

OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Good carpets from common moss (*Hypnum vulgare*) are the production of a French manufacturer.

—In every form of production mere muscle counts for less and less, and brain and machinery for more and more.

—The curious fact has been observed in Rome, and at some places in Northern Italy, that a thermometer in the shade will sometimes indicate a higher temperature than a thermometer in the sun, particularly when a strong wind is blowing upon the latter instrument.

—An improvement in the manufacture of spirit levels consists in placing the glass tube containing the body of spirit in a heavier glass tube, with a rubber or elastic bearing interposed between the holder and tube, thus maintaining them from contact with one another.—*Boston Budget.*

—A standard thermometer is made with a dial upon which the figures are as easily read as upon a clock. In this instrument strips of metal which are unequally acted upon by heat or cold are soldered together in the form of spirals. The action of the temperature is multiplied by delicate wheels and pinions.

—Mr. John Murray, of the Challenger Expedition, recently said in the Royal Society of Edinburgh, that he questioned whether any country in the world, taking its size into consideration, could show a better record of scientific work or a greater mass of scientific literature than Scotland during the past ten or twenty years.—*Public Opinion.*

—Mica has been made by French chemists by fusing a mixture of potassium silicofluoride, and crystallization being facilitated by the addition of potassium arsenate. In this way, among others, crystals closely resembling the ferruginous micas of Vesuvius have been prepared.

—The most successful individuals and firms are those which have developed a promising specialty, leaving collateral matters to the attention of their neighbors in trade and industry. The possibilities of any one branch of manufacture grow upon investigation, and develop rapidly under fostering care. The man who gathers all the profits that are in one branch of legitimate industry can well afford to give his brother in trade a chance as well.—*Scientific American.*

—According to Professor Woodward, of Washington, in about 2,200 years the rock over which the falls flow at Niagara will be all worn away. The area of the rock worn away at Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 18,500 square feet, equal to 0.423 acre; between 1875 and 1886, 63,000 square feet, or 1.37 acre. The main length of the contour of the falls is 2,500 feet. The time required to recede one mile, if the rate is 2.4 feet per year, is 2,200 years.—*English Mechanic.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—In California ostriches sell for \$1,000 per pair.

—Struggle toughens the mind, until by-and-by we do not mind the struggle.

—The certain way to be cheated is to fancy yourself more cunning than others.

—Men lift their hats. Women do not, thank Heaven! They are quite high enough without any lifting.

—Fashionable women shed more tears over spoiled dresses than over spoiled children.—*Louisville Democrat.*

—"I've got an elegant idea for tomorrow's paper," said a rising young journalist. "Are you going to credit it?" was the sarcastic rejoinder of a fellow scribbler.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A boy in the public school defined man as "composed of half water and half avariciousness." When very avaricious his water is principally in stock.—*Anniston (Ala.) Hot Blast.*

—"What an arm! You must have been an athlete in your day, perhaps a pugilist?" "No; I'm a musician. This muscle all came from practice on the trombone."

—"We can guard against yellow fever and other drawbacks, but as yet nothing has been found to inoculate against the croakers. Few of them die and none of them ever hold their tongue.—*Memphis Advertiser.*

—Machinery has reached a great state of perfection. We recently, says an exchange, saw some burnt peas put into the hopper of a coffee mill, and in less than two minutes they were occupying a place in a grocery window, labeled, "Fine Old Mocha."

—"What's the trouble now?" asked a nervous passenger on a new Dakota road, as the train came to a sudden halt. "O, nothing," said the brakeman, struggling to get away. "The freight ahead of us got off the track and run into the depot, knockin' it clear out o' time, and our engineer can't tell just where the town site is.—*Dakota Bell.*

—First Dude—"You—aw—were at the theat' last night, Fitzdoodle?" Second Dude—"Ya'ath." First D—"How—aw—did you like the play?" Second D—"I—aw—mike cawfeth that I paid no attention to it whatevah." First Dude—"Geeat heavens, what did you go for? Go to the theat' and not pay any attention to the play. You—aw—suppise me." Second D—"Geeat washin', man, there with a paity o' h and we occupied a private bokki!"

CRAZY ROMANOFFS.

How Insanity Has Run Through the Imperial Russian Family.

In the recently published memoirs of Count Vitshum, of Eckstadt, proofs are given of the hereditary character of the mental disease which afflicted the imperial family of Russia. All the sons of Czar Paul I. like that unhappy monarch himself, who was murdered in 1801, became subject to fits of insanity. Paul I. had four sons—Czar Alexander I., the Grand Duke Constantine, Czar Nicolas I. and the Grand Duke Michael. Every one of them, after his forty-fifth year, exhibited undoubted signs of mental derangement. This was not fully discovered in the case of Nicolas I. until after the Czar's death. An English physician, however, the Count says, noticed the appearance of the hereditary disease in the Czar as early as July, 1853, and he then predicted that the monarch had not more than two years of life before him. This he stated in a letter to Lord Palmerston. The Emperor Nicolas died in March, 1881, about four months earlier than the date predicted. The Count appears to have no doubt that the Crimean war, so far as it depended on Nicolas, was the rash act of a ruler "whose mental equipoise was disturbed." None of the four sons of Paul I. lived to be sixty years of age, and every one of them suffered from concussion of the brain after reaching his forty-fifth year.

Alexander died at forty-eight, a miserable man, moody and despondent, as Prince Metternich has painted him, "fired of existence." His brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, though not manifestly insane, gave frequent signs of mental disturbance, of which he was himself so plainly conscious that he did not think himself fit to be trusted with the reins of government. His conduct in the year 1839, at the outbreak of the revolution in Warsaw, will remain to prove his mental unsoundness. He had to be entrusted to the care of his wife, the Princess Louise, who was cautioned in the same way as a physician in charge of a patient having intermittent fits of insanity. He died in his fifty-second year from congestion of the brain. The Grand Duke Michael was killed by a fall from his horse at the age of forty-eight. Some years before his death he had exhibited signs of undoubted mental disease, and his physicians declared that he was on the road to certain insanity. The events of 1848-52 were not calculated to allay the hereditary dispositions of the imperial family of Russia, but to excite and intensify them. There is something terrible in the contrast between the outward position of the Czar Nicolas, upon the bent of whose will the fate of so many millions in Europe was depending, and the alleged disordered inward condition of his mind.—*London Society.*

Onion Maggot and Outworm.

According to an exchange, eggs of the onion maggot are laid in the blossom and develop in the seed; therefore, soaking the seed in a strong decoction of cayenne pepper kills the eggs and prevents destruction of the crop. Had the author of this theory seen, as I did the past spring, eggs of the onion maggot by the teaspoonful laid on earth just about the plants, he would change his mind. Another paragraph recommends ploughing in autumn to freeze out the outworms. I have proved by trial that this does no good, except as it gives birds a better chance to pick up those fat caterpillars, which they are always ready to do. It is worth while to try against outworms, placing small bunches of grass or clover previously sprayed with the London purple poison about the garden before the tomatoes or cabbage plants are set, or in the corn-field just as the corn is coming up.—*Prof. A. J. Cook, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Fragments From Emerson.

Envy is ignorance.
Discontent is infirmity of will.
Insist on yourself; never imitate.
Stick to one business, young man.
Life only avails, not the having lived.
Concentration is the secret of strength.
Always scorn appearance and you always may.
Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.
Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none.
Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.
Let a man know his worth, and keep things under his feet.
A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things.
It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak.

An Accomplished Wife.

"Ah, old fellow," said an Austin gentleman, meeting another on the avenue, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."
"I have indeed," was the reply; "she is accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere, except—"
"Except what?"
"Except at home."—*Texas Siftings.*

—From the brusque way some railroad ticketmasters act, one would think they were superior to their stations.—*Boston Gazette.*

—A girl in Wisconsin has horns on her forehead, which she covers with her hair.

—Blue grass and clover make excellent pasture for swine.

CHEAPENING A POEM.

How They Drive Bargains in the Newspaper Offices of Detroit.

The editor knew that he was a poet the moment he opened the door. He was pale and tall and thin, with tangled hair and wild eyes. Proof positive of his affliction was given when he drew a roll of manuscript from his pocket and said:

"I have, ahem, a little poem here dashed off in an idle hour. I am a contributor to the *Bingfield Battle-Axe*, tre—"

"What is your poem about?" asked the editor. There was a vacant quarter column in his "make-up" that day and he was strangely short of "slush."
"O, it's on 'The Seasons,'" said the poet, amazed at the editor's unheeded civility.

"How much you want for it?"

"Well, I—about forty dollars."

"Forty fiddlesticks! Go to—"

"O, well; I beg your pardon, I didn't just know what you generally paid. How would twenty-five suit you?"

"Twenty-five? Bah! I—"

"Well, say twenty, then?"

"Why, man alive, I can get poems by the bushel, the cord, the car-load for—"

"Well, well, it's surely worth ten. The *Bingfield Battle-Axe* editor says—"

"I don't care what he says. He's an editor and an irresponsible person."

"But, my dear sir, surely you wouldn't think of offering me a paltry five dollars for the poem?"

"I guess not, I'd like to see myself offering you two and a half for it."

"Why, sir, I—But then in connection of your immense circulation and the advantages likely to ensue from my name appearing in your paper, I might consider your offer of—"

"I haven't made any offer yet, my friend, this paper ain't got any dollar and a quarter to throw away on poetry at this time of the year."

"A dollar and a quarter? Why, you said just now that you—"

"No, I didn't. But we don't ask our contributors to work for nothing. Now, here's a ticket good for a regular, straight twenty-five cent dinner at Slop's restaurant. If you want to take that in exchange for your forty dollar piece of rot you can have it."

"Why, man, I—"

"Take it, or leave it. Quick!"

"Well, owing to the high standing of your paper I don't know but I'll—"

"O, you'll take the meal ticket? I thought you would."

He took it and left in its stead twenty-nine pages of foolscap on "The Seasons," the coldest and saddest day of them all having dawned for him at that moment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE AZTEC SEPULCHER.

Some Interesting Discoveries Recently Made in Arizona Territory.

Recently there were some strange discoveries in the land of the cave dwellers, not far from the Gila river, in the Sierra Madre range in Arizona. The place of sepulture was securely sealed with cement and was difficult to penetrate. Great excitement was caused by the discovery among the Indians of the neighborhood, who believing that the mummies were the mortal remains of some of the ancient deities, would have prevented their removal. The strange treasure trove was taken away only after several skirmishes.

Who were they? That is a question that will probably never be answered. What were they? This question is answered in the care taken for the preservation of their bodies and the skill with which form and feature were preserved to last for ages. They were evidently people of rank among a people of wonderful character.

One of them must have been almost a giant in life. The hair still adheres to his scalp, while the cartilages of the nose and ears are so nearly perfect that only a close inspection reveals their imperfections. The eyebrows are still distinct, and well defined, while between the compressed lips the cock-like tongue and glistening teeth are plainly visible. The flesh on the bones is, of course, considerably shrunken, but the muscles stand out in bold relief, and the features still preserve the unmistakable characteristics of ancient Aztec physiognomy, which is, indeed, strongly marked in all the bodies in the collection. In size and stature, and in general appearance they strictly correspond with the descriptions given by antiquarians of the prehistoric Aztec race.

Then there is a remarkably interesting group—a mother and female child, the latter apparently about four years old. They were wrapped in one shroud. The delicate lineaments of the mother's face are clearly distinguishable, while the perfect preservation of the child can not but be a mystery to scientists.

Still another of the bodies is that of a woman who may have been an Aztec belle. She was young, and her skin, flowing hair is in a perfect state of preservation. Her small delicate hands and feet, with their long, true nails, lead one to believe that she must have been one of the aristocracy of that ancient commonwealth. The beautiful coloring of her shroud, remnants of which are still visible, show that her contemporaries were by no means ignorant of the arts of dyeing and weaving. Close beside her, and wrapped in a shroud of similar texture and color, were found the remains of a stalwart man, who might have been, for aught we know, her husband, father or lover.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The firemen of Brooklyn are made happy by Governor Hill's signature to the act increasing their salaries to \$900 \$1,000 and \$1,200 for the different grades of the service.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Methods of Teaching That Will Seem Funny to Pupils of To-Day.

In those days the first exercise was reading two verses from the Testament by the older pupils, who had back seats, while the small children were nearest the fire. After the reading if the teacher was a man of prayer he offered one. This was done while the little ones were roasting before the fire. Then began the exercises in Webster's spelling-book, the teacher in winter pointing to the letters with a penknife, and in summer with the point of his scissors, as they were more or less in use.

Thumps were generally on the head, with a thimble on the teacher's finger, if a female. Then came the study of a-b, ab. Then reading was begun with the maxim: "Let no man put off the law of God." Then as the reader progressed came the stories in Webster's spelling-book of the unfortunate and silly dairy maid who, with her milk pail on head, calculated how many eggs she would sell it for and what a fine dress she would buy, until, tossing her head with these piteous reflections, down came the milkpail to the ground and with it all her sweet hopes.

Then there was the moral story about the boys stealing apples. The farmer first tried to stop them by throwing tufts of grass, but finding them of no effect he threw stones, which were more effectual. The American Preceptor succeeded that book. The children were given a recess, though it was not known by that name. The boys went first by themselves, and afterwards the girls. At recess the teacher mended the goose-quill pens, the quills being picked up oftentimes while the children were on the way to school. They would be damp, and a split could not well be made to form the two nibs. If there were girls who could not learn the "rule of three," the teacher explained it during the recess. Shortly came a rap on the window to call in all the children. After geography followed a lesson in grammar, forty minutes long, which none of the children understood, but most of them hated. Ruled paper was not known. The father bought a few sheets of paper, which were stitched at home. It was of all qualities. The teacher had to rule the lines and keep busy mending the pens. The ink was homemade.

Later on came the Columbian Orator and English Reader, filled with solid matter, not suited to the wants of the learner. Children of sixteen, or about that age, got to read very well, the book passing from class to class. The girls were generally the best readers. There were no regular classes in arithmetic, but the book's were Daboll's and Pike's arithmetics. No lessons were given out, but a pupil would get on as he could. The teacher, if he could, would work out a "sum." He had a book with the problems worked out. When a pupil was troubled he would copy it into a similar book in his desk, and this satisfied both teacher and pupil. But the happiest exercise was at the end of the week; reciting from the commandments and the catechism and the tables of weights and measures. The books of the Old Testament had to be recited in order.—*New London Day.*

A THIEVING MONKEY.

He Unlocks a Drawer, Takes Out Money and scampers off.

In a house on the Boulevard Napoleon, of Toulouse, a woman looked up her money in a desk and went out shopping; on her return she missed three napoleons, a gold five franc piece and a franc in silver. There was no trace of a burglar. Very much bewildered by these losses the good woman was deep in reflection over the matter when she heard a roar of laughter from her neighbor's garden. "O, the thief!" cried several persons at once. "Where has he stolen this?" The dame descended instantly, ran out and said: "Oh! my money, messieurs; where is the thief?" "He is up a tree, madame," pointing up to a monkey on a high branch above them, "but here is the money!" The monkey, who certainly would be an invaluable assistant to a burglar, had been seen to climb into the window of one of the good lady's rooms, had unlocked a drawer, found the money and concealed it in his jowl had brought it to his master. I find that no less an authority than Bulwer declares that a female chimpanzee who went out to service a Loango made the beds, swept the house and so far assisted in the cooking as to turn the spit. Monsieur de Grandpre, an officer of the French navy, tells of another chimpanzee, on board a French man of war, which assists the cook and turns the capstan and furls sail as well as any of the sailors. In China monkeys help in the tea picking, and Lord Monboddo used to gravely contend that apes could talk readily enough, but that their superior cunning told them to hold their tongues lest they should be put to hard work.—*Louis Mercury.*

Sick with Anxiety.

"Good-by, my dear," he said to his wife as the bell rang for all ashore. "I hope you will have a pleasant voyage with your friends, but I shall be sick with anxiety to hear of your safe arrival."

"Shall I cable from Queenstown, John?"

"Heavens, no! Send a postal card."

—N. Y. Sun.

—British Bummer—"Rawther lone some, aw? Will you allow me to introduce myself? Colonel Buller's Snatch-Guster, of the Ninety-second Foot, fought in the Soudan." American Traveler—"Glad to meet you, sir! Very glad to meet the only man who did any fighting in that campaign."—*Tid-Bits.*

COZY ROOF GARDENS.

How a Sensible New York Capitalist Makes Hot Weather Endurable.

"No, I am not going to the country this summer," said a rich and decidedly original friend of mine, the other day, in New York, in response to the stereotyped question which greets every body in the summer season. "I shall spend a month in the mountains in the autumn when the foliage begins to turn, but the summer I shall spend in my roof garden." I suppose I stared at him blankly, for he laughed, and added: "Yes, my roof garden; come up and see it. All the advantages of the country, no mosquitoes, no malaria, cool air, large airy bedrooms, house with all modern improvements, and all that sort of thing. Come up and dine with me and I will show you."

We strolled up the avenue and entered his house, on Murray hill. After a capital dinner my friend smiled as he led the way to the elevator.

"We will have coffee and cigars in the garden."

When I had ascended the stairway and stepped through the scuttle I could hardly believe that I was on the top of one of the commonplace brown-stone houses of fashionable New York. The flat roof had been covered with a narrow slatted flooring. Potted plants and shrubs in boxes delighted the eye, relieved the sharp angles of the eaves, and hid the chimneys. A large marquee, such as we see on country lawns, protected us from the sun, and rugs, cane-easy-chairs, hammocks, two or three small bamboo tables, and a multitude of Chinese lanterns made the roof seem a bit of fairyland.

"What do you think of it?" he said, gravely, as we seated ourselves and he made the coffee in one of those French balance coffee-pots which make the best coffee in the world. It was charming, and I told him so.

"It costs no more than a week at a fashionable hotel would, and it is much more comfortable. My cooking suits me. There are no unpleasant people, no wild rushes for trains or boats, no stuffy little hotel rooms, no impudent waiters. We have a cool breeze here every night, and a fine view. See there where the Brooklyn bridge stretches across the river like a necklace of diamonds. That cluster of brilliants is the light tower in Madison square, and the one just below is Union square. The little spark off in the bay is the statue of Liberty, beyond are the electric lights of St. George and Erastus, Staten Island. Over there is the Casino, with its many colored lights on the roof garden from which I got my idea, and beyond it are the twinkling lights of Jersey City and Hoboken. I think it is rather jolly myself," he concluded, modestly.

It was awful jolly, and I wonder that more people do not follow my friend's example. During the evening half a dozen people dropped in and were shown up to the roof. Ices were served and when I strolled down the hot city street again I could hardly realize that there was such a jolly little park high up in the air, where all the comforts of the city and country could be combined into such a unique and delightful whole.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

AN ILL-STARRED LOVER.

An African Romance That Ended With a Cruel Execution.

When the doctor was within a few miles of Wambogo his rafters deserted him, and he had once more to take up his journey on foot. Arrived at this village, which is in the country of the Bakongo, he saw a strange spectacle, one, however, which is somewhat common to the travelers in this continent. It was an execution. The manner of it was similar to that practiced in many savage tribes the world over. The culprit or victim was kneeling on the ground when the doctor arrived, his hands and feet bound. His neck was entwined with the forked branches of a tree-top that had been bent over until it reached the ground. It was held in that position by a dozen or more slaves. At the word they let go their hold, and the tree, springing up to its original position, took with it the body of the victim, effectually breaking his neck in the rise. Dr. Harrison sent his chief guide to learn the cause of the execution, and when he returned he told this dismal romance.

"The victim was a young man named Mbando. He was a stalwart youth and a member of the King's body guard. His official duties brought him frequently into view of the King's daughter, Fwala. The young guard felt desperately in love with Fwala, and devoured her presence with his eyes whenever he was near. It seemed undoubted that the girl returned his ardor, for she took every possible opportunity to be near him, yet they never spoke a word together. Great hopes arose in the heart of Mbando. He thought that the time might come when he could do the King some extraordinary service, and thus gain the privilege of asking for the hand of Fwala. But ere this time occurred, for the tribe was at peace, having conquered the depraved drunkards of the tribe down the river, one of the high chiefs and a favorite of the King, brought gifts and laid them before the King's house, in token of his suit for Fwala. The girl, of course was not consulted at all in the matter, and the King told the chief that his suit would probably be favorably considered; for, although little time it wasted in Africa in preparing for wedding, the King never avenges hastily as it would not comport well with his dignity."—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A tattooer is making a fortune among the workmen of New York city. He does his work during the noon hour.

THE FOOD OF THE TURKS.

The Turkish Cuisine Must Be Tasted to Be Properly Appreciated.

As to Turkish cuisine, it must be tasted to be appreciated; it is such that I dare not recommend it to any one. The basis of all culinary operations in Stamboul is a certain kind of tallow extracted from the broad and thick extremity of the Caranum sheep. This tallow has an odor so potent that we would not use it even for candles.

The Turks are essentially vegetarians. They eat beef very rarely, and never pork or veal. They indulge in drinks, lean fowls, and finally sheep, the flesh of which they cut off in small pieces. These pieces are strung upon long spits, which are held and turned for some minutes over hot coals, where they are slowly roasted, retaining all their juices. This is what is called kebabs, a beautiful and nutritious food, which Europeans find delicious.

Turkish pastry is quite varied and would not be disagreeable if honey and sugar were not used so abundantly and if the taste of tallow could be excluded. Bakalava and ekmik kataifi (thick cakes cooked in honey, perfumed with rosewater and covered with caimak, a kind of cream) in particular recall very savory memories.

Pashas and rich Turks always have at their repasts a great number of dishes, which the servants bring in on brass platters and place on the mat on the floor or sometimes on small, low tables, around which the guests squat themselves. They eat in silence and in a grave manner, and serve themselves generally with their fingers as well as with their forks, and with their teeth as well as with their knives. Nevertheless they design to use a spoon to convey to their mouths food that is not very solid, like stewed rice, malebi, a kind of cooked cream, and incourt, thick and bitterish milk, of all of which they are very fond.

Their drink consists of clear water; but this does not prevent them from imbibing before their repast a white liquor, raki, which is made of the gum of the mastic tree mixed with alcohol. It is an agreeable drink, but it is used like absinthe, the taste and properties of which it possesses. Its use, and even its abuse, does not bring remorse to the conscience of the Turks, for if Mohammed has forbidden them to use wine, he forgot, prophet though he was, to foresee the manufacture of raki, an invention more modern than his own.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

Peculiarities of "Word Deafness."

The cases with reference to language and other means of communication among men are most instructive. The loss of memory may be limited to everything connected with a foreign language that has been acquired—generally late in life, comparatively speaking. The latest acquisitions have least chance of becoming thoroughly organized in the brain, and are consequently easiest lost. The loss may not be permanent, indeed may be very transient. In certain forms of paralysis, generally affecting the right side of the body, all memory or the use of words may be lost, and this loss is usually permanent. The memory of gestures appropriate for the expression of ideas is frequently lost at the same time. This curious condition is termed "aphasia." In other cases the condition is different. The meaning of written or printed words is understood as well as ever, but recollection of those forms of meaning. This is called "word deafness." Again, spoken words are perfectly understood, but written or printed language conveys no idea. The patient may be able to write quite well, but unable to read what he has written. This goes under the name of "word blindness." These remarkable conditions are connected with disease or injury of certain definite localities in the brain, as the post mortem examination has demonstrated time and again.

When forgetfulness is limited to numbers, to names, to verbs, to adjectives, to music, to colors, etc., as there are numerous cases recorded of each of these forms of loss of memory, we must suppose that there is destruction of the substance of certain nerve cells which were used in connection with these forms of ideas, or that they are restrained in their action, "thrown out of gear," so to speak, by some influence reaching them from some other part which is the seat of the disease. In the temporary cases the latter is the condition most probably.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Bob Burdette in the Pulpit.

Robert J. Burdette, who has more friends and fewer enemies than any living writer in this peculiar branch of historical literature, has been elected a deacon in his Baptist church at Lower Merion, Pa., and he will not be a mere figure head in the office either. When Mr. Burdette was summing in the Adirondacks last year he was hunted down in his retreat by the trustees of a little Baptist church about four miles from his camp, who insisted that, in the absence of any regular pastor, he should fill the pulpit. With his customary good nature he complied, and for several successive Sundays the voice that had many a time roused the mirth of crowded halls as it told the story of Tom and Laura in the "Rise and Fall of the Mustache" was heard in the pulpit of that little church. He preached not only a full but a free, salvation in every sense of the word, for he charged the good brethren nothing whatever for his services.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE GREAT REGULATOR.

SIMMONS' PURELY VEGETABLE.

Are You Bilious?

The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disordered state of the Liver.

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Do You Want Good Digestion?
I suffered severely with Full Stomach, Head-aches, etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons' Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in a week I was nearly as well as usual. It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.

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Testimony of HIRSH WASSER, Chief Justice of the Court: "I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary derangement of the Liver; for the last three or four years, and always with decided benefit."

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I have had experience with Simmons' Liver Regulator since 1861, and regard it as the best medicine of the times for Malaria peculiar to malarial regions. So good a medicine deserves universal use.

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Safer and Better than Calomel!
I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel, which generally led me up for three or four days. Latterly I have been using Simmons' Liver Regulator, which gave me relief, without any interruption to business.

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