

YAMHILL REPORTER.

A. V. R. SNYDER, Proprietor.

McMINNVILLE, - - OREGON

THE "VAN-DEN-BELTZ" FAMILY.

An Old Lady of New Brunswick (N. J.) Tells of a Reigning Family's Antecedents.

["R. D. B." in Chicago Herald.]
The old lady sipped her tea complacently.

"Cornel Vanderbilt's people," she went on, half retrospectively, "were not, of course, people that we would have been apt to know personally," and she smiled at her granddaughter. "Of course I hear a great deal of their doings now, but it makes no impression on me, except as illustrating the power of money and impudence."

At this point The Herald ventured to ask if the Vanderbilts had really not descended from an ancient Dutch family called "Van der Belt." "No sir," thundered the old lady. "I have seen this statement going the rounds before, and it is an impudent assumption. The old and honored name is Van-den-beltz—a mixture of Holland and Flemish. In the sixteenth century it was simplified to Van Den Belt. Those who came to Long Island finally got it down to Van-Belt, and now the old family are known as 'Van Pelt.' The Vanderbilts—I don't know where they came from. They claim—or at least, old 'Cornel' used to say to my uncle, Abram Wykoff, who knew him well, when Cornel used to keep the old tavern down here, that he was Dutch, but didn't know how much Dutch he was."

"What are your reminiscences of the original Vanderbilts?" The Herald correspondent ventured to ask.

"Oh, I hardly know—let me think. You see my family never knew them, of course. Dear, dear, no. If they had not got so rich, and in everybody's mouths, I suppose I would have forgotten them altogether. Let me see—and the granddaughter filled up another cup of tea. The kind old lady sipped it, the while deep in thought. "I was born eight miles from here, and I was 12 years old when I came in town to school. Then the 'Paritan house' was in full blast. 'C. Vanderbilt, proprietor,' I remember was on a big sign. We school girls, I know, for several summers used to go down town past the steamboat docks and up on Shumeman's hill, to pick blackberries. We were always a little shy of Vanderbilt's hotel, for even away back in those days it was rough. But old Mrs. Vanderbilt was kind and good, and when she wasn't too busy scrubbing and so on, she always had a kind word for us. She was a young woman then, and vigorous, and how she did work. Of course we girls from 'nup-town' didn't dare to let anybody know that we ever spoke to her, or were good to us. Many a glass of milk I've had from her. But I never liked to see her serve out rum to people. She did that while 'Cornel' was away. The boy—the first boy, William—he's now the great William H. I remember well as a chubby-faced little chap about 10 or 11 years old. His father used to bring shad up in his shallop in the spring—Hudson river shad. Mrs. Vanderbilt used to have a market for it always and the boy would deliver it about. I know in our old boarding-school we never could get shad in the spring till Capt. Vanderbilt's shallop got in. Since they've all got so rich, a story came out that young Vanderbilt's veritable old basket in which he used to carry the shad is still in existence here, but that is untrue. The boy never had a basket. He carried the shad strung on a hickory 'with', such as they used to have in the old days. I remember it well."

"When did the Vanderbilts leave New Brunswick, madam?"
"Oh, that I couldn't tell you. I left school about 1833, and I believe they were here then. I remember hearing it said that more children were born here, but then, you see, we never knew them at all—they were, of course, not in our circle. Since they have grown so rich we naturally know of them and hear of them, and remember who they are, but that is all. I remember old Mrs. Vanderbilt most kindly. She was a good, motherly woman, and, by her thrift, excellent sense and untiring industry, I've heard said, she made 'Cornel's' fortune. I am glad to have seen you, sir. You will excuse me now. While I always like to talk of old times, I'm just now a little tired."

He Carried the Last Flag.

"Talk about my war record," said an Arkansas orator at a political meeting; "my war record is a part of the state's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "for I was here at the time."
"Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed the orator. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow-beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the state's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"That's a fact," said the man who had witnessed the performance. "He carried the last Confederate flag through this town, and he carried it so blazed fast that you couldn't have told whether it was a Union jack or a small-pox warning."

A MARKET FOR CORKS.

A small boy dragged a large cloth bag over the sands at Coney island. He rummaged among the seaweed and picked out hundreds of corks.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked a bystander.
"I sell them to a man in Water street for 50 cents a bushel."
"How many bushels can you get in a day?"
"I have picked up from three to four bushels in a day. It pays better than blacking boots."

LABOR AND PAIN.

[Rev. Samuel W. Duffield.]
Labor is living, and pain is living;
And labor and pain go hand in hand,
And peer in the windows across the land;
And so, wherever love is giving
Labor for pain, or pain for labor,
Each to the other is nearly neighbor.
Yes, these are the millstones of the heart,
Upper and nether, but never apart;
And the grist of the grained grain goes down
In flaky showers from the kernels brown.
And labor is living, and pain is living;
And love goes onward, striving and giving;
And the wheels go round, and the sheaves are bound,
And the grist of the mill is grimly ground;
But therefrom cometh, when all is said,
The hope of the heart and the world's white bread.

UNDER INSANITY'S SHADOW.

A Giant Intellect Going Mad—Incidents in Dean Swift's Later Life.

[St. Louis Republican.]
Swift seems to have anticipated the end from the beginning. In other words, when the giddiness and deafness became chronic, he was convinced that the mental decay and destruction were the inevitable consequences. The shadow of this most awful of calamities was always over him, deepening and darkening as years rolled on. Remembering this we can understand, and ought to forgive, much that would otherwise be inexplicable and unaccountable. The fierce wrath which, when fully roused, "neither feared God nor regarded man," the foul satire of the "Yahoo, Struldbruggs, and Honylumms," the worse than foul satire of the "Legion Club," "Place of the Damned," and the "Ladies' Dressing Room"—what are these but the desperation of a mighty genius facing an inexorable doom, the wild and conscienceless struggles of a giant going mad.

His writings in the grip of remorseless fate are pitiful to behold. Surely there never was such a tragedy as his. "I am," he says, "worn out with years and sickness and rage against public proceedings." "When I die my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a country of slaves." "It is time for me to have done with the world, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." "I am surrounded by slaves, knaves and fools, in a country which is no better than a dirty dog hole, a prison, but good enough to die in." He literally cursed the day and the hour he was born; he begged and prayed for death as men have begged and prayed for life; and his parting salutation to the few friends he permitted to visit him was always: "Well, God bless you, good-night to you, but I hope I shall never see you again."

Now and then after the splendid intellect, "which has stirred the laughter and the rage of millions and left memorials that will perish only with the English language," had fallen into ruin, there were gleams of its original brightness. Taking a walk one day with his physician he noticed a new building he had not seen before, and asked what it was. "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city of Dublin." "Oh, oh!" said Swift, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of this, it is worth remarking." "My tablets," as Hamlet says, "my tablets; memory, put down that," which led to the following epigram, supposed to be the last verse he ever wrote:

"Behold a proof of sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defense
We build a magazine."

The Doctrine of Transmigration.

[Lime-Kiln Club.]
"I understand," began Brother Gardner, "I understand" dat sartin pussons in dis club an' all broke up ober de theory of transmigrashun. It has bin reported to me dat Samuel Shin an' Shakin' in his butes far fear dat he will be turned into a dog and have to follow a brick-wagon. I farn dat Elder Toots an' almost sick abed bekase he expects to be transformed into an old white hoss an' be used on a delivery wagon a'rly an' late. It an said dat Whalebone Howker had a fit when his wife ate two hull pies an' went to bed an' dreamed dat he had died an' bin transformed into a hyena. Eben Judge Cadaver turns pale at de ideal of his ever becomin' a giraffe an' havin' to hold his head too high to eber see a lost cent on de sidewalk.

"Gent'l en, dar may be sunthin' in de theory, but I see no occasion fur worry. If Samuel Shin an' turned into a dog let him conduct hisself in an honorable, gentlemanly manner an' he will not lack fur friends nor bones. None of you will remember dat you once libed on airth as men an' were members of de Lime-Kiln club. If Slapback Jackson an' turned into a coon it will come perfectly natural to him to take to a tree when he hears a dog bark. If Sunset Parker leaves his present shape to become an ox de yoke will come perfectly natural to him, an' he will submit to be pounded an' cussed widout a thought of usin' his horns or hoofs. Dar an no occasion to feel bad in de daytime nor lose any sleep at night. Let us now purred."

A Notable Bridge.

[Exchange.]
Among the notable bridges of the world is the one of Langang, China. It crosses an arm of the China sea. This structure is some five miles long, and has not less than 300 arches. Over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion made of a single block of marble, and yet twenty-one feet long. The roadway of this bridge is seven feet wide.

Reclaimed Land.

Holland, in the last three centuries, has recovered from the sea at least 90,000 acres. The lake of Harlem became terra firma between 1840 and 1852, and the Zuyder Zee is in process of transformation into 500,000 valuable acres.

Absorbing Inventive Genius.

"There are two things," says a patent lawyer, "that have absorbed more brain tissue from the heads of inventive geniuses than would be necessary to outweigh all the gold that has been in consequence put into their pockets—railroad couplings and bedsteads."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Chat With a Famous Actress in Her "Business Office."

The Implements and Intricacies of the Stage—Work and Constant Anxiety—Genius and Noble Motherhood.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Will the madame be in her bed?"
"Certainly, when the scene is ready," replied the actress interrogated.

There was just a tinge of foreign accent in her response, a kind of shy and yet clearly audible line, soft and tender in tone, like the articulation of a child before age and experience give confidence in a perfect control of the powers of expression. A brilliant woman she subtle, and, at the same time intense, in dramatic power. At this moment she sat before a large mirror, clad for the bedchamber scene in "Cymbeline." Over her shapely form fell a robe of white cashmere, over her neck and shoulders was thrown a scarf of orange hue that fell in graceful folds below her waist. Her feet were in sandals and she had just drawn over her white stockings with a black crayon, the outline of her toes to produce the impression that they were bare. Before and around her were scattered all the implements, evidences and intricacies of her art. Great trunks stood with mouths wide open revealing rich and curious costumes, and the dressing maid fitted here and there, folding or arranging them in most convenient places for the artist's use. It was a curious sight to a novice, this display of the powder, tinsel, ruddiness and richness which dazzle and shine from behind the footlights for those in front, as though they were all real.

The stage manager at the Chestnut street opera house had, by the first words quoted, admonished Modjeska that the scene would soon be on where Iachimo must find her fallen asleep in her bed with the book she had been reading fallen by her side, and the leaf turned down where she had finished.

"Welcome to my business office," said she laughingly, as I entered with her husband. "You see me here at work, and here are all my tools. May be I will not be as entertaining, as well dressed, or as interesting as I would have been in my boudoir after the cares and frolics of the play are over. Our profession is exacting. People will not tolerate a wait or a hitch, and our success depends as much upon the spirit, fire and ability put into it. It all makes you see from the short one; sit until I return," the gifted woman said, as she hurried away.

I soon followed to the wings to witness the by-play. It took but a half minute for the actress to scramble into the improvised bed, the maid to cover her with a lamb's wool robe, when the curtain rolled up, and Modjeska, to the audience, was asleep. Iachimo (Frank Clements) emerges from the trunk and begins his treacherous invocation; while Barrymore, in the room just away, is dressing for the part to follow. I watched the play quite listlessly, for what a different impression it all makes when seen from the rough surroundings behind, instead of from the comfortable seats and fanciful decorations in front of the curtain. I was just thinking how much show had to do with everything in life, how pose and appearance aided and stimulated every effort of man or woman, when I was brought back to my duty by a quick touch upon the shoulder.

"Come, I have a long wait now; we will resume the chat."

Turning, there stood Modjeska dressed for a new part. She had passed into her room from the back part of the stage during this reverie. Her white and orange robe had disappeared, and upon her tall and graceful figure was a new dress of rich texture and dark blue color. Around her waist and over her shoulders in careful folds rested drapery of a lighter shade. She looked every inch a queen. Her face was beaming with the excitement of the evening's success, and her dark, speaking eyes lit up a countenance as fair in mould as it was intelligent in expression. No affectation in word, look or action, simply a bright, able woman that has forced her way in life against great odds, by the power of her genius and her greater will.

She led the way to her room, away from the bustle of those who were pushing on and off the stage as the parts required them. Here was her son Ralph, to whom she introduced me, a manly looking boy, some 20 years of age, who has been educated with care for his chosen profession of a civil engineer. It was for him that his mother first came to America, and it is for him that she will ever hereafter make it her home. She spoke to him tenderly in her native tongue, and the boy markedly showed his affection for her, who had sacrificed so much for his advancement.

She took her seat again where I had first seen her, before the great broad mirrors, and then said:

"You see this is not all play. There is constant anxiety; always something to do and new things to learn every minute. It is hard, earnest work; in fact a constant struggle. I could not tell you what obstacles there are to overcome. Let me see," she said, half soliloquizing, as if to recall the early life that doubtless seems more like a dream than reality; "I began when quite young and have seen so much hard work that the exertions of the stage are almost second nature to me."

"How did you begin?"
"Going on in small parts. My first husband had a theatre in Warsaw, and I began there. I worked hard for several years before I got a position. The way to it was full of obstacles, and it was not until 1868 that I made a hit. I had traveled, played and studied, when an accident gave me a chance and I went on in Warsaw and made a success in Adrienne Lacourvère. I could not tell you how happy it made me, after years of struggle and many trials, to make my success in my own home. From that time the world grew brighter and the way easier. Everything I played after this was well received. In 1876 I determined to rest and travel through Europe. But this boy of mine said, 'Mother, if you are going on a journey let us go to America and see the Centennial exhibition.' I consented, and we sailed for this country. We came to Philadelphia and spent several weeks seeing the sights and the new scenes that everywhere presented themselves to interest and amuse us. We met a number of friends and had a splendid time. After our visit east we went to California."

Mrs. "Adirondack" Murray.

Mrs. Murray, the wife of "Adirondack" Murray, has just returned from Europe with a diploma from the Vienna Medical college, both as physician and surgeon, being her friends say, the only woman in the country with this certificate.

Celery.

Celery becomes better and better with the approach of winter. The highest authorities now say it should be packed in crushed ice an hour before it is eaten.

FOR LOVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give a color to the room. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wee face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real, but unconscious, fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them, so he understood all about it, and, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact, that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day now some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded plank to dry so that he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lowly door, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood 100 stalwart workmen from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession, and following to its grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had ever seen.

NOVELTY IN ANGLING.

Mr. Wisner tells the following fish story that is worthy of reproduction: "It has often been said that it is possible to catch trout in the Yellowstone lake and cook them in a boiling spring close behind the angler, without taking them off the hook. The assertion seems incredible and it is generally doubted. But this extraordinary feat may certainly be accomplished, not only at the Yellowstone lake, but also on the Gardiner river, below the Mammoth Springs. The writer performed it at the latter place, in the presence of nine witnesses, at a point not far from a deserted cabin at the foot of the long series of terraces.

Selecting a likely pool of the ice-cold stream, with a boiling spring fifteen feet distant from the bank, he stood upon a projecting rock and made a cast. His flies soon tempted a trout to his doom. The fish was small enough to be lifted out of the water without the aid of a landing-net, and it was quite easy to drop him into the bubbling hot spring behind him. His life must have been extinguished instantly. This procedure was repeated several times, and each of the spectators who had purposely assembled to test the truth of the strange assertion, partook of the fish thus caught and boiled. It required from three to five minutes to thoroughly cook the victims of the experiment, and it was the general verdict that they only needed a little salt to make them quite palatable."

PROGRESS AND THE RED MAN.

Now and then, too, a group of Indians boarded the cars, grotesque in the ragged garb of civilization. One of these coppery brethren was a sight which incarnated in one spectacle the decline and fall of the red man. The crested plumes of the Indian of romance were superseded by a torn soft hat, the castaway relic of some backwoods camp, hanging in picturesque tatters about his coarse hair and projecting cheek bones. The war paint of tradition had been supplanted by a coarse shirt and by faint remnants of pantaloons, from which all semblance of original color had faded away into the dingy hue of the dried leaf of his native woods. In place of moccasins were a pair of blunt angular boots, and to crown all, our noble red friend was radically drunk. A lurch of the train deposited him in a heap of imbecility on the floor between two of the seats, whence he gazed upward with a stolid expression of woe irresistibly comic. With the coming of the conductor progress and the red man met in the old irrefragable conflict and with the familiar result. The red man had no money for his fare, and the conductor summarily settled the Indian question by roughly dropping his passenger at a convenient station, amid volumes of profanity of a distinctly civilized type.

AN OLD MAN'S PLAIN.

Most everybody is dead. That is, all the old folks. There are mighty few left of the old stock that used to move around so lively and take the lead in business and public affairs. Some of us are getting lonesome now. The ranks keep filling up, but we don't know the new recruits. Old Father Time is a conscript officer and he won't take any substitutes nor give anybody a bomb-proof place. There are no quartermasters nor commissaries nor potash getters in this war, but it is fight, fight, fight all the time. Fight as they did at Thermopylae where there were only 300 against 1,000,000, and there was no possible escape. Sooner or later all of us have got to go. We can't desert nor dodge nor play sick nor shoot a finger off, and there are no furloughs and no pensions and no discharge. There is not even a promotion for good conduct or noble daring. There is nothing but to do and die. Well, it's all right I know or it wouldn't have been so, but it grieves me to hear the bell tolling all about and to see the old stock passing away.

A DRIVE.

[All the Year Round.]
Through the thick air the tall majest'c trees Loomed like giant ghosts; the leafless hedges showed.

A faint dim line; there was no breath of breeze.
No flick of sunshine on the long straight road.
While with a steady, muffled, rhythmic beat,
Fell the dull echo of the horses' feet.
And all the while through the long leagues,
I know
One whom I love seemed sitting at my side;
I thought I heard his voice in accents low,
I thought he watched my lips as I replied;
Nor feared nor marvelled as he swept along,
His hand clasped mine; Love lapped us, calm and strong.

Till with a start and clash of wheels we stopped;
The red light glimmered from the open door;
Over my Paradise the dark veil dropped,
And all the world was as it was before,
Ere through the hush of the November weather,
We two had that sweet mystic drive together.

A DUKE WHO RUNS A HOTEL.

Inserting Italy and the Gaming-Table to Become Mine Host.

[New York Journal.]

The residents of Hoboken are well acquainted with the famous "Duke's Hotel." It is opposite the Hoboken ferry. The hotel and restaurant are patronized by prominent New Yorkers as well as Jerseymen. The proprietor is as well known as his hotel, and many have enjoyed a good dinner there. Mr. Shippin, of the Hoboken Ferry company, is the duke of Calabritto, and he is one of the oldest and noblest families in Italy. He claims to have an indisputable right to this title.

He is tall and well built, and has a thorough military bearing. He is a well-trained business man and genial with all his patrons. To a reporter of The Journal he gave some interesting particulars concerning his life before he came to this country to embark in the hotel business.

Thirty years ago the duke of Calabritto was one of the foremost noblemen in Italy. He was a man of attractive appearance, and was courted wherever he went. He, however, was fond of gambling, and being very wealthy he did not mind a few heavy losses. He was a great favorite with Neapolitan society, and was considered a king among men. He contracted a marriage with an English lady belonging to a wealthy London family. After a happy trip over the continent he brought his bride home and installed her in the old historic palace. His marriage, however, did not stop his taste for gambling, and whenever the opportunity occurred he was always to be found at his seat. He met with continual bad luck. His money went fast, and money-lenders came to his rescue, but to no purpose, for he could not recover his losses.

One morning he awoke to discover that he was a poor nobleman. He had been the victim of a conspiracy on the part of notorious gamblers. He could not recover any of the money he had lost, as the thieves made good their escape. Then he determined to come to this country. His relations with his wife were not of the most pleasant character. She refused to come to this country with her husband, but with the dowry settled upon her at the time of her marriage she had ample means to live upon.

When he came to this country in 1858, the duke went to the Astor house, where he lived for some time.

After a few months of expensive living the duke's money dwindled very low. He then made up his mind to go south. After spending some time at New Orleans he returned to New York and at last concluded to settle down in Hoboken. He determined to give up the gaming-table and start into some legitimate business. He started a little bar-room near the ferry and from that sprang up the now famous Duke's hotel. The duke does his own marketing, and he can serve up an Italian or French dinner fully equal to those of Delmonico. He is not over anxious to make his rank known. He is well educated and far above his present calling, but he takes things as a matter of fact and nothing seemed to bother him. He has become fully an American, and says that a good dinner and a bottle of wine are the two essentials to make a man happy. The duke does not care about returning to Italy.

The Shells Came Off.

A little boy carrying home some eggs from a grocery dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off of some of 'em."

AN INCIDENT IN VIRGINIA.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland county, Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequalled for rheumatism and all bodily pains.—Tappanhook (Va.) Tide Water Index.

Size isn't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than bed ticking.

"We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house.

When a woman smiles from ear to ear, it's real mean to say her mouth goes back on her.

Successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

EPILEPSY (Fits)

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked, with a wry face, "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

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

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

MARTINE & Co.—I have used the Life Essence in my practice in the various forms of dyspepsia, resulting in impoverished blood and depraved nutrition. In convalescence from fevers, typhus, typhoid, diphtheria, small pox, scarlatina, measles, in nervous prostration from mental and physical exertion, dissipation and vicious habits, in malarial diseases after a course of quinine, to restore nutrition, impotence and loss of sexual vigor, it is a combination of great efficacy, and being very acceptable to the most fastidious, may be taken for any time without being repugnant. JAMES L. LONGE, M. D.

Sombody has been bright enough to say: "Langtry and Gebhart—the Lily of the Valley and the Violet of the Lily."

The life-giving properties of impure blood are restored by using SAMARITAN NERVE.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures nervous and nervous headache.

Ammen's Cough Syrup never fails to cure if used in time and according to directions.

What will cure the worst case of dyspepsia? What will insure a healthy appetite and increased digestion? What will give general debility and give a new lease of life? What will cure nervous depression and low spirits? What will restore exhausted mothers to full strength? What will strengthen nerves and muscles? What will enrich the blood? What will enable you to overcome weakness, and restore fullness and vigor of energy? What will prevent chills and fever and other effects of malarial poison? Brown's Iron Bitters. It is well to know this.

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

Cannibals look upon the little white missionary as a broth of a boy.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms should send three stamps for World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but in the bright lexicon of Webster there is.

Mrs. Orlena Marshall, of Graham, N. C., says: "Samaritan Nerve cured me of epilepsy."

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

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation tasteless. 25 cents.

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

Rev. W. J. Johnson, Woodbury, N. J., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and have given a splendid health invigorator."

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain vigor and vital energy.

Never swear at cold weather, if you don't like it, you must blanket it.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

Are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise on preventing any trash or letter postage stamps. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Small boy—"Pa, did you know me before you married her?" "Pa" said, "I didn't know her till long after I married her."

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

Rev. T. Marshall, West Elliott Co., Md., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and debility and have been benefited."

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

STOCKTON, Cal., Dec. 30, 1881.—I see Ammen's Cough Syrup, feeling confident your reputation as an apothecary would prevent your putting any trash on the market, and the price being about the same as the best class of remedies, I have no object in discriminating against it. I wish you success.

W. A. McCUBBER, Apothecary, cor. Main and Sutter's.

THE THROAT—"Brown's Bronchitic Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect on all disorders of the throat.

HARKNESS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

First Premium Mechanics Institute, 1880. D. S. Brown & Co., general agents for Pacific Coast, 38 California street, San Francisco. The following letter explains the merits of Delmonico. He is not over anxious to make his rank known. He is well educated and far above his present calling, but he takes things as a matter of fact and nothing seemed to bother him. He has become fully an American, and says that a good dinner and a bottle of wine are the two essentials to make a man happy. The duke does not care about returning to Italy.

Messrs. D. S. Brown & Co.,
GENTLEMEN—Please send me another six-gallon Harkness Fire Extinguisher as soon as you can. I had occasion to use one I bought of you a short time ago. Last night the hotel adjoining my store caught fire in the hallway to the second story from the explosion of a lamp and the building being cloth and paper was immediately on fire in several rooms, but less than two minutes after getting the extinguisher to work the fire was out.

As soon as this one arrives I will use the other one down and have it replenished. Also please inform me if I cannot draw the fluid remaining in the tank and use it for future use, or shall I send it to you, etc. (Signed) J. N. ANDREWS.

ELK GROVE, Sacramento Co., Cal., December 8, 1881.

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Yours, etc. (Signed) J. N. ANDREWS.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BRACACHOE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUISSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily pains.