

OREGON SCOUT

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION. OREGON.

LOVE OR LANDS.

"I bring not houses, lands, or gold,
To give, sweetheart, to thee;
No richer than I was of old,
Am I to-day," quoth he.
In sooth he looked his poverty,
If ever so did one;
In rags and tatters clad was he,
Bareheaded to the sun!

It was her love of long ago
Who took her outstretched hands;
"If you are he I used to know,
I seek not gold or lands,
If you but love me still, sweetheart,
I am content," cried she;
"I will share your lowly part,
For I your bride will be!"

"Then, by my troth, my heart is thine!"
Quoth he at her reply;
"Though rags and tatters may be mine,
No begin now am I.
I'm richer than with gold and lands
The proudest monarchs be,
With thee for mine, and these two hands
To work, sweetheart, for thee!"
—Chambers' Journal.

LILIES AND ROSES.

Why the Former Are Preferred by Some People.

"I know what that means, before Elsie goes," said Ruth Murdoch, as the trim maid set the rolls on the luncheon table, and went off to answer the bell. "Well, what is it that has turned my daughter into a prophetess?" said the doctor, smiling fondly at Ruth over his teacup.

"Why, to-night is the night of Daisy Hammond's party, and it's time my flowers appeared."

"Oh, you thought you'd temper the wind to the shorn lamb by making somebody else pay for the bouquet? Well, that was considerate of you," and Dr. Murdoch crossed the hall and entered his office just as Elsie reappeared with a long white box.

Gentle Mrs. Murdoch leaned on her daughter's shoulder as the girl took off the tissue coverings which protected the dainty blossoms from the January cold. At the bottom of the box lay a creamy mass of Marechal Niels, gathered in their first perfection. Mrs. Murdoch listened for Ruth's exclamation of delight, but it did not come. Instead, after a brief look, and a slight but significant smile, the owner of the box closed it with a bang, and placing it on the table, turned to leave the room.

"Aren't you going to put your roses in water?" called her mother after her. "You may set them in the library, if you choose. I am not going to wear them to-night," was the reply; and Ruth went upstairs.

Mrs. Murdoch had been educated in the days when whistling was no part of a girl's education, so she simply uttered the good old-time expression of astonishment—"Well, I never!" and proceeded to take care of the roses. The trouble was certainly no disappointment as to the sender, for Mrs. Murdoch had caught a glimpse of the card with the line "Edward Leslie, M. D.," engraved in the center; and only last night she and the doctor had decided that Ruth was becoming too fond of young Ned Leslie. They had no objection to the handsome young fellow who had already gathered the next best practice in town to Dr. Murdoch's; but they were far from ready to give up their only daughter. There had been no chance for a quarrel since Ruth had announced that she and Dr. Leslie were going to this German together, so the situation might well puzzle Mrs. Murdoch's brain.

That the innocent Marechal Niels were themselves the source of the mischief never entered her imagination. But such was really the case, and this is the way it all happened: The night before, Dr. Leslie had called at the Murdochs', and the principal topic of conversation had been the next evening's entertainment. As he rose to go, he had asked Ruth, with a touch of intention in his tone, what color she was to wear to the German.

"Oh, my dress is cream-colored crepe de Chine, and I must have lilies of the valley to go with it," she answered gayly; and since both at home and in Bridgetown society her word was law, she had confidently expected the lilies. Of course, they must be costly in January, and Ned Leslie was not rich like many of the circle in which she moved; but Dr. Murdoch's daughter knew nothing of the practical inconvenience of the lack of money. She was more likely to think that careful expenditures meant meanness—a fault which her generous soul abhorred; and all her liking for young Leslie could not cover the dire fact that he had sent roses when she had asked for lilies.

For a few moments she sat in her easy chair considering the problem; then she donned out-of-door costume and went slowly downstairs. Mrs. Murdoch had a second shock of astonishment when her daughter appeared at the library door, muffled in soleskin and asked if there were any errands down town.

"I should think," she said, "that you would save up for to-night, instead of going out into the bitter cold. Let me send Dennis for whatever you want."

"Unless you have some wants, I have but one errand, mamma, and Dennis could hardly do that. Good-bye," and the heavy front door slammed behind her.

"That one errand must be a very amusing one," meditated Mrs. Murdoch; "she looked brimful of fun. What she's up to I can't make out," and she gave a little sigh. Neither was her state of mind much

illuminated when Ruth returned, half an hour later, with a tiny parcel, from which she carefully extracted six sprays of lily of the valley, and put them in water.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said her father, who had come in behind her. "Is your allowance played out, Ruthie? I might have advanced you a few cents in consideration of the party."

"No, thank you, papa; I am a long way from being insolvent. Since I gave up caramels I am quite a capitalist; and Ruth vanished to take off her wraps.

That night when she came down stairs dressed for the party the carriage was already there, and Dr. Leslie and the older physician were in the library talking about endemic fevers. She had brought down several yards of cream-colored ribbon of the width which fashion dictated as the proper one for tying bouquets. Dr. Murdoch looked on wonderingly as he watched Ruth tie the huge bow around the tiny stems of the lilies she had bought in the afternoon. He was about to silently conclude that this was the latest absurdity of feminine fashion, when he caught sight of Leslie's crimson face, and Ruth's demurely mischievous air.

"Will you take my bouquet, please? I believe I am all ready now," said she, tendering the ridiculous posy to Dr. Leslie. "Good night, papa, or are you going to sit up for me?" and the two people started for the door.

Leslie took the flowers and escorted Miss Murdoch to the carriage. He entered after her, and shut the door with a single bang, instead of the half-dozen usually required by livery vehicles.

"Miss Murdoch, where are your roses?" said he quietly as the cab rolled off.

"I took them back to the florist, and this is what I got for them," was the calm answer; and the lilies were held for a moment in the light from the carriage lamp. "I wanted lilies, and the quantity would make no difference, as every body would know who sent them." There was a very little suppressed triumph in the tone, but otherwise it was perfectly commonplace.

For a moment or two neither spoke; then Dr. Leslie said slowly: "Except that it would seem that I have been lacking in respect to your wishes, the public mortification would matter very little to me. I wanted to send you the lilies, Miss Murdoch, but they asked twenty dollars for a bunch of respectable size, and this week I have to make the last payment of the money I borrowed for my education. I have struggled hard to free myself from this debt, that I might honorably offer you my love. I ought not to speak of this, but I had to tell you that your slightest wish was dearer to me than life—than all but honor. Why, Miss Murdoch! why, Ruth!" in a changed tone, for the girl had burst into passionate tears, "shall I order the cab to drive home?"

"No," sobbed Ruth. "I didn't know about those debts. I thought you were mean and I'd teach you a lesson. I do want to—to—but the sentence was lost in the noise of the cab, and one seat was unoccupied the rest of the way.

When Dr. Leslie met Ruth at the dressing-room door he thought that she was lovelier than ever, in spite of the peculiar appearance of her lashes. The long ribbon had disappeared, and the lilies were tucked in her belt in an artificial fashion which did not even faintly suggest that there should have been more of them.

It was a beautiful evening for at least two of Miss Hammond's guests, and when it was over there was another happy half-hour in the library with Dr. Murdoch. Ruth related the story of the lilies, and Dr. Leslie told of his hard boyhood and his student years, how Ruth had doubled the value of life by asking for half of the modest income which he had finally gained. The doctor laughed over the first story, but was very sober during the second. At the end he looked at the carpet, and said huskily: "I don't know that I can do any thing; then, with a smile, "Ruthie has taken things into her own hands, as usual, and I am very glad that you sound on the question of typhoid."

February Earthquakes.

Some of the most severe earthquakes on record have taken place in February. At Lisbon, on the 26th of February, 1531, 1,500 houses were destroyed by an earthquake and 30,000 persons buried in the ruins. On the 23d of February, 1763, 5,000 lives were lost by an earthquake at Aquila, in Italy. On the 5th of February, 1783, a terrible earthquake took place in Italy and Sicily, destroying thousands of lives, and overthrowing Messina and other towns. On the 4th of February, 1797, an earthquake destroyed the whole country between Santa Fe and Panama, including Cuzco and Quito; and it is estimated that on this occasion 40,000 people were buried in one second. On the 20th of February, 1835, an earthquake in Chili, besides effecting an immense amount of other damage, almost destroyed the city of Concepcion, knocking down the Cathedral and most of the public buildings.

—N. Y. Post.

—The cattlemen are to be driven off the Crow reservation in Montana.

HAWAIIAN LEPEERS.

Sugar-King Spreckels Gives Some Facts About the Horrible Disease.

Claus Spreckels, the man who is supposed to own the Hawaiian Islands among other little things, is here, and is one of the most noted men in town. Spreckels is a stout man, with white hair and beard. His most striking feature is his eyes, and such eyes they are. They are gray and blue at times, and seem to look right through you. He speaks with a slight German accent and uses gestures freely to emphasize his remarks. He said to the correspondent: "I am at a loss to understand the apathy of the people of the United States towards the Hawaiian Islands. Naturally in the course of time they would become a part of the domain of this country, and they will, too, if we would only take some interest in the great properties owned by Americans there. It is the most glorious climate in the world. The temperature never varies more than eight degrees and the soil will grow every thing that is known to the earth. The people are splendid specimens and of excellent disposition."

"How about leprosy?" "I can tell you as much about leprosy as any other man, but really I do not pretend to understand it. The lepers are banished to an island, from whence they are never allowed to return. No body has ever been able to learn how leprosy originated or how it can be cured. It appears in the most curious ways, and leaves men and women untouched who have suffered the greatest exposure. The most striking instance of this fact is the case of the present Queen of Hawaii. The King is her second husband. Her first husband was a leper, and her two children by him both died by the horrible disease, and yet she is a perfectly healthy woman. Nobody knows how leprosy is communicated. The most eminent authorities who have looked into the subject contend that it is not contagious. Several years ago a white man was condemned to death for a murder which he had committed. The authorities allowed him to choose between being executed or passing into the hands of a noted German physician for experimental purposes. The criminal cheerfully chose the latter. He was inoculated time and time again with leprosy, but the disease had no effect upon him, and to-day he is as healthy a man as there is on the islands. Leprosy does not often attack the white race, for out of the thousands of cases there are to-day only about a half dozen Caucasians. These are facts beyond dispute. In my judgment England will take some very aggressive measures to obtain possession of the islands before many years. The native race is rapidly dying out, and it is a question of a very short time before the country will pass under the control of a foreign power."—Washington Cor. Boston Traveller.

THIRSTING FOR BLOOD.

Why an Arkansas Legislator Objects to the Constitution of His State. Member from Duck Bayou.—"Mr. Speaker: I rise, sir, to ax er question of privilege. I have tried to do my duty to my constituents sense I come down here, an' it makes me mad to be projiked with. I see here, sir, that the editor of my county paper says that I am er fool; yea, er blamed fool. Mr. Speaker, I put my announcement in that feller's paper an' done ever' thing I could ter he'r him erlong, an' now he calls me er' blamed fool. I am willing, not ter say anxious, ter stan' my share in the abuse that manfully is heaped on er body like this, but I don't think I'm called upon ter tote more'n my share. Mr. Speaker, I move you, sir, that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to notify Jim Hanks not ter print his 'temptible sheet no mo'." Speaker.—"The Legislature has no such authority." Member.—"All right, if it ain't, but of it has, I want the benefit uv it an' want ter take this evasion to say that I'm tired uv bein' hampered by er constitution that ain't broad enough, an' I hereby move that the constitution be patched up er little, an' in the meantime I want ter say that any fellow that whups Jim Hanks befo' the end uv next week ken git five dollars from me. I'm er goin' ter make it dang'us fur er feller to call me er blamed fool."—Arkansas Traveller.

FANCY AND IDEAL.

The Wide and Frequently Misunderstood Difference Between the Two.

Having a fancy is one thing. Perceiving an ideal is quite another thing. To fancy that one, of whom we know but little, is faultless, or that he is above all ordinary planes of conduct and thought and feeling, is to deceive ourselves, and is to prepare the way for a bitter disappointment when the truth in the case shall fairly be known. But to recognize in another the very highest standards of purpose and endeavor of which we have any idea, as purely human standards, is to be instructed and inspired in the direction of those standards; and no disclosure of that person's failure to attain to his own evident standards will lower the ideal which he represents to us in presenting those ideals. As applied to those toward whom we are attracted, a fancy is what we think another to be; an ideal is what we see that another wants to be, and would have us to be. The fancy in such a case is unreal; but the ideal is the real thing in the world. Where the unreal fancy deceives, the actual ideal inspires. Yet there are those who think that all their fancies are ideals; and who finally cease to aspire toward an ideal, because a fancy has so many times disappointed them.—S. S. Times.

THE LABEL RIFLE.

Descriptive Account of the New Arm of the French Army.

The Label rifle, as the new arm is called, was invented by Lieutenant-Colonel Label, principal of the artillery school at Chalons. Its remarkable qualities are lightness, long range and extraordinary penetrating power. According to the scientific researches of the mathematician, Prof. Hebler, it was supposed that the absolutely perfect army rifle should be a weapon with a caliber of precisely seven millimeters. The Label rifle has not so small a caliber, but offers the nearest approach to it yet made—viz.: Eight millimeters. With this caliber the advantages are: a lighter cartridge; a greater penetrating power, and a much less liability of the missile to be deviated from its course by a strong wind.

The ball is so covered with steel and brass, as to enable it to preserve its form and to follow precisely the grooves of the barrel. Its initial velocity is exactly 100 meters per second greater than that of the Gras rifle, which had an initial velocity of 450 meters, while the Label boasts a velocity of 540 meters. It revolves upon itself 5,000 times per second—always traveling point first. At a distance of 1,800 meters its fire is as fatal as within a lesser distance; and as the line of the projectile is almost perfectly straight, extraordinary hits can be made at immense ranges. To obviate the shock of recoil consequent upon so prodigious an expelling force, a special powder has been invented by Colonel Brugere, which detonates progressively without smoke and with comparatively little noise. The shooter feels the weapon push—does not feel a sudden and painful jar. Three wooden shields placed at about twenty-five yards apart were easily pierced in a straight line by one rifle-shot—the ball traveling on five hundred meters further without changing its course to strike the outlying target aimed at precisely in the center. The movable breech piece is shorter than in the Gras rifle, but offers a greater resistance and the recoil follows the axis of the weapon.

On finding themselves in possession of so extraordinary an arm, it was for some time a question with the military authorities whether or not to adopt it in its simplest form, at the best of single-shot breech loaders. But as Austria is adopting the Mannlicher repeater, Italy the Vitali repeater, Germany the Mauser magazine gun, it seemed necessary to make the Label a repeater also; as troops armed with a single shot rifle only, however good, would easily become demoralized by the mere conviction that they were face to face with enemies armed with magazine guns.—English Paper.

A TRULY WISE WOMAN.

How a Minneapolis Housekeeper Manages to Keep Her Servants. She pays them liberally and promptly, recognizing the fact, true the world over, that the employer who beats down wages always suffers from the inferior quality of work done, and from lack of interest on the part of the employee.

Having a practical knowledge of the business of housekeeping, she can not be deceived, and knows how to direct the work properly; and, while insisting kindly, but firmly, that it shall be properly performed, she never fails to give a word of praise for all that merits her approval. She never meddles with her servants' particular ways of doing work so long as good results are produced. She doesn't think it necessary to substitute her way for every body else's way.

She never lowers herself by scolding. Her servants are respectful to her because she is respectful to them. No familiarity is tolerated or attempted. The private domestic life of the family is never intruded upon. They have their own apartments, eat by themselves and prefer to do so. And yet the mistress is not unkind of their physical and mental well-being. She has fitted up a comfortable bedroom, with a good spring bed and toilet necessities, and adjoining, a cozy little sitting-room, with a stove, table, rocking chairs, etc., where they can rest as women need to. And several times a week they are invited to the family sitting-room for half an hour in the evening, where she teaches them to read English, they being Scandinavians.

She realizes that, as human beings, they have desires for social companionship, and allows them to have a reasonable amount of company. She allows them as many church privileges as possible, and gives them a street-car fare once or twice a week. She takes a kindly personal interest in them, helping them to select their clothing and get it made neatly.

"Too much trouble to take for servants," is it? Well, perhaps it is; and yet she contrives to do it in the intervals of a busy life. She says that it isn't a quarter the trouble that it would be to change servants every six weeks. Those girls love her, and look up to her, and work faithfully for her, and couldn't be driven away from her.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—The French have devised a short way with fraudulent buttermen. By the new law on the subject just passed any one intentionally selling any butter substitute, or any butter mixed with other substance, under the name of butter, is liable (1) to a term of imprisonment from six days to six months; (2) to a fine of from fifty to three thousand francs; (3) to have all his stock of the fraudulent substance confiscated; (4) to have the conviction published in the papers, and placarded in the market of his own town, and posted on his house and shop, all at his own expense.—Boston Transcript.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Mary Magdalen, the fair sinner with her penitential tears, who has been a favorite theme of the painters for centuries, gave the word "maudlin" to our English vocabulary.—Boston Budget.

—It is said that the streams penetrating the Gogebie iron range near the south shore of Lake Superior are so black with discoloration from the ore that fish can not live in them.

—Geranium green is a new color that seems to have found immediate favor. It is said to be "trying," but nobody will care very much about that so long as it is fashionable.—Chicago Mail.

—A professional painter says a person can never tell a lie with his hand shut. We know people who can tell a lie with both hands shut and tied behind their backs. Go to, painter!—Chicago Tribune.

—A man can "get high" by going to Denver. It is 5,175 feet above the sea level, and the highest State capital in the Union. Annapolis, Md., is the lowest, being just four feet above the sea level.

—A Missouri sheriff went home in disguise in the evening to see if his wife would scold. She fired three shots at him so promptly that he dropped his expiring and began looking for the end of one of his fingers.

—A Chicago woman who was attacked by a desperate highwayman and robbed ran after him, captured him and turned him over to the police. This is indeed a feat which every Chicago woman ought to be proud of.

—Sent to society: "I beg your pardon, miss, but I don't admire your last name." She—"Great heavens, man, haven't I done every thing in my power to change it? Must I knock a man down with a club?"—Washington City.

—The number of dwellings in Jerusalem has doubled in twenty-five years, the schools are open five days a week, and Paris fashions are common. Street railways run past Queen Anne cottages. Bethlehem has had its streets repaved. Nazareth is a good oil market. There is considerable activity in real estate around Mount Carmel and Jaffa.

—Such things still happen in Mississippi, it appears, as whipping negroes to death, for at a place called Kosciusko the mayor has bound over four white men for that business, and held four others to bail. Strong influence was brought to bear to prevent a prosecution, but it has no effect upon the officers, who are determined to put a stop to this species of lawlessness.

—William Schaefer, a farmer near St. Louis, had in mind to fell a large elm on his land, when he met some city sportsmen out after rabbits. He made fun of such small game, and said that coons were the things to hunt. They wanted to know where coons could be found. He told of a nest in the big elm. Thereupon the St. Louis boys borrowed axes and went at the tree. They cut it down, encouraged by Mr. Schaefer, who seemed greatly surprised that no coons were found.

—Mrs. Lina Swaffield, of Beverly, Mass., who has recently been taken to Florida by her husband, who hopes that change of scene and climate will restore her to sanity, is the victim of a practical joke. A few weeks ago her husband joined a hunting party. On the way home one of the party hurried in advance, and told Mrs. Swaffield that her husband had been shot and killed. She fainted, remained unconscious for several hours, and when she regained consciousness was insane.—Boston Herald.

—A farmer's daughter during the rage for albums handed to Willis Gaylord Clarke, an American poet, an old account book ruled for pounds, shillings and pence, and requested a contribution. He happily utilized the columns as follows:

This world's a scene as dark as SIX	£	s.	d.
Where hope is scarce worth.....	2	6	
Our joys are borne so fleeting hence...			18
And yet to stay here most are willing			1
Although they may not have.....			

—Fall Mail Gazette.

HOW A COLORED BOY BECAME RICH.

Of course a majority of our citizens are opposed to gambling, but there is considerable pleasure when you try it to know that you are going to play a game that is fair. Clifford J. Tweedy, the colored boy who was the lucky holder of the one-tenth of ticket 23,899—the second capital prize of \$50,000—received about a week ago his one-tenth, or \$5,000, and our readers would perhaps like to know something of this colored boy's life, and how he won the prize, and what he has done and intends doing with his money.

Clifford is a likely colored boy, about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age and was raised by Mr. Henry T. Peay, with whom he has been for the past sixteen years. At the time of his drawing the \$5,000 he was in the employ of Mr. Peay, getting \$8 per month. He has retained his position with Mr. Peay, and does his work as faithfully as ever.

After receiving his \$5,000 he deposited \$4,000 in the Georgia Railroad Bank, and took \$1,000 and divided a portion of it amongst his poor colored relations. Be it to his credit too, he did not forget his employer, Mr. Peay, to whom he gave a present of fifty dollars.

He says with the four thousand dollars that he has deposited in the Georgia Railroad he intends to buy August a real estate, another sign that he has a level head. In answer to the question how much he had invested before winning, he replied that he had bought a ticket regularly every month for the last fifteen months, and it was the fifteenth dollar that did the work.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, April 30.

HOME AND FARM.

—Leave plenty of potato to your potato-eye if you want strong plants.

—Nobody has seen ground harrowed too much as a preparation for wheat, for it is hardly possible to get too fine tith.

—Windows and mirrors can be made to shine without long polishing, if after being washed in hot soapsuds they are rubbed dry with a newspaper.

—Graham Padding: Two cups of Graham flour, one cup of molasses, one cup sweet milk, one cup chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls soda. Steam three hours.—Boston Post.

—To take spots of paint from woods lay a thick coating of lime and soda mixed over it, letting it stay twenty-four hours, then wash off with warm water, and the spot will disappear.

—Bees in their search for honey visit only one kind of flower on the same trip. This is not accidental, but it is a wise provision for preventing hybridization of different varieties from pollen which bees always distribute in their journey from flower to flower.—Chicago Journal.

—The Indian plan of saving seed-corn is to select the finest full-ripened ears at husking time, leaving husks enough on the ears so two ears may be tied together, when they are strung up over poles in the lodge, and when fully dry, before freezing weather sets in, it is stacked in a small pit on a sandy ridge and covered secure from wet during the winter.

—Hominy Fritters: Take two teaspoonfuls of hominy, stir a small cup of sweet milk and a little salt with it, and one egg, four tablespoonfuls of flour, with half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Have your frying-pan ready with the fat hot on it; drop the batter by spoonfuls, and fry a delicate brown.—Good Housekeeping.

—Mixing lime with any kind of manure will cause decomposition quickly, but at the loss of the volatile matter. It will not be beneficial to use lime with manure, except when about to apply the manure to the land, for then the soil, which is usually damp, will arrest the escape of ammonia, especially if the manure be harrowed in or well incorporated with the soil.—Troy Times.

—Cinnamon Rolls: Take a piece of bread dough ready to make into loaves, roll to about half an inch thickness, spread with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, roll up and cut like roll jelly cake, place in a greased tin and let it rise. Before putting it in the oven, put a small piece of butter, and a little sugar and cinnamon on each.—The Housewife.

—As a protection to trees against mice, rabbits, borers, etc., a screen made of common window wire is recommended. The wire is cut into strips about six inches wide across the end of the roll (which is usually about two feet in width), and the strips wound around trees the spring of the wire holds them in place, and they do not bind the trees.—Albany Journal.

—The brain of the late Prof. Edward Olney, of the Michigan University, weighed sixty-one ounces. The average normal weight of the human brain is forty-nine ounces, while the majority of intellectual men go a little above that figure.

—George Westinghouse, of Pittsburgh, Pa., patentee of the famous air-brake and many other valuable inventions, has manufacturing establishments in England, France and Germany and employs nearly four thousand men. He is a native of Schenectady, N. Y., and a graduate of Cornell.

—An enthusiastic New York dentist recently said in an address that if all the workers in woods, metals and clays, molders, porcelain workers and decorators, painters and sculptors, "were suddenly and simultaneously destroyed, those arts would not be lost, for in the ranks of the dentists could be found experts in every one of them; and if in the same grand catastrophe all the scientists of certain classes were cut off the same sciences could be fully taught by dentists."

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

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"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.

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"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. SPAHR, "Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

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