

## OREGON SCOUT

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### WHO GAVE THE MOST?

A haughty King, of former days,  
Longed to commemorate his praise  
Through all the coming ages.  
What would adorn his royal name?  
How best perpetuate his fame  
On time-enduring pages?

Would monument or storied urn  
Teach all the world his worth to learn?  
Ambition vaulted higher,  
A vast cathedral should proclaim  
Who gave to God the most—that name  
Be carved on base and frieze.

This story he would not divide  
With any mortal. In his pride  
It must be his alone.  
"Twas finished, and on chance wall  
His name on tablet gleamed, that all  
The gracious deed might own.

Before the channel rail that night  
In dream he stood; and saw the light  
Was dim; but dinner grew  
The inscription on the tablet's face,  
When lo, blazed forth to take his place,  
A name he never knew?

In waking hours, he lightly thought  
On nightly visions. When he sought  
Next time his pillow's rest,  
The self-same dream he dreamed again,  
"Who marks my work," he cried, in pain,  
"Or mocks my known best?"

Once more the royal dreamer slept,  
Again the taunting vision crept  
As twice it came before.  
"Whose name is this? Bring to my throne  
The one whose work supplants my own!  
I'll suffer this no more."

An humble widow, clad in weeds,  
Whose daily toil for daily needs  
Searched kept the wolf at bay,  
Answered the summons. "Who art thou?"  
He sternly said. "Upon thy vow  
Now speak. What canst thou say?"

"My lord, O King," she faltering said,  
"I know your will, and longed to aid  
This glorious work for God,  
The mule which drew the stone—each day  
I brought, at noon, a wisp of hay  
To help him bear his load."

"Alas! I see," the monarch cried,  
"Thy work for God, not selfish pride,  
Which earns the true 'well done.'  
Thy name shall on the tablet stay,  
For I have learned this blessed day  
How Love the contest won."  
—Bath Allyn, in *Youth's Companion*.

### A GHASTLY WRITER.

#### A Most Weird Experience With Twistleton, Q. C.

Several strange things have happened to me in my life that my friends could never account for. They could never understand how I got an introduction to Twistleton, Q. C., nor why that learned gentleman, after allowing me to devil his work for him for ten years without putting any thing in my way, suddenly used every effort and influence he was capable of to put an important and valuable junior practice in my hands.

Twistleton, Q. C., was a hard, selfish man. In person he was like a badly dried moth, whose long, old-fashioned whiskers resembled the remains of wings; and there was consequently great surprise when Twistleton married Lucy Travers, who, as you will remember, was the belle of her season. But the Travers were not so well off as they pretended to be, and Twistleton, as we all know, made his fifteen thousand a year, and had, if any thing, an ever-increasing practice in the chancery division.

Twistleton was undoubtedly a great lawyer and a man of great common sense, but he had two fads. He was a believer in ghosts and he wrote every thing in his chamber upon a Remington typewriter.

Twistleton and his wife were staying one June in Norfolk, at Lady Barndore's. Twistleton was due in town to argue the great patent case concerning sewing machines of Buncombe and another against Badger, in the Court of Appeals, on Wednesday morning. I expected him back in chambers on the Monday evening, understanding that he intended rejoining his wife at the end of the week; for this case would last at least three days, and Twistleton was in several other cases on the list.

About eight o'clock on Monday evening, I had dined early at my club; and was engaged noting up Twistleton's papers, when he entered with his Gladstone bag and rug, looking, as I thought, tired and out of spirits. When Twistleton was in town by himself he always slept at his own chambers, as in the old days before he was married, and his breakfast (a chop and two eggs) was sent from the "Cook."

Twistleton, having heard that Foss, his clerk, had to say on the subject of retainers, dismissed him. Then he slammed down the windows, which I had opened to let in what fresh air there was in Old Square, carefully closed the door, let himself into the hard chair in front of his writing table, and idly leaned over the papers which were in front of him. At length the outer door was heard to close; Foss had departed, and Twistleton broke silence.

"Penrose, my dear fellow, I'm uncomfortable," Twistleton, I may remark, was always on the best of terms with me, and treated me as a friend, for I believe I was useful to him. I had made great way in his affections by solemnly advising him to marry Miss Travers when I saw he was bent on doing so; but, since his marriage, I am not sure that this course of conduct of mine had been altogether to my advantage. I looked to him for a further explanation, which I saw was coming.

"Penrose, my dear fellow, who do you think is at Lady Barndore's?" I shook my head, being utterly in ignorance.

"Charley Colston," replied Twistleton, trying to carve his whiskers with the paper knife. "Charley Colston." Poor Charley Colston! It was well

known that he had paid his addresses to pretty Mrs. Twistleton in former days, and report said she had encouraged them. No wonder Twistleton was excited. I knew him to be of an extremely jealous nature.

"Now mark me, Penrose," said Twistleton, shaking his forefinger at me as he would at Lord Usher in the Appeal Court—"what took place yesterday when I was playing tennis? The whole time, sir, he and she were talking and chatting together, and laughing—yes, laughing! Perhaps at my play, for I played abominably; I know it. I could not bear to see them."

Twistleton's tennis was never first rate. He had begun to play too late in life. He was an annoying partner, as he always insisted on leading, taking all the difficult strokes, and failing at them. He was a still more objectionable opponent, as he was always taking technical objections on points of practice. Still, however badly one plays, it is not pleasant to be laughed at, even by one's wife. I tried to soothe Twistleton, but he interrupted me:

"Now, there is another point I desire to urge," Twistleton always spoke as though he was addressing the Court of Appeal. "When I asked my wife to come back to-day, she pointed blank refused. What do you think of that?" "Nothing whatever," I answered. "She had arranged to stay, and you are going down on Saturday again. I think you are making mountains out of molehills."

"I hope I am, Penrose; I hope I am," replied Twistleton mournfully; "but you didn't see them—I did;" and Twistleton sighed deeply.

Then the subject dropped, and we got to work on a small case. Soon, Twistleton, with a self-complacent smile on his countenance, was playing an opinion on his typewriter. It was to him, I believe, as though each note he struck produced a deep mellow tone, and not a capital or small Roman. I can remember when Twistleton first had his typewriter. In those days he used to sit at it for hours, practising; hitting first one note and then the other, at intervals varying between ten seconds and two or three minutes, every now and then using the most horrible language, as he put a capital for a small Roman or missed a space. Then his efforts looked as though they were the productions of six drunken printers who had each taken an absent comrade's work for the day; and they were always copied before they went to the clients. Now the machine went click, click, click, evenly and merrily; Twistleton was a perfect master of it. I have seen him write with it with his eyes shut. I have no doubt that if he could have stood on his head, and if it had been consonant with the dignity of a Queen's counsel to do so, he could have played his instrument in that posture.

The opinion finished, Twistleton, who was a very methodical man, put a fresh sheet of paper in readiness to commence again, folded and signed what he had written, and bade me good-night. His last words to me were:

"I hope you are right about Charley Colston."

"I am sure of it," I said.

"I wish I were."

To-morrow we were to have a long day at Buncombe versus Badger. When I arrived in the morning Twistleton was at breakfast. I no sooner entered than he set down his egg spoon, and, rushing to me with a piece of paper, thrust it into my hands.

"Read that," he cried excitedly—"read that."

I noticed that Twistleton seemed unwell. There was a wild look in his eyes. His chop was untouched—a reversal of Twistleton's procedure at breakfast, which was more extraordinary to me than his strange appearance. The egg he was eating was, to me, to any one with a sense of smell, manifestly a bad one; a most pretentious fast to me, who remember hearing Twistleton—who never knew any criminal law—seriously tell the boy from the "Cook" that he believed a bill of attainder would lie against him for bringing him a bad egg. What did it all mean? I looked at the paper in my hand; on it were two words, neatly printed—"Charley Colston."

I stared blankly at Twistleton. What did it mean? Twistleton was shaking visibly.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Ah!" sighed Twistleton, and added sentimentally: "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." This was the only quotation I ever heard him utter that did not come from the Law Reports. I believe he fancied it was a phrase he had invented in his early youth when he first began to believe in ghosts.

"If you don't believe in ghosts who wrote that message on my typewriter?"

Twistleton's manner was very impressive. I felt like a witness committing perjury.

"I tell you, I found it this morning when I went to write a letter just before breakfast. Who wrote it?" I shouted. "Who wrote it? I will know."

"Perhaps Foss," I suggested.

"He has not been here, and can't use the typewriter."

I had heard him say so, but did not believe it. Foss was afraid of overworking himself, and so did not choose to learn it, but any fool could use it if he liked to learn. My opinion was that Foss could use it. He was like the monkeys, who as the negro said, "could

talk if they would, but knew if they did they would be made to work."

"How about the laundress?" I suggested.

"Ah! the laundress," repeated Twistleton, thoughtfully; "the laundress." So Mrs. Buttick, the laundress, was sent for when Foss came in; but she denied all knowledge of the typewriter or the writing, making a new suggestion, which did not, to our thinking, much advance the solution of the mystery, and that was that the culprit was the cat.

"It is a message," said Twistleton, mysteriously; "a message!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Some fellow has strolled in, and written the name for fun."

"Fun!" cried Twistleton, indignantly. "Fun!" And then more quietly: "No, I am sure of it; it is a message."

Very little of Buncombe versus Badger could I get into Twistleton's head that day. Plans and specifications he seemed not to understand; the seductive literary style of the affidavit had no charm for him. He could only gaze at the paper in his hand, and murmur ever and anon: "A message!"

I saw it was best to humor him, and at my suggestion the typewriter was locked up that night, and he took the key with him into his bed-room. We had had a rattling good dinner together, and when I left Twistleton he was in much better spirits.

"If the ghost comes to-night he won't be able to get at the typewriter, anyhow," I said laughing.

"Hush! I don't know," replied Twistleton, solemnly. "It is no jesting subject."

I went my way, wondering how a man with Twistleton's practice could believe in ghosts, and who the deuce had written Charley Colston's name on the typewriter.

The next morning I walked down to Twistleton's directly after breakfast. I found him to be in the wildest imaginable condition. He had taken every precaution, locking up the typewriter, placing the key under his pillow; and yet, here was the message, as he called it, printed in clear, faultless style: "Charley Colston. He is with your wife, Charley Colston."

"I must go. I must go. Oh! Penrose, what shall I do?" he cried in agony, as I entered the room.

"Go?" I said; "and who is to lead in Buncombe versus Badger?"

He was silent, and buried all of his face, except his whiskers, in his hands. Even his hands, large and uncouth as they were, could not contain his whiskers.

"Think of Writson and Clame. What will they say?" I urged, seeing the effect my words had on him. "They rely on you in this case."

The name of this eminent firm seemed to calm Twistleton to some extent.

"My dear Penrose," he said in a trembling voice, "this is a message; I am sure of it. But I will do my duty; I will stay by my clients."

"Twistleton, you speak like a Queen's counsel and a man of honor," I said, seizing him by the hand, proud to shake it. "If it is a message," I added, to humor him, "it will come again to-night. I will tell you what we will do. We will watch the typewriter all night."

Twistleton wrung my hand with gratitude at this suggestion of mine and calmed himself. I made him eat some of his cold chop, and sent for some brandy and water for him, instead of the tea, which had already stood in the teapot for more than an hour. Then I endeavored to coach him in Buncombe versus Badger, but with small success. Then we went over to the Appeal Court, in which I took my seat; for, though I was not briefed in the case, I had nothing else to do, and was interested in seeing how Twistleton got on with it. He was very able at picking up a case as he went along, and the Court of Appeal stood greatly in awe of him. I had never seen him as nervous as he was to-day—not even on his wedding day—and I was quite frightened for him.

Lord Usher, Mr. R., supported by Smugg, L. J., and Summerbosh, L. J., formed the court. Twistleton came in late; he had been at a consultation. As he entered I heard two solicitors' clerks say to each other:

"Who is that with the whiskers?"

"Twistleton, Q. C.; he has the biggest practice at the bar."

"He looks like a boiled owl," suggested his companion.

"Drinks, I believe," was the reply.

This was horrible, for Twistleton was a follower of Prebendary Falutin, the great teetotaler.

But certainly Twistleton had a dissipated look this morning. His eyes were red, and the lines under his eyes were very dark and hollow; his cheeks were pale and yellow. Something of this kind, I fancy, the Master of the Rolls remarked to Lord Justice Smugg, who nodded assent.

Twistleton rose to open the case, which was a very intricate one, and Lord Usher, according to his constant practice, interrupted him with the regularity of a piece of clockwork every two and a half minutes, and then wondered why he did not understand the case and shook himself impatiently.

Much to Lord Usher's astonishment, Twistleton did not deliver any of those stinging retorts by which he was wont to keep the Court of Appeal in order, and frightened their lordships into deciding in his favor. On noticing this Lord Usher began to chaff and rally Twistleton in a manner that was the admiration of the junior bar, the two Lords Justices, and, not least of all, of the Master of the Rolls himself.

At length Twistleton, in exasperation on the merits of Buncombe's sewing machine, alluded to it as a typewriter. Whereupon Lord Usher said, with a humorous leer, that if it had been a question of typewriters, no doubt Mr. Twistleton would have been called as a specialist to give evidence, and would not have been arguing the case before them. At which those in the court who knew of Twistleton's fad tittered; and his Lordship's namesakes who stand about the court put their hands before their faces and shook visibly for a moment or two, and then called out "Hush!" and looked angry. But Twistleton lost his temper over this and asked his Lordship if his Lordship meant to hint that the Court did not want to hear him, and intimated his intention, if such was the case, of sitting down. And then the whole court was really quite silent for a minute or two, in anticipation of a row; and every one ceased to flit and paid close attention to Lord Usher; to hear him, with his blandest and most urbane of smiles, explaining how it was the great privilege of that court to listen to Mr. Twistleton, and what a high value they set upon that privilege, and how it was quite inconceivable to him (Lord Usher) that he (Mr. Twistleton) could imagine for a moment that this court or any other court should wish him to sit down. Whereupon Twistleton murmured that his Lordship was very good, meaning thereby that he should like to be with his Lordship in a small room where he could give him a bit of his mind. Then the case proceeded quite regularly, until Twistleton handed Lord Usher a lot of papers to explain his case; and Lord Usher coming to one, said, with a knowing side glance at Smugg, L. J., that, from the handwriting, it must be a note of Mr. Twistleton's in another case; as he did not know that any one of the name of Charles Colston was a party to this case. And what would have happened then I don't know; only the court rose for lunch.

I heard two or three people say that day that "Twistleton, poor fellow, was doing more work than he ought to;" that "Twistleton was a clever fellow, but he could not afford to burn the candle at both ends." Indeed, Twistleton's strange conduct in Buncombe versus Badger was the general topic of conversation in the rolling-room.

When Twistleton came out of court I had the greatest difficulty to prevent him from rushing down to Norfolk by the night train. He was sure it was true; he believed in the message. I calmed him down, and we had dinner together at my club. He had to continue his speech in the morning. I tried to coach him in Buncombe versus Badger, but it was of no avail. I do not think he even knew for which side he was appearing.

We agreed that we would sit up in watches and so keep our eyes on the typewriter all night. There was a sofa in the recess of the window, and Twistleton sent me to bed and placed himself on it. I bade him good-night, and took his bed for the first half of the night. About two o'clock in the morning I woke and went to Twistleton. He was wide awake, reading some papers, on the sofa.

"Have you seen any thing?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever," he replied.

"Nor heard any thing?"

"Not a sound."

We took the lamp to the typewriter and opened it. There was the sheet of paper as he always left it, untouched. Twistleton locked it up again and took the key.

"Put it under your pillow."

"I will," he replied; "it's very good of you to sit up like this."

"It's nothing at all, I assure you," I answered.

"Keep strict watch, won't you?"

"I promise you," I said.

Twistleton shook me by the hand, with emotion, and went out; he looked very ill and wretched, I thought, and was sorry for him. Was it a ghost's message or what that was making his life a burden to him? Should I solve the mystery to-night?

I waited about an hour and a half. The dawn came peeping through the painted shutters and made the lamp look dim. I was almost dozing—in fact, I had shut my eyes and lost consciousness for perhaps a minute, perhaps more. A sharp clicking sound awoke me. It was the typewriter. There, seated on a chair in front of it, playing nimbly on the queer instrument, was a white, misty figure. It had finished. It closed the cover down and turned the key. It wheeled round to the door, and I saw the face and whiskers I knew so well; it was Twistleton himself.

My first impulse was to wake him, but I had heard that it was dangerous to wake persons walking in their sleep. He wanted all the sleep he could get, so I decided to let him alone, to walk down to my own chambers and get some more rest myself. When I got out into Old Square I could not help roaring with laughter. It was too funny. The idea of old Twistleton writing messages to himself on the typewriter, and being frightened out of his wits by them. What a story to tell against him! No one would believe it, it was too good to be true.

I awoke a little late next morning, but went straight down to Old Square before breakfast. Alas! I was too late. There was Foss in misery over a hasty scrawl of Twistleton's. He had gone to Barndore by the early train; Foss was to make any excuse he thought fit to Writson and Clame. There was the typewriter shattered into a thousand pieces, its intricate machinery a shapeless chaos. I shuddered to think what would happen if there was anything between Charley Colston and Mr. Twistleton.

In town every one was asking what

had become of Twistleton. The rumor went round the law courts that he was insane. I maintained a discreet silence. Mr. Clame was almost crying as Stokoch, murmuring something about "bad news" and his learned leader, "rose to continue Twistleton's opening. Lord Usher, unrestrained by the presence of Twistleton, made the Court of Appeal a place of fiery torment to that eminent elderly junior, Mr. Stokoch. Bustle, Q. C., for Badger, was not even called upon to reply; Buncombe and another were dismissed, with costs.

The early train stopped, as I knew, at every station, forty in number. I could imagine poor Twistleton's state of mind as he pattered along in a slow train to Barndore. He arrived at the house about breakfast time—I have the story from Grimbleton, who was there—he came into the breakfast-room, and his appearance elicited a shout of surprise.

"What has become of Buncombe versus Badger?" cried Lord Barndore.

"Settled, eh?"

"Not that I know of," muttered Twistleton, sulkily; and then, looking around fiercely, asked: "Where's my wife?"

"Not down yet," replied Lord Barndore.

Twistleton looked hastily round, as though in search of some one else, and then tore up-stairs to his wife's room. The whole company looked at each other in silence.

There was some explanation about "bad news," but the Twistletons never went into mourning, and Mrs. Twistleton seemed very merry all that day. It is true Twistleton shut himself up a good deal. Grimbleton told me that he never understood the whole business in the least; in fact, in Twistleton's circle it was a nine days' wonder. By the bye, I almost forgot to mention that Charley Colston left Barndore to be married in Scotland the day after Twistleton came to town.

When Twistleton returned to Old Square he was a sadder and wiser man. He gave up believing in ghosts, and did not buy another typewriter. I told Twistleton that I would not let the matter go any further, and I mentioned at the time that he might get me the junior brief in Buncombe versus Badger, which went to the House of Lords, where, through Twistleton's clear arguments, Lord Usher and Lord Justices Smugg and Summerbosh were overruled.

That year, mostly through Twistleton's influence, my fee book credited me with £2,000.

I have kept my secret well, but since Twistleton succeeded Lord Usher as Master of the Roll Lady Twistleton has not called on Mrs. Penrose, and, although my wife assures me that she is rather glad of it, she is always telling me now that she does not think so good a story should be lost to the world as that of "Twistleton's Typewriter."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

### THE HAY CROP.

How Poor Land Can Be Made a Source of Great Profit.

Hay is one of the most valuable crops of the country, worth millions of dollars, and upon it depend the life and well-being of millions of animals. Hay must be had, cost what it will. It is a staple crop. It is true, the price fluctuates somewhat, according to the abundance or scarcity of the crop, but it seldom or never falls below the cost of producing the same. There is always a sale for hay, and the farmer has little difficulty in realizing on his crop. Some lands are better adapted to produce hay than others. A clay soil, or any strong, moist soil, is well suited to producing grass, while a light, sandy soil is of little value for the purpose.

Every farmer should raise the crops that his land is best adapted to produce. If one has good grass land, let him raise hay and a good crop of it, too. There are writers who contend that it will not pay to top-dress grass lands, but that the better way is to cultivate the land with hood crops for two or three years, until the same is in good condition, and then sow to grass, and keep on so as long as a paying crop can be secured; then plow the land, and treat as before. This may do very well when dressing can not readily be obtained, or it costs too much to secure it, but experience has shown that, as a rule, it will pay well to top-dress good grass lands, and it does not take much arithmetic to prove it. We have in mind a farm where the land is naturally good, but where the crop of hay was not over a ton to the acre on all the land devoted to grass. This land was plowed and planted one year with potatoes, and sowed down again to grass. The crop that followed for the next three or four years—two crops a year generally—would average more than three tons, and, in some cases, five tons to the acre. This hay sold for twenty-five dollars per ton. This land was top-dressed as often as every second year, and some of it every year.

If it pays to raise hay, it pays the better to raise large crops, and it is easy to do this if one will use the means. We think there is money in the hay crop for many farmers who are now quite indifferent in respect to its value.

—*Congregationalist*.

Celery Sauce for Turkey: Boil a head of celery until quite tender, then put it through a sieve; put the yolk of an egg in a basin, and beat it well with the strained juice of a lemon; add the celery and a couple of spoonfuls of liquor in which the turkey was boiled; salt and pepper to taste.

—*Boston Bulletin*.

—*Boston Bulletin*.

—*Boston Bulletin*.

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—*Boston Bulletin*.

### THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—One of Cincinnati's chief industries is the manufacturing of lead, fifteen million pounds of which are made every year.

—Near Toronto is being constructed the first steel steamer ever built in Canada. The engines, however, are being made in Scotland.

—A new industry recently developed in Hancock County, Maine, is the gathering of white pine and spruce cones for French and German markets.

—A farmer of New Hope, Cal., who planted five hundred acres in potatoes, has had such an abundant crop that he calculates that it will yield him \$50,000.

—A Pittsburgh natural gas company is the largest one in the country. It supplies over four hundred manufacturing and over seven thousand dwellings with the entire amount of fuel consumed. The total area of pipe leading into Pittsburgh is given as 1,341,602 square inches. —*Pittsburgh Post*.

—The great bulk of cheap pocket cutlery is punched in dies from sheet steel. Good cutlery is hand-forged, and the average output per hour for a good workman is from twenty-five to forty blades, according to size. American steel is being used a good deal for this purpose. The blades are polished on walrus hide. —*Chicago Times*.

—The decline of the silk industry in India, for which various causes have been assigned, has at length been proven by Mr. Wood Mason, an English naturalist, to be due to a destructive parasitic disease of the worms. The affliction seems to be identical with "pebrine," which ravaged French silkworm nurseries from 1849 to 1865, and was eradicated from Europe by the discoveries of Pasteur. —*Arkansas Traveler*.

—California made in 1886 25,000,000 gallons of wine, against but 7,500,000 last year. The San Francisco *Call* says 40,000,000 pounds of grapes have been shipped East as table fruit, 60,000,000 pounds made into raisins, 20,000,000 pounds made into brandy and over 210,000,000 pounds made into wine. The eastward shipments of lemons, limes and oranges will be twice as large as they were last year, it is said, owing to a reduction in freight charges.

—In the town of Clymer, Chautauqua County, N. Y., is a large settlement of Hollanders, the oldest members of which brought from their fatherland the simple manners and industrious habits which have always been characteristic of that race. Nearly without exception they are engaged in general farming and dairying, and to supplement their farm labors they have introduced an industry which is carried on in no other place in the Union. This is the making of the wooden shoes, or clogs, which are so common in Holland and some other foreign countries. —*Buffalo Express*.

—A Pittsburgh correspondent tells of a man named Cook, at Mansfield, O., who has spent a large portion of his life and some \$30,000 in electrical construction and other work. First his efforts were concentrated on a flying machine. This, of course, was a failure. Then an evaporating pan for sorghum realized some \$10,000, and with this he plunged into the field of electrical invention. He is now at work on an electrical contrivance for perpetual motion, from which he expects to realize \$25,000,000. It is described as wonderful piece of mechanism.

—"John," said Miss Spence, "it is your birthday, isn't it?" "Yes, my dear." "Well, I have a birthday present for you. See here." "A pair of opera glasses!" "How thoughtful of you, my dear." "Yes; you see, John, they will save you from becoming bald-headed." "How, my dear?" "You can see the performance without sitting in the front row." —*Puck*.

—Strive everywhere and in all things to be at peace. If trouble comes from within or without, treat it peacefully. If joy comes, receive it peacefully, without excitement. If we must needs flee from evil, let us do it calmly, without agitation, or we may stumble and fall in our haste. Let us do good peacefully, or our hurry will lead us into endless faults. Even repentance is work which should be carried on peacefully. —*St. Francis de Sales*.



### FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is a great preventive of sickness. I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so."

—Rev. James M. Rollins, Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va.

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED by always keeping Simmons' Liver Regulator in the house.

"I have found Simmons' Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhea, Biliousness, and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten."

—OVID G. SPARKS, "Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

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