A PICTURE.

[Lewis Morris.]

Long rolling surges of a falling sea,
Smiting the sheer cliffs of an unknown shore;
And by a fanged rock, swaying helplessly
A mast with broken cordage—nothing more.

THE GRUMBLING CAMEL.

The "Ship of the Desert" an Ugly Craft to Manage.

[London Telegraph.]

The telegrams from our special correspondents in the Soudan, bear witness to the importance of these difficult beasts, although their presence invites perils. Not only are they themselves the prizes which the Arabs, thinking of plunder as much as bloodshed, are anxious to make, but they necessitate a deplorable weakening of the advancing column. Require, as they do, sure footing for every step they take, it often happens that at a narrow passage over a bridge, or through flooded rice fields, the whole force is halted to let the great slow brutes slouch forward one by one. Men and horses and mules tramp through the mud, wade the stream, scramble over rough bits; but the camel positively refuses to do anything except move upon flat and trustworthy ground. Mud is an abomination to it; water an impossibility. So, let the narrow pathway be never so tortuous the long files of grumbling monsters have to thread their way in and out, one behind the other, while the soldiers halt and guard the caravan as it reforms and starts afresh.

Nor, at a pinch, is the animal to be depended upon for extra work, as the hardier mule or human being may be. Its measure of work is so exactly defined that any attempt to exceed it is promptly resented by death. So careful in this respect are eastern men that rather than overtax one of them, even for a short march, they will distribute the extra weight among their own shoulders, and "a camel-load" is used as a phrase expressing a certain accurate quantity of grain, or salt, or other goods, and as being itself too notoriously recognized to require statement in avoirdupois. When once its burdens are adjusted, and the beast understands that they are complete, the smallest addition, even an ounce weight, is remonstrated against, and with such a prodigious affectation of suffering that it might be thought the big impostor's heart was breaking under the pressure of an intolerable grief.

Nor does it betray any proportionate vivacity in easy times. If told to sit down—and there is nothing which a camel does more cheerfully—it groans as though it were being put to the rack. If its load is being taken off its back it moans as if it were being flayed alive. Should the road betray the slightest a cent, it commences grumbling as if it were being asked to walk up the wall of a house like a fly; and yet when the path begins to descend again, its dolorous complainings are redoubled. Going up is bad, it says, as bad as can be—and going down is worse. So the Oriental has a proverb that when moving up hill it curses its parents, and when down hill its Maker.

Flowers in the Sick Room.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The "superstition," as he called it, that plants are not healthful in sleeping or sick rooms was vigorously attacked by Dr. J. M. Andrews yesterday afternoon in a lecture before the social meeting of the alumni of the College of Pharmacy, on Tenth street, above Arch. The deleterious matter that they gave out, the doctor declared, is too small to have any appreciable effect, while their positive value in a sick room is great. They fulfil two functions—that of the generation of ozone and exhalation of vapor, by which the atmosphere of the room is kept in a healthful condition of humidity. Tests made by the doctor at Christ hospital showed that in two rooms, alike in all respects except that one contained some flowers and the other none, that containing the flowers was cooler by 1½ degrees than the other.

The ozone which is generated by budding and flowering plants the doctor had found to have great sanitary value, in that it purified the air, ridding it of disease-breeding germs and of the vapors of decomposition. For consumption ozone is of great benefit, arresting the course of the malady, and by living among flowers constantly consumptives have been known to reach an advanced age. Of thirty florists whom the doctor visited, he found none who had consumption, though among the families of several it was hereditary. Foliage plants, the doctor found, produced no ozone and, so far as he had experimented, he had found no difference between odoriferous and non-odoriferous plants. More experiments were urgently advocated to determine more definitely the value of this new remedy for consumption.

Left It to His Servant.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A young gentleman had been boasting to a lady friend, married, about his duck-shooting, which, he declared, was the most difficult of sports. He said he never came back without a lot of victims, and promised, the next time he went shooting, to send her a couple of the results. He gave her notice he was going and he went. He got no ducks, but his reputation was at stake. He sought the usual refuge of frozen-out sportsmen, the market; but, unfortunately, left the commission of purchasing and sending the ducks to his servant. Two days after he went to call on the lady. She was profusely grateful for the ducks, and, just as he was leaving, she begged him to come and see them prepared. They sought the veranda, and there in the yard at the back of the house strode up and down two tame ducks, quack-quacking with lively delight. He had no words.

Big Inducement in Insurance.

[Texas Siftings.]

"I don't think I'll insure with you," said Jenkins, as the life insurance agent entered the office.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the agent of another company called in yesterday, and offered me much better terms than you do."

"Yes, I suppose he represents one of those snide companies that are willing to insure for less money than we ask. I am not authorized to guarantee it, but I give you my word as an insurance agent, that if you insure with us, you will be under the sod ten years before you will think of dying if you insure in that other company. Give us a trial. We are offering you the biggest kind of inducements."

George Eliot.

When the "Biography of George Eliot," upon which Mr. Cross is engaged, and the forthcoming volume of "Essays" have been given to the world there will remain hardly anything of George Eliot's unprinted.

QUEER THINGS IN EARS.

What Some Folks Foolishly Do, Who Ought to Know Better.

[New York Times.]

"You would be astonished," said a skilled aurist in one of the public eye and ear infirmaries, "at the large number of children who are brought to us in the course of a week to have something removed from their ears that they have foolishly stuck in them and have been unable to get out again. I have sometimes disposed of ten such cases in an afternoon, and have pulled almost everything out of the human ear that is possible to get in there—shoe-buttons, pieces of slate pencil, candies, and wads of paper. Four times out of five the youngster is old enough to know better; but it is a habit they fall into, the same as biting their nails or scratching their heads. One boy not yet 12 years old is almost a weekly visitor here. 'Well,' I said, as I saw him come in as usual yesterday afternoon, 'what have you got in there this time?' 'Nawthin' but a bean,' he drawled. Oh, yes, I took it out.

"But I recently met with the most remarkable case of that kind in twenty years' practice. A young woman of 23 came in so deaf that I could hardly make her hear by shouting through a trumpet. After removing a great quantity of wax from her ears I found something metallic.

"'What's this,' I said, 'have you been putting something in your ear?'

"'Oh, dear, no,' she said, 'I am not so foolish as that.'

"Imagine her surprise when I pulled out a smooth, round brass button, with quite a large shank to it. 'This seems to have been in there a great many years,' I said. To my surprise the young woman crouched in the corner in undisguised terror.

"'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'what is that awful noise?'

"It was nothing but a wagon rumbling by, but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I had removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds. The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary, or dripping of water distressed her, and the rustle of her own silk dress made her start with fear. I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the street so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat. About a week afterward she came in again—"

"And wanted the button put back, I suppose," interrupted the reporter.

"Oh, no, she was brimming over with happiness, though for a day or two she was afraid to leave the house. But she told me all about that button. 'When I was about 8 years old,' she said, 'I was sent to a village church in New England with my grandmother. The sermon was always long and tiresome, and I used to amuse myself by pulling at the brass buttons on my cloak. One of them came off one Sunday, and I occupied myself for a time with putting it in my ear and shaking it out again. Suddenly I felt it sink away in there and I could not get it out. I was afraid to tell my grandmother at the time, and soon afterward forgot it. At 10 years of age I began to grow deaf and have been getting worse ever since, but I never once thought of that button until you removed it.'"

"Do grown people," asked the reporter, "ever come to you with things in their ears?"

"Frequently, but in most cases it is through no fault of their own. I know one man, a butcher, who comes here regularly in the summer time to have flies removed from his ears. I have taken out six at one time for him. How ever they get there I don't know. He says they fly in; but they don't fly out, I'm sure of that. A man called me out of bed one night to get a Croton bug out of his ear. Now, a water bug will never back. He must either turn around or go straight ahead. This fellow had crawled into the man's ear, and, not finding room enough to turn around, went ahead. He was pawing away with his feelers on the drum, causing the poor man fearful agony. Men employed in tanneries often get a peculiar looking worm in their ears, which is no small trouble to remove."

Stephen A. Douglas.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Judge Douglas was a man of great ability. His mind was capable of grasping, analyzing and elucidating the most abstract and difficult subjects, either in the science of law or that of government. To these qualities was added a courageous vigor, a manly boldness which characterized all his efforts, and which enabled him to stand up against the slave-holders' power. He expected to have been nominated for president in 1852, and again in 1856, when the combined courtesies of Franklin Pierce and Jefferson Davis secured his support for the administration of the former; but after Buchanan's inauguration a breach ensued. "I beg you to remember," said Buchanan to Douglas, when their difficulties commenced, "the fate of Talmadge and Rives who undertook to oppose the head of the party to which they belonged." "Mr. President," exclaimed Douglas, defiantly, "I beg you to remember that Gen. Jackson is dead."

From that day he had to fight the administration on the one side and the Republicans of Illinois, headed by Lincoln, on the other. In 1860 he would have been satisfied with the Charleston platform and James Guthrie of Kentucky as a compromise candidate. It was the fear of this that made the disunionists put Breckenridge into the fight, against his wishes and his will, but he could not shake off his political entanglements. When hostilities were declared, he found his efforts to save the Union washed out in blood. Had his life been spared, he would undoubtedly have stood by his old antagonist, President Lincoln, as a defender of the Union. He died when a young man, disappointed and broken-hearted, but no public man at Washington—no, not one—has left behind him more devoted friends than Stephen A. Douglas.

Encouraging Advice.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"You want to watch out for alli[illegible] very carefully at first," was the advice given a northern invalid on his arrival in Florida, "but after you have been here a few weeks it won't so much matter."

"Why not?" was the question. "Why should I be more cautious at one time than another?"

"Because," was the reply, "after you have been here a little while you will have grown too thin to be an object of interest to alligators. They only want fresh arrivals."

French Philosophy: What is wanting in woman is the intermediate sentiment between love and hate; she knows nothing of that weapon of the strong man, indifference.

HE CAME OUT AHEAD.

A Gentleman in the Clothing Business Beats the Gas Company.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I have a friend in the clothing business who denounces his gas bill as exorbitant, and sometimes comes to my office to see about it. He lives in a palatial residence on Eighth street, and when he came in last week and handed me his bill, I saw at once that it was an unusually small one for such an establishment as he keeps up. Being somewhat familiar with the arrangements and number of burners in his house, I determined upon catching him at his own game, and showing that he was indebted to the company for more gas than the bill called for, but he was too much for me. Taking the bill from him, I said:

"Well, Mr. ——, you have a burner in the cellar?"

"Yes, sheneral, dares a purner in the cellar, but, holy Moses, who efer heard of lighting gas in de cellar."

"You have a laundry?"

"Laundry! laundry, you say! Who efer heard of people washing py gaslight?"

"Well, you have burners in your kitchen, haven't you?"

"Yes, dey are dare, but ve nefer use 'em; we haf 5-o'clock dinners."

"Well, don't your servants use any in the evenings?"

"Vell, I'll tell you, sheneral, ve haf the vorst hiret girls you efer seen. Dey are nefer in the house; dey are out all times of night after dark."

"How about the dining-room?"

"Didn't I tells you ve haf 5-o'clock dinners, and the childrens alvays plays in de dark?"

"Well, there's your sitting-room?"

"Sitting-rooms? Ve nefer light the gas there; ve alvays sits on the front schteps."

"Well, you surely have a light in the hall?"

"Vy, vould you vant to preak a man up?"

"Well, there's your handsomely furnished parlor?"

"Yes, ve haf nice parlors and ilegant furnisher, but ve haven't hat a visitor for ofer a year."

Becoming discouraged, I skipped the other apartments in the house, and came to a point where I thought I would be sure to catch him, and I asked:

"How about your bed-chamber? You surely use gas in that apartment?"

Imagine my chagrin when after a moment's hesitation, he answered:

"My ped chamber! Vy, I tell you, sheneral, ve haf burners there, but we nefer use 'em. My wife, she is a very modest voman, and always goes to bed in de dark."

He got a rebate.

Industry as a Matter of Race.

[The Continent.]

That the theory accepted by the popular mind as unquestioned fact is by no means necessarily anything but fiction, finds a new demonstration in some statements in a recent number of The Spectator. The writer takes up the question of "Industry as a Matter of Race," and proceeds to demolish the general conviction that "black men are very lazy, brown men lazy, yellow men rather lazy, and the white men lazyish, while the Englishman alone loves work for itself." On the contrary, there is no race that objects to overwork so strenuously, or that plans as assiduously for short hours and an uninterrupted seventh of the week. The idea of rising in life, for every one who owns Saxon blood, is to be free from heavy work. The yellow man, otherwise the Chinaman, cares nothing for time so long as he is paid for it, and will toil cheerfully sixteen hours a day. The brown men, taking the East Indian as an illustration, though called lazy by Europeans because relaxing toil in the cool of the evening, begin at 4 in the morning and work steadily till 3, with no weekly holiday. The negro, as soon as paying work offers, is an indefatigable laborer, though he enjoys idleness as thoroughly as the Englishman.

"The best test is piece-work, and we should say—and we have seen all of them at work—that, granted strict supervision and piecework, the Chinaman was far away the most industrious worker in the world; that the well-fed negro comes next, provided he is allowed holidays—if not, he grows morose, like an over-worked child; that the average Englishman comes third, provided he is allowed to make up for short hours by extra energy; that the Continental European comes next, working long hours rather perfunctorily; and that the brown man is last, with the exception of the savage, dreading overtime too much. He will not work to earn more than he thinks he wants, plus a modicum of hoarding, and is not tempted at all by over-time allowances. We should say, too, that while the yellow man already works up to his full power, and the black man can be induced to do the same—though not quite as continuously—the Englishman is approaching to the brown man in a deliberate desire to limit his own industry. He considers more leisure better worth his while than more pay, and is trying to secure it—a decision to which the brown man came 2,000 years ago."

Irving's Story.

[Boston Cor. New York Graphic.]

There is one little anecdote which Mr. Irving told during his last stay here which might not be an uninteresting foot-note to Queen Victoria's "Tales and Legs of John Brown."

The queen, as he who wishes may read, has often made visits both of pleasure and policy to her estates in Scotland, being at such times more than heartily welcomed by the canny Scots, who almost without exception highly reverence her and indorse all that she does.

On one occasion, shortly after a visit to her castle in the outskirts of Balmoral (blessed aptness!) Mr. Irving, who was traveling through the country, met an old Scotch woman with whom he spoke of her majesty.

"The queen's a good woman," he said.

"I suppose she's gude enough, but there are things I canna bear."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Well! I think there are things that even he queen has no recht to do. For one thing she goes rowing on the lak on Soonday—and t's not a Chreestian thing to do."

"But you know the Bible tells us—"

"I knaw," she interrupted angrily. "I've read the Bible since I was so high an' I knaw evry word in't. I knaw aboot the Soonday fishing and a' the other things the good Lord did; but I want ye to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him, for adoin' it."

Where Consumptives Should Go.

An article in The Planet upon the climatology of southern California gives a terse summing up of the weather in Santa Barbara for one year. The account was kept by Dr. Bradley, of Aurora, Ills., who was suffering from advanced pulmonary disease. There were 310 pleasant days in which an invalid could be out of doors with comfort and safety; twenty-nine cloudy days, upon twenty of which an invalid could be out of doors; twelve showery days, upon seven of which he could be out an hour several times each day; ten windy days, confining the invalid wholly to the house, and five rainy days, also prohibitory. The advantages of the resort lie in the fact that invalids may be nearly all the time in the open air, and also in its having an equable temperature. The latter averages 61.35 degrees for the year, the difference between July and January being but 15 degrees.

Something to Think About.

[Inter Ocean.]

It may set French and German statesmen to thinking when America resolves that they shall take our 2 per cent. of trichinæ or we won't take their 100 per cent. of delirium tremens. In fact, old boots, logwood and copperas, and fourth proof whisky are cheap enough in this country to enable us to make a very fair article of French brandy now.

T. S. ARTHUR AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

For many years the genial countenance of Mr. T. S. Arthur has been a familiar sight to the citizens of Philadelphia, as he has walked the streets of the city on the route between his home and his office. His name has been a household word among the readers of pure literature throughout the whole country. And "Arthur's Home Magazine," which he has so long and so successfully edited, has secured so hearty and so permanent a welcome in many thousands of the best households in the land, that Mr. Arthur cannot be regarded as a stranger by intelligent people anywhere. The many stories and tales of which he is the author, are written in the interest of purity, good morals and reform, and, especially those which are in aid of temperance work, have been productive of immense good. They have had an exceptionably favorable reception, and have nobly served their purpose of stimulating people to high aims and noble intentions.

It might be supposed by those who have not personally seen Mr. Arthur that a man who could for years work as diligently as he has, and who could produce the extraordinary amount of superior literary material which has come from his pen, must be one of giant physique and robust constitution. Those who are familiar with his slender form know that it is far otherwise. His constitution was never strong. About 1870 he suffered to such an extent from physical and nervous exhaustion that most of his friends gave him up as not likely to live long. It seemed as if his work was almost done.

The narration of Mr. Arthur's decline in health, and his restoration to vigor and the enjoyment of life, is of singular interest, as given by himself to one of our editors who recently enjoyed a protracted conversation with him. Mr. Arthur said, substantially:

"Previous to the year 1870 my health had been very poor. For a number of years I had been steadily losing ground in consequence of the constant physical and nervous strain resulting from overwork. I became so exhausted that my family and friends were very anxious about me. Only a few of the most hopeful of them thought I could live for any considerable time. I was forced to abandon all my most earnest literary work, and I regarded my career in authorship at an end. I was so weak that I could not walk over a few squares without great fatigue. The very weight of my body was to me a wearisome burden. My appetite was poor, and my digestion was much impaired.

"About this time my attention was attracted to Compound Oxygen as then administered by Dr. Starkey. I had heard of wonderful cures wrought by its agency; so wonderful indeed, that had I not personally known the Doctor, and possessed the fullest confidence in him, I should have been very skeptical on the subject. I tried the Compound Oxygen Treatment, first simply as an experiment. I knew it could not make me worse than I was, and I hoped it might make me better. That it would do for me what it has, I had not dared to hope."

How soon did you begin to realize the advantages of the treatment?

"Almost immediately. Its effect was not that of a stimulant, but of a gentle and almost imperceptible vitalizer of the whole system. Soon I began to have a sense of such physical comfort as I had not known for many years. My strength was gradually returning. This slowly but steadily increased. In a few months I was able to resume my pen, and within six months after doing so I completed one of my largest and most earnestly written books; and this without suffering any drawback, and without any return of the old feeling of exhaustion. For more than seven years after this I applied myself closely to literary work, doing, as I believe, the best work of my life."

Did your uniform good health continue during those years, or did you suffer relapses into your former state of exhaustion?

"The improvement was substantial and permanent. Not only had I no return of the old weakness and exhausted feeling, but I was able to work in my study from three to four hours a day. The constant remark I heard from my friends was, 'How well you are looking!' Nor was it only in the strength and vitality that I gained by the use of Compound Oxygen. For twenty years I had suffered with paroxysms of nervous headache, sometimes once or twice a week. They were very severe, lasting usually six or seven hours. In a year after I commenced the Compound Oxygen Treatment, these were almost entirely gone. It is now over ten years since I had such an attack. I was, moreover, liable to take cold, and I had frequent attacks of influenza, which always left me with a troublesome cough. It is very rarely that I now take cold. When I do so, I at once resort to Compound Oxygen, which invariably breaks up the cold in from one to three days."

And now, Mr. Arthur, what is your present condition of health?

"It is all I have any right to desire or expect at my somewhat advanced age of 75. I sleep well, and am able to take my proper amount of food, enjoying my meals with regularity and heartiness. My digestion, although slow, is good. I do not confine myself to any particular articles of diet, but eat what other people eat, rejecting of course that which seems to be indigestible, or too rich. I am able to attend to my customary literary work, devoting about four hours a day to it, and that without any sense of weariness except as to my eyes. Were it not for the fact that with advancing years I find my eyesight not as good as it formerly was, I should be able to work longer without fatigue. I enjoy moderate exercise, and take it regularly without that feeling of exhaustion which was formerly so depressing."

The testimonials and reports of cases published by Drs. Starkey & Palen in their pamphlets and advertisements, if literally true, show Compound Oxygen to be the most remarkable curative agent yet discovered. Do you believe them all to be genuine?

"I have the most complete confidence in them. For years I have had personal acquaintance with Messrs. Starkey & Palen, and exceptionally good opportunities for serving them, as well in private life as in their professional relation to the public. I am sure that neither of them would or could become a party to any fraud or deception. But facts are of more value than opinions. Let me give you a fact. I publish a magazine, and have had an advertising contract with Drs. Starkey & Palen for over six years. During this time I have published, monthly, from one to six or seven different reports of cases and cures under their new treatment, or over three hundred in all. Now, *in every case I have examined the patient's letters from which these reports were taken*, and know the extracts made therefrom, and published in my magazine, to be literally correct. Stronger evidence of genuineness than this, cannot of course be given."

Mr. Arthur, some years ago you gave a testimonial in regard to what Compound Oxygen had done for you; and you also have spoken freely in your magazine concerning Messrs. Starkey & Palen. Do you, in view of your present acquaintance with these gentlemen, and your large experience with Compound Oxygen, endorse all you have said?

"I do, most fully, and without any reservation whatever."

And now, as to testimonials. Have you at any time given a testimonial in favor of other special remedial agents or modes of treatment?

"Never. The first and only time that I have permitted my name to be used in commending a curative agent to public notice and confidence is in the case of Compound Oxygen. This I have done, not from solicitation, but voluntarily and from a sense of duty. I believe, that in the use of this newly discovered substance, diseases long classed as 'incurable,' may be greatly ameliorated and very often entirely broken, and the sufferer restored to comparatively good health. I also believe, that by its use the liability to disease may be removed, and the general health of the community greatly improved. From what I know of its action, as well in my own case as that of many others, I am satisfied that if promptly used it will arrest the progress of acute pneumonia, consumption, catarrh, and most of the diseases which originate in colds. Believing this, as I certainly do, and from the evidence which is to direct, and positive to be ignored, I would be direlict in my duty if I did not do all in my power to induce the sick and suffering to seek relief in the use of so beneficient an agent."

Have you seen or known other persons who have used Compound Oxygen; and have you had opportunities of observing to what extent they have received benefit?

"My observation and my opportunities in this respect have been large. I have been much at the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and have become personally acquainted with many who have taken the Treatment. In almost every case, where a fair trial was given, decided benefit was obtained. Some very remarkable cases in consumption, rheumatism, catarrh, conjestion of the lungs, asthma, etc., have come to my personal knowledge, the results of which seemed almost miraculous."

Do you still resort to the Compound Oxygen Treatment now that your health is restored?

"I do not as a regular thing. Only, when I have a cold, as I before remarked, I take it for a day or two, and always with good effect. I find that it helps nature to throw off the cold, by imparting the needed vitality to enable the system to do its proper and natural work. It puts nature into condition to defend itself against the attacks of disease. If there are any cases in which persons are disappointed in regard to Compound Oxygen, I believe them to be those in which patients have been so impatient for speedy cure that they have dropped the Treatment before it had opportunity to make its impression on the system. Such people will fly from one remedy, consume large quantities of almost every medicine brought to their notice, and yet continue to be invalids. Compound Oxygen does not cure by magic in a moment. If it claimed to, it would be a quackery. But I regard it as one of the most wonderful and beneficent curative agencies ever brought to public notice.

For further and fuller answers to the countless inquiries suggestet by the above to thoughtful minds, and to those who are solicitous about their own well-being and that of their friends, mail your address to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. The pamphlet you will receive in reply will set forth full particulars.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Patti plays billiards almost as well as she warbles.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Piso's Cure will give you a night's rest.

Kate Greenaway is building a fine house in London with her earnings.

"Mens sana in corpore sano." "A sound mind in a sound body," is the trade mark of Allen's Brain Food, and we assure our readers that, if dissatisfied with either weakness of Brain or bodily powers, this remedy will permanently strengthen both. $1. At druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Avenue, New York City. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland. Or.

"Rough on Coughs." 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

Melvin & Co., Druggists, Oakland, Cal., say of Caloric Vita Oil: "It is indeed a splendid remedy, and has given our customers great satisfaction."

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionery in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25 cents.

Something old—Allen's Bilious Physic—Acts quickly, relieves promptly, and never fails to cure Sick Headache and Constipation. 25 cents, large bottle. At all Druggists. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "I think them the best and most convenient relief extant."—Rev. C. M. Humphrey, Gratz, Ky.

GIANT BAKING POWDER

The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

Dear Sir:—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers.

WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.,
J. L. MEARS, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M.D., W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., AUG. ALERS, M. D., Members of San Francisco Board of Health.

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CLIMAX WASHING POWDER,

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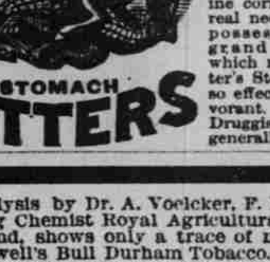

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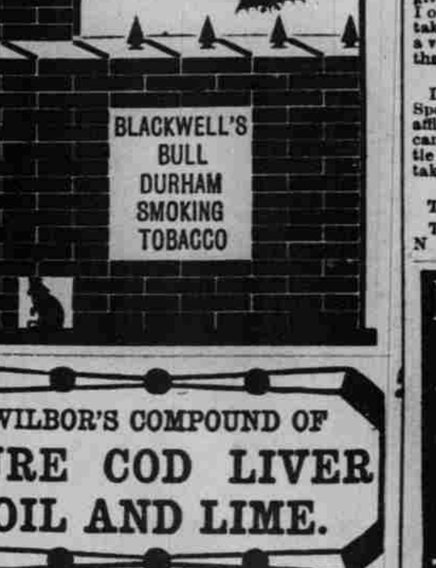

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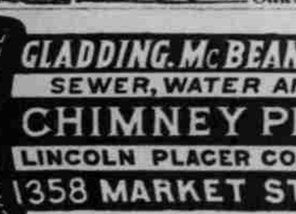

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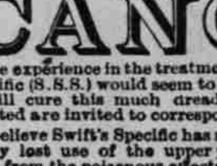

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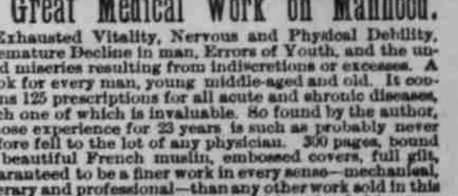

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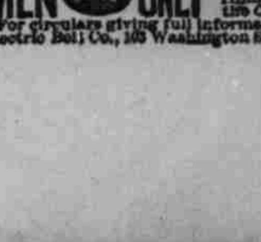

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