

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A NEW RECIPE.

Do you wish a new recipe—simple, delightful—Breakfast, dinner or supper appropriate for. Whose components can always be found in the pantry. Requiring no visits to cellar or store?

A blessing 'twill prove when you're late with your breakfast:

When children are fractious or fretful, or Will bring home a choice friend from the city, or dinner.

And the partridge won't brown, and the kid neys won't grill.

Take a gill of forbearance, four ounces of patience.

A pinch of submission, a handful of grace; Mix well with the milk of the best human kindness.

Serve at once, with a radiant smile on your face.

Pray try this new recipe, much burdened housewives.

It's sure to turn out a most perfect success. It's named "Why," "Good Temper"—O, rich boon from Heaven.

Our souls and our spirits to comfort and bless!

—Helen Chase, in Good Housekeeping.

A SAURIAN PET.

Some Interesting Facts About the Florida Chameleon.

The Old Notions Explored About the Little Animal Changing His Color at Will, and Living on Air—Desperate Fight.

The Florida chameleon is the gentlest and prettiest of saurians. It is a saying in the South that this little creature is an exact reproduction of the alligator on a very diminutive scale, but this is not true. The flat head and leaden eyes of the alligator are not reproduced in the chameleon, though in other respects the likeness is very close. The chameleon's head is narrow, its mouth innocent-looking, and its eyes sparkle like diamonds.

But if the chameleon and alligator are closely similar in shape, they are widely different in size. An alligator twelve or fourteen feet in length, sunning himself on a sand-bar, and a chameleon three or four inches long, taking a siesta on an orange leaf, afford a contrast so striking that they are not likely to be mistaken for twin-brothers. Sometimes, however, chameleons are mistaken by strangers for young alligators.

In a railway car that was whirling through the Florida pine woods, last winter, a chameleon awakened a great deal of curiosity in a number of boys and girl passengers from the North, by descending upon the window-pane to the cherry-red sill, and looking them over with its sparkling brown eyes. By accident or design, the little creature's color was at that moment a quiet drab. After discussing it for some time, the young people came to the conclusion that it was an infant alligator.

Meanwhile, the chameleon had darted across the panel to the next window, where a little "Cracker" girl had taken it in her hand and adorned its neck with a bit of red yarn from her hood.

"What is it, little girl?" one of the party asked.

"Yarn," said she.

"He means what's the animal," another of the young Northerners explained.

"This yer?" she asked, with surprise, pointing to the little creature. "Why, that's er cumeleum!"

The interest of the young Northerners now became greater even than it had been. They had always regarded chameleons and salamanders as among the most wonderful things in the world—chameleons with their gift of being able to change their color to that of the object on which they happened to be resting, and salamanders, with their fondness for skipping about among live coals and darting flames.

Yet here was a genuine chameleon that did not become red when it halted on the cherry window-sill, and did not turn green when it rested on the Cracker girl's frock, but with an appearance of disregard for the most striking thing told about it in the story books, preserved its modest drab through all these vicissitudes. But, however useful as a sanitary precaution, or appropriate from an artistic point of view, it might be for chameleons to change their color to match their immediate surroundings, there is no sufficient reason for believing that the faculty of doing so is possessed by them.

Naturalists favor the theory that the changes of color are the result of tension or relaxation of the fibrous muscles in the skin, by which the minute scales are so arranged that the predominant tint reflected from them is red, green or neutral, according to the arrangement.

Whether this muscular action is voluntary or involuntary, nobody knows. So it can not be settled at present whether a chameleon turns green for the reason that he prefers to be green, simply because he happens to have done something that incidentally makes chameleons green. But after all the theorizing, it is a fact that a chameleon found on a lily-pad is more likely to be green than red, and that one found on the bark of a tree is more often of a neutral tint than either red or green.

There is another thing told about chameleons that would be very interesting if it were true—that they eat nothing but air. But it isn't true. Chameleons are not heavy eaters, and they are very irregular about taking their meals. It is fortunate for them that they have to devote but little attention to their eating, because they are able to give all the more attention to the important work of keeping them-

selves from being eaten. Their food consists mainly of flies and the smaller insects of the air.

There is about the same appearance of reason for the statement that chameleons live on air that there is for the story that they partly hide themselves by making their color conform to that of the substance next to them.

Certainly they do make a tremendous show of devouring air. Some of the African and South American varieties inflate themselves clear to the tips of their tails, so that their shape is somewhat like that of a kid-glove finger blown up. But the Florida chameleons do not put on such airs. When they are inflated, they simply look as though their tonsils were badly swollen. Why the chameleons of the tropics inflate themselves in such an extravagant way nobody knows. Perhaps it is a precaution against getting bruised, if they should fall while doing so much climbing around.

But, although there is no basis for the two most extraordinary claims made in their behalf—claims so extraordinary that if they justly could be made with respect, even to so high a creature as man, they would make him a vastly more interesting object than he is—chameleons are looked upon with a good deal of curiosity by strangers visiting in the lands where they live. Boys and girls soon learn from the young natives how to make pets of them, and keep them supplied with tiny bright-colored neck-ribbons, both for the purpose of adornment and identification.

A chameleon will stay all winter on a sunny window if treated with proper consideration; and there is where he shows his good sense, for he can sleep with both eyes shut, and need not be continually on the look-out for black-snakes, lizards and other murderous monsters.

Occasionally a Northern girl so far overcomes her innate prejudice against things reptile-formed that she adorns her hair with a tiny diamond-eyed chameleon, held with a thread of gold, after the manner of far-Southern belles. As is often the case with creatures that are very timid with respect to others, chameleons are desperate fighters among themselves.

On a bluff overlooking the St. John's river is a deserted shanty, built and abandoned by a man who entertained and dismissed the notion of becoming an "orange king." Chameleons have taken possession of it, and their noiseless occupancy is in harmony with the quietness that has prevailed since its builder departed.

One day in June a tiny chameleon looked down from a beam and spied another tiny chameleon looking up from the floor. The two little creatures eyed each other for ten minutes without moving even so much as the muscles that tip up their scales and change their color. Then each darted toward the other for the distance of, may be, a foot, and there was another wait. It took them half an hour to come together, but when they came it was with wide-open jaws.

It was to be a catch-as-catch-can combat, and their first hold was meant to last. They locked jaws, and remained apparently as motionless as in the intervals when they were eyeing each other from a distance; but soon the tiny muscles in their neck began to throb, and the thin skin on their sides began to rise and fall with their quick heart-beats.

A ray of sunlight fell upon them from the opposite side, and as the blood shows red in the fingers of a hand held before a candle's flame, so did their blood show pink through their almost transparent sides.

The battle grew more desperate; the throbbing of the tiny muscles became stronger; the heart-beats became faster than the ticking of a watch; the pink blood seemed to boil. Then, just as the sparkle in their brown eyes began to die out, a stranger, who had been watching the battle, took the two small combatants in his hand, and in their fright they loosed their deadly hold.

For a moment they lay panting in his palm, and then they leaped to the side of the shanty and disappeared in opposite directions.—E. M. Revey, in Gold-Days.

Price of Tobacco in 1649.

Some one asserted that the common soldiers could not have puffed smoke into the face of Charles I. because tobacco was at that time too dear; but in "A Perfect Description of Virginia," published in 1649, the author says "that the inferior inhabitants and ordinary sort of men cultivated tobacco, and in tobacco they can make £20 a man at 3d. a pound per annum. And this they find and know, and the present gain is that that puts out all endeavors from the attempting of others more staple and solid and rich commodities out of the heads and hands of the common people."—Notes and Queries.

A rat and cock sparrow had a pitched battle in Oil City the other day. The sparrow was the aggressor, and attacked the rat viciously, striking at it very much in the style of a game cock and then flying down and picking at it. Once it struck the rat in the eye, and the rat spun around and around before it could get its bearings. In the end, however, the rat got the best of the battle, and the sparrow flew away, having lost many feathers.

A politician, in soliciting votes, came upon one of the opposition, who said: "What! I vote for you? I'd sooner vote for the Evil One himself!" To this the politician gently answered: "But in case your friend should not be a candidate, I shall then hope for your assistance."—N. Y. Ledger.

ERICSSON'S DESTROYER.

Description of the Iron-Clad and Its Powerful Submarine Gun.

Outwardly the Destroyer is simply an unarmored iron-clad vessel with wedge-shaped bow and stern. It is briefly described by the inventor as follows: The Destroyer is an iron vessel 130 feet long, 17 feet wide, 11 feet deep, protected by a wrought iron breast work of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of 16-inch caliber and 30 feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through the opening in the stem. The projectile expelled by the submarine gun is 25 feet long, its weight being 1,500 pounds, including an explosive charge of 300 pounds of gun-cotton. The Destroyer attacks bows on, and discharges the projectile at a distance of 300 feet from the ship attacked. The explosion of 300 pounds of gun-cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing water-tight compartments will be of no avail. It may be added, for the clearer comprehension of those not experts, that the water is prevented from rushing through the gun into the bilge by an out-board valve, opened and closed automatically. The body of the torpedo is of wood, shaped like a huge cigar. The point or dynamite end is made of copper. The initial velocity with which the torpedo leaves the gun is at the rate of 250 miles an hour, or 250 feet a second. With a minimum charge of powder in the gun the projectile traversed the first 300 feet in three seconds. In the experiments made by a naval board two years ago, common cord nettings were used to determine whether there was really any trajectory in the travel of the torpedo. At firing distances of 250 feet the course of the torpedo through the water was in a perfectly straight line. The tide currents had no effect on the course of the torpedo, nor could its course be detected as it traveled through the water. The torpedo is exploded by concussion, and is calculated to strike a vessel at any point below the water-line. The machinery of the vessel occupies a space less than eight feet square, and is entirely below the water-line and below the intermediate deck, so that it is impossible for the boat to become disabled from the shots of the enemy. An important feature in the construction of the vessel is an intermediate, curved deck, extending from stem to stern, and composed of plate iron strongly ribbed and perfectly water-tight. This intermediate deck sustains a heavy, solid armor plate, placed transversely to the line of the keel thirty-two feet from the bow, inclined to an angle of forty-five degrees, and supported on the after side by a wood backing four and a half feet deep at the base. The steering-wheel is behind this wood backing. A deck cabin seventy feet long above this intermediate deck affords quarters for the officers and crews. The helmsman occupies a pit in the forward end, from which he not only steers the vessel but discharges the gun by an electric battery upon signal. He watches the vessel's course and the position of the enemy through a small port-hole of heavy plate glass, and is protected by wrought-iron invulnerable armor plate sixteen inches in thickness.—Toledo Blade.

GIVING A LIGHT.

The Manners of Spanish, German, English and American Smokers.

There is a certain variety in the manner of giving and taking a light for a cigar that is interesting to all smokers. The Italians and French successfully copy the Spanish style, which is the most graceful and elegant of all, the only possible objection to it being that it may sometimes carry politeness beyond a reasonable range. But, after all, it is simple and friendly enough. The Spaniard bows and asks his neighbor for a light. The latter, returning the bow, immediately presents him with his cigar, holding out the lighted end at a slight angle between the thumb and second finger. The other takes the cigar and, after procuring the needed fire from it, reverses it skillfully and returns it, the entire operation being accompanied by another graceful bow, and each raises his hat as he turns to go away. The Spaniard always smokes through his nose. He considers it extravagant to waste any good smoke through his mouth, and inveterate smokers in all countries agree with him.

The German is more polite in asking for a light than he is in giving it. Even with the best intentions, in the latter case his efforts have all the appearance of reluctance. Sometimes, when his cigar is smoked down nearly far enough, he will throw it away immediately after granting a request for fire. This among the Latins is considered rude and boorish in the extreme, and is sometimes regarded as positively insulting.

The average Englishman hesitates before he gives a light, and finally acts as if he had achieved a mighty feat in condescension. Instead of lifting his hat, his hand is more likely to go into his pocket, and he is apt to give a parting puff with an air of indignation as he stalks away. Possibly this comes from the fact that he never asks for a light himself, and is always well armed with matches.

The American, of late, seems to be somewhat averse to letting anyone take a light from his cigar. He takes it for granted that it must be much better than his neighbor's, and not wishing to contaminate it, he answers an appeal for fire with a match. Some times he politely lights the match, and in such cases he presents it with an air good enough for any Spaniard. But this somewhat new custom may possibly be of Irish parentage. The Irish peasant always strikes a match for his fireless friend or fellow traveler, and even in a gale of wind he will hold a lighted match in the hollow of his hands and humorously issue orders for the capture of the precious flame.

The giving or taking of a light for a cigar is a small affair, but little things often reveal a great deal of the character, disposition and breeding of men. It should always be offered cheerfully and taken politely. In this country it need not be done with that extreme politeness and elegance which may be said to be the exclusive property of the Latins, and which is probably beyond the reach of colder and more sober races; but it should be accompanied by that good fellowship which is governed by common sense, the foundation of all politeness.—N. Y. Sun.

A Russian peasant employed as watchman on an estate near Odessa aroused the ill-feeling of Jews by impounding their stray cattle. The Jews decoyed him into a barn, where they immersed their victim several times in a caldron of boiling water, and then flung him out into a neighboring field. The unfortunate peasant lingered three days in great agony and then died.—Chicago Times.

A Concord school philosopher makes it as plain as the noonday sun when he says that there are many; that there is one; and their unity by the oneness of the many enables us to firmly grasp the manyness of the one in the threefoldness of its totality.—N. Y. Graphic.

The true boundary line between Connecticut and Rhode Island was only settled recently, and Rhode Island gets from six to nine feet of nutmeg land in the act.—Detroit Free Press.

given to the young mother and her husband in deciding what name will sound mellifluously and assert most fittingly with the sterling and attractive qualities which are so susceptibly packed up in the little cherub, their first-born.

The ancients had many superstitions as to names, and even elevated the study to a science under the title of onomantia. When the Romans raised an army or numbered the citizens they were always careful that the first name taken should be an auspicious one. More than one Emperor owed his elevation simply to his name, and Caesar in his expedition to Africa gave a command to obscure Scipio because the people believed that the Scipios were invincible in Africa. Similar influence weighed with the French envoys who went to negotiate a marriage between one of the Spanish princesses and Louis VIII. They rejected Urraca, the elder and more beautiful princess, who was intended for their royal master, and preferred her sister because her name, Blanche, had a more musical sound.

The Spanish Ambassador to the court of Elizabeth considered his dignity slighted when the Queen appointed a wealthy citizen to receive him because his host bore the very short name of John Cuts. He soon found, however, that if Cuts had a short name he had a long purse and a right royal way of dipping into it for the sake of upholding the English name for hospitality.—All the Year Round.

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WEALTHY NEGROES.

Material Progress Made by Representatives of the Colored Race.

John W. Cromwell, a negro journalist in Philadelphia, has compiled an exhibition of the business condition of his race in America.

The Carolinas take the lead in the number of wealthy negroes. North Carolina has twenty who are worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000 each. In South Carolina the negroes own \$10,000,000 worth of property. In Charleston fourteen men represent \$200,000. Thos. R. Small is worth \$18,000, and Chas. C. Leslie is worth \$12,000. The family of Noissettes, truck farmers, are worth \$150,000.

In the city savings banks the negroes have \$124,936 35 on deposit. One man has over \$5,000. He recently bought a \$10,000 plantation and paid \$7,000 in cash.

In Philadelphia, John McKee is worth half a million. He owns four hundred houses. Several are worth \$100,000.

The negroes of New York own from four to six million dollars' worth of real estate. P. A. White, a wholesale druggist, is worth a quarter of a million, and has an annual business of \$200,000. Catharine Black is worth \$150,000.

In New Jersey the negroes own \$2,000,000 of real estate. Baltimore has more negro home-owners than any other large city. Nineteen men are worth a total of \$800,000. John Thomas, the wealthiest, is worth about \$150,000. Less than 100 negroes in Washington are worth a total of \$1,000,000.

In Louisiana the negroes pay taxes on \$15,000,000 in New Orleans and \$30,000,000 in the State. Ione Lafon, a French quadroon, is worth \$1,000,000. The Morcer Brothers, clothiers, carry a stock of \$300,000. Missouri has twenty-seven citizens worth a million dollars in amount, ranging from \$200,000 to \$250,000.

The richest colored woman of the South is Amanda Eubanks, made so by the will of her white father; she is worth \$400,000, and lives near Augusta, Ga. Chicago, the home of 18,000 colored people, has three colored firms in business, whose proprietors represent \$20,000 each, one \$15,000 and nine \$10,000. A. J. Scott has \$35,000 invested in the livery business, and is worth \$100,000, including a well-stocked farm in Michigan. Messrs. John Jones and Richard Grant are worth \$70,000 each. A. G. White, of St. Louis, formerly purveyor to the Anchor line of steamers, after financial reverse, has, since the age of forty-five, retrieved his fortunes and accumulated \$30,000. Mrs. M. Carpenter, a San Francisco colored woman, has a bank account of \$50,000, and Mrs. Mary Pleasant has an income from eight houses in San Francisco, a ranch near San Mateo, and \$100,000 in Government bonds. In Marysville, Cal., twelve individuals are the owners of ranches valued in aggregate at from \$150,000 to \$180,000. One of them, Mrs. Peggy Bredan, has besides a bank account of \$40,000.

These statistics show that the brother in black is making some headway in the world. He is learning to "tote his own skin let."—N. Y. Witness.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

The Original Version of a Story Familiar in Many Lands.

The romantic story of Punch and Judy is, in its original form, as follows: Mr. Punch, a gentleman of great personal attraction, is married to Miss Judy, by whom he has a lovely daughter. To the baby no name is given in the piece, the infant being too young to be christened. In a fit of horrid and demonic jealousy Mr. Punch, like a second Zeluco, strangles his beautiful offspring. Just as he has completed his dreadful purpose Mrs. Punch enters, witnesses the brutal havoc, and exit screaming; she soon returns, however, armed with a bludgeon, and applies it to her husband's head, "which to the wood returns a wooden sound." Exasperated by jealousy and rage, Mr. Punch seizes another bludgeon, and lays her prostrate at his feet; then seizing the murdered infant and expiring mother, he flings them both out of the window into the street.

The dead bodies having been found, police officers enter the dwelling of Mr. Punch, who flies for his life, mounts his steed, and the author, neglecting, like other great poets, the conflicting unities of time and place, conveys his hero into Spain; where, however, he is arrested by an officer of the terrible inquisition. After enduring the most cruel tortures with incredible fortitude, Mr. Punch, by means of a golden key, a beautiful and novel allegory, opens his prison door and escapes. The conclusion of the affecting story is satirical, allegorical and poetical. The hero is at first overtaken by weariness and laziness in the shape of a black dog, whom he fights and conquers; disease, in the guise of a physician, next arrests him, but Punch "sees through the thin pretense," and dismisses the doctor with a few derogatory kicks. Death at last visits the fugitive, but Punch lays about his skeleton carcass so lustily, and makes the bones of his antagonist rattle so musically, that Death's death's blow then received.

Last of all comes the devil; first, under the appearance of a lovely female, but afterward in his own natural shape, to drag the offender to the infernal regions in purgatory to expiate his dreadful crime. Even this attempt fails, and Punch is left triumphant over doctors, death and the devil. The curtain falls amid the shouts of the conqueror.—Irish Times.

Malaria is the name of a new post-office in Mecklenburg County, Va.

Millionaire Flood has recently made his San Francisco palace with a fence which cost \$30,000, and he is adding two large bronze gates, weighing 4,000 pounds, which will cost \$15,000 more.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The beginning of disease is a slight disorder of some of the vital organs, the stomach, the liver or the bowels usually. Some, the skin grows tawny and unattractive, there are pains in the right side through the right shoulder blade. The end is often an utter prostration of the energies, perhaps a fatal issue. But if the curly is met in time with Hostetter's Stomach and Bowel Regulator, and it should be reason to be apprehensive of any subsequent effects, the cure is often entailed by entirely cured disease. It is better in it also, to employ this safe and sure agent in fever and ague, and other malarial complaints, than quinine and other drugs, which, even when they do prove effectual for a time, ruin the stomach and impair the general health.

The United States war steamer General has been ordered to the Canadian fishing grounds.

THE "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name has become known over the world through his success as a physician, and especially through the reputation of his "Golden Medical Discovery," has done a good work in preparing an especial remedy for the many distressing troubles classed as the "female weaknesses." It is known as the "Favorite Prescription." Under its administration all the female organs are strengthened, and the woman comes that embodiment of health and beauty which God intended her to be.

The city of Atchison Kan., owing to lack of funds, is without either police protection or street lights.

Julius Metzka was shot dead by George Turner, a wealthy man, in Spartanburg county, S. C.

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1848.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and especially consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is a great blood-purifier and strength-giver, and tonic, and for liver complaints and constipation of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

P. Robinson, who killed Charles Williams at Operton, W. Va., was tracked by a mob.

ALWAYS SAFE AND SURE.

It is safe to take BRANDRETH'S PINKETTES any time, but to get the best results they should be taken on an empty stomach before going to bed. For Constipation, Dyspepsia or two taken every night will, in a short time, perform an absolute cure. It is well to take a purgative at least once or twice a month as a preventive of disease. BRANDRETH'S PINKETTES are entirely vegetable, and the safest and most effective purgative ever introduced to the public. They have been used in this country for over fifty years.

Sudden changes of the weather often cause Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation which induces coughing, giving immediate relief. Sold only in boxes.

The Advance Thresher is the best. Write Z. T. Wright, Portland, for particulars.

Agents Wanted everywhere. Small scale article. H. M. Stevens, 635 Jewett Place, Minneapolis, Minn.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should use

BROWN'S

IRON

BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonic, and is suitable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all lead secondary liver, Biliousness and Purifies the Blood, cures the Appetite, strengthens the Stomach and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly invigorates.

It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do. It is a perfect substitute for Quinine. It is sold by all Druggists. For sale in boxes only. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Beware of cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper. Solely by Dr. J. C. SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Wholesale Agents, Portland, Me.

GENUINE has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Beware of cheap imitations. Solely by Dr. J. C. SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Wholesale Agents, Portland, Me.

20 Years Record. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Is a Positive Cure.

For ALL of these Painful Delicate Complaints, Complicated Weakness, and all other ailments of Women, Children, and Infants.

It will cure all ailments of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, and all other ailments of the system. It is a positive cure for all ailments of the system.

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