FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A Frenchman has made his suicide remarkable by dropping from the tower of Notre Dame.

—The refusal by a teetotal tailor to make clothes for rumsellers is a new cause for temperance discussion in London

—The classic Tiber is once more to become a commercial highway, a line of steamers having been built to run between Rome and Genoa.

—One of the large English war vessels, the Resistance, is to be coated with India rubber to a considerable thickness, to see how that material will repel projectiles.

—The museum of St. Petersburg has a bank note probably the oldest in existence. It is of the Imperial Bank of China, issued by the Chinese Government, and dates from the year 1399 before Christ.

—Sir Lyon Playfair has ascertained, in the course of some inquiries into the manufacture of lucifers—of which it appears every English person consumes eight a day—that there are still a few families who adhere to the tinder-box, and for whom tinder-boxes are manufactured.

—Among the wedding presents of Mlle. De Travura, a young lady connected with the princely Russian house of Suwaroff, was a quaint little model of a Russian house in gold, with a door of emeralds and diamonds, which, when it is opened, discloses a portrait.

—After a severe illness an Englishman shaved off his whiskers and otherwise disguised himself. He then went to his doctor and said he was a brother of the sick man, who, he asserted, was now dead. He thus obtained a certificate of his own death, had his own decease registered, drew the burial money from his lodge and decamped.

—The late Earl of Dysart, *Life* (London) says, was one of the most eccentric of noblemen. Though he had a splendid park near Grantham, and very great, not to say unbounded, wealth, he chose to live in two rooms on the second floor of a house on Norfolk street Strand, where he allowed nobody to see his face. Indeed, it is said that when he wanted a new pair of boots or shoes the son of St. Crispin, who supplied his lordship, had to measure his feet on the outside of his sitting-room door, the noble legs to which they belonged being thrust through the door panels.!

LUCKY FLYERS.

The Five Thousand Dollar Prizes in the Louisiana State Lottery.

A reporter yesterday met Patrick Conners, a stock operator, who lives at 526 Golden Gate avenue, and asked him if it was true that he held a one-fifth coupon in a lucky ticket in the October drawing of the Louisiana Lottery.

"Yes, it's true," said Mr. Conners.

"And did you get your coupon cashed?"

"Indeed, I did. The coupon was one-fifth of ticket 184, which drew $25,000. My share, consequently, was $5,000, and it was collected in full for me by Wells, Fargo & Co. It was a neat little sum in these days of small profits in stocks."

"How did you happen to get the lucky coupon?"

"Well, that is just it. I happened to get it, sure enough. One day, I think it was about two weeks before the October drawing, I was standing in the vestibule of the Stock Exchange, when one of these lottery agents came up to me and said he had one coupon left. You know they always say that, but it never occurred to me that he would have many more than one, for I have seen him knocking around Pine street for years and supposed he generally had only two or three tickets. I jokingly remarked that I had better take all he had and the fellow dumped seventeen coupons on me. That was pretty tough, I thought, but as I had made him a bid I stuffed the coupons in my pocket and paid him $17. Well, I thought nothing more about them until the agent came rushing out to my house one morning before I was out of bed. He kept ringing the bell until I got up, and asked me excitedly if I did not have coupon 184. I told him I did not know, but looked and found that I did, and asked him what of it. 'Vat of it!' he exclaimed. 'Dot's pretty goot. Vat of it!' 'Yes,' said I, 'what of it?' for I was getting pretty cross at being turned out in the morning like that to be asked the number of my coupons. I did not remember that the day before was the day of the drawing, and in fact didn't think much about the drawing at all. 'Here is vot of it,' said the agent, and he pulled out a press dispatch which announced that 184 had drawn the $25,000 prize. I would have found it out myself, I suppose, when I read the morning paper, but that fellow got $50 for getting me out of bed an hour before breakfast."

"Have you bought many tickets?" the reporter asked.

"I suppose altogether I have paid about $100 into the game and drawn out $5,000. I thought the thing was a pretty queer chance, and only bought as a sort of 'flyer,' as they say on Pine street, but I know I got my $5,000 coupon cashed without any trouble."

Strangely enough, the holder of another coupon of the same ticket is a San Franciscan—Mrs. H. M. Kibben, a widow, who in her way seems a very "mascotte" herself. In answer to a call from a reporter she invited him into her parlor.

"How many tickets had you when you held the lucky number—184?" asked the reporter.

"I had $25 worth, and got them on this issue. For the September drawing I had purchased two and had won $25 on one of them; so I thought this is nearly all profit; I do not need the money and I will invest the whole for the October drawing."

"When did you first learn of your good luck?"

"Well, I had been quite ill upon the night of the drawing and was compelled to retire early, and after a few hours' rest I awoke—I think about 5 o'clock—and arose to take a look at the morning paper, never thinking of the lottery at all. Maybe you think I was not surprised. I have paid my debts and bought a nice little piece of property with my last winning; so you see the money has been put to a good use."—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Chronicle*, Nov. 12.

RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.

How the Czar Provides That Nothing Offensive Be Published.

The censorship for all publications is composed of two courts—the Censure Committee and the Press Department. In addition to these two there existed at this period a third division for "press censure" organized by the notorious Third Section, where the chief of the gendarmerie reigned supreme. At present this Third Section has been transformed into a department of the State police, and consequently the whole censorship is confined to the Ministry of the Interior. There exists besides these an ecclesiastical censorship for all works touching upon religion, and one of the Ministry of Public Instruction, that deals with all books or periodicals intended for young persons. Every publication, whether book or periodical, must undergo either "preliminary" or "subsequent" censorship. Those subjected to "preliminary" censorship are dealt with in manuscript, and the printed text must in no wise differ from this corrected manuscript, often cut down wholesale and utterly spoiled by the censor. With regard to publications exempted from this censorship, once printed they are presented to the Censure Committee, but the permission to set them in circulation is only granted after the expiration of seven days for books and of four days for periodicals, provided that during this period the censor has not entered any objection. This formality complied with, the book review passes on to a member of the Press Department, who exercises superior control. If all the censors think the publication of a book or periodical is damaging or disagreeable to the Government, the printed copies are sequestered or, according to circumstances, other steps taken. In addition to the administrative measures, the censorship, through the medium of the procureur, can summon author or editor before the tribunal and the administration (the "head police,") and can expel them from the capital or have them deported in order to place these "disturbers of the peace" under surveillance of the police. It frequently happens that an author acquitted by the tribunal is deported by virtue of an order from the chief of the gendarmerie. I could cite numbers of cases showing the relations between the administration and the men of letters. But I believe that one little adventure that took place at St. Petersburg will suffice as evidence what law and justice are in Russia when the press is concerned. One M. Koukol Jasnopolsky was the proprietor of a printing office. One fine morning he received a visit from General Tchebikine, commissioned to examine all printing stocks in the capital. With the account books before him, and not in the least knowing how to set about discovering if the weight of the type corresponded with that in the books, he ordered all the different kinds of type to be mixed up together and weighed. The weight was exactly that stated. But the type broken in the process was useless and the proprietor of the office put to a considerable loss. The Civil Tribunal condemned the over-energetic General to pay several thousand rubles damages. Here the affair seemed at an end, but the administration, feeling outraged by the verdict of the tribunal—which, by the way, was never put into effect—gave an order to have M. Koukol Jasnopolsky deported to Makarieff, a little town in the Province of Nijni Novgorod. There he remained several years under police surveillance. — *Isidor Goldsmith, in Nineteenth Century.*

WAITING TO BE SWINDLED.

The "Smuggled Jewel" Dodge as Played on a Philadelphia Baker.

The people ready to be swindled are far more numerous than the swindlers. One man offers to furnish counterfeit currency at a low rate. A dozen tempted by their greed send forward their money and get back in due time their boxes filled with sawdust. One man pretends to have drawn a prize in a lottery. He will find a score quick to trust him with their cash in the vain hope of getting something for little or nothing. It is a fortunate provision of nature that there are so few rogues; for if they bore any proportion to the number of dupes society would go to pieces.

In Philadelphia, the other day, a man pretending to be a sailor went into a baker's shop and asked for a person for whom he had bought some jewels in a foreign land. He was exhibiting the casket when in rushed an alleged pawnbroker, who, pronouncing the jewels worth $600, offered $150. The sailor demanded $250, and the pawnbroker went away for the money. The sailor soon after departed, when the pawnbroker coming back upbraided the baker for letting the man go and took his departure, telling the baker to advance the sailor $100 and he would call and take the treasures off his hands. The sailor, of course, came back, and said he had been frightened away because the goods had been smuggled. Fear of arrest induced him to offer the jewels to the baker for $80. He eagerly accepted, and that was the last he saw of money, sailor or pawnbroker. The "jewels" were worth fifty cents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Near Astoria, Ore., there is a deposit of clam-shells which cover an area of over four acres, and is piled in places to a depth of over four feet. The amount of shells is incalculable. Over one thousand loads have been hauled away to make roads, but that amount is hardly noticed in the diminution of the immense heap. From time to time relics of the old clam-eating tribes that made that place their headquarters are found. A party recently found a clam-opener. It was made from a whale's tooth, is about eight inches long, and is ground sharp at the end. There are some sixteen inches of soil on top of these immense clam-beds, on which grow fir trees, some of them four hundred years old. —*Chicago Times.*

—Up at the Grand Central station the other day, says a New York paper, there was an agitated young man and an agitated young woman. Bride and groom they were and it was a wedding tour they were taking. In a big Saratoga trunk they had packed their silks and their broadcloths, along with a toilet set with which some generous friend had equipped them. That toilet set was of celluloid, and in its rough journey the celluloid had ignited, the good big trunk and its contents were in ashes, and a wedding tour was brought to a sharp termination.

—The Mormon Bishop Snow has been in Mexico to negotiate for the purchase of large tracts of land in that country for the occupation of colonies. We should think Mexico would be too hot for Snow.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN ENGINEER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* says: "A day or two ago a gentleman, while in conversation with a prominent army officer, was made acquinted with a most thrilling account of prolonged suffering and ultimate rescue experienced by one of the oldest engineers in Liverpool. The name of the latter gentleman is Mr. Willam Buchanan, who, upon being visited, made the following statement: 'I have been twenty-four years in the service of the Cunard Steamship Company, and I reside at 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool. Two years ago, while attending church one day, I was suddenly attacked with a most excruciating pain in my head, which so completely prostrated me that I had to be conveyed to my home. Then followed twelve months of agony, which it is utterly impossible to describe. I had to resign my position, being entirely incapacitated from work. Medical opinion was divided as to what my malady really was. One doctor decided that I was suffering from a rheumatic affection of the brain, another that it was an overflow of blood to the brain, and another that it was acute neuralgia of the head. All agreed, however, that it would lead to softening of the brain. Six of the most eminent physicians in Liverpool attended me, but afforded me no relief. My case was regarded as incurable, and my sufferings were so great that I often became unconscious and fairly crazed from pain. I could neither see nor hear for days at a time, and during the fearful attacks of pain my cries often attracted the attention of the neighbors. My house was pointed out as one in which a man lay at death's door, and some of my paroxysms of pain were so great that it required two and sometimes three strong men to hold me in bed. My physicians held consultations, but all of no avail. My sufferings remained the same. My family were in despair, and, at one time they regarded me so near death that, in addition to three physicians who were in attendance, two clergymen were summoned to my bedside. At that time my wife's attention was called to a new remedy which was then being introduced, and which claimed to be a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. She procured a bottle, and applied the contents to my head. Neither she nor I had any confidence in the remedy, but it was like a drowning man catching at a straw, and it looked like the last hope. The remedy acted like magic. It saved my life. I feel sure, my family and my friends feel sure, that had I not used it I would be dead, instead of alive and hearty and in perfect health, as you see me here. All other treatment had entirely failed, and wonderful to relate, I have never had the slightest return since I was cured some months ago. I have re-enterrd my old position, and in giving you the foregoing facts, I can only repeat that St. Jacobs Oil—which is the remedy referred to—saved my life. My case is no secret. My friends and neighbours know all about it, and are likewise familiar with my terrible sufferings, and my former helpless and hopeless condition. My cure was considered so marvellous—it has become much talked over and is well known—that I have received over 200 visits and letters on the subject. To all of these I have simply stated the facts as I have related them to you."

"A call was then made upon Messrs. Budden and Co., Chemists, 399 Stanley Road, Kirkdale, from whom Mrs. Buchanan procured the oil, and Mr. Gill, the manager, fully verified the statement which had been made to the reporter, and said this was only one of the many remarkable cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil which had come under his personal notice. He also added that his firm were daily receiving expressions as to the wonderful benefits people derived from the use of this marvellous oil, especially when suffering from rheumatism or neuralgia."

A CURIOUS TRIBE.

The Sakeis of the Malay Peninsula and Their Habits and Customs.

The report of the Resident in the State of Selangore, in the Malay Peninsula, for the last year contains some curious information with regard to "aboriginal tribes" called the Sakeis, who number between seven hundred and eight hundred. They are in nine divisions, under head-men called Batins, and they live mainly by collecting gutta, rattan and other jungle produce. As far as is known they have no form of religious worship, but they are very superstitious, believing in good and bad omens, the sacred character of certain birds, and they always desert a village as unlucky on the death of any member of the tribe. They tattoo figures on their arms, but apparently only for the sake of ornament, and do not use any specially significan figures, peculiar to each tribe analogous to the totems of the North American Indians. They consider no kind of edible food unclean, but eat even monkeys, snakes and scorpions, which they kill by means of a blow-pipe, throwing a dart poisoned with the juice of the poh or upas tree. For large game they use a kind of cross-bow, consisting of a sharpened bamboo spear placed horizontally on a grooved log, and a bent sapling fastened back by a rattan cord. This cord is stretched across a path in the jungle, and, on being touched, releases the sapling with sufficient force to drive it completely through a deer's body. The Sakeis live in small huts built of bamboo and thatched with leaves of the Bertam palm, raised eight feet or more above the ground. They are shy and easily frightened, but are quite harmless, and are gradually becoming accustomed to Europeans, by whom they are employed to track game and cut paths through the jungle. They are small in stature, but are otherwise very similar in appearance to the Malays, from whom they differ, however, in usually having wavy instead of straight growing hair. A few Malays are attached to every Sakei community to act as go-betweens in the sale of their produce, and the officials have received special instructions to protect these aboriginal tribes. —*Nature.*

—There are said to be fifty-two kinds of sheep in the world.

A TURPENTINE FOMENTATION.

The Exquisite Torture Your Landlady Delights in Inflicting Upon You.

Did you ever take a turpentine fomentation when you were not feeling particularly robust? No! First your landlady, who is a very kind lady indeed, in spectacles, slips a rag in a dish of turpentine and deposes it very neatly on the muscles that run up back of the ear. On top of this she deposits a nice white cloth, which at intervals she wrings out in hot water. Then you lie back upon your pillow and smile affably. You don't see anything so very bad in that. You even essay a joke or two, just to show the inhabitants that though cast down you are not destroyed. Then suddenly, without the least warning, somebody lams you in the back of the neck with the flat side of a red-hot shovel. At least, you think that that is what ails you, and in the excirement of the moment you yell out some very audible conversation, but it subsequently transpires that it would have been wiser to withhold your yells until later, when they seem better calculated to do you good. Whoever it is with the shovel now begins to press it against you hard. You groan aloud at this, and if you are a profane man, as I am afraid you would be, you possibly indulge in a variety of quotations that can not fail to cause your landlady pain.

"Am I not almost done?" you presently groan, as that good woman renews the wrung out bandage.

"Done?" she interrogates, as she carefully attends to getting the shovel back in exactly the same agonizing spot.

"Yes," you say, "cooked."

"Oh," the landlady kindly returns, "it has only just begun."

Then she goes out of the room a moment, you don't know what for, but you suspect after more turpentine. Now you fall into a sort of horrid nightmare, and you find your neck locked in one of Torrey's sand mounds, which a sooty-faced workman in a dirty apron is pouring full of molten brass. How it sizzles and burns! You shriek aloud. Then you snatch off those wet and fiery bandages, and you fling them madly across the room, just in season to catch the landlady, who at this instant unsuspectingly opens the door, square in the face, to her undoubted astonishment and alarm.

"Why," she exclaims, when she has recovered her composure and the rags, "they haven't been on half long enough yet."

"Woman," you scream, "as she approaches the bed with the clothes in hand, "keep away with those odious implements of wrath. Away, I say—avaunt! One step nearer and I stretch you a living corpse at my feet!"

You don't mean this, of course, and you couldn't do it, anyway, for your feet are tied up in the bed clothes, but in your delirium you hardly know what you say. But the landlady soothes your agitation with some cooling remarks, anoints your burning, blistered neck in oil, and leaves you to pleasant dreams. In the course of six or seven hours the fire begins to subside and you sink into troubled sleep. But in the morning you will find yourself better. There is no doubt of this.—*Rockland Courier.*

Divisibility of Matter.

A grain of musk will diffuse a perceptible odor through an apartment for twenty years. It does this by filling the air with particles of its substance, but so inconceivably minute are these particles that if the musk is weighed at the end of twenty years no loss of weight can be detected. A grain of copper dissolved in nitric acid will impart a blue color to three pints of water. Each separable particle of water must contain a portion of the grain of copper, which is thus, as has been computed, divided into no less than 100,000,000 parts. The spider's web is so attenuated that a sufficient quantity to go around the earth would weigh only eight ounces. Blood is composed of small red globules floating in a colorless liquid. Of these globules every drop of human blood contains at least a million. Minute as they are they may be divided into globules much more minute. As we descend in the scale of creation we come to animals whose whole bodies are no larger than these little globules of human blood, yet possess all the organs necessary to life. How inconceivably small are the vessels through which the fluid of their bodies must circulate!—*Irish World.*

Other People's Letters.

The simplicity with which certain people acknowledge their own sins of curiosity, and other forms of bad taste, is sometimes very refreshing. It suggests the only excuse possible for them, that of the ignorance in which their offenses were committed. Said a farmer to a neighbor, whose mail he had just brought from the adjoining town: "There's one more—a postal-card—but I vow, I believe I've lost it! No matter; I know what was on it. Your sister Maria's comin' next Monday."

A gentleman in Rome one day asked the postoffice clerk if there were any letters for him. There was one.

"How much for it?"

"One *scudo*." (A dollar.)

"That's too much," said the gentleman. "I'll make it half a *scudo*."

"Won't you make it seven *paoli*?" (seventy cents) asked the clerk.

"No, I won't."

"Well, then, you may have it at your own price. I've read it, and it's nothing but a love-letter.—*Youth's Companion.*

Never Mind the Water.

Several years ago there lived in Little Rock a bright young man, but who, like many bright young men of this day, was sadly addicted to the excessive use of whisky. One day his brother went to him and said:

"Brother John, I see that you are determined to kill yourself drinking, so I purpose to rent a room, put a barrel of whisky and a barrel of water into it and shut you up in it until you kill yourself."

"Brother William," the young man replied, "never mind the water. Put in two barrels of whisky."—*Arkansaw Traveler*

Small Watches.

Benson's watch, the size of a sixpence, creates a sensation at the London "Inventories." There is another, the size of a shilling which shows the time, the year, the month, the day of the month and week, and the phase of the moon. It arranges itself to suit the exigencies of leap-year. It repeats when required, the hours, the quarters and minutes on a deep-toned gong. It is prced at £500.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A RAILROAD PRESIDENT'S VIEWS.

In these busy times when city people have to go long distances, and are in too much of a hurry to walk, the street railway enterprise has risen to be one of the important interests of modern finance and industry. It requires shrewd and able men to manage it, and it generally rewards them with a prosperous distinction among the business men of the day. One of the most prosperous and best known of the New York street railway men is J. M. Reybert, Esq., who is President of the Houston, West and Pavonia Ferry line. The man who achieves success in this street railway business does so at considerable outlay of brain and nerve power. Managing such an enterprise may look like easy work, but let those who think it so make trial of it. Mr. Reybert found no beds of roses in his way to prosperity, but by constant and severe attention to business fell into a state of invalidism which threatened to carry him off. He is now, however, restored to health and as busy as ever.

Our New York correspondent visited Mr. Reybert at the office of the company on East Tenth street, and found him busy superintending the details of the business. Mr. Reybert cheerfully assented to the request that he should tell something about his experience of sickness and recovery.

"It was four or five years ago," said Mr. Reybert, "that I began to run down in health. It was partly owing to too close application to business and partly to the unwholsome atmosphere of the place in which I had to spend most of my time. I was taken with cold in my muscles, which soon assumed the form of rheumatism. I had a great deal of local pain distributed over various parts of my body, and wherever the pain came there came also black spots. Then rheumatism developed into sciatica. My pains were very great. The doctor told my wife that I never could be any better. This was a gloomy outlook for me. I was at my home at Newburg on the Hudson trying to make the best of the situation. This was in June, 1884.

"I heard of Compound Oxygen and sent for a 'Treatment.' Before it reached me I was taken down with rheumatism of the heart, a disease which is as dangerous as it is painful. My breathing was so oppressed that I felt as if with each breath I should choke. When I received the package containing the Compound Oxygen I felt that I could hardly take its contents. Nevertheless I tried. At this time my sciatica was very severe, with sudden aches shooting down the nerves of both legs.

"When I tried the Oxygen I was astonished to find that with a little practice I could inhale it freely. Yet for several days each inhalation would send pain to some old spot. The ache would continue for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then go away. Gradually I was free from these pains and I could inhale the Oxygen without difficulty or unpleasant result.

"Compound Oxygen brought me good sleep. I had previously been in the habit of walking two or three times in the night. Now I was restful. My sleep began to refresh me as it had not done before. I omitted to tell you that with my other disorders I also had dyspepsia. Sometimes this would distress me to such an extent that I did not care for company. It made my appetite poor, and the food I ate did me but little good. The Oxygen repaired my digestive organs as it did everything else about me. I had also suffered from catarrh so badly that I lost the sense of smell. Well, this Oxygen is a very strange sort of thing, for it drove away the rheumatism and sciatica; it made my digestion so much better that I can now eat like other people, and it entirely cured me of catarrh. Once in a while if I take cold I have a little catarrh, but a few inhalations of Oxygen sends it away. During all my use of this remedy I have received advice at the Compound Oxygen office, No. 148 Fifth avenue, and have followed directions in the use of the powders there given me. I have found them of great benefit with the Oxygen and Oxygen-aqua."

"And as to your friends, Mr. Reybert? You have received so much benefit from this remedy that I suppose you have advised others to use it?"

"Yes. I have advised a good many, and I have heard that it has been of great advantage. One case I will mention—that of Mr. Samuel J. Holmes of this city, a gentleman well advanced in years. He had long been troubled with asthma. He used the Oxygen for seven or eight weeks before it made much impression on him. Then, almost all of a sudden, it began to do its work. It did all we could have expected. It made him breathe freely, naturally, and without pain. He quotes it as a large success, just as I do.

"Yes sir; you may put me down as a thorough believer in Compound Oxygen. I am not taking it now, except a little occasionally, because I am well and hearty. If I am sick again give me Compound Oxygen. It is a wonderful restorer."

So say all who give it a fair trial. There are yet a good many people chronic sufferers and others who have not tried it. "It is never too late to mend." Write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, for a valuable little treatise on Compound Oxygen. They will mail it to any address and it may be of great use to you.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Matthews, 615 Powell St., between Bush and Pine streets, San Francisco.

In Ceylon honey is used instead of salt to preserve meat.

WHAT IS CATARRH!

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite anæbia in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poisons of syphilis, mercury, toxæmea, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalents and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the managers, Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

An Americas, Ga., man is a grandfather at twenty-four.

NO BOON THAT SCIENCE HAS CONFERRED Has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of malarial ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experience of many years has but too clearly demonstrated the inefficiency of quinine and other drugs to effectually combat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been no less clearly shown that the use of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to the frailest constitution, and derived from purely botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrest of it when developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for general debility and renal inactivity, it is also a most efficient remedy. Appetite and sleep are improved by it, it expels rheumatic humors from the blood, and enriches a circulation impoverished by mal-assimilation.

Favorite fuel in Dakota is straw pressed into blocks.

A DRUGGIST'S STORY.

Mr. Isaac C Chapman, Druggist, Newberg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine. I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtues in the highest manner. I have recommended it in a great many cases of Whooping Cough, with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet ready for use."

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron cures Neuralgia and Nervous Headaches.

Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing Itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

DR. HENLEY'S

Celery, Beef and Iron gives food to the brain, enriches the blood, aids digestion, and gives refreshing sleep where other remedies fail. Try it.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in Coughs, Colds, and the various Throat troubles to which Singers and Public Speakers are liable. *Sold only in boxes.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA

PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. *Try them.*

The tin deposits of New South Wales cover 5,000,000 acres.

Relief is immediate and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS WILL CURE

HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.

TAKE NO OTHER.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

A sure cure for COUGHS, COLDS, and INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

J. R. GATES & CO., Proprietors, 417 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Contagious!

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treamtent as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.

I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial. I took six bottles and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life.

L. FRED HALFORD.

New York City, June 12th, 1885.

In March of last year (1884), I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Ga., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did not get well under the treatment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through boils on the skin.

DAN LEAHY.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 7, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

"STANDARD"

Machine-Loaded SHOT-GUN Cartridge

LOADED BY Chamberlin Machine.

In use by ALL KNOWING SPORTSMEN.

For Sale by the Trade generally.

California Wire Works,

329 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WIRE AND EVERYTHING IN WIRE

Barbed Wire { We offer for sale at lowest figure 2 & 4 point regular and thick set
Being regularly licensed we guarantee our customers against damages.
Baling Wire { "Pacific" brand of very best steel, all sizes at lowest market rates.
Wire Netting { All meshes & widths, galvanized or later made, for poultry yards, &c
Wire Cloth { of all kinds for fruit dryers, threshers, harvesters, riddles, etc.
Hop Wire { for training hops, made from steel in long lengths specially for the purpose.
Gopher Traps { and all other kinds of traps for moles, squirrels, rats and mice.
Vineyard Lines { for laying out vineyards, divided in distances and made of steel wire.

Ornamental and Useful Wire and Iron Work.

NOTE.—We meet Eastern competition by home manufacture, and sell you better goods at a lower price.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

DR. PIERCE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT. A Wonderful Invention. Diseases and Weakness of Male or Female cured Without Medicine. It acts like magic. For particulars address DR. PIERCE & SON, 704 Sac'to St., San Francisco, Cal.

$100 TO $300 PER MONTH

To the man who will make a specialty of selling our new **Bibles, Albums, Webster's Dictionary, Atlas, Maps, Charts, Hill's New Manual Business and Social Forms, Miss Cleveland's Book, Encyclopædea Britannica,** and other fast-selling works. Send for our list of books, and terms for the holidays.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco, Cal.

COAL

L. RUSSELL & CO.

(Successors to Thompson, DeHart & Co.)

Have on hand all kinds of

DOMESTIC, BLACKSMITH, CHARCOAL and FOUNDRY COKE

At lowest market rates. Coal shipped in carload lots. Address, L. RUSSELL & CO., Fourth and E St., Portland, Or

STEINWAY KRANICH & BACH, Gabler, Roenish Pianos; Burdett Organs, band instruments. Largest stock of Sheet Music and Books. Bands supplied at Eastern prices. M. Gibb V. 206 Post Street, San Francisco.

MONEY $50—$500 1—10 years. State amount. Send 6 cents for Specifications. Mention this paper. F. ALBUM Treas'r, Merchants Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

LADIES! Do not rub your clothes when you can wash without tub or washboard. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 15 cents, silver, to M. F. TURRELL & CO., Somerset, Mich. Agents wanted.

PACIFIC BUSINESS College, 320 POST ST., San Francisco, - - Cal. Life Scholarship, $75. Send for Circulars.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

DR. E. A. JONES, Physician and Surgeon, CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE DAY and night. Midwifery and diseases of women a specialty. Office 434 First St. (up stairs), PORTLAND, - - - - - - - - OREGON.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR. Hatches all kinds of EGGS The SIMPLEST, Cheapest, and MOST PERFECT INCUBATOR made. 3 Gold Medals, 1 Silver, and 15 First Premiums. All sizes. Send for large illustrated Circular FREE. Address Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

American Exchange Hotel, SANSOME STREET, Opposite Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Office, SAN FRANCISCO. MERCHANTS, FARMERS AND FAMILIES from the interior will find it to be the most convenient as well as the most comfortable and especable Hotel in the city to stop at. Temperance principles. Table first-class. Board and room, $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per day. Nice single rooms, 50 cents per night. Free Coach to and from the Hotel. CHAS. & WM. MONTGOMERY, Propr's.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 256 pages, 8½x11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices *direct to consumers* on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DR. MINTIE, THE SPECIALIST, No. 11 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. TREATS ALL CHRONIC, SPECIAL AND PRIVATE DISEASES WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY: Is a certain cure for *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Prostatorhœa,* and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses, and in *drinking intoxicating liquors. Dr. Mintie,* who is a regular physician graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, will agree to forfeit $500 for a case of this kind (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. $1.50 a bottle, or four times the quantity $5, sent to any address on receipt of price, or C. O. D. in private name if desired, by *Dr. Mintie, 11 Kearny St., S. F. Cal.* Send for list of questions and pamphlet. *SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE* will be sent to any one applying by letter, stating symptoms, sex and age. Strict secrecy in regard to all business transactions.

DR. VANMONCISCAR, PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT 132 and 134 Third St., Portland, Or. Is a regular graduate in medicine, has been longer engaged in the special treatment of all venerial, Sexual and Chronic diseases than any other Physician in the West, as city papers show, and old residents know. $1000 reward for any case which he fails to cure, coming under his treatment, by following his directions.

DR. VAN is the most successful Lung and Throat Doctor in America. He will tell you your trouble without asking you a single question, and Warrant a Permanent Cure in the following diseases: Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Losses, Sexual Decay, Failing Memory, Weak Eyes, Stunted Development, Lack of Energy, Impoverished Blood, Pimples, Impediment to Marriage; also