

YAMHILL REPORTER, A. V. R. SUTHER, PROPRIETOR. McMinnville, Oregon.

CONSTANCY. HE SAID:

And leaned as he spoke on the pasture-bars, That he vowed by the heavens blue, By the silvery moon and the shining stars, To ever prove loyal and true.

"Men change, 'is true," he said: "but Oh! Believe me, my own dear love, Affection like mine, as time will show, Has a strength that no power can move."

SHE SAID: "No fear or doubts, beloved, have I; For deep in this heart of mine Is a love that will never dim or die, But will last for aye—like thine!"

He gave her a ring and a fond caress, While her tears like a torrent fell, As, with faint ring words and in sore distress, He bade her a long farewell.

But the man in the moon, who had often viewed Such tender scenes, I weep, Winked knowingly then, and the lovers stood Beneath, in the silvery sheen.

Two summers with blossom and bud were gone, Two winters with frost and snow; And again the man in the moon looked down On the whirling world below.

And what did he see? Why, the lover had won A widow with wealth galore; While the maiden had wedded, that very morn, The clerk of a dry-goods store.

Quoth the man in the moon: "It's exactly now As it was when the world began; No weaker thing than a woman's vow, Excepting the vows of a man."

These things have given the man in the moon Such cynical views of life, That this is the reason he lives alone, And never has taken a wife and child.

[P. H. CONVERSE, in Philadelphia Call.]

LAWYER AND EDITOR.

The editor, like a valuable woman, is sure to have the last word. In a matter of judgment, he usually holds the key to the situation, as the following well illustrates:

BY THE LAWYER. I slept in an editor's bed last night, When no other chance to be nigh, And I thought, as I tumbled the editor's bed, How easily editors lie.

BY THE EDITOR. If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed, When no other chance to be nigh, And though he has written and naively said, How easily editors lie; He must not admit, as he lay on that bed, And slept in his heart's desire, What'er he may say of the editor's bed, Then the lawyer himself was the liar.

WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE.

During the earlier years of my medico-military career, I was selected as the assistant-surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum, then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment, I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but as I did not see it quite in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of myself.

"Sir," said I, "some men are born to honors, others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment, moral or medical, of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and can't help thinking that if you send me to the asylum, you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole."

"That is not of the slightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will suit ye to a T; and if so be that ye don't know anything concerning lunatics, why, the sooner ye learn the better. Ye'll be pleased to jine widout delay. Good-morning." So he bowed me out; and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were "jined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakespeare's wise sayings, that "Use doth breed a habit in a man." Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces, I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid forever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertain when brought into contact with the denizens of a madhouse. With a pass-key which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the "keeper" or the orderlies; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name "Within an Inch of my Life."

In the afternoon, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the 45th of Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head-surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the asylum to the care of his friends. Mean time, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden-tools or other implements put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me, his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with

rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly, and exclaimed:—"Hello, Mathews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. There he howled out rather than said:—"Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass, and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated. "I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment; to see my poor old mother, and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. I don't know that; so do you. But if I am kept much longer, I shall be stark, string mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now going over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground.

"Mathews," I said, "I know that you are not mad; so lie a moment. How can I let you out? I am not the head-doctor. I can't without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go at consult him now."

"No; you won't indeed." "Well, I can't ease you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial, and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of."

"That's no mat' to me. I'll make you! See this!" He opened the loose gray pea-jacket worn, and to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight, such as the corgard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to get it, was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest threads. I had no means of defence the rules prevented my taking into interior of the asylum even a walk-stick; and man to man, the manias taller and stronger than I.

The soldierised stone in his uplifted hand held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage-cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it; but still then seemed irresolute to strike. Th while, Damocles-like, the missile gl above me, a sudden idea flashed as my mind:—"What if I do dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out. "Let me often!" he answered.

"Put down that stone, and I will not first see that you will tell no one who did it how it was done."

"Doctor, hear!" and, then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked at once again, really to spy if any oil was in sight; but in such a sly, art way as to make Matthews believe that I feared an eaves-dropper.

"You know the locality outside the barracks?" "Yes, his station here some years ago my regiment."

"Well, door" (pointing to one which was to us) "leads down a very short passage to another exist opening on the Deneas."

He was all ears—every nerve strained for what I had to tell him. "Here, this key," I put into his stretch hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forgot to what it led, but I knew that it would fit lock inside the asylum. He grasped eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor.

"What, sir?" he asked in less excited to "This, it's my pass-key I shall let you jine passage. Grope your way for it or two down; feel for the lock e outer door; open it with this key, escape."

"You tell no one that I am gone—take care to have me caught? Remember, if I am brought back, I'll murer!"

"Mat! if you escape by the method he pointed out, no one shall know it."

"You the soldier's friend!" he replied, let me shake hands with you, sir

I did feel happy when I found my palm within his; but I quickly opened door alluded to; and without that shadow of suspicion, he entered immediately. Once he was fairly pulled it to with a bang which he the very walls. He was inclosed bathroom.

Then of excitement over, reaction on. I felt sick and faint, and knew ere until I saw one of the officia's my servant stooping over me, ormer, going his rounds, had found lying on the floor; and as soon came to my senses, I told them had happened; and steps were to have Mathews so watched that he paving-stones would never again his possession. I took care also again to perambulate the asyabout my orderly escort.

Mpny Lind Goldschmidt now and breaks through the rule she mad ago to sing no more in public. Recently appeared on the stage of art given for charitable purpose Malvern, England, and gave the ice a delightful surprise by her fresh vigorous rendition of Mendels "Lift Thine Eyes" and Rubins "Song of the Birds."

It has a new minstrel company road. A New Haven paper says All the funny business was next must have been; but it does not that all the new business was fur

THE ETHICS OF A CROWD.

The One Place of all Others Where the Unit is Lost.

There is no room for extremists in a crowd. The dude will be ground between the upper and nether millstone. In fact, those about him are likely to take a secret pleasure in adding to his discomfort. The crowd has a keen eye for sham which fares particularly ill when it takes the shape of personal pretension. There must be a feeling that "you are one of us" to secure good favor. People do not congregate in vast numbers to admire others, but to have a good time themselves. They are generally willing to do the fair thing, but want no "putting on airs." It requires room to do that with any degree of comfort to the operator. He must be out of ear-shot of the remarks which convey to him the sense of the failure he is making. It is a singular fact that no amount of experience, inherited or personal, is sufficient to disabuse many people of the idea that they can create false impressions as to their own importance on the beholder. For every word of admiration a flashily dressed or visibly consequential person elicits, he gets a thousand contemptuous recognitions as an ass—a fact he remains perennially impervious to. The strivings and projects of the swell constantly miscarry and he knows it not—except when he is jostled in a crowd. He goes through the world in a state of perpetual ignorance as to his transparency.

The crowd is a great leveler, and the member of it who does not do his own leveling has it done for him in a manner which is not at all pleasant. Large and happy aggregations of people, like civilization itself, are based upon the spirit of mutual concession. The savage who does not know how to yield in little things wants all out doors to live and have his being in. And what is the arrogant, bumptious person, however civilized his exterior may be, who has no consideration for others, but a relic of barbarism? The kindly feeling which prompts the doing of a small favor, at some slight inconvenience even to self, it is which makes the happy crowd possible. The lubrication of good will, sympathy and small helpfulness is the grand secret which makes the social machinery move well. Each man must allow a little margin to others, or there can be no general elasticity to prevent things from being broken upon each other. He must round off the sharp corners, or there will be constant punctures and raspings.

Flowers at the Theater. Not many weeks ago a rich Russian admirer gave a carte blanche order at Hanser-Harduin's, in the Boulevard des Capucines, for a basket of flowers to be sent to Madame Anna Judic, at the Varieties Theater. When the beautiful young woman of this famous fleurist had prepared the basket it was placed in the front window, and everybody who went that way stayed their steps to admire it. Among the number was Mr. Packer, an American, who, remembering that the next day was the anniversary of the birth of his daughter, entered the boutique and ordered a precisely similar one to be sent to his house on the morrow. It cost him 1,000 francs, or 200 more than the Prince paid, but that was simply because the rich, fragrant flowers which the basket held were getting scarce and Hanser-Harduin had to skirnish around to get enough. It is, however, not customary in Paris for fathers to send their daughters such costly corbeille, the most magnificent and expensive generally going to some famous and fast actress. I am assured that Judic is the most popular artiste among those who like to thus spend their money. There is not an evening in the week during the theatrical season when "Mamselle Nitouche," "Ninieche" or whatever you choose to call her, does not receive all the way from a dozen bouquets and baskets upwards. They come high, but the boys will send them. Middle Jennie Granier, whose lover is young Prince Murat, comes next in popular estimation, judging from the fleurist's position. There is quite a rivalry between the two, and were it not for the fact that Anna Judic boldly asks her lovers and admirers to send her flowers Granier would be at the top. Very few flowers, comparatively speaking, are sent to the Comedie Francaise or to the Grand Opera. But the artistes of the Opera Comique are quite popular in this respect, and the two singers of the "Salle Favart" that are most often remembered are Madlles. Marie Van Zandt and Emma Nevada, both Americans. When Nevada made her debut in La Perle du Bresil there were so many bouquets and baskets sent to her lodge that she had hardly room to dress in. That night her father sent them to his apartments in a truck wagon and the next morning, when on my way out to the farm of Pre-Catelan for a glass of fresh milk, I saw enough shrubs and flowers upon their balcony to stock a good-sized garden.

AN ARIZONA DOGBERRY.—According to the Citizen, there is a Justice of the Peace at Harshaw who discounts the traditional Dogberry. His name is Turner, and he had a difficulty with a man named Fenter. Turner is also Postmaster. One day lately he and Fenter had a fight. After it was over he went to his office and made out the necessary legal papers and had Fenter arrested and brought in before him. The defendant was not allowed a change of venue nor jury, but was promptly tried, found guilty and fined \$50 or fifty days in the County Jail. The commitment papers were made out that Fenter committed an assault on the Postmaster, not giving his name. When the matter was laid before District Attorney Smith, of Pima county, he gave his consent for the dismissal of the case.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Some real pious, old-fashioned Massachusetts folks believe that the codfish is the national bird.

Freddie Gebhardt's friends say that Langtry did not make a fool of him. She found him that way, and simply took his money because it came easy.

A young medical dude thinks if volcanoes were vaccinated their eruptions wouldn't be so dangerous.

On account of its representation of a conspiracy, Strauss' operetta, "Prince Methusalem," has been interdicted in Russia.

The last man knocked down and robbed in New York had his mouth forced open and the gold plate of his false teeth jerked out.

Mary Anderson's alleged refusal to see the Prince of Wales should serve as a "pointer" for John L. Sullivan during his tour abroad.

"What is laughter?" asks the Brooklyn Eagle. It's the sound you hear all over the restaurant when the waiter dumps a plate of hot soup down your back.

A Paris letter says that City is very dull; there are no great scandals this season. This is a severe slur on that insatiable thirster for notoriety, Mr. Frederick Gebhardt.

"Yes," said Amy, "I went to the telephone and put the thingumbob to my ear." "Thingumbob?" screamed the High School girl, "you mean the audient tube."

Fred Douglass declared at Louisville that he is the most despised and abject race on the face of the globe. Is it possible that Mr. Douglass never met a sleeping car porter face to face?

A large cat sprang from the roof of a three-story building in Cohoes, N. Y., and caught a sparrow, but fell to the pavement and broke her back, and the sparrow flew away. A sparrow has nine lives.

The hotel waiter's costume still remains the standard for an American man's full dress. To prevent mistakes at parties, however, the waiter is directed to carry a towel on his arm instead of a young lady.

Robert Comwell, of Henrietta, N. Y., had an accusing conscience. His wife unsuspectingly joked him about his fondness for the hired girl, and he, thinking she knew all, eloped with the young woman.

Twelve locomotives complete, although in detached parts, were shipped from Philadelphia to Brazil. The cargo was boxed before being put on board, and will be put together by Philadelphia workmen on arriving at Rio Janeiro.

His own "Jay-Eye-See" trotted in 2:10 1/2 when he felt so proud and happy that he rushed to the ladies' stand and kissed his wife. The Rochester Post-Express thinks it would be interesting to know what he would do in case his wife should trot 2:10 1/2.

While a hotel cook at San Diego, Cal., was preparing some chickens for dinner, he discovered about \$10 worth of gold nuggets and four ounces of gravel in their crops. The fowls had been recently purchased from a farmer, but the cook does not remember his name.

Prof. John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston, is now said to be worth \$50,000. He is weary of prize-fighting and gym-milling, and he told a friend the other day that he intended next summer to buy a little yacht and spend most of his time on water. He will call his lugger the "Sluggler."

It is astonishing how many parents of grown-up unmarried daughters are in favor of the general adoption of the "24 o'clock" time dial. They seem to think when, late in the evening, the hour gets around to such an alarming figure as 23 o'clock the tireless lovers will conclude it is time to leave.

Albert Bierstadt is engaged upon a large canvass entitled, "A View of Yellowstone Park." One of the features will be Mike Sheridan toiling up a precipice with a big bundle of luggage on his back, while at a table in the foreground sits a patient-looking mule penning a dispatch to the Associated Press.

The man who was observed on State street this morning with a three-cent stamp on his ear, endeavoring to climb into a letter-box and clamoring for them to "fish on their Postoffice, cosh he wash so drunk he couldn't go to them," is believed to hold the theory that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

A misinformed Southern newspaper speaks of Henry Irving, the actor, as a "scene eater." He is in no sense a scene-chewer or ranter. His acting is marked by quiet dignity and composure. In fact, we are told that in the character of Hamlet he looks as solemn as a mule in a snow-storm.

It is a mistake that coachmen know nothing about poker. In the East a coachman gains the affections of his lord's daughter and marries her, and he and she make a pair. He then makes his blind good by drawing the old gent and lady, which makes two pair. He fills with the boodle, which the old gent always carries, and consequently rakes in the pot with a full hand.

Mr. Edwin Booth is to make his winter home in Boston. Some weeks ago he asked a friend, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, to find him a suitable horse to purchase, and that gentleman has just secured for him a pleasant, old-fashioned dwelling situated in the comfortable and convenient section of the City known as the West End.

There have been some expressions of indignation because in his journeying in this country Lord Coleridge has been protected by detectives. The attempted assassination of the British Vice-Consul at New York justifies the precautions that have been taken. The Judge ought really to have a detachment of the Horse Guards in his wake all the while.

AN INGENIOUS LETTER.

What is Proposed for the Use of X-Raying Superintendents.

A sufferer bemoans the fact that the sales of mines are largely expedited by the exhibition of alleged "inside" letters from the mine itself and which are shown only "in the strictest confidence," and which epistles it states are usually of a nature unfitted to deceive even a school-boy. We have, therefore, carefully prepared the following sample of improved bedrock epistle of the "private note from superintendent" description, and which will be found exceedingly useful in "working" the most cautious investor, foreign or domestic:

RATTLESNAKE POCKET, ARIZONA. MY DEAR BOY—Why the blazes don't you fellows hurry up with that Roederer? The piano arrived yesterday, but it needs something more than a piano and a pier glass to civilize these diggins. Talking of the piano, reminds me that it arrived here minus the works, the mule that packed it over the high grade having slid over a 200-foot precipice and kicked all the insides out. However, we use it to keep ice and provisions in, which is just as good. Why don't you send along that gross of horsehoes? Old Skidmore, our Vice-President, was down here last week, and he kicked up a rumpus because he found we had been shoeing the mules with gold bars. I explained it was the only metal we had handy, but there is no satisfying the old misers. And to think you 'Friscio fellows let him in at bedrock—only \$40 a share. Had lots of fun here last Sunday. The greasers gave a fandango—four men shot. If you run across the Hunkerson girls I wish you'd tell Jobisco to return my picture and ring. She'll understand why. She can bet her life I'm not going to play second fiddle to that red-headed George Jimson. You ask me to give you the cold fact as to what we have struck here. Now, old fellow, you know it would just ruin me if the crowd found it out, but I know I can depend on you to keep it dark. The other day I measured the ore body and found it to be 1,100 feet long and 400 wide. As the ore is just 99 3-4 per cent pure we can safely count upon twenty-six billion of dollars, less one per cent milling expenses. We will put up another thousand stamp mill next week. I wish you would give me the man who furnished our hoisting cable a good cuffing for me. Yesterday, while on the cage going up from the thousand-foot level, I noticed that the rope had unraveled right over my head and was about to part. I saw that unless the strain was at once relieved it would be all up with me. There were four Chinamen in the cage with me, and you can imagine it did not take me long to shove them overboard. It was a narrow escape, I tell you. Please send up four new Chinamen. Will send you a potato sack full of nuggets soon, to arrange in your aquarium. Mind, now, don't show this letter, even to your wife. Your old partner,

J.M.

P. S.—Burn this immediately. Now here is a "bed-rock" letter that amounts to something. It is not only redolent of the climate and racy of the soil, but it has about it an air of ingenious honesty, of blunt straightforward unforced truth, that is simply irresistible. If this sort of a "steerer" does not induce the most hesitating New York or British investor to come into camp, then there is nothing else to be done but to invite him up a dark alley and resort to the old and reliable, though less fashionable, persuasion of the sand club.—[San Francisco Post.]

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. F., as she caught sight of the comeleopard, "just look at the beast! What a long neck!" "Yes," replied Fogg, "the most remarkable case of soot throat I ever saw."

There are very few snakes where there is no whisky, and to oppose prohibition on the ground that there would be nothing to cure bites is absurd.

THE LATEST BONANZA IN CALIFORNIA.

REBER, CAL.—Mr. Thomas P. Ford, editor of the Mountain Tribune, of this place, publishes that the great pain-cure, St. Jacob's Oil, has worked wonders in his family, and that he would not be without it. He states that among all the people St. Jacob's Oil is the most popular medicine ever introduced.

Cherry, for lips, is much better than mahogany.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. Try drugists.

The Greenbacker now calls himself a National. The National game is base ball.

Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for silk, wool, cotton, etc. 10 cts. A child can use with perfect success.

The man who will lie to please you will steal from you to please himself.

"Samaritan Nervine" cured our child's fits. The doctors failed." Henry Kneel, Verrilla, Tenn.

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

Farmers about to purchase agricultural implements will find it to their advantage to refer to the advertisement of Geo. A. Davis & Co., in another column.

The hospitality of Ireland fills a stranger up with Cork, and so keeps him from Dublin.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for all other pulmonary diseases, such as influenza, coughing, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By drugists.

A man may smile and smile again, and still be villain enough not to pay for his drinks.

"Paralyzed persons permanently cured." Guaranteed by the proprietors of Samaritan Nervine.

Dr. Roger's Heart Tonic is working wonderful cures in heart disease.

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

SEND A POSTAL CARD.

And Sullivan's, the leading Cloak and Suit House of San Francisco, will mail you a copy of their new illustrated catalogue and price list of fall and winter styles. SULLIVAN'S CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE, 120 Kearney street.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of memory.

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debility, loss of memory.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints, cured by "Boulton's Paina." \$1.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

The Empress of Austria wears a train thirty feet long. Some day she will be thrown from the track.

Dr. Pierce's "Fellows"—little liver pills (cocoa)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By drugists.

Alfonso could have more fun by going to Paris in cap. They are not partial to kings there.

"It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will. When a sick man has given Kidney-Wort a thorough trial, both will and senses join in unqualified approval of its curative qualities in all diseases of the liver, kidney and bowels.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

CAMPO, San Diego Co., Cal., May 16, 1882. Mr. Robt. S. Ammen, San Jose.—Please find enclosed twenty dollars (\$20), for which send me cent bottles and \$10 in \$1 size. Send by express to San Diego, Cal. It has got a good start in this neighborhood. It gives good satisfaction and is a good medicine. If anything is the matter with the throat or lungs it gives immediate relief. Send immediately, for we are entirely out.

[The above is the third order received from Messrs. Gaskill Bros. during the winter and spring of 1881-82, and one dollar has been spent in advertising in their county. It proves a good, honest remedy like Ammen's Cough Syrup will win its own way to public favor, and those who buy continue to use it, and recommend it to their friends.]

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

Dr. H. L. Battle, Jr., WADLEY, GA., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular in this section and give entire satisfaction."

When you have a cough or cold ask for Ammen's Cough Syrup. It will surely cure you.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures Hysteria, and all nervous affections.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Trochae" was introduced, and their success as a cure for colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Dr. S. B. Myers, SHELDON, WIS., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility, loss of appetite and want of strength."

ARE YOU GOING EAST?

Or do you wish to send for friends in the East? If so, remember that the Union Pacific Railway is the great short line; that it carries emigrant passengers in nice clean sleeping cars attached to fast express trains; and the rates by this line are as low as by other lines who carry emigrant passengers on slow freight trains.

Emigrant passengers holding tickets via Union Pacific Railway arrive at Chicago, St. Louis and New York two and three days in advance of competitive lines.

Tickets to friends you wish to send for are telegraphed to them at our expense.

For full information concerning this Great Through Car Line, call on or address General Western Passenger Agent, No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Bed-Bugs" Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, lice.

Massachusetts has to be regularly torn to pieces every year, having annual elections for governor.

The celebrated Vegetable Compound for females, which, within a few years, has made the name of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham known in every part of the civilized world, renowned for its safe and sure method of equalizing the vital forces and thus regulating the organic functions. It is only by such a method that disease is ever arrested and removed.

DID SHE DIE?

"No!" "She lingered and suffered alone, pining away all the winter for years." "The doctors doing her no good." "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! indeed!" "How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery." "From complication of kidney, liver, chronic trouble and nervous debility."

"Under the care of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names, but no relief."

"But no relief." "For some time she was in good health by using a simple remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had advised for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughter says: 'How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters.' He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your bitter."—A LADY OF UTA, N. Y.

JACOBS OIL THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Ache Throat, Sore Throat, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, AND ALL OTHER HOBBY PAINS AND ACHES. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Sole Proprietors, New York, U.S.A.