

IN FAR-OFF INDIA.

"Mizpah" Arrives Safely in Calcutta.

OUT ON THE BOUNDLESS DEEP. From Yokohama to the Great Commercial City of India—Incidents of the Voyage.

CALCUTTA, India, June 24, 1886. EDITOR STATESMAN:—Of our day in Yokohama I can truly say, "Its pleasures were brief but delightful." It was a day to be cherished as one of novel enjoyment. We were guests of Hon. O. N. Donny and wife, who were unremitting in their endeavors to make our stay in the "Sunrise Kingdom," in this beautiful foreign city by the "sounding sea," one of rare pleasure. The weather was delightful, with a bright sunshine and a keen, sharp wind blowing in from the sea, making a fire in the rooms very acceptable, and rugs and wraps necessary when we were out seeing the city. We thoroughly enjoyed our novel ride in the jinrick-sha, our sight-seeing, our shopping, our tiffin in the lofty, quaintly decorated private dining-room at the Windsor hotel (since destroyed by fire), and our sail in the pretty little steam launch which went gaily dancing over the waves to our ship, anchored in the bay, where we arrived in time for dinner. Yokohama is a beautiful city, full of all sorts of "eunos," and a lover of bric-a-brac could not fail to find an abundance to gratify an aesthetic taste, provided one is blessed with an unlimited amount of "rupees," or in western parlance "almighty dollars." Yokohama is situated on the south side of a bight of the Bay of Yeddo, and is a place of great commercial interest; has a population of over 60,000; a number of churches, hospitals, banks, daily and weekly newspapers, etc.

The streets of Yokohama are so wide, clean and smooth that riding in a jinrick-sha was amusing and enjoyable; it was surprising to see how swiftly our Japanese steved would trot off with you (I was informed that they could easily "trot" forty miles a day.) Sometimes one is quite startled at having their horse suddenly pause, look over his shoulder, and propound a question as to your destination, or something equivalent to that (I was forcibly reminded of the beast which Balaam is said to have ridden once upon a time), though not very many of these jinrick-shamen speak English, I am told.

Our voyage from Yokohama to Hong-Kong was without incident worthy of note; the weather was cold and rainy, the latter part of our voyage decidedly cool. For several days we were near the Japan coast. We passed a smoking volcano called "Snooky Jack" on a large island to the south of us in latitude 30 degrees 56 minutes north. The mist hung so densely over the island that our view was rather indistinct; also a lonely looking light-house perched on a great rock jutting out into the sea at the extremity of a large range of mountains. Jan. 24th.—The roughest day we experienced at sea so cold and rainy, the huge waves dashing against the ship as she pitches and rolls until it is difficult to obey the captain's orders "Mind your sea legs here." The waters of the Eastern or Ton Hai sea are of a peculiar, green hue, latitude 25 degrees 58 minutes north.

Distance from Yokohama to Hong-Kong, 1,600 miles, from San Francisco via Honolulu to Hong-Kong 7,243 miles. Jan. 29.—Arrived inside the Hong-Kong harbor 11 a. m., in such a cold, drizzling rain as to render every thing very unpleasant. Great grim looking rocks guarded the entrance to the channel—leading into the harbor. We observed several light-houses along the coast as we slowly neared the "Walled city"; a very pretty picturesque one at the entrance of the channel elicited expressions of general admiration. The harbor was full of ships of all descriptions and sizes, anchored to buoys, while thousands of green little Chinese sampans were floating about, and before we were anchored many came alongside, their navigators making frantic efforts to board our ship; yelling and gesticulating to their countrymen on board. The officers were compelled to use rather forcible persuasion to keep them off. These dirty, dingy little sampans are odd looking, the most of them having one end hooded over with matting, forming a kind of hut; in these many Chinese are born, live and die. I saw many little children playing about in these little "huts," happy looking, often tagging at the oars in the vain endeavor to assist their patient looking mothers who usually, each with a baby strapped on her back, were busily engaged cooking, or at the oars.

Hong Kong is a small, rough rock island in the bay of Canton. The British gained possession of it by treaty in 1842. It has a population of 163,000, and presents a pretty picture (perched on the hill sides), as viewed from some places in the harbor, with its beautiful gardens and fine buildings, among them the English cathedral. Owing to illness and limited time, I failed to see much of the city. As we learned a steamer sailed the next day direct for Calcutta, and our motto was and is "business before pleasure," we left the Hong-Kong hotel at 3 p. m. (Jan. 30th), with friends from the "Sydney" and went on the staunch little steamship "Wing Sang," belonging to the Indo China S. S. Navigation Co. and commanded by Captain D. A. de St. Croix, a very pleasant, courteous gentleman, to whom and his gentlemanly officers we are indebted for many courtesies. I must confess when the last "good-by" was said, and we steamed by the good ship City of Sydney and saw her first officer on deck waving farewell to us, and the dear old stars and stripes being "dipped" in token of our departure, we felt lonely and home-sick enough—felt as though the last link was severed that bound us to home and friends. Henceforth a foreign land would be our home, a foreign flag float over us. Our voyage on the Wing Sang was very pleasant.

We found a very agreeable traveling companion on board, a young English gentleman traveling for health and pleas-

ure, with whom we held many pleasant conversations about America and Americans. "You are the second party of Americans I ever met, and not at all like what I have heard Americans were," he remarked to me one day; and "you are not a 'snob' as I have heard many Englishmen are," I retorted, for he was a traveled, polished gentleman. He laughed, thanked me, and some comments were made about the reputation of "fondness for titles American girls had gained abroad." I remarked that "titled foreigners had a reputation of fondness for American girls' money," and I added, "if I were a foreign gentleman bearing a title I should travel incog., lest some title-seeking Miss capture me"; whereupon he laughed merrily saying: "Would you? That is a capital idea; giving me a significant look that set me thinking and watching, but not until our pleasant journey was ended and he had called on us a few times, and taken his departure for England, did I learn that he was the son of Lord and Lady—

Feb. 4.—We passed a large, beautiful island in the China sea, covered in many places with dense growths of cocoanut trees. The entire island appears to be in a flourishing state of cultivation. The captain informed us that the inhabitants never permitted any one to land on the island.

Latitude 3 degrees north, Feb. 5.—We entered the straits of Singapore at 6 a. m. and anchored at the Wing Sang's dock at 8 a. m., a bright warm day. I was delighted to find Singapore such a lovely little place, and surprised to learn it was of so much commercial importance, it being the great Oriental coaling station for the British marine. Many ships were anchored in the bay and at their jetties, while many were coming and going. All the English ships in the bay and the public buildings of the city were decorated with numerous flags, in honor of the day sixty-seven years ago the British government took possession of this lovely island at the south extremity of the Malay Peninsula. Population now 130,000; Europeans 1,500. Many little boats come to our ship laden with rare and beautiful pink tinted sea shells, corals, and other treasures of the deep. One of our bright plumed parrot would be calmly perched on the prow of the boat, and what a pretty picture it all made beneath the glittering sunbeams, and how often one must repeat the Divine injunction "Though shalt not covet." I was charmed with the beautiful scenery along the bay. In some places little emerald nooks peeped out from between great rock-banded hills with lovely foliage growing at the base; and again great high bluffs of red and white rocks veined here and there in delicate shades of gray and brown, towered far above us; in some places they are perpendicular, in others sloped gradually to the water's edge, and were covered on the extreme top by tall cocoanut trees that waved slowly in the breeze, and some of these hills were crowned with green grass and clinging vines. The delicate sensitive plant grew here in wild luxuriance; here also the acacia "waves her yellow hair," and the orange tree thrives. The fan palm grows luxuriantly here, is very unique, but not as handsome as the royal palm. Here we found the most delicious pine-apples, also the mangostene and pomelo. The banana, or plantain, thrives here. It is claimed by some in this part of the world that the banana is the "forbidden fruit of Scripture," and some writers have supposed it to be the "grapes" brought by the spies of Moses from the "promised land."

The chief exports to America from Singapore are tin gambier, sago, tapioca, black and white pepper, tortoise-shells, gutta-percha, nutmeg, camphor, coffee, Japan-wood and rattan. We secured a Malay coachman and his ghay (carriage) and drove out to see the pretty city nestled amid the hills and lovely tropical trees and flowers on one side, and on the other the pretty bay, and across that were forests of palm and cocoanut trees. We drove out three miles to the Botanical Gardens. The roads were wide and clean, hedged on both sides with beautiful green hedges of cane, intermingled with flowering vines. The English Cathedral and Government buildings are large and massive; while the soldiers' barracks are large, neat and comfortable, sheltered by tropical trees and shrubs. We saw pretty English bungalows (one story houses) set in the midst of gardens of gorgeous flowers and trees. It surprised me to see the native straw-thatched huts in juxtaposition to these English homes and the sheep, goats, cows, chickens and dogs, appearing on the best of terms with the cunning little cur in bronze, who laughed and clapped their hands at us.

We stopped to hear the Queen's Band play, and watch the soldiers play cricket. Many people were there in fine carriages, but the most magnificent turn-out I saw was owned by a very wealthy, very fat Chinaman, who reclined at his ease on silken cushions; a Malay coachman drove the fine spirited horses, and Malay eyes were perched up behind. I was informed that many very wealthy Chinamen live here; one deemed a millionaire. We saw many odd Chinese pagodas artistically decorated. The Chinese have almost driven the Malays out of Singapore, or reduced them to serfdom; though many have intermarried. I could only stare in unfeigned surprise at their numerous massive houses, which were as gaily painted as Joseph's coat of many colors. The botanical garden is well worthy a visit. They contain rare trees, shrubs and flowers from almost every clime. The orchid house was especially attractive to me; there I found some of our dear Oregon ferns. The delicate maiden hair fern, and our common fern and brake are tenderly nurtured, and highly prized. A splendid aviary containing many rare, beautiful birds of gorgeous plumage attracted our attention, and many new and wonderful things we saw, but the climax was reached, when as I was slowly walking along admiring a great cluster of lofty palms at the foot of a little hill, suddenly near the palm trees I saw a large, dark head thrust above the grass, walking slowly back and forth. (I have a "holy horror" of snakes, and in this part of the world am continually looking for them in every conceivable place, and in consequence I am the victim of many silly jokes.) All the rest of the party were in advance of me, going straight towards the awful apparition. "A cobra, a cobra!" I shouted. All paused with one impulse, gazed in speechless surprise a moment, then one in advance flourished his cane wildly in the air, crying "Come on! The enemy is ours!" Still I hesitated (ready to fly at the first hostile move), begging them all to come back, but on they all went, laughing and coaxing me to "come

and see how docile my cobra" was. Very reluctantly I complied, looking for snakes at every step. When I arrived at the foot of the hill, lo and behold! my cobra was a beautiful, black swan, gracefully sailing in a great pond of water lilies. Shouts of laughter greeted me, and some one remarked that "some people have snakes in their boots."

At Singapore we first saw the "sacred cow of India," meek-eyed, patient looking creature, with a hump on their shoulder, very like our American buffalo, and which is considered by epicures to be a dainty morsel. The pretty little ponies driven here are natives of Syria, and for speed and powers of endurance they excel any of the ponies I ever saw.

Shortly after leaving Singapore we passed the most southerly portion of the Eastern Continent (Asia), and entered the straits of Malacca. The scenery from Singapore to Penang is a succession of lovely surprises. Such beautiful green wooded islands, such great rugged rock barren in some places, others having moss and vines clinging to the sides and over the tops, while the ceaseless waves beating against their base and breaking into snowy little billows changing into thousands of prismatic rays under the bright sunshine! With a splendid field glass always at hand one need never feel at a loss to kill time. From the upper deck I watch a magnificent sunset, recalling the poet's

"Floods of yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, and, as he slowly disappears behind the 'western bars,' 'and long eyes smile in the stars.' 'The white clouds faint, as if some far off singer Were touching harp with tired, trembling fingers.'"

Feb. 8.—Latitude 5 degrees north; very warm. Arrived at Penang, 8 a. m., and anchored to a buoy in the bay, Penang or as it is sometimes called, "Prince of Wales Island," is a lovely little place. Like Singapore it is hilly and considered very healthy. The great hills back of the city are nutmeg farms. Back of these pepper is raised, though not very extensively though rice, cotton, tobacco, coffee, sugar, indigo, cocoanuts and spices are the chief productions. Across the bay are most extensive forests of palm and cocoanut trees, and beyond lofty green hills, some of them towering up among the misty, low hung clouds.

Population of Penang from 50,000 to 60,000. The captain kindly sent us ashore in a pretty little row boat, belonging to the company and manned by a fine looking crew of young natives, in blue and white uniforms. One of the officers accompanied us to see the pretty waterfall four miles out, high up among the hills. Our drive lay through pretty scenery; lofty granite looking hills in some places; in others the hills are bald, rounded and of a red hue, veined with faint shades of blue and gray, with lovely green and gray moss dotting the surface here and there. Dense jungles grew at the foot of these hills. We left our carriage at the entrance to the gardens here and ascended a gentle rising eminence, through neatly arranged flower-beds, tropical trees, and shrubs. All throughout this tropical part of the world the English have devoted a great deal of time and money to redeem the wilderness, and its flourishing condition testifies to their taste, industry and liberality. I was too fatigued to attempt the last sharp climb, and we found some rustic seats beneath the spreading branches of some lovely trees, where I rested; near by were some Malays repairing the roads, under the direction of an intelligent looking Hindoo. On my left were the lofty hills and impenetrable looking jungles, on my right the pretty garden with its gorgeous beds of flowers, its beautiful foreign trees, and a great rock, over which lovely, delicate vines were being trained, and beyond this garden great forests of tall trees loomed skyward. Only the sweet notes of some hidden birds and the faint murmur of the distant waterfall broke the silence.

"So'er me, like a regal tent, Cloudy ribbed the sunset bent, Purple curtains, fringed with gold Looped in many a wind-swept fold."

There I waited and dreamed with wide-open eyes of home and the loved ones there. Soon the "patter of little feet" gave the warning of the returning party, and "Peck's Bad Boy" had wonders to relate of the wild monkeys in the cocoanut trees, and the beautiful birds. The waterfall is very pretty, though it only falls about 150 feet. A hurried drive brought us into the little city, whose street lamps cast feeble rays over the thronged streets. Europeans, Chinamen, Hindoos, Malays, Sikhs, and I cannot tell how many other different races and nations, many of them in carriages and every kind of conveyance appeared to swell the crowd. We were swiftly rowed to our ship, to find dinner awaiting us. We sailed early the next morning. At "tiffin" that day the captain informed us we were then entering the Bay of Bengal. Very pretty scenery could be seen all along; immense growths of cocoanut trees on the mainland and back of these great sugar plantations guarded by beautiful green hills, and tall peaks of distant mountains. Now and then we saw a lovely bit of an island and many fishing smacks cruising about.

Feb. 10.—Latitude 9 deg. 17 min. north. The sea here presents an unusual appearance. This morning it resembled a sea of molten silver, while in the distance we saw rippling tiny waves that always appeared to be just coming to meet us, but, like a "will o' the wisp," evaded our direct line. The captain said he never could account for it, though some people claim it is the tide.

Feb. 11.—We passed Sayers Island this morning, a great, desolate, rocky island, rising abruptly out of the sea. Later on we saw Narcondam, a mountain 2500 feet high, evidently formed by volcanic eruption. Then we saw Coccolight-house, situated on a small island near the Andaman islands, used by the British government as a penal colony, for the convicts of India. Occasionally we pass fine steamers and sailing vessels.

Feb. 12.—Latitude 16 degrees north. This was the roughest day we experienced on board the Wing Sang; rained a few heavy showers, and as the ship discharged the greater part of her cargo at Singapore and Penang, she rolls more than she otherwise would, yet not enough to seriously inconvenience any of us; we usually remain on the upper deck until a late hour, often watching the phosphorescent lights about the ship. It gives the waves the appearance of sheets of flame.

Feb. 13.—Latitude 19 degrees 36 minutes north. Arrived at the sandheads at 10 p. m. (100 miles from Calcutta), where our ship was boarded by an officer that of fine maritime institution, the Bengal Pilot Service, and who was accom-

panied by his leadman, who takes soundings during the voyage up the grand but treacherous Hooghly, whose shifting sands make it necessary to have daily surveys. At certain points a swirl and eddy of the broad stream marked the sandheads, dangerous to navigation, but the chief peril is reached at "James and Mary's" tidal current meeting the broad stream of the Ganges; so that while the depth of the river is seriously shallowed, there is at all times, except high and low water, a frightful "rip" which will tear the steering gear of a ship to pieces and fling her broadside on the sand, where she will roll over and over, smashing her masts, drowning her crew, and entirely disappearing in a short time. More than one fine vessel has thus been totally lost in this death trap, the real name of which is "Jalmar," or the "Striking of the Waves." Pilots seek to pass it as nearly as possible at high water. Often there is a throng of ships steaming and toiling, trying also to go through, and if one comes to grief, others are seriously embarrassed. Few serious accidents now occur, the pilot service is so thorough. Our good captain, whose bump of caution is largely developed, would "take no chances," but waited for the tide and a pilot; and so our voyage up this great, muddy looking river was accomplished in safety. The confused forests of masts presented a mirage-like appearance in the distance, plainly indicating the port of Calcutta. As we sailed slowly up this busy pathway of commerce we saw many places of industry and interest; great villages of native huts all along the rivers, and numerous brickyards (brick is used for buildings and walls, very extensively in and around Calcutta), cotton mills, jute mills, and iron foundries. On our right was the royal palace of the ex-king of Oude, who resides here as a prisoner of state under surveillance. His palaces are fine looking buildings, surrounded by beautiful shrubbery and flowering trees. He is said to be very fond of birds and animals, having quite a collection in his own gardens. He has thousands of pigeons of different colors, and is trained that at a given signal (the waving of a small flag) the white ones will all fly in one flock, the blue ones in one flock, and the black ones in another, and so on. They made an odd, yet pretty picture as seen from our ship. A little farther up we past Garden Reach, with its pretty, picturesque foliage, and fashionable English bungalows. On our left we saw the Botanical gardens; also a fine building of gothic architecture known as Bishop's college. And now we are drawing near the end of our long journey, numerous boats are coming alongside, among them the custom house officer's, and such a confusion reigns that I am quite bewildered with this, my first introduction to my future home.

MIZPAH. AN INSANE MAN. There is a patient in the Morris Plains asylum who is subject to very little restraint and whose insanity is only occasionally manifested. The other day the Rev. Dr. Burchard of New York, "the man who defeated Maine," paid a visit to the institution and was shown through the building by Warden Monroe. Presently they came upon the patient referred to, whom Dr. Burchard immediately recognized as the son of a former parishioner. Greetings were exchanged, and then the Rev. Doctor, in his expansive way asked the patient:

"Well, Blank, what brings you to this institution?" "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," replied the patient, solemnly. The doctor smiled in a lame sort of way, the patient winked at the warden, and the party broke up.

DIPLOMATIC PEDDLING. Col. Bowser met Jenks the other day and asked him what he was doing for a living. "Selling a deodorizing powder," "Last time I saw you you were selling an insecticide to be sprinkled on the floors." "I know; now I'm going around to the same houses selling this disinfectant to get the smell of the insect powder out of the house. Next week I'll loom up with a mixture to drive away the smell of the disinfectant."—(St. Louis Whip.)

CLEAR THE WAY For the escape from the system of its waste and debris, which, if retained, would vitiate bodily fluids and overthrow health. The bowels may be kept permanently free from obstructions by using the non-gripping, gently acting cathartic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only liberates impurities, but invigorates the lining of the intestinal canal, when weakened by constipation or the unwise use of violent purgatives. The stomach and urinary organs are re-enforced and aroused to healthful action by its beneficent tonic, and every organ fiber and muscle and nerve experiences salubrious invigorating influences. Unobjectionable in flavor, a most genial and wholesome medicinal stimulant, and owing its efficacy to botanic sources exclusively, it is the remedy best adapted to household use, on account of its safety, wide scope and speedy action.

A BED-RIDDEN DESPITEFUL CURED. G. F. Haight, of Westfield, Chautauque Co., N. Y., writes May 7, 1886: "Six years ago I was dyed with dyspepsia. My stomach and digestive organs were in a horrible state. I feared consumption of the bowels, which were dreadfully constipated. I was bed-ridden for many months. Finally bought a box of Brandvitt's Pills. When I had finished taking them I was a well man. Took five the first night; ran down to one pill, then up again to five, alternately."

A CURE OF PNEUMONIA. Mr. D. H. Barnaby of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the lungs, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

FEVER AND AGUE. C. Vreeland, Hackensack, N. J., Feb. 25, 1886, writes that he has been troubled with fever and ague for over two years. Quinine would not cure him, though taken in very large doses. By taking five Brandvitt's pills a night for two weeks he was restored to perfect health.

How vain the loving darts that fly From e'en the most bewitching eye. Unless the teeth are pure and bright, And ever kept a snowy whiteness. If you would save your teeth from harm, In Sodonton you'll find the charm.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build up a weak system, relieve rheumatism, and cure other ailments. No other preparation so well meets this want. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

Epilepsy always goes to Emerson's for a square meal.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the World. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CURE FOR PILES. Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At such a time, signs of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is commonly the attendant. Bilious bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly to the seat of the disease, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

HAVE YOU TAKEN S. L. R.? Then can you do good by communicating to others an unfailing cure for dyspepsia, constipation, headache, biliousness and kidney affection. "Having suffered from debility, headache, dizziness and loss of appetite, from an inactive liver, Stimson's Liver Regulator was recommended by a friend. Procuring a bottle, I was greatly benefited in a short time, and consider it an almost indispensable household remedy."—M. B. Bester, William Penn P. O., Montgomery Co., Pa.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with electric suspensory appliance, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Michigan.

Used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and it has cured me completely of catarrh. I had this complaint seven years and could not get any thing to do me any good before. Ely's Cream Balm cured me and I feel well. I will warrant it to be a sure cure for those diseases, as is recommended. If parties doubt this let them try it. I will answer the papers for an illustration. Cargill, Great Eastern Mine, Germenville, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Correct—"Why don't you trade with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman to a farmer, the other day. "Because," was the characteristic reply, "you have never asked me to. I have traded with every trader in the county, and in the shape of an advertisement, but in vain. I never go where I am not invited."—(Ex. 1)

Closing Out.—Wm. Staiger, having engaged in other business, announces to the public that he must close out his marble business at once. His assortment is large and complete, and was not gotten up with a view of closing it out at a discount; therefore, all interested should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure a bargain. First come, first served. —dw

KEYNOTE TO HEALTH. Health is wealth. Wealth means independence. The keynote to health is Ely's Cream Balm, the best Cough Syrup in the world. Cures coughs, colds, pains in the chest, bronchitis and primary consumption. One dose relieves in every case. Taken other, Price 50 cents and \$1. Sample free. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

THE RAREST OF COMBINATIONS. True delicacy of flavor with true efficacy of action has been attained in the famous California liquid remedy, Syrup of Figgs. Its pleasant taste and beneficial effects have rendered it immensely popular. For sale by Geo. E. Good, Salem, Oregon.

For all forms of nasal catarrh where there is dryness of the air passage with what is commonly called "stuffy nose," especially with watery discharge, Ely's Balm is perfect and of immediate relief. Its benefit to me has been precisely—A. G. Chase, M. D., Millwood, Kansas.

KING'S EVIL Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Sores, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the only powerful and always reliable purifying medicine. It is so effective an alternative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Syphilis, and the kindred sources of constitutional disease and mercury. At the same time it ennobles and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and purifying the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine is composed of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla, with Yellow Dock, Stillington, the Ladies of Potosium and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known by the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as a

Absolute Cure For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. [Analytical Chemists.] Sold by all Druggists; price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

HOME FOR THE SICK. Portland General Hospital —Corner Second and Ash streets.— PORTLAND - - - OREGON. This institution is complete in all its departments, and every effort is made to give the patient rest, nursing and comforts of a home. Special attention to treatment of chronic and constitutional diseases. Patients treated by outside physicians, and persons taking course of Turkish or electric baths, or oxygen gas. The baths are elegantly fitted up. Physicians visiting Portland are invited to visit this institution. THOS. WOOD, Manager, Portland General Hospital Co.

DR. LIEBIG Private Dispensary. Conducted by qualified physicians and surgeons—regular graduates. THE OLDEST SPECIALIST in the United States, whose LIFE-LONG experience, perfect method and pure medicines, are sure speedy and permanent cures of all Private, Chronic, and Nervous Diseases, Affections of the Blood, Skin, Kidneys, Ladder, Eruptions, Ulcers, Old Sores, SWELLINGS OF THE GLANDS, Sore Throat, Throat and Bone Pains, permanently cured and eradicated from the system FOR LIFE.

NERVOUS Debility, Impotency, seminal loss, actual decay, nervous and physical weakness, falling memory, weak eyes, stunted development, impediments to marriage, etc., from excesses of youthful follies, or any cause, speedily, safely and privately cured.

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