Matron—"Yes, my son, I earnestly hope you and Miss Blank will make a match of it; I like her exceedingly." Her son—"But Miss Blank is such a giggler." "O, she will get over that after she's married." —*Omaha World*.

"Young Woman—"Mr. Algernon, can you tell me the name of that Bulgarian Prince who has lately had so much trouble?" Dad—"Er—let me think." Young Woman—"O, pray, don't let me put you to so much trouble." —*Tid-Bits*.

If the plural of goose is geese, the plural of mouse should be moose—but every hunter who ever camped in the woods of Maine knows that it isn't. Moose hasn't any plural. A fellow thinks himself lucky if he sees one. —*Cambridge Chronicle*.

The reason the cranks are crowding the Niagara Falls in such a lively way is because of the statement that the falls will entirely disappear at the end of twenty-two centuries. They want to get in their exploits before it is too late. —*Detroit Free Press*.

"Ma, what kind of a blossom is a gin-blossom? Is it like a daisy?" "Ma, ramblin'—'What a silly question! But why do you ask, Ma?" "Ma—"Cause I heard Mr. Mugs say to-day that he had the largest gin-blossom in the ward, and it was a daisy." —*The Judge*.

"Bailey—"What's the matter, Ponsonby?" "Ponsonby—"Got a bad cold in my head. It surprises me." "You mean it exasperates you." "No—surprises. I wonder it didn't go to my lungs. They say a cold always goes to the weakest part." "So it does. Yet you are surprised that it went to your head. Dear me!" —*Philadelphian*.

"Conductor—"Just my luck. Jack pulled out ahead of me with four pairs of spectacles aboard, and I haven't got one." "Pa-senger—"What do you want spectacles passengers for? Are they lucky?" "Conductor—"Don't know anything about that; but I've got three plugged quarters to work off of this trip, and it's only near-sighted people that is taking em on nowadays." —*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Over the back yard fence: "I say, do you know the 84 flies-as are going to move this spring?" "No, are they, though? Well, I'm glad. They have made the street a by-word." "Yes, but then Mrs. Shiftless has fallen heir to \$45,000, and she has bought an elegant house." "O, I always liked her, but her young ones—well, they're real kind of causing after all." —*N. Y. Graphic*.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A Column Devoted to the Interests of Farmers and Stockmen.

Near Stockholm, Sweden, a farmer and his father before him have successfully cultivated tobacco upon the same few acres of land for nearly fifty years.

Lime is a purifier and should be used often as a wash for coops, perches and nest boxes. Sprinkle the place most frequented by them with air-slacked lime.

Farmers can improve their corn by growing seed-corn in a patch by itself, where special attention shall be given to the matter of fertilization. Now is the time to mature plans for next year's planting.

If poultrymen would believe how succulent and valuable potatoes, cabbage, turnips and carrots are when cooked and mixed with meal, and fed while warm to the fowl, they would make ample provision for them in winter.

An authority says that slight elevations are a safer place for the grape than bottom lands. Why? The early and the late frosts always seek the low lands, but are not so apt to be along the lower elevation of mountain sides.

Well conducted experiments in beet feeding, says Professor Fear, of the Pennsylvania State College, are greatly needed in this country. Farmers could realize from them what they lost by so long neglecting a crop entering in the rotation on all well managed farms.

It is scarcely more than a year and a half ago since a creamery was started on the college farm of the Agricultural College of Mississippi, and now six creameries are in successful operation in the old cotton State, where once it was believed that good butter could not be made.

The draught-horse enthusiasm grows with increasing success all over the West. Western farmers have decided to raise a better class of horses and more of them. The grade draught horse is a universal favorite in the highest demand at the highest price, a cash article, a profit and a pride to the breeders.

The first prize on eggs preserved for three months at the London dairy show was won on a lot of eggs packed in sweet bran with the small ends down. The second prize lot had been rubbed with a mixture of olive oil and beeswax, packed in salt; third prize lot rubbed in mutton dripping, when laid, then put in powdered dry lime.

## Facts About Corn.

Indian corn evidently originated in America. If it had been included among the productions created before men and animals were made it would have continued to be produced in Asia and would have spread far and wide in Asia, Europe and Africa.

Maize or Indian corn has been found in ancient Peruvian tombs, and also under similar circumstances in Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona.

The Indians taught the Plymouth colony in Massachusetts how to plant and cultivate corn, and how to manure with fish, without which they said it would come to nothing.

Indian corn was the chief reliance of the early settlers in New England for bread, other grains often failing there.

The colonial records of Connecticut make mention of a petition of one Edward Hinman, made in 1417, praying for liberty and commission to make molasses of Indian cornstalks in the county of Fairfield, and the Assembly granted him the monopoly for ten years, "always provided that the said Hinman make as good molasses, and as cheap, as comes from the West Indies."

The sweetness of the stalks of sowed corn was noticed by early writers, and it was sown for fodder by the colonists quite early in our history.

Dr. Sturtevant has collections of more than 300 kinds of Indian corn. The varieties differ from each other vastly more than do those of any other cereal. The height of corn growing in the field varies from three to twenty-six feet, according to soil and climate, and cultivation. Morelet tells of corn in Central America twenty-one to twenty-four feet high, and John Thomas tells of it in the West Indies thirty feet high.

Some corn has but eight rows, other corn has from thirty-six to forty rows; always even rows, never odd numbers.

The Cuzco corn gives 330 grains to the pound, the smallest popcorn 3000 kernels to the pound.

The color of corn ranges through white, yellow, lemon, red, pink, orange, amber, purple, striped, spotted, black and combinations of all these.

Of the eleven States that make the bulk of the corn crop of the United States, seven of them reported the best yield per acre over 100 bushels in 1879; two of them reported 125 bushels per acre as the best yield.

The legal weight of shelled corn in nearly all of the States is 56 pounds to the bushel; California 52, North Carolina 54, New York 58; weight of corn in the ear to the bushel, usually 70 pounds, in Indiana 68.

Analysis of corn: Common average of 52 analyses—ash, 1.7; albuminoids, 12.0; fibre, 1.9; carbohydrates, starch, gum, sugar, etc., 73.5; fat, 5.7.

Corn is the source of nearly all of the starch manufactured in the United States. In other countries laundry starch is made from potatoes, wheat, rice and a variety of materials. In Maine starch is made from potatoes to some extent. Some of the corn starch factories in the United States are the largest in the world. Good sound corn produces about 40 per cent of pure starch. Sometimes it produces 52 pounds to the bushel.

## THAT YELLOW COMPLEXION

Means biliousness: Biliousness means a perverted liver. Some of the bile has gone wrong and entered into the blood instead of going into the bowels, where it was needed to do its legitimate work. For the want of it in the right place you suffer constipation, and because of its presence in the wrong place you suffer jaundice. Nothing will correct that perverted liver and restore it to right habits so effectively or so readily as Compound Oxygen. This is not a drug. It is easy and pleasant to take; simple in its operation, and certain in its results. It has proved a blessing to sufferers from liver troubles and other chronic ailments. If you have symptoms of a disordered liver or of impure blood, or of failing digestion, you will find Compound Oxygen the remedy most sure to restore the diseased organs to healthy action. Dr. STARKER & ALLEN, of 15 1/2 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., publish a work of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results*, in which many cures are reported. They mail the work free to applicants.

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

Herr Krupp, the German gunmaker, has just finished testing a gun weighing 118 tons, that uses 840 pounds of powder in each charge, sending a shot that weighs nearly two tons through 78 inches of solid iron at a distance of one-half mile.

## THE ONLY WAY TO CONQUER DYSPEPSIA.

It is perfectly preposterous to introduce peptic and other artificial solvents into the stomach, in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting on the food itself. They will not. Nor is it possible thus to overcome dyspepsia. The only way to conquer that disorder, and prevent numerous diseases and disabilities which it assuredly provokes, is to renew the activity of gastric action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most inveterate forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs, and those which are tributary to them. The liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nerves, no less than the stomach, exerting the invigorative effects of that standard tonic, which possesses alternative properties that greatly enhance its beneficial influence, and give a permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

Louis K. Church has been appointed Governor of Dakota.

## SINGING SONGS OF JOY.

"Hurrah for the Irish May Flower's bloom  
That saved my Barney's life,  
It kept his liver from death's doom,  
An' cured him for his wife.  
You do blame me Mr. Delaney  
For singing songs of joy!  
Irish May Flower, more the power!  
Cured my darlin' boy."

WHAT SENATOR NELSON THINKS OF ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.  
SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, N. Y.,  
April 4, 1885.

On the 27th of February, 1885, I was taken with a violent pain in the region of the kidneys. I suffered such agony that I could hardly stand up. As soon as possible I applied two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, one over each kidney, and laid down. In an hour, to my surprise and delight, the pain had vanished and I was well. I wore the plaster for a day or two as a precaution, and then removed them. I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the last ten years, and have a ways found them the quickest and best external remedy for colds, strains and rheumatic affections. From my experience I believe they are the best plasters in the world.

HENRY C. NELSON.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds or any trouble of the Throat, than Dr. Brown's Bronchial Trochets. Price 25c. Sold only in boxes.

Go to Towne & Moore when in Portland for best Photographic and Crayon work.

To feel free, pleasant and be healthy, use Irish May Flower. 75 cents at druggists.

## RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED.

Will pay your fare from any part of the United States to Portland and hotel expenses while here, if you do not produce indisputable evidence from well-known bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers as to your inability in the cure of reducible rupture or hernia, without knife, needle or sharp instrument. You are secure against accident from the first day until cured, and the cure guaranteed permanent or money refunded. You can work every day, no matter what your occupation, without danger or inconvenience. Consultations free. Office hours from 10 to 4 daily. Correspondents will enclose stamp for reply and address Dr. J. B. FOSTER & LUTHER TOMAS & SONS, First National Bank, Portland, Oregon.

Why go limp & groan with your boots run over, when Lyon's Heel Stiffeners will keep them straight?

Irish May Flower the king of discoveries.

THE TRIUMPH OF PAIN-KILLERS.

## HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS, ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES.

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Itchy, Scrofulous and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA PREVENTS the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly cures itching and inflammation of the Skin and Scalp, heals Sores, and restores the Hair. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Eruptions, Itch, and Itchy Scald. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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