

YAMHILL REPORTER.

A. V. R. SNYDER, Proprietor.

McMINNVILLE, - - OREGON

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Fashions of Our Fathers, and Things That Were Familiar, Now Obsolete.

(Prattice Mulford.)

Forty years ago the lecturer and lecture course had not made their appearance. The village debating society was of regular winter occurrence, discussing "Which was the greater man, George Washington or Christopher Columbus?" or "What invention has been most useful to mankind, the art of printing or the mariner's compass?"

The land was free for all to shoot over. Breech-loaders and "shells" or "cartridges" were unthought of. Gunners cut their own wads, poured the charge of powder into the muzzle, then a handful of shot, adjusted the percussion cap and banged away. But if the fowling-piece was not improved, the game of all descriptions was far more plentiful. Forty years ago deer were still native to the pine forests of Long Island, and a yearly hunt for them was organized by the sporting element of this country.

The trunk of the period was covered with seal skin, the bristly hair outward, and studded with small brass nails. The baggage-smasher had barely been developed. Valises were long and narrow. Saddle-bags were not out of date.

City hotels called the guests to meals by the gong or dinner-bell. The landlord sat at the head of the table, and carved the breakfast steak. The guests dined together all at the same hour. Dinner was served with great parade and formality. The waiters removed the covers from the chafing dishes at a given signal, bore them aloft out of the room, then reappeared and carried off dishes to be carved at side tables.

The oyster saloon of that time was furnished with "stalls" and curtained recesses, affording parties more seclusion and quiet than those of to-day. It hung with a cloth-covered, balloon-shaped sign, painted red, inside of which a candle was stuck at night.

The bar of the period was more dingy than that of the present, but the liquor was better. Brandy was not obsolete. In the city drinks were three cents "before the screen" and six cents behind it. Six-cent drinks were deemed extravagant and so were three-cent cigars. Among old and prosperous families could be found more cut-class decanters and port or Madeira either in the closet or on the sideboard than to-day. Hundreds of the smaller agricultural villages forty years ago maintained one or two "taverns" where now there are none. Tippling and intemperance among our native population was far more general.

The "solid men" of the town belonged to engine companies, and pumped faithfully at fires. A village fire often terminated in a subdued and respectable drizzle. Exhaustion justified unusual recourse to stimulants at unaccustomed hours, and the rest followed.

The village engine was always under repair after a fire and always broke down at one. Householders were required by law to keep leatheren buckets to be used at fires. They hung in the hallway and had the owner's name printed on them in white letters.

Isn't Drive Enough.

At the Gentlemen's Driving park, where William H. Vanderbilt and other owners of fast horses speed their teams I came across a man who found delight in something that had never struck me. Vanderbilt was urging his best pair around the course for the first time since he was overturned in the sport by a collision. The gait was a slashing one, and I asked a spectator, who had timed a mile of it, how swift it was.

"Two thirty-six, glory to God!" was the unexpectedly fervid answer.

"But they can do much better than that," I said.

"Yes, and that's what makes me grin. They can do better, but Bill Vanderbilt can't make 'em. He ain't driver enough for 'em, you know. If he had a thousand millions instead of two hundred, then horses wouldn't go their best clip for him. He has to hand the ribbons over to Johnny Murphy when he wants to show their speed. Don't you s'pose he'd plank down a good-sized fortune if it would buy skill enough to speed that team? I'll bet you \$10 on it."

Vanderbilt is not singular in being unable to drive his horses for the best that is in them. Bonner, Work, Rockefeller—all of these, owners of the fastest four teams in the world—are compelled to put professional drivers into the buggies when a remarkable performance is desired. This employe is usually the trainer of the beasts, knows their peculiarities perfectly, and is understood by them as their complete master. Not one of the men I have named can drive his horses within ten seconds as fast as they will go for the trainer.

The Small Boy.

But do not be hard on the small boy. He is a human and he loves the woods and all that there is in them and when he loves a thing he will work for it. Our teachers and parents might make a note of this. He loves the pure air and the refreshing madholes. At school with every door and window closed, he feels stupid and sick. He cannot tell how many two times two are without counting his fingers, and sometimes is not bright enough for that. But place him on a raft in a pond in some lonely dell, or let him chase the chipmunk through the thorn brush; he may neglect to make exact calculations as to dinner time, but he will tell you exactly how many jumps the chipmunk made and bring home more observations on the phenomena of nature than the best naturalists can properly note in a week. The moral is that the small boy needs air, and not so much wind pudding. This is a suggestion made for the parents, and teachers also.

THE MODERN GINEVRA.

But the "Spring-Load Hid in Am-bush There 'Didn't Fasten' Her Down For-ever"

(Detroit Free Press.)

The fair Imogene D'Eustis had been welded to the knightly Fain Higgins. The clergyman had been laid out \$2 in cash to pay for the splining, the guests were bling themselves up with etables, and everything was sliding along as smoothly as a elder mill sailing down on a spring freshet, when all at once the bride was missing.

Her newly found husband looked under the table, but she was not there.

The guests separated to search. Some looked down the well-steps down cellar, others in the hen-coop and smoke-house and behind the pig pen. No Imogene.

Then some said that she had been abducted, while others scoffed at the idea of a girl weighing 100 pounds and having a scream which could be heard two miles, being carried off in broad daylight, and in a neighborhood where the Democrats had over two hundred majority.

A detective was called in. He looked at her old shawl, measured the length of her shoes, and decided that it was a mysterious affair. He would take the case if desired, but would not promise any satisfactory solution under a year and a half.

The fair Imogene's father hadn't betrayed much excitement up to this point. The wedding feast was first square meal he had tackled for six months, and he wanted to fill up before giving way to emotion. He was now full. He turned around upon the excited and distressed guests, commanded them to hush their hullabaloo, and disappeared up stairs.

When the coy Imogene slipped away from the feast it was to see if her husband would miss and follow her. She slid up stairs, mounted to the garret, and after brushing the cob webs off her nose she advanced to the big blue chest in the corner. The chest had been made to hold her father's government bonds, and was hooped with iron and provided with a spring lock, which never cost less than a dollar. Her mission was to hide in the chest, and her husband would be soft enough to climb up there and throw up the lid and call peck-a-boo. As the reader knows, he wasn't the man to catch on.

The old man D'Eustis walked up stairs and made his way to the garret through the same trap-door the bride had used. He thought she might be up there to take a last farewell look at the bunches of catnip, moldy school books and broken spinning-wheels. He could not see her. He called aloud, but the whistle of the tug on the river was the only answer. He turned to go, but something whispered to him that perhaps he might find a plug of tobacco or a bottle of stomach bitters in the old chest. He advanced with beating heart and threw up the lid.

"Why, pop, is this you?" cried the fair Imogene as she sprang up and gripped her bridal dress clear down the back.

"Yes, this is me!" riddled the old man "and what the jimeericks are you doing here?" "Hiding from Sam."

"I'm a tarnaal mind to box your ears, big as you are! Here you've raised a regular city convention all over the house, spoilt a dress which cost me \$14 with the making, upset your mother, and scared old Mrs. Spigot into a fit!"

"Please, pop, I—"

"You git! Drap yourself through that trap-hole, skip down there and tell the crowd that you don't know beans when the bug's untied."

And the bride got. And her husband was so mad that he burned up a free railroad pass to Chicago, and her mother cried, and her father went off down town to play poker, and, taken all in all, the coy bride and the old chest and the spring lock business didn't pay 10 cents on the dollar.

He Agreed That It Would.

In from of a Detroit butcher shop yesterday a butchering cleaning a revolver. It was a rusty old "Colt" which had not been used for years and was to be put in order and traded off. A shoemaker came along directly and observed:

"Of course there'll be an accident!" "Y-es, I presume so."

"It isn't loaded, is it?" "Oh, no."

"It will go off?" "It will."

"I never saw a revolver without wanting to handle it. Let me look at that weapon, Ah! I'm satisfied now that it doesn't contain any stray bullets. Do you suppose you could hit my foot at that distance?"

"Certainly I could. Now, if she was loaded I'd take a dead sight like that and pull the trigger and—"

The shoemaker jumped two feet and yelled like an Indian, and when he came down he danced and kicked and galloped around until people thought him crazy. It was only after a crowd had collected and cornered him up in the shop that any one found out the trouble. The butcher had put a bullet along the sole of his foot close enough to draw blood.

"I told you she'd go off!" howled the shoemaker, as he sat with his boot in his hand.

"And didn't I agree with you?" innocently responded the butcher.

Paralyzing a Baggage-man.

"Check my baggage, sir?" exclaimed a not unamused voice at the Central depot yesterday morning. The tosser of personal property reached out his horny hand with the bit of brass in the same unobtrusive way that his hand had done a thousand times before. But his indifference was dispelled when he saw the voucher disappear in the pocket of a gentleman's coat, which was stretched over the skirt of a full length lady's dress. Lifting his astonished eyes from the frills and ruffles of the ample lower garment he saw a well-rounded chest clothed in a neat-fitting waistcoat; next a shapely neck encircled with a No. 10 turn-down collar increased his wonder; then a head with closely-cropped black hair, surmounted by a jaunty Derby hat, filled him with astonishment.

The mystery was soon solved, for in answer to a few kind questions the one robed in mystery declared that she was a girl; that her name was Miss Bryant; that she hailed from Fulton, Oswego county, and was not a doctor nor a disciple of Mary Walker or Miss Bloomer. And she likewise affirmed that she was not a reformer, never knew of any one who had adopted her mode of dress, and did not know as any one would. Her object was comfort and economy. She heeded not the suppressed whisper of the ladies or the glance of astance of the gentlemen, but busied herself in an apparent aesthetic reverie over a little bouquet fastened on the lapel of her coat.

Decided at Last.

A Texas debating society debated the question, "When a watermelon vine runs on to another man's land, who owns the melons." The referee decided that the colored man who lived about a mile and a half from the two farms, owned the melons.

BOB TINKHAM'S LITTLE TADDIE.

Why the Old Lawyer Shoved Back From the Table and "Didn't Feel Like Playin' Keerds."

After the hand was played, and while the houseman and the justice were discussing as to whose deal it was, the old lawyer sat with elbows on the table, his chin resting on his hands. He seemed to be thinking of something far, far away. Now and then his heavy gray head nodded slightly and his parted lips moved as if he were saying something away down in his soul. He had forgotten the game; his mind was overwhelmed with the past, and the fond memories that flitted before his eyes aided the glistening drops that stood in them to shut out the vision of the present.

"There's your hand."

The words aroused the old lawyer, and he raised his head, but his eyes held fast their gaze on the table top.

"Boys," said he, roughly brushing the tears from his eyes, and wiping his spectacles, "I s'pose it's awful foolish like fur a big feller like me to sit here cryin', but when I seen them marks there they 'minded me o' the day Bob Tinkham got right here where I do now an' kep' game there on the table. That was nigh twenty years ago, but somehow I can't get it off my mind how Bob sot here a-lagin' an' jokin', an' havin' the best kind o' time, an' all at once, without a bit o' warnin', how Jim Dempsey come carryin' Bob's little boy Taddie in, an' said as how the pale little fellow had been run over by a hay rack and was dead. Bob was jest makin' that 'ere mark that's only half as long as the rest when Jim kicked in the door and put the boy on the floor right there and that 'ere winder. I've seen a good many pretty solemn-like things, but that was the solemnist thing I ever seen. Little Taddie warn't dead, but just as Jim put him on the floor he opened them pretty little blue eyes o' his'n an' said: 'Oh, papa.' Then to see Bob Tinkham—great, big, husky man as 'e was—git down on 'is knees an' cry like 'is heart'd break, it was enough to make the meekest man in the world boo-hoo right out. An' then little Taddie said: 'Oh, papa; it's gittin so dark—oh papa, don't let little Taddie die. Tell Dad not to let little Taddie die, and Taddie broke off what he was sayin' jest as his pa had broke off makin' that mark right in the middle, an' he never said another word in the world."

"An' Bob Tinkham, as he never prayed since he come to Oxford in '37, put his hands towards the roof an' told God he didn't know nothing about prayin', but he'd give anything he had if Taddie'd jest open his eyes once more and only say papa jest once. An' then he prayed like I never heard nobody pray before sence I was born; an' I said to myself 'tain't big fine words that gits up to heaven, but it's feelin's jest like Bob Tinkham's. An', boys, sure as you live, I've been sorry ev'ry sence that I couldn't a laid down there an' died an' let little Taddie live. Jest think, an old critter like me with roomatiz all over me so's I can't do nothin' worth anything for anybody—I kin live along forever, but a little boy like Taddie, jest when he's havin' all the fun there is in life has to up an' die and leave everybody that loves 'im an' wants 'im to live. I tell yet they kin say what they're a mind to 'bout there bein' no other world after this 'un, but there are ain't then things ain't built on the foundation of justice, that's all. Say, boys, I don't feel like playin' keerds no more to-day." And the old lawyer pushed back from the table and sat a long, long time with his elbows on his knees, and his face on his hands looking at the floor.

Military Bridge Building.

Among the military maneuvers in Europe this season has been bridge building at Presburg by a battalion of Austrian pioneers (engineers), assisted by 208 reservists. At the place chosen the Danube is 369 metres broad, with maximum depths of seven metres, and the velocity of the current is more than four miles an hour. Bridges of different kinds, formed both by pontoons or boats and rafts, were thrown across on succeeding days. Operations were made on some occasions for ships to pass, and closed again in the usual way by swinging a part of the bridge back again to its place. Slight bridges were constructed for light traffic and stronger for heavier carriages. Sometimes the bridge was made in the common way, by adding pontoon to pontoon; sometimes rafts were first constructed, then swung into their places and fixed there. On one occasion the bridge was partly built with the ordinary military means and partly with material found on the spot. The time occupied varied from an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters. The opening for ships to pass was made in two minutes and a half and closed in three minutes and a half.

Cremation in Portugal.

The cremationists have won a decided victory in Portugal. After a long and bitter fight between the advocates of the plan, led by physicians and scientists generally, and the opponents, who were chiefly priests, the government has decided to make cremation optional with the people generally, and compulsory in all cases of death occurring in districts infected with the plague. The government is said to favor a general compulsory cremation law, but is restrained from making so radical a change out of fear of the church.

A Suspicious Surgical Instrument.

"I thought," said the senior Baggage, as he produced a suspicious-looking black bottle from his son's valise, "that there was nothing but your surgical instruments in this bag." "That's what I said, dad." "Then, sir, what do you call this?" "That? Oh, that's my eye-opener, dad; very useful instrument; very useful; indispensable. I assure you."

Under the sceptre of the czar.

Under the sceptre of the czar of Russia live thirty-eight different nationalities, each speaking its own language, which is foreign to all others.

How Henry Irving Bezan.

"Know Irving?" said Frederick Mac-cabe the comedian. "Let me tell you when I first knew him. It was twenty years ago in Manchester, England, and Irving, a number of other actors, and myself belonged to a social club called the 'Titans.' We met every Tuesday evening for intellectual intercourse, and we all had funny names. I, for instance, was named Othello on account of my gentle nature, and Irving was called Apollo because he was not considered handsome. The Davenport mediums were then a reigning sensation, and Phillip Day and myself, after three months' study, succeeded in mastering their ropes, tricks, etc., and gave seances in imitation of them, exposing all their methods. We played for charitable purposes, and all that sort of thing, and created quite a sensation. Irving was with us, playing the part of Dr. Ferguson, an individual who did the talking for the Davenports. I wrote a few funny lines for him at the time, and he elaborated the effort into a humorous speech worthy of Mark Twain. Although we never gave one of these seances for money, we consented to appear at Irving's benefit before he went to London, and we performed all the operations of untying the ropes, etc., in the light instead of in the dark cabinet, as the Davenports did. The benefit realized £300. Irving went to London, and his career of success has never stopped since."

A Point on Perjury.

On one occasion, says Oakley Hall in his reminiscences, a witness, to all moral conclusions, perjured himself, and yet he seemed cool and natural. Presently the recorder of the court turned in his peculiar, affable way, and said: "My friend, the room is not hot, the day is cold, and yet you are in a perspiration, are you not?" There were no signs of this, but the witness instantly caught up his handkerchief and began to mechanically wipe his forehead: "Are you ill; you look so pale?" He responded by turning pale and gulping down some water. Here the counsel for the defense showed signs of wishing to interfere, being afraid of his witness breaking down; but the recorder interposed with: "Sorry to have agitated you, but my duty is like yours" (the recorder had an impressive voice), "to ascertain nothing but the truth and the whole truth." Then the witness turned and said: "Please let me go; I am indeed ill." His testimony was withdrawn by consent. At the conclusion of the case the recorder said to me: "I knew he was committing perjury, for he had a peculiar tremor of the eyelids, which, for my nearness to a witness, I can always see. And this tremor may generally be noticed in men and women who are lying."

An Unknown Hero.

What a small world we live in, after all! And how round it is, too! Here on the heights, alone, save for the many beautiful babies born to him since he sat down under his oak, built his house, and planted his vine and fig tree—many vines and many fig trees, in fact—I find a dear old sailor, a fellow world builder of the far west. A dozen years ago or so he found this spot with the encircled city below, the Potomac far away; yet in his very dooryard, with many ships, the old Roman arena before him, aye, the very wild beasts devouring Christians yonder at the capitol—finding all this before him, I say, he sat down here, would go no more away, but gave up his commission and has been here ever since, planting grapes, growing figs, looking down into the president's dooryard. And this silent little man, too modest to let his name and gallant soldier who went out unarmed, all alone, some fifteen years ago, and brought in more than a thousand armed Apache Indians, a feat that startled the country at the time, I remember.

From Paris to St. Petersburg.

The carriage of the fast train which is to run from Paris to St. Petersburg will be supplied with adjustable wheels, which will enable them to travel on various gauges. From Paris to the Russian frontier the same gauge is used, but there it changes, and at the frontier stations, Eydt Kulinen and Warballan, the wheels will have to be readjusted. Travelers will thus be able to go the whole distance without the inconvenience of having to change carriages. The speed of the train will be one not hitherto attempted on the continent. It is to be ninety kilometers, or fifty-six miles (without stopping) an hour. It is announced that the trains are on "the American pattern," including kitchen, dining saloon, reading and drawing rooms, and all the other comfortable arrangements essential to modern traveling.

Taking Walking Lessons.

"I would like to know," said a white man to a colored gentleman, "why you are skulking around my premises?" "What does yer mean by skulkin', boss?" "Walking around here in this manner." "How does yer 'speak a manner walk, boss? Sorry I can't walk ter suit yer. 'Speck I'll hatter go away an' take a few lessons."

I am not talking about your actual manner of walking.

I mean that I want to know what business you have here?" "Oh, dat's it? Glad dat yer ain't got no fault ter find wid my walk. Reckon I'll let the lessons go den."

Lafayette's Tomb.

Gen. Lafayette's remains lie neglected and almost forgotten in the old Picpus cemetery, on the outskirts of Paris. Very few tourists ever ask to be shown there, and when they do make the request refuse to go on being told that they would be compelled to drive through narrow, crooked streets, entirely deserted save for the few solemn and gloomy-looking convents which line the way.

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art, but know that thou art; and I must part; And when, or how, or where we meet, I own to me a secret yet, But this I know, when thou art fled, Where'er they lay these limbs, this head, No clod so valueless shall be, As all that thou remains of me.

O, whether, whether dost thou fly, Where lead unseen thy trackless course, And in this strange divorce, Ah, tell where I must seek this compound!

To the vast ocean of empty realms, From whence thy essence came, Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed From matter's base encumbering womb Or dost thou, hid from sight, Wait, like some spell-bound knight, Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour.

To break thy trance and resume thy power! Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be? O, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt there!

Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear— Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not good night—but in some brighter clime Bid me good morning.

SHIPPING DRESSED MEATS.

THE REFRIGERATOR WHICH IS IN USE—THE WORLD'S MARKET.

We learn from a foreign journal that the first consignment of dead meat to England from this country was made about October, 1875. Since that time the trade has steadily increased until now it reaches an aggregate value of more than \$10,000,000 annually. At first the meat was preserved during the Atlantic voyage by a draught of cold air blown over blocks of ice. This system, however, made the meat moist, and it has been superseded by refrigerators, in which a draught of cold air keeps the meat at a temperature as little as possible below freezing point.

The Bell-Coleman refrigerator, which is in common use for this purpose, is based upon the principle of compressed air being thoroughly cooled and then allowed to expand. In the act of expansion it becomes cold enough to freeze water. To accomplish this the air is taken by air pumps from the meat chamber and then compressed, after which it is cooled by jets of water and passed through a system of tubes. After passing through the expanding apparatus the air is discharged at the rate of 40,000 cubic feet an hour into the meat chamber. The air is drier and this system works better than was common in the first experiments of preserving meat during a long voyage by means of blocks of ice. In this manner salmon has been kept frozen for six months, and tons of English fish have been conveyed to Australia in the same way. During the Egyptian campaign supplies of frozen meat were sent for the use of the British troops in Egypt, and that which was left in the cool chamber of the ship was returned to England and sold in the London markets.

The prejudice which for a long time existed with regard to frozen meats is wearing away. In many countries, notably in Russia and Canada, there are frozen meat markets during the cold season, the supply consisting of meat, fish and game from remote parts of the world. In Sydney, Australia, the entire meat supply is frozen in an immense refrigerating apparatus, the air sometimes falling to a temperature of 137 degrees below the freezing point. The general good health of the people who eat this frozen food attests the wholesomeness of such a diet. Meanwhile the exportation of frozen meat from the United States is increasing with every year, and the English hope to still further augment their supply by cargoes from Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

THE TALL SYCAMORE OF THE WABASH.

The special correspondent of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal "embodied in a recent communication the following from Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees: I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys, with some rheumatism—in fact it was rheumatism of the back. I used St. Jacobs Oil and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely.

New York, Boston, Providence, Hartford and New Haven have started tramp wood-sawing yards.

Nothing better for asthma than Pico's Cure for Consumption. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; it gives use the great anti-scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as apectorial. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's Treatise on Consumption send two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The directors of the Louisville Exposition have decided to give another show next year.

Pure blood means perfect health. Use Samaritan Nerve and the result is certain—i. e., health.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

"Oh, my back!" is a common exclamation and expresses a world of misery and suffering. It is singular this pain arises from such various causes. Kidney disease, liver complaint, wasting affections, colds, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork and nervous debility are the chief causes. When thus ailing, seek prompt relief. It can be found best in Brown's Iron Bitters. It builds up from the foundation by making the blood rich and pure. Leading physicians and ministers use and recommend it. It has cured many, and if you are a sufferer try it.

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

Did any scientific physician know the formula from which American Life Syrup is prepared, he would not comment, but prescribe it to his patients, troubled with a cough of cold, or any case of the throat and lungs. Try it, it has no equal. For the benefit of those who would like "another humbug," a certificate is prepared. Ask your druggist to get it for you. In bottles at 50 cents and \$1.

"BUCHU-PATRA." Quick, complete, all-arming kidney and urinary cases, \$1.

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

A fire at Candelaria, Nev., on the 21st destroyed sixteen buildings and a value of \$100,000.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hyperaesthesia, should enclose three stamps for purchase of World's Dispensary Dime-Sized Pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Keely Motor Company recently received Pennsylvania \$1,150 in taxes on its plant.

Mrs. Orlean Marshall, of Grand Rapids, says: "Samaritan Nerve cured my epilepsy."

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

Dr. M. T. Gamble, Farmington, Mo., says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and they give satisfaction."

Dujardin's Life Essence cures nervous debility, loss of memory, "ROUGH ON COUGHS," etc. Ask for Complete Cure, hard or soft cure, and banitions.

For a cough or cold there is no more equal to Ammon's Cough Syrup.

I have used Dujardin's Life Essence and have found all the benefit to be derived from its composition. Its marvellous efficacy in sexual exhaustion, so common in the system, induces me to recommend its use, as its formula is not secret. J. BOWEN, M. D., M. R. S. A.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain and vital energy.

Rev. W. B. Bush, Grafton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Iron Bitters for a low state of health."

Dujardin's Life Essence is the most powerful French Nerve Tonic.

Joseph Poole was hung in Dublin on the 18th inst. for killing John Kenney.

THE WEAKER SEX

Are immensely strengthened by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

The railroad strikers on the Canadian Pacific in Manitoba still hold out.

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

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchial Tonic give sure and immediate relief. Sold in boxes. Price 25 cents.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," etc., etc., etc., Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BRUISES, FOLLOWS. For particulars see the wrapper. Sold by druggists.

THE GREAT SAMARITAN NERVE.

IS UNPARALLELED AND ISVALUED IN EXCESSIVE CASES OF Epilepsy, Hysteria, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Scrofula, and all Nervous and Blood Diseases.

For Clergymen, Lawyers, Librarians, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all who are subjected to the most trying and harassing duties of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a tonic, appetizer or stimulant, Samaritan Nerve is invaluable.

THE GREAT SAMARITAN NERVE. THE DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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As an invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most valuable medicine ever discovered. It is a powerful tonic and strength restorer, and is the best remedy for all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is the best remedy for all cases of nervous debility, and is the best remedy for all cases of general weakness and exhaustion. It is the best remedy for all cases of chronic disease, and is the best remedy for all cases of acute disease. It is the best remedy for all cases of disease, and is the best remedy for all cases of disease.

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