

# OCHOCO REVIEW.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to a forest of fish-brooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives.

—Mr. Lincoln, who was seldom too busy to listen to a good story, used to admit that but for the relaxation gained in this way he could not have stood the great strain to which he was subjected. —*Harper's Bazar.*

—Ex-Chief Justice Greene, of Washington Territory, throughout his seventeen years' service on the bench, always refused to accept a free pass from any transportation company. He is said to be the only official in the Territory who has had such scruples.

—Mary Stewart, a negro woman of Tallapoosa County, Ga., has invented a car compair that is said to be simple and about perfect. She says that the idea came to her like a dream and she made a model, according to her vision, out of old "oyster cups." Mrs. Stewart was the first slave born to Alexander H. Stevens. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—Miss Mary Tillinghast is one of the most successful among the women who have made a business of decorative art. Her credit once paid her \$30,000 for painting a kind of tapestry hangings for his houses. She supplied the designs for the stained-glass window just erected in Grace Church, New York, representing Jacob's Dream.

—As Thackeray's women characters have been difficult to understand among a vast number of readers and critics, the following opinion of women from the author may be read with interest: "I am afraid I don't respect your sex enough, though," he writes to a friend. "Yes I do, when they are occupied with loving and sentiment rather than with other business of life." —*Chicago Times.*

—Sister Marianne Flynn has been appointed Superior of St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity of the United States, in place of the late Mother Euphemia. Sister Marianne Flynn's place as treasurer of the order has been filled by the appointment of Sister Angeline Davis. The new mother Superior is a native of St. Louis.

—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, says the *New York Sun*, picks up a great deal of material for literary work during the season, and resorts unobtrusively to flirtation in order to get it. At the close of a vacation on the Isle of Shonks he bade good-bye to a young lady with whom he had carried on a flirtation, with the words: "I am very glad I met you; you have been worth at least \$500 to me."

—Among the works which have been recently translated into Japanese is John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It is hardly to be wondered at that this wonderful book should have taken hold of the Japanese mind at once. From certain recent reports, made by local missionaries and others, it is gathered that Bunyan's immortal allegory is the most popular book in Japan. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

## HUMOROUS.

—Every cat has its night-key. It keeps it in its voice. —*Burlington Free Press.*

—The latest catch is, "Did you ever see a cent and a quarter?" Don't answer too impulsively. —*Philadelphia Call.*

—To say that a man's movements are circular instead of rectilinear is but another way of calling him a crank.

—A married man remarks that the principal difference between a man's hat and a woman's bonnet is about twelve dollars. —*Minneapolis Journal.*

—It is a singular fact, but nevertheless true, that when two young men meet they address each other "How are you, old man?" and that when old fellows meet they say: "My boy."

—Why Need We Die?  
It is a very chilly day  
When advertisements fail to pay  
Some cure, to drive sharp pain away,  
And "fill a long felt want."

—A wise man has just rushed into print to declare that Jonah was swallowed by an earthquake. Oh yes; that's reasonable enough; instead of a fish, it was a fissure. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Lend me five dollars; I need them very much. "What for?" "I want to pawn my watch." "But you don't need any money for that." "Indeed I do. I must get it from the watchmaker's first." —*Jewelers' Weekly.*

—Mrs. Hendricks, said Dumley to the landlady at breakfast, "will you allow me to criticize your coffee?" "Certainly, Mr. Dumley." "It's too strong and hot." Then Mrs. Hendricks beamed upon her boarders, and later, when Dumley said he was sorry to disappoint her, she told him pleasantly that any time before the first of the month would do. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—First Omaha Dame—"Are you still boarding?" Second Omaha Dame—"Yes, but it is a great trial. My room is never half attended to." "It isn't?" "No, and the halls are dirty and the parlor always coated with dust, and you can hardly see through the windows." "Indeed!" "And nothing is ever cooked right; half the things are burnt and the other half nearly raw." "Well I declare! Why you are almost as badly off as if you kept house and had a girl."

## RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

A Visit to a Spot Covered With the Dust of Three Empires.

From the Bab Kadra, a gate of Tunis, it is a drive of about nine miles to the site of Carthage, and it is a good day's work to see the ruins scattered over a territory three or four miles square.

Above ground hardly one stone is left upon another. Here and there at wide intervals explorers have dug ditches and uncovered some pieces of tessellated pavement, or the floor and walls and marble basins of some bath. Near the sea at the Byrsa, the ancient citadel hill of the Punic town, and also a mile or two inland at the Arab village El Malka, are vast cisterns or subterranean reservoirs, series of vaulted tanks of masonry which once held the city's water supply. An amphitheater, the outlines of which may be traced with difficulty, a theater that is a formless heap of half-buried ruins, great masses of fallen masonry, fragments of walls still in position, hillocks of rubbish, and everywhere the dust of three empires, and the debris of three Carthages destroyed in succession—the whole is still a puzzle to archaeologists and confusion to the mind of the traveler who goes thither prepared to expend sentiment over the remains of Dido's own town.

The church of Rome holds a position of advantage with reference to the ruins of the city where so many early Christians suffered martyrdom. A range of high hills stands between the sea and the wide plain which stretches away toward Tunis. The earliest Carthage was on these hills, close to the port; the city as it grew reached out upon the plain. Among the most conspicuous objects on the crest of the coast hills, either from the interior or from the sea as you approach Goletta, is the great white palace occupied by Cardinal Lavignerie.

Near by is the vast cathedral which this ambitious and energetic prelate is carrying toward completion on historic ground. The ancient citadel of Carthage, as has been said, is crowned by the Chapel of St. Louis, erected by Louis Philippe in memory of his sainted but unlucky ancestor, who died here of the plague six hundred years ago, during the eighth crusade, while retreating from before the walls of Tunis. Here, too, is the College of St. Louis. In the rich lowlands beneath the hills, on the side away from the sea, are the palaces and villas of El Marsa, the Bey's home, and the houses of many of his high officers of state or army.

Still higher than the Roman Catholic settlement, however, dominating it from the side of the hill that is stopped by the Cape Carthage lighthouse, stand the whitest of Moslem villages, the holy town of Sidi Bou Said. It is one of the most picturesque places in the world, and is in other respects interesting. Curiously enough, many of the Arabs believe that St. Louis died a convert to the Mohammedan faith, and that his remains are buried at Sidi Bou Said. The sacredness of the village, from whatever cause it may be derived, is confirmed by the residence there of the Sheik el Islam of Tunis. —*Cor. Boston Globe.*

## A PEDDLER'S TRICK.

Influence of Ignorant Tweakle Upon the Average Human Being.

It is to be feared that the commercial morality of the country hawker is not yet above suspicion. These men are determined by hook or by crook to dispose of their wares, and they are masters of the arts of cajolery and *finesse*. Scores of entertaining and authentic anecdotes might be given to bear out this statement. We subjoin a few: A vendor of cheap spectacles called on an ancient maiden lady and displayed his glittering stock. The lady remarked that she had recently purchased a pair in a neighboring town. "Do they suit you, ma'am?" "Yes, I think so." "It's a serious thing to have spectacles that don't suit; very harmful, very. I've traveled for years with glasses of all descriptions, and I've known a lot of mischief done by glasses bought permissively. They don't mind a bit what they sell over counters, not they; they never look to see the customer again, likely. Now, I'm on this round regular, an' it stands to reason as I have to be wonderful careful. Might I have a glance at these spectacles, ma'am?" Impressed by the tone of respectful sympathy, the lady fetched them, and the hawker, with an assumption of much knowledge, turned them round and round and tested both glasses and frames. His verdict soon came: "I'm sorry, real sorry for ye, ma'am; ye've been deceived. These spectacles are really dangerous; blue steel frames o' this pattern and temper 'll be sure to injure the temples." He began to gather up his pack. "Then what do you recommend?" "Well, ma'am, 'tis a sacrifice; but, to oblige ye, I'll exchange a pair for these, if ye please; you'll be safe then." With a little more persuasion the bargain was effected. A week later the lady reappeared at the shop from whence had come the discarded pair of glasses. The new ones had proved utterly useless. She had to return, considerably poorer in pocket, if richer in experience, to those certain, in the hawker's words, "to injure her temples." —*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

—"Mother, why do they call a girl a 'bride' when she gets married?" "Because that's the right name for her then, I suppose?" "I'll bet I know." "Well, why?" "Cause 'bride' is took from 'bridle' and they call her that 'cause then is when she begins to put the bridle on her husband—or 'halter,' I dunno which. Mobby she ought to be called a halt, 'cause she puts a halter on him. Was it a bridle or halter you put on pa?" "That'll do sir."

—Profusion, a new substance contained in nearly all pit and bituminous coals, discovered and brought forward by Prof. Paulus F. Reinsch, of Erlangen, Bavaria, seems, without doubt, to be one of the most powerful, effective antiseptics, that is, preventives of fermentation, of which we have knowledge.

## CHRISTIAN GETTING.

The Grave Error of Dividing the World Into Two Classes—The "Givers" and the "Takers."

One of Jean Ingelow's later poems tells the story of a faithful and earnest young minister who became thoroughly discouraged because of the seeming failure of his work among the very poor. In spite of all he could do, he appeared to make little impression upon squalor, drunkenness, sin and death. At length, in real experience and in dreamland vision, he was made to see that he had seemed to fail because he had come to think that the whole world was sharply divided into two classes: those who helped, and those who received help; and that these two classes never exchanged members. He felt himself a doer and giver, entirely responsible for the welfare of those he aided, and, in fact, belonging to a different religious caste. The idea that he could learn, and receive benefit from, poor outcast children or starving men, never entered his head; nor did he stop to think that God, and not he, was responsible for things when man had done his best. Not until suffering and despondency had cleared his mind, did he learn that this is a world of mutual helpfulness and instruction, in which we learn as well as teach and receive benefit from others as truly as we give it.

This young curate, with his half-acknowledged idea that he was responsible for the moral universe, and had no lessons of courage and trust to learn from his inferiors, was not alone in possessing those notions. A good many excellent people talk about religious work, and charitable organization, and beneficence of all kinds, just as the curate did. They are so accustomed to give out, that the idea of taking in hardly occurs to them. Hence a good part of their well-doing falls of its proper result, and they come dangerously near the sin of giving for some other sake than Christ's. Unconsciously the idea of mastery, of proprietorship, of dispensing one's own in one's own way, steals in upon the sweet and loving charity we are hidden to strive for. The Lord wants all our lives, strength, money and interest in our fellows; but when we have given all, he, and not we, must be responsible for the result. With the vast and noble increase of religious and philanthropic work which has so brightly characterized the nineteenth century now closing, there has grown all the while this idea of corporate beneficence, of caste helpfulness, of the division of the world into great clans of givers and takers. No belittling of the vast results achieved since this century began is included in one's reflection upon this thought, but rather the farther uplifting of powers that already have done so much good. How can we give all we now give, and more, and yet eliminate every trace of unconscious selfishness? —*S. S. Times.*

## WORD TWISTINGS.

A Failing to Which Many Nervous Public Speakers Are Subject.

"My dear boy," once asked a headmaster of a Philistine member of his sixth form, "do you mean to say that you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo, by Moses?" Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous, and to those of their congregation who are gifted, fortunately or unfortunately, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, such slips are excessively, trying from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation. "Sorrow may endure for a joy," so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with the utmost feeling; "but night cometh in the morning!" With a transposition of initial letters a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric, in other respects intelligent and accomplished, works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to his hearers. "My brethren," so ran one of his most startling announcements, "we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish [i. e., half-formed wish] in our hearts." With him, however, the mischief goes further, extending to a mutual entanglement of words which is terrible to contemplate. He has been known to speak of "kingquering coags," and on the occasion, ever memorable to his interlocutor, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in church, he politely remarked: "Pardon me, sir, but I think you are accowping my pie." Here we are next door to the carrying out of the portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the feats of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from "the Colostle to the Epiassians," while the other read "knee of an idol," for "eye of a needle." The rector of an Irish country parish, whose church the writer has frequently attended, was liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus we have heard him speak of the "imperfections" of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between "imperfections" and "impurities," and ended by amalgamating the two words into one. —*The Spectator.*

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## CHEAP CRAYON ARTISTS.

How Portraits Are Dashed Off and the Methods Adopted to Make Money.

"What becomes of the many artists who fail, eh?" repeated a rising young artist to the query of a reporter. "Well, many of them hang on and do hack work all their lives. They degenerate into the cheap crayon artist, and many often clear as much as fifty dollars a week. But the genuine art instinct is dead and can never be revived by any process known to science. Do they make good crayon portraits? Yes, some of their portraits are excellent, but there is no characteristic art—nothing above mediocre mechanical excellence. New York has an army of pastel and crayon artists. The artist on the daily paper who can sketch and originate positions has far more talent and art instinct than the most successful crayon-portrait maker. But the most successful artist fails—if I may be allowed such a term—is he who does life-size portraits from photographs by means of solar printing. The solar printing enlarges the photograph, and the mechanical artist dashes off the crayon, thus saving him the labor of drawing the features. It is a quick method, and enables the busy artist to do more work. Many photographers have their pictures made life-size by crayon artists for \$8 apiece. I suppose, though, that the photographer gets more than \$8 from his customers. Some of these artists do a large amount of work, and do it more rapidly than the scenic artist. I dropped into the studio of a successful crayon artist not long ago and found him rushing off portraits at a great rate. He said he was in a big hurry to do several portraits and asked me to help him. I told him I did not do that kind of work. "Oh, I don't want you to do the face, just job in a lot of clouds in the background, old boy, to give me a starter."

"I went to work and 'jabbed' in clouds while my friend was making a face on another canvas. It is a superior crayon artist and receives the magnificent sum of \$25 for each portrait. By hiring men to do backgrounds and all but the faces he turns them out by wholesale. I know a German crayon artist who does a wonderfully clever portrait, life size, for \$15. He doesn't use the solar printing plan. Of course there are some artists on the Bowery who turn out life-size bust portraits at \$4 and \$5; but these are bad, even from a crayon artist's point of view. The best artists rarely go under \$15, unless they are doing work wholesale for photographers. The Art League frequently graduates first-class crayon artists by simply letting them know that they have no art instinct above the mechanical. This information saves the student years of useless study. The crayon artist deserves credit for his true mechanical methods, and his cheap prices do not interfere with other artists who are not mechanical. Solar printing has brought life-size crayon and pastel portraits within the purview of very limited purses." —*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

## FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Garlands for General Grant's Tomb Pouring In from Many Sources.

Seeing so many beautiful flowers heaped upon the tomb of General Grant—which I visited the other day—my curiosity was excited by the question: Where do they all come from? and do they serve no other purpose than to deck the great soldier's resting-place until they die? A few days later, in conversation with Colonel F. I. Grant, I learned the sources of the garlands, and also that their usefulness outlives their beauty. He said: "Once every week my mother takes out a large design made of cut flowers. These remain there until she orders the gard to remove them and replace them with the fresh ones she may send. So that all the time her selection of flowers is there."

"The other flowers are from friends, then?" "Some are, but the majority are from strangers. I can say that, daily, without an exception, floral remembrances are received from all parts of the United States. We order them placed in the vault, where they remain until faded and withered."

"Who generally sends them?" "Well, they come in all ways; from Grand Army posts, clubs, societies, school and mission children. Then private people, both of this and other cities, send beautiful remembrances in floral work." "They never go to waste. Solidations arrive in numbers daily from people of all classes and stations in life, begging for some memento from General Grant's tomb. They ask something, if it be no more than a withered leaf or bud. The guards are continually promising the faded flowers to visitors, always providing Mrs. Grant gives permission or has not promised them elsewhere." —*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

## Rebuking a Bell.

A celebrated Washington belle, whose attractions invited such marked attentions from scores of men that the prefix of "Mrs." seemed a dead letter, was "receiving" with another fashionable woman. While chatting she inadvertently drew out her handkerchief, and observing a knot in the corner of it, stopped, hesitated, and said: "I've a knot in the corner of my handkerchief; I must have put it there to remind me of something." Said the "hostess": "Probably to remind you that you are married." —*Harper's Magazine.*

## FOURTH-OF-JULY ADVICE.

Timely Suggestions for the Smart Young Men of the Period.

The annual celebration of the Declaration of Independence occurring soon, a few suggestions may not be inappropriate at this time.

Therefore, my son, let me warn you against being too inquisitive. To peer into the muzzle of a gun while your companion is experimenting upon the mechanism at the opposite end of the weapon may be quite praiseworthy in a strictly scientific point of view, but the practice is likely to be attended by painful results. That is to say, in many cases the effect is altogether pointless, but they are lasting.

Do not blow into the smoking end of a fire-cracker. The fire-cracker is little, but it can blow very much harder than you.

If you are firing a cannon, and wish to extract the greatest possible amount of amusement out of the exercise, induce the person who thumbs the vent to uncover the hole at the proper moment, and the effect will be startling. It may remove some of your members, or even yourself; but then, there is the offset that you will save a great deal of money that would otherwise be expended upon gloves, and there is the added possibility that your beard and clothes will cost you nothing henceforth.

The spirit of 1776, which you have heard so much about, is not of that brand obtainable at the saloon. A great many persons are not aware of this fact, or at all events they get the two varieties so confounded that they make a confoundedly bad appearance and feel confoundedly bad the day after.

Do not think, because a young lady acquaintance smiles upon you on this day of days, that she is desperately in love with you. Ice-cream and soda are extremely palatable to the female taste, and a smile is neither exhausting to the purse (the purse of the smiler) nor detrimental to the physical system (unless the smiler assimilate too much of the i. e. and s.).

Of course, you will not go upon the water in a sail-boat, unless you are wholly unacquainted with the art of navigation. If you know nothing about sailing a boat, you will have a fine time, besides getting a nice bath without the trouble of undressing.

I should also advise you to eat all the cakes, peanuts and such other condiments as are dispensed by peripatetic dealers. The proper study of mankind is man, and it is, therefore, well to know how much one's stomach will bear.

You will not forget to buy a whip. Why you should buy one, or what earthly connection there can be between a ten-cent whip and the Declaration of Independence I am unable to say; but as it seems to be the proper thing to do, don't forget to supply yourself with a whip.

In order to obtain the greatest possible results from a fire-cracker, do not throw it in the street (unless a restive horse happens to be passing); but project it into some house in process of construction, where shavings are plentiful. You will be surprised at the success which will reward your care and forethought.

Before entering a crowd, take the precaution to unbutton your coat. Remember that while you are enjoying a holiday, there are people who have to work; and by adopting the advice offered you can save the light-fingered gentry no end of trouble.

Drink all the ice-water possible. The more you drink the more you will crave it, and every body knows that there is no greater pleasure in life than satisfying one's cravings. Of course it may kill you; but what of that? There will be plenty of folks left to carry on this world's business after you have left it.

Make all the noise you possibly can. People might forget you if you didn't. You will be much thought of if you make your environment hideous. —*Boston Transcript.*

## Pungent Brevities.

Net proceeds—The fisherman's profits.

A bowled strike—One on a ten-pin alley.

A wordy warfare—"The Battle of the Books."

A milk punch—A prod administered to a refractory cow.

Salute of the conductor—"How fares it with you?"

Pupils at the natatorium are now getting along swimmingly.

Soldiers are great sufferers from cold. They have been known to sleep, under cover, in a hot fire. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Won't Injure His Prospects. "Why don't you stir around and get something to do?" was asked of a lazy fellow. "I don't know," was the reply, "unless I'm too superstitious."

"Superstitious! what has superstition got to do with it?" "Well, I read somewhere once that 'every thing comes to him who waits,' and I don't want to do any thing that will be liable to injure my prospects." —*Tid-Bits.*

The *Baptist Missionary Magazine* states that, whereas twenty-five years ago there was not a professing Christian in the province of Shantung, China, now there are 300 places where Protestant Christians meet regularly on the Sabbath. This is the glorious beginning.

It is a word and blow with the man who swears because he has a cold in his head. —*N. O. Picayune.*

## HOW MALT IS MADE.

Some Interesting Facts About the Buffalo Industry.

Buffalo manufactures over nearly seven million bushels almost wholly the product of Canada, which, it appears, makes a ter grade of malt than its congenital side of the border. This two million bushels in excess combined manufacture of other American cities, and, it is not unlikely that we lead in this industry. Our malted amount used annually in London, by brewing-houses, and proportion of the malt used, comes from provincial towns, greater number of the brewer Buffalo make their own malt want it, while the product of lar malt-houses is also shipped East, where it is marketed in New York, Newark, New York, and other cities largely interested.

The manufacture of starch, consists in the conversion of the starch in the barley into sugar, from which by fermentation a potent principle in ale and beer is produced. The process in all particulars is as ancient as the banks of the Nile. It is quite certain that the most ancient of all Egyptians drank an intoxicating beverage made from barley. That barley was one of the cereals cultivated by the Egyptians is stated authoritatively by Baron Kuntze and Wilkinson, the famous Egyptologists. The word "corn," which appears so frequently in the Bible, is a general term applied to all cereals and really means grain of all kinds. While it is not really known what the means were that the ancients used for extracting the alcoholic principle from the grain, it is recorded that malt liquors were much indulged in by the Greeks and later by the Romans, by whom the secret of their manufacture was introduced into Gaul and Britain.

As to the details of the process, they are almost identical in all establishments. The barley first undergoes what is termed "steeping." This is done in large cisterns holding any where from one hundred bushels to three hundred and more, depending upon the extent of floor in the malt-house. Water is poured in on the barley until it is covered to a depth of six inches. From fifty to sixty hours is the time allowed for steeping. After the grain has imbibed sufficient moisture the water is run off, and the barley is turned out in a heap on the malt floor, and turned with wooden shovels every few hours until "sweating" sets in and the grain begins to germinate. It is at this point that the chemical change takes place and the starch in the grain is converted into sugar.

It is now ready for a stage readily recognized by the expert malster, when it is brought to a finish by placing the malt in the drying-kiln, where it is kept for a longer or shorter time according as the liquor is to be ale or stout. For stout or porter the malt is scoured to a brownish color, while for the amber ales or beer it is permitted to take but little color. By its conversion from barley to malt the grain increases two or three percent in bulk, while it loses something in weight. When dried it is ready for the brewer or market.

The value of this city's annual output of malt for shipment is not less than \$5,000,000, and the value of that made and consumed by Buffalo brewers may be safely estimated at \$1,500,000. This immense industry has grown up almost entirely during the last twenty years. Before the war there was little or no malting done here. —*Buffalo Courier.*

Tom Green County, Texas, is named after a famous pioneer from North Carolina, who did his share of fighting against Santa Anna and was honored when Texas secured her independence. Tom Green County has an area of 12,800 square miles, and is larger than the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Delaware combined.

## SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

**BILIOUSNESS**  
Is an affection of the Liver, and can be thoroughly cured by that Grand Regulator of the Liver and Biliary Organs, **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR** MANUFACTURED BY **J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

I was afflicted for several years with disordered liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had as good medical attendance as our section affords, who failed utterly to restore me to the enjoyment of my former good health. I then tried the favorite prescription of one of the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but in no purpose; whereupon I was induced to try **Simmons' Liver Regulator**. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health.

**A. H. SHIRLEY,**  
Richmond, Ky.

**HEADACHE**  
Proceeds from a Torpid Liver and Impurities of the Stomach. It can be invariably cured by taking **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**.

Let all who suffer remember that **SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES** can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their symptoms indicate the coming of an attack.

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