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A. V. R. STEDER, PROPRIETOR.
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SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measures of your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But none by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

ELLA WHEELER.

CONQUEROR OR CONQUERED?

BY KATE C. NELSON.

My hero was not a man to think himself a hero, or to be thought one by a careless observer; neither was he a man about whom men and women raved. Even I never sounded his praises; but for all that he was my hero. My eyes would grow misty with happiness, and my heart would beat with a strange delight at his approach; and a look of approbation from him was more to me than the loudest burst of applause from a large audience.

Having used the word audience I must explain my position. At the time of which I write I was a public reader. Night after night I stood before audiences who showered me with flattery. Night after night I stood before thousands of people, and saw but one face.

But I shall never tell my story if I linger like this. When I read, I was always so taken up with the rendering of the author's thoughts that I never saw a person before me. One night I was to read a piece which I never read in public. It was a woman's appeal to a judge not to pronounce sentence of death upon her husband, who was charged with having committed a horrible murder. Her pleading was unsuccessful, and in an agony of grief she turns to her husband. I forgot, in my passion, that I was reading—I forgot everything but the death sentence which I had just repeated with lips as pale as the poor wife's could possibly have been. I forgot all, I say, and in my excitement I dropped down upon my knees, and stretching out my arms, I repeated the wife's heart-rending farewell to her fated but innocent husband.

Looking before me through scalding tears, my eyes met those as full of misery as I knew my own to be. When I rose, I was greeted, not with thunderous applause, as usual, but with perfect silence. For full a minute not a sound was heard, then the house resounded with sobs. Flowers were scattered around me on every side, but, not attempting to touch one, I looked full in that face. For an instant he looked into my eyes with an expression which sent the blood rushing in torrents to neck, cheeks and brow, then he lifted his hand and threw his token. It was a pure white rosebud with a few sprays of wax-like smilax. As it fell at my feet I picked it up and pressed it to my lips. From that instant I lived with no hope but to see his face. I read only for him. I dressed myself only to please him. I lived only for his approbation.

For two months I saw him every night; but I never met him. For two months his flowers were my only ornaments; but he never spoke to me. But it was not always to be so. One evening the president of an association before which I was to read, came to me and asked to introduce a particular friend. He did not mention his name; but I knew instinctively whom I was to meet. But why dwell upon such small particulars, when there is so much of importance to tell?

We grew to be warm friends. He always accompanied me home; but one night I missed him. I missed my flowers. I went home feeling that the sweetest part of my life had in some unaccountable way gone out, and left nothing but utter darkness. The next night it was the same, and the next and the next; but on the fifth night he was in his usual place. As I stood ready to go he came to me, and drawing my hand within his arm, oh, so tenderly! led me out into the street.

We walked some distance in silence, and then I asked if he had been ill. He said that he had been very ill, and that he was but little better. That night he left me early, and for six long, dreary weeks I did not see him again.

My reading became spiritless and dull. I was fast losing ground in public favor; but what could I do?

One evening I stood before a large and select audience in St. Louis. I was filled with a nervous dread which I had never before experienced. I was sure of failure. I tried to speak, but my lips refused to move. I heard a faint, derisive laugh, and again I tried to speak, and failed. The laugh changed into a hiss, almost inaudible at first, but growing louder. I was in despair, when I felt a slight blow on my bare arm, and looking down I saw at my feet a bunch of smilax and a single white rosebud. I picked it up, smiled, and began to read. I read as I never read before. I was

called back, and falling on my knees, repeated without book or note the piece which I had read on that eventful night when I first saw him.

My audience sat spellbound, as I read piece after piece. I could have read on forever. Every nerve of my body was alive with a new life. I was so excited that when he met me and put me into my carriage I could only sob and cry for joy.

The next morning he called, and in his straightforward, manly way asked me to be his wife. Oh, why had he not asked the same question last night? Why did he wait? Then I should have proudly answered yes; but morning found me in a different mood. Love was very sweet to me as it is to all women; but ambition stood first. Oh, how I have since cursed my folly!

But I was young and ambitious, and I must win name and fame. I sent my darling away, and never—but I will not anticipate.

I tried to put his image from my heart, but I could not. I would vow a thousand times a day not to think of him, and a thousand times a day I would find myself recalling some look or act of his, insignificant in itself, but so sweet to me for its tenderness!

At last my highest desire had been attained; I had crossed the ocean. I was to read one night before the nobility. I came forward on the stage flushed with triumphant expectation. I opened my mouth, but no sound came; only a husky whisper sounded from my throat.

I left the stage and summoned my physician, who was always in attendance. My pride had received its proper reward. He told me that I would not in all probability regain my voice for months, perhaps for years; and that I would never again be able to read in public. I raved, I wept, but to no avail—I could not speak above a hoarse whisper.

I grew tired of England, and I resolved to go home. I could not find comfort abroad, so I went back to my own land. Oh, how long and weary the days were! I was forbidden by my physician to read, work or write, for they said that my nervous system was completely broken down.

One day I sat alone in my lonely room, when the servant handed me a card. I glanced at the name and went down. Once again I saw him, my hero, my king. He visited me daily for a month, and each day was an eternity of bliss. But he again asked me to be his wife, and again I refused him. I would not give myself to him when I was in the full tide of my prosperity, when I was flattered and sought after by all, and now I would not insult him by giving him what others had cast aside like a broken but once valued toy. No! in spite of his tender, anguished pleading, I would not yield. I loved him—how well no one could know—but become his wife I would not. So again he left me.

Another year dragged itself by. To others it may have been short, but to me it was an age of longing and sorrow. One day I received a note directed in the hand which I loved so well. I tore it open eagerly to find only these words: "Come to me, I am dying." I gave thought to nothing but the fact that my loved one was suffering, and that he wanted me. I noted down the address, and drove to his house as fast as I could. When I was shown into the sick room, my darling turned toward me and held out his hand. As I took it, I could have wept to see how pale and thin it had grown. I thought him dying, and when he implored me to be his wife, I consented.

When morning came he was so much better that I urged him to wait a while. When I thought him to be dying I was willing to become his wife; but when I saw him getting stronger, and knew that he would some day think that, as I refused him when we were both well and prosperous, I married him then either out of pity for him or on account of my own lonely condition. So I put him off from day to day, on one plea and another, till he was again well, when I told him that I could never be his wife. And I again took up a weary existence without him.

My voice was gradually gaining in strength, but not as fast as I could desire.

One evening I went to an entertainment at which a friend of mine was to read. I was thinking of my own many triumphs on that very stage, when a boy came to me and asked me to step into the dressing-room, as my friend was very ill. I found her, as stated, very ill—too ill to dream of attempting to read that night. She asked me to take her place, and the manager joined his entreaties with hers.

I hesitated; my voice was apparently as strong as ever, but my physician had repeatedly warned me against straining it. But I was anxious to help my friend, and I longed to again stand before a large audience. So I consented, and I was received with warm applause by hosts of friends.

From that day onward I followed the old fascinating life. I read every night for weeks and months in succession. But among thousands of faces I looked in vain for the one face I longed to see. Among all the flowers I looked in vain for a single white rosebud and a bunch of smil-

ax. But at last my patient waiting and watching were rewarded. At last the long looked-for token lay at my feet.

After the evening was over he put me in my carriage and followed me without a word. For an instant my heart was too full to speak; but after a few minutes of silence I turned to him, and, putting both hands in his, said:—

"My own love, I am again rich and prosperous; but I am poor without your love. Take me, and I shall be content."

He answered me not a word, but as he bent and kissed my lips, I felt that he had suffered even as I had.

Fame and name are still ahead of me, but ambition sleeps. I have no wish but to be a true wife to my noble husband.

Conqueror or conquered? Which say you, kind reader? My heart in its fullness of joy, can answer you, conqueror.

AN ODD FISH.

The fishermen whose shade nets extend in the middle of the Hudson under the shadow of the Palisade House discovered struggling in the meshes a huge monster which the oldest man in the boat at once proclaimed to be a devil fish. This, however, was not the accurate name of the thing, which was in reality a specimen, of that very rare fish, the American Angler, *Lophius Americanus*. It measured four feet two inches in length and weighed probably in the neighborhood of sixty pounds. On the top of the head, about six inches from the snout, were two eyes as large as a cent (1858), while just beyond were two small horns, surrounded at the base with long hair. The mouth was set around with sharp teeth, and of sufficient capacity to take in the head of a child six or eight years old, an ill-great tongue seemed to be covered with little prickles. It had no gills, and the only breathing apparatus were two holes in the snout. On each side were two great fins, while protruding from the belly were two hands with five fingers, and almost as perfect as a human hand.

This is a good and spirited description, but as the animal was dead when the reporter saw it the three isolated rays seemed to him to be hairs. On the end of the first of these is a bright bit of fleshy cartilaginous substance, which in life serves the angling fish as his bait, and the ray is his line. Fish see the bright bit of flesh and swim into the open mouth of the monster. The flesh of the angler is said to taste like skate, but to be more delicate. Fishermen generally find the belly full of victims to this strange disciple of Izaak Walton. —[New York Tribune.

The organization of the Chinese army is still based on that of the militia corps which were originally raised by the provinces which remained faithful to the Manchou dynasty. The army is divided into two parts, the largest of which, under Li Hung Chang, protects Peking and the eastern coast of the empire. It consists of two army corps, one of which numbers 45,000 men, and the other 55,000. The infantry and artillery have been trained according to the Prussian regulations, and are armed with modern breech loaders. In 1881 these 100,000 troops (85,000 infantry, 13,000 artillery, and 2,000 cavalry) were stationed at the mouth of the Peiho and in the Tientsin district, where extensive works have been constructed and armed with Krupp and Armstrong guns of heavy calibre. The remaining portion of the army consists of 50,000 men, armed with breech loaders and trained by European instructors; it is under the command of Tso Tsung Fang, and is stationed in Manchouria and northwestern China. The artillery attached to this force is provided with Krupp breech loaders.

The Emperor who has just been crowned at Moscow is six feet high, and is deep chested and broad shouldered. His light gray eyes resemble those of his mother's relatives at Hesse Darmstadt more than his father, the late Emperor, who had dark blue eyes (such as the French call blue black), which are to be seen in the pictures of Alexander I., Paul, and Peter the Great. In figure and style he is also like his uncle, the late Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The shape of his head, which is above the average size, like most of his family, is rather peculiar. His forehead is high. A small mouth, with extremely good teeth, which he only shows when he laughs, is his best feature. His hair is auburn, and his complexion very fair. In St. Petersburg he is always attired in uniform, but when on a holiday he wears the black and white shepherd's plaid, such a favorite with English noblemen, a black tie, white hat, but no gloves (though he carries them), ring, or watch. That he has been no carpet soldier is evident from the marks of frost bites on the third and fourth fingers on his left hand, and a scar on his temple, where a Turkish bullet grazed his head.

One point as to the skunk. It is a well ascertained fact that many asthmatic patients find relief from smelling the odor of this—to most people—baleful quadruped. I have known cases where asthmatic people would stay for half an hour in a fur warehouse after the arrival of recently killed skunks, and depart relieved, so that the latter make some posthumous atonement for their inodorous lives.

Jenny Lind has one son, an officer in the British army, and two daughters, happily married.

THE BAD BOY.

Trimmed in Mourning for Thirty Days—Had a Funeral at His Home—Filtration of Deceased's Best Friend.

"Why don't you take an ice pick and clean the dirt out from under your finger nails?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in the store and stroked the cat the wrong way, as she lay in the sun on the counter, on a quire of manilla paper.

"Can't remove the dirt for thirty days. It is an emblem of mourning. Had a funeral at our house yesterday," and the boy took a pickle out of a tub and put it in the cat's mouth, and shut her teeth together on it, and then went to the show case, while the groceryman, whose back had been turned during the pickle exercise, thought by the way the cat jumped into the dried apple barrel and began to paw and scratch with all four of her feet, and yowl, that she was going to have a fit.

"I hadn't heard about it," said the groceryman, as he took the cat by the neck and tossed her out in the back shed into an old oyster box full of sawdust, with the parting injunction that if she was going to have fits she better go out where there was plenty of fresh air. "Death is always a sad thing to contemplate. One day we are full of health and joy, and cold, and the next we are screwed down in a box, a few words are said over our remains, a few tears are shed, and there is a race to see who shall get back from the cemetery first, and though we may think we are an important factor in the world's progress, and sometimes feel as though it would be unable to put up margins and have to stop the deal, the world goes right along, and it must annoy people who die, to realize that they don't count for game. The greatest man in the world is only a nine-spot when he is dead, because somebody else takes the tricks the dead man ought to have taken. But, say, who is dead at your house?"

"Our rooster. Take care, don't you hit me with that canvassed ham," said the boy, as the groceryman looked mad to learn that there was nobody dead but a rooster, when he had preached such a sermon on the subject. "Yes, how soon we are forgotten when we are gone. Now, you would have thought that rooster's hen would have remained faithful to him for a week, at least. I have watched them all the spring, and I never saw a more perfect picture of devotion than that between the bantam rooster and his hen. They were constantly together, and there was nothing too good for her. He would dig up and angle worm and call her, and when she came up on a gallop and saw the great big worm on the ground, she would look so proud of her rooster, and he would straighten up and look as though he was saying to her, 'I'm a daisy,' and then she would look at him as if she would like to bite him, and just as she was going to pick up the worm he would snatch it and swallow it himself, and chuckle and walk around, and be full of business, as though wondering why she didn't take the worm after he had dug it for her, and then the hen would look disappointed at first, and then she would look resigned, as much as to say, 'Worms are too rich for my blood, anyway, and the poor dear rooster needs them more than I do, because he has to do all the crowing,' and she would go off and find a grasshopper and eat it on the sly for fear he would see her and complain because she didn't divide. O, I have never seen anything that seemed to me so human as the relations between that rooster and hen. He seemed to try to do everything for her. He would make her stop cackling when she laid an egg, and he would try to cackle, and crow over it as though he had laid it, and she would get off in a corner and cluck in a modest, retiring manner, as though she wished to convey the idea to the servant girls in the kitchen that the rooster had to do all the hard work, and she was only a useless appendage, fit only for society and company for him. But I was disgusted with him when the poor hen was setting. The first week that she sat on the eggs he seemed to get along first-rate, because he had a press of business had caused him to neglect before, and a couple of neighbors' gardens to destroy, so he seemed to be glad to have his hen retire to her boudoir and set, but after he had been shooed out of the gardens and flower-beds he seemed to be nervous, and evidently wanted to be petted, and he would go near the hen and she would seem to tell him to go and take a walk around the block, because she hadn't time to leave her business, and if she didn't attend to it they would have a lot of spoiled eggs on their hand, and no family to bring up. He would scold and seem to tell her that it was all foolishness, that for his part he didn't want to hear a lot of chickens squaking around. He would seem to argue with her that a brood of chickens would be a dead give-away on them both, and they would at once be classed as old folks, while if they were alone in the world they would be spring chickens, and he would scold society, but the hen would scold back, and tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself to talk that way, and he would go off mad, and sulk around a spell, and then go to a neighbor's hen-house, and sometimes he wouldn't come back till the next day. The hen would be sorry she had spoken so cross, and would seem pained at his going away and would look anxiously for his return, and when he came

back after being out in the rain all night, she would be solicitous after his health, and tell him he ought to wrap something around him, but he acted as though he didn't care for his health, and he would go out again and get chilled through. Finally the hen came off the nest with ten chickens, and the rooster seemed very proud, and when anybody came out to look at them he would crow, and seem to say they were all his chickens, though the hen was a long time hatching them, and if it had been him that was setting on them he would have hatched them out in a week, or died a trying. But the exposure told on him, and he went into a decline, and one morning we found him dead. Do you know, I never see a hen that seemed to realize a calamity as she did. She looked pale, and her eyes looked red, and she seemed to be utterly crushed. If the chickens, which were so young they could not realize that they were little orphans, became noisy, and got to pulling and hauling over a worm, and conducted themselves in an unseemly manner, she would talk to them in her language, with tears in her eyes, and it was a picture of woe. But the next day a neighboring rooster got to looking through the fence from the alley, and trying to flirt with her. At first she was indignant, and seemed to tell him he ought to go about his business, and leave her alone, but the dude kept clucking, and pretty soon the widowed hen edged up towards the fence, and asked him to come in, but the hole in the fence was too small for him, and then the chickens went out in the alley, and the hen followed them out. I shall always think she told the chickens to go out, so she would have an excuse to go after them, and flirt with the rooster, and I think it is a perfect shame. She is out in the alley half the time, and I could cuff her. It seems to me wrong to so soon forget a deceased rooster, but I suppose a hen can't be any more than human. Say, you don't want to buy a good dead rooster do you? You could pick it and sell it to somebody that owes you, for a spring chicken."

"No I don't want any deceased poultry, that died of grief, and you better go home and watch your hen, or you will be bereaved some more," and the groceryman went out in the shed to see if the cat was over its fit, and when he came back the boy was gone, and after a while the groceryman saw a crowd in front of the store and he went out and found the dead rooster lying on the vegetable stand, with a paper pinned on its breast on which was a sign, "This rooster died of colic. For sale cheap to boarding house only." He took the dead rooster and threw it out in the street, and looked up and down the street for the bad boy, and went in and hid a raw hide where he could reach it handy.

It is stated that the experiments for some time past carried on in London, in which either oil or glycerine is made to perform the functions of steam by the same means—the application of heat—have given very satisfactory results. The heat expanding the oil placed in small cylinders, a pressure of 10,000 pounds per square inch may be obtained, it is said, without the danger of steam explosions, which latter prevents the use of a pressure of more than 200 pounds to the square inch generally. In this case, an explosion will only crack the cylinder containing the oil. It is claimed that the application of this process has been successfully made to the printing press, and to machines for riveting and punching, and the belief is also expressed that the variety of uses of which it is susceptible will in time be found very great.

NO HOME EXEMPT

The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles that Come to Every Household Explained.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published, entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the *Democrat and Chronicle*:—

Sir:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against the dangerous objects in this communication, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be so long so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease in which I was suffering was Candlish, I thought I was suffering from malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing those symptoms continually, I finally became wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity.

Why I should have been so blind I understand.

There is a terrible future for all who neglect, and impending danger for all who are to his senses, even though he is in a condition and aroused, my mind is in a state of And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I consulted the prominent mineral springs in America, travelled from Maine to California, and grew weary of two physicians, and finally my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through all of the common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become a matter of life and death. I was a constant invalid, and developed into terrible and dangerous disorders—the little twinges of pain and weakness of agony. My weight had fallen from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torment to myself and friends. I could not rest upon my stomach, and lived wholly on injections. I was a living martyr to the pulse was uncontrollable. In my frequently fell upon the floor, convulsed, clutching the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine was used, but it had no effect in relieving the pain. For six days and nights I grew worse, and my condition became desperate. My urine was filled with tube casts and I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foot, of the Paul's church, of this city. I felt that our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which he had heard much, but had never used. He detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, and means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice against natural and common remedies, and derided the idea of any medicine aside the regular channels being the last resort. So, solicitous, however, was Dr. Foot that I finally promised that I would use the remedy, and try to remedy my condition. I commenced its use on the 1st of July, and June and took it according to directions. First it sickened me; but this I thought a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening subsided, and I began to feel a real food in my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my friends. My hicoughs ceased, and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was rejoiced at this improved condition that I had been so long in, and I began to feel that my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known the remedy for the good of humanity, and that I would never again use a regular physician. I determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music in this city, stating in full the symptoms and most hopeless of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been cured. My renewed life was a great wonder to my friends, and in less than three months I had gained 70 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, which I use.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-examined the claims of the Safe Cure, and Bright's Disease, and the truths thereof are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that more than half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's Disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, but it often develops without any apparent cause over in the kidneys or their vicinity, but the symptoms of other diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., are often mistaken for it. Hundreds of people die daily of this disease, authorized by a physician's opinion, and "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common diseases, which reality it is Bright's Disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system, and a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the victim before the victim is aware of it. Instead of common symptoms it often affects none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be a disease. As one who has suffered, and known by bitter experience what he says, I can tell every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptom of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement is a bold one, and that it will be doubted throughout the entire land as a practitioner of medicine, will arouse the surprise and positive animosity of the medical profession and all with whom I am acquainted, but I have the foregoing statements, based upon the fact which I am prepared to produce, and which I can substantiate to the letter. The fear of those who may possibly be affected such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can save fully many others from the dangerous path which I once walked, I am willing to make all professional and personal consequences my own.

J. B. HENNON, M. D.

Rev. T. Marshall West, ELICOTT CITY, Md., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and debility and have been cured."

It is upon the smooth ice we slide the roughest path is safest.

A MILITARY MAN MADE HAPPY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—General G. C. Smith, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes after witnessing its magical cure of pain, he would cheerfully pay \$100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

The largest circulation—the circulation of the blood.

"Golden Medical Discovery" (worded) is a trademark—cures all humors, itching ulcers, or eruption to great violent eruptions.

Men, like swords, to be notable should be good tempered.

From Magnolia, Ark., Mr. T. J. Gammon writes: "Sawarian Nervine cured my fits."

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellhamer, 11th St., Oakland.

The modern Yankee who has spread the news by "tipping" the waiters.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Flenck, "female weakness" and kindred ailments. By druggists.

Funny, isn't it, that you always get the night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.

*For the delicate and complicated difficulties peculiar to women, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy.

Carpet and furniture 20 per cent. cheap at H. Shellhamer, 11th St., Oakland.