

NERVOUSNESS

Is the Wail of the Nerves for Food.

People with Weak, Flabby Nerves are the Ones who Suffer. They may be Relieved by Building up their Nerves with a Nourishing Nerve Food.

An Interesting Interview with A Prominent Physician and a Case in Point Cited.

From the Journal, Kirkville, Mo.

"What is this modern disease called nervous prostration?"
This question had been asked a physician in our grandfathers' time, he could not have answered it. The disease was not known then. It is new, and is a product of our American bustle and worry. Stated in brief, nervous prostration is a complete collapse of the nervous system. It is brought on by overwork, worry or disease, and the patient can only be cured by rest and a proper feeding of the nerves.

Notice the dragg'd-out appearance of the average mother. She can scarcely drag herself around; her nerves and strength have been overtaxed; she has no reserve force. She keeps up, but it is at the expense of her nervous system. Finally she is overcome; she can work no more, her nerves are exhausted; the cares and worries of her life have gotten the better of her, and it will require weeks and months to recover.

Thoughtless people say: "How foolish to work so hard and how foolish to worry." That is very well, but how many thousands of mothers there are who have burdens enough for a score, and whose poor, weak little bodies endure uncomplainingly all the burdens until finally they have to stop and it is a question if they have not waited too long.

In cases of this kind there is a food within the reach of all, and it is always effective. It is to the weakened nerves what bread and beef are to the muscular system. It supplies them all the properties necessary to build them up, strengthen them and restore them to a vigorous healthy condition. This new food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If space permitted, we could fill pages of this paper with the heartfelt testimonials of thousands who have found in these pills their salvation. We only give one, but other others will be published that will be read with much interest by anyone suffering with weakened nerves as a result of the season or otherwise.

No more deplorable condition of the human body can be conceived than that of nervous prostration, when every nerve in the system seems to vie with the others to make you miserable. When even the sunshines irritates you, when the happy prattle of the child distracts the loving parent, when life is haunted by a constant foreboding, when the light of life seems to turn to a smoking smoldering flame of torture—that's part of nervous prostration, just a phase of this many-sided disease. As its grasp upon you strengthens you lose, perhaps, the power to walk, to talk, to think, even the power to love. Death would be welcome, but alas! it comes not until the cup of suffering is full to overflowing. Such has been the experience of Mr. Henry Gehrk, whose story is best told in his own words.

To show the results of this nerve food on a special case, to prove the points above made, our reporter made the following interview:

Henry Gehrk is a thrifty and prosperous German farmer living four miles south of Bullion, in this (Adair) county, Mo. Mr. Gehrk has a valuable farm and he has been a resident of the county for years. He is very well-known hereabouts and well regarded wherever he is known. Last week a reporter of the Journal stopped at Mr. Gehrk's farm while there became much interested in Mrs. Gehrk's account of the nervous fits having been since experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She said she wanted everybody to know what a great medicine these pills are, but as so many people are praising them now-a-days, she modestly doubted whether her testimony could add anything to what others had al-

INDIANS AS HUNTERS.

They Do Not Frighten the Game Out of Districts, as White Men Do.
It is a remark often made by old-timers who knew the western country when the red man was a commoner there as the tenderfoot is now, said a sportsman from the Rockies, that Indians never scare away game from a region in which they hunt. But, they say, wherever the white man comes with his firearms game is bound to be killed off or driven away. These sayings are true, with the qualifying statement that by reasonable game laws game of all kinds can be preserved and even when nearly exterminated restored to almost its original plentitude in districts not fully occupied by man and his domestic creatures.

Note the Indian in hunting as he searches out and steals upon the deer or wild turkey with his soft tread of moccasined feet. In the twang of his bow string and the flight of the whistling arrow there is an explosive sound to alarm the creatures near the one that is struck. He, like themselves, is in sympathetic accord with the tints and tones of plain mountain and forest, and while endeavoring to match their craft against his they are satisfied with trying to avoid him without abandoning the region where he abides.

It is when white hunters of the sportsmen variety invade its haunts, their presence heralded by the tread of their booted feet, their clothes alien in appearance to the hues and contours of the creatures of the wilds, and their purpose shown by the crack and crash of firearms that game begins to migrate to other feeding grounds. Add to this the increasing and indiscriminate slaughter for slaughter's sake that characterizes the white man's hunting and it is easy to see why the depopulation of the forest and plain, when unrestricted by law, is speedy and sure.

Ever since the general adoption by Indians of firearms for their hunting it has not been found that large game has diminished materially in regions in which the white man is an infrequent visitor, although Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer, asserts of African game and predatory creatures that "animals can endure traps, pitfalls, fire, and every savage method of hunting; but firearms will speedily clear them out from extensive districts."

USES OF THE CACTUS.

Serves as a Reservoir in a Thirsty Land. Also Used for Medicine.

In the arid plains of Brazil and Mexico, where all nature seems parched up for six months in the year, the cactus serves as reservoirs of moisture, we are told, and not only the natives, by wounding the fleshy stems with their long forest knives, supply themselves with a cool and refreshing juice, but even the cattle contrive to break through the skin with their hoofs and then to suck the liquid they contain, instinct teaching them to avoid wounding themselves with the spines.

Where the prickly pear cactus grows to an immense size the branches are fed to cattle and sheep after the thorns are burned off. The fruit is large and pear-shaped, blood red in color when ripe and very sweet. The fruit is used in the fall to color preserves or jellies. The fruit of all kinds is edible and some very palatable. The leaves of the prickly pear are used for poultices for wounds or bruises, and the root is rich in medicinal qualities. The Mexican Indians are said to be very fond of the leaves of different varieties of opuntia; they fry them in batter like cakes. A luscious beverage is afforded the thirsty traveler by some of the larger specimens. The tops are cut off in such a manner as to leave a basin-like cavity, which is soon filled with the juice of the plant. It is said that beautiful furniture, tables costing as much as four hundred dollars, are made from the large-growing varieties, and various ornaments, napkin rings, paper knives, match safes, inkstands, etc., are made from the beautiful wood of the candle cactus. It seems strange, says the Ladies' Home Journal, that human habitation can be made from these queer succulent plants, yet we are told that huts are built with the lumber of cereus giganteus. Fences, impenetrable to man or beast, are made of opuntia trunk and of various rapid-growing cereuses, and hedges from a variety known as the strawberry.

BEGGARY AND SUPERSTITION.

Mendicants Profit by the Belief That Giving Brings Good Luck.

Begging is a regular trade in many parts of the world. Some who practice it may almost be said to make it an art or a profession. A good mendicant, like a good salesman, studies his customers, discovers their weak points if he can, and trades upon them. A French writer, who has given much attention to the subject, describes at length the methods by which such people—who get their living by pauperism—play upon the superstitions of their victims.

There is a common notion that giving alms brings good fortune.

"Go to the sorceror," says our French author, "on the days of examination for the bachelor's degree. See the collegians, each with his dictionary under his arm, on his way to make the famous Latin version, on the success of which all his future depends. A cloud of beggars settles down upon them.

"I can understand a morsel of bread—it will bring you happiness."

"I can tolerate饥渴 on—"

"You will be blessed, monsieur."

the beggar continues.

"The minister prediction always takes effect. The collegian pulls out his purse, and the beggar turns away chuckling."

The same thing is seen at the Hotel de Ville on the days of examination for a certificate of ability for teaching; and when there are no examinations going on, there may be rascals and gamblers among the beggars; for gamblers and sporting men are famous for their superstitions.

French Marriages.

When a French bride marries she does not assume the hymeneal white dress.

She wears a dark-colored dress.

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her husband's are in mourning, but goes to the altar in simple white muslin, as M. Ernest Carnot's bride did a few weeks ago. Though in view of the late president's tragic death it seemed somewhat soon for the wedding. Miss Carnot herself wished that it should take place, as it accordingly did, but with so much privacy that not even a single relative, except those immediately connected with the young people, were informed. The bride's family wore costumes of pale gray and violet, while the Carnot ladies were, of course, in deepest mourning. The bridegroom's mother appeared deeply moved during the service, and an air of silence and sadness hung over the bridal. Miss Chris was an especial favorite with the late M. Carnot and is extremely pretty. She had no ornaments, except a bouquet of white roses, with some fastened into her simple dress. The Lady Chapel of St. Pierre de Passy, in which the marriage took place, was adorned with similar flowers, but there were none in any part of the church.

NAPOLEON'S GRAND REVIEWS.

The Last Was at the Beginning of the Hundred Days Campaign.

It was customary with Napoleon to review his troops frequently even in time of peace, and always before a great battle. These events sometimes assumed the name of "grand reviews," and were held in the public squares of Paris. The last of these, says the Chicago Herald, was on the 20th of March, 1815, in the Place du Carrousel, on the anniversary of the birth of the king of Rome, and included all the troops then in Paris. It was the beginning of the famous "hundred days" of Napoleon.

The emperor having passed through every rank, the regiments formed themselves into square battalions, and were addressed in these words: "Soldiers, I returned to France with only twelve hundred men, because I relied upon the love of the people and the remembrance of me cherished by the veteran troops. I have not been deceived in my expectations; I thank you soldiers."

The glory of all that is achieved is entirely due to the people and yourselves. My only merit consists in having justly appreciated you. We are on the point of marching to drive from our territory the auxiliaries of foreign princes; the nation will no doubt second our endeavors and follow our impulse. The French people and myself rely upon you. We will not meddle with the affairs of other nations, but we be to those who interfere with us. If they have six hundred thousand men we can oppose them with two million."

During the whole of the address, which was somewhat extended, the enthusiasm of the soldiers was everywhere apparent, and at its conclusion their expressions of approbation were reiterated for several minutes. Just as the review terminated, a lady, very elegantly dressed, made her way toward the emperor, bearing a sealed package in her hands which she presented to him, requesting that it might not be opened until his return to the palace. It was afterward understood to contain bank bills to a considerable amount, the tribute of an unknown patriot in support of her country and the cause of the emperor.

A GENUINE SNOOZE.

The Ludicrous Situation of a Noted Comedian.

Joe Jefferson is a careful actor, but once in Chicago he overdid one portion of his performance. He was playing Rip Van Winkle, and went to the theater very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act, says our informant, it disclosed the white-haired Rip still deep in the twenty years' nap. Five ten, twenty minutes passed and he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter urged him to prod Rip from below. The fogged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket and muttered drowsily: "Going right through, doctor." At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement; when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin.

DANGEROUS GROUND.

An Insecure Foundation Upon Which to Build a City.

San Salvador is all on a volcano said Senior Jose Fidalgo of Pasadena, as a Chicago Tribune man at the Grand Pacific the other day. "I have been three times destroyed by earthquakes but the people get used to it and do not seem to mind it. It comes at intervals and, really, while it makes one excessively nervous, there is little danger to life. I have known the shocks to come as frequently as eighty times in an hour. The effects are quite peculiar. In the city of Salvador is a brick column nine feet high and three feet square. That was shoved some one hundred feet without losing its perpendicularity or cracking the mortar."

"The ground under the city of Salvador is full of crevices of unknown depth. A man was digging a well there.

The last stone he gave with his pick the bottom fell out and he and his pick and all fell through, nobody knows where; to China probably. There is a volcano not far from Salvador that some years ago discharged lava over a forest.

The wood all burned, of course, but the lava being light and easily melted hardened into huge blocks through which one may walk and as you go you can see the imprint of the trunks and branches of the trees in the new crust."

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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A Great Blessing

My wife and I have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had rheumatism very severely, with ankles and legs badly swollen and hardly able to get up and down stairs without help. Many other remedies failed, but Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured her. It was only shortly after that I was taken with the same complaint, affecting my limbs and hips, so I just tried the same medicine with the same result. My wife and children take Hood's Sarsaparilla whenever they feel the need of a medicine and it immediately makes them feel better.

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