

OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Imagination becomes a snare when allowed to run riot.

—An English sparrow has gone to housekeeping beside the window of an Auburn, Me., lady, who sits and looks into the nest while she sews. The nest is set solidly against the glass.

—Fifteen ostriches have just been hatched from a nest of seventeen fertile eggs at Mount Fairview ostrich farm, near San Diego, Cal. "This is the best record ever made in America."

—William McDaniel, who died a few days ago at Los Angeles, Cal., was a miser. In the banks he had \$2,800, and nearly \$500 was found secreted in the cracks of the house in which he died. His death was caused by the lack of proper food.

—Papa, I wish you would buy me a foot pad," said a little girl to her father as he was about to go down town. "You mean a liver pad," replied the old gentleman. "No, I mean a foot pad, as I have an awful pain in the crown of my foot."—*Chicago National Democrat.*

—My mother writes me that she has a chicken hatched with four legs and almost two heads. The chicken when starting to run folds the two hind legs; when tired he will fix them so as to form a seat to sit on.—*Pittsfield (Me.) Advertiser.*

—A Georgia negro and a mule got at it the other day to see who or which was the best man. The mule used his heels and the negro a club, and after several knock-downs the mule gave in and agreed to behave himself in the future.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Several weeks ago Miss Emma Merriam, of Bristol, Conn., had her scalp torn off by her hair catching in the machinery in a mill. Now she is having a new one made by the grafting process. Several friends came forward and contributed bits of skin.

—One of the crack shots of Louisiana recently said that he had engaged in his last live pigeon shooting match. He pronounced it cruel in the extreme, and said that others who engaged in the last match hold the same opinion, since, with but one or two exceptions, they shoot under an assumed name.

—Omaha man (in amazement):—"Ten dollars a yard for such stuff as that?" Wife (very naturally mistaking the cause of his surprise):—"That's all; isn't it a bargain? Only ten dollars, just think of it." "Why, it's scarcely half width." "O, don't worry about that, dear. I was careful to make allowance for that and got twice as many yards as usual."—*Omaha World.*

—There is a Miss Ahl living in Apple County, about ten miles from Baxley, Ga., who is ten years and two months old and weighs 180 pounds. She weighed at the age of seven years 140 pounds. She is no higher than children usually are at her age, so you may judge she is a sight. Persons who have seen her say she is as broad as she is long.

—The Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania can make cocoa mats so cheaply, as a specialty, that outside manufacturers have about abandoned the market. Now, however, by the New York law just passed, substantial protection is given the trade by the formidable tag which the goods must wear in that State: "Convict Made, 1887, Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania."

—Wayback man—"No use talking. Thirteen is an unlucky number." Omaha man—"I don't believe any such superstition." "If you'd lost a brother the way I did you'd believe it." "What happened to him?" "He didn't believe any of those old superstitions, either, and one day he took thirteen big drinks of whisky, hand runnin', on a wager, and the thirteenth dose killed him dead—n a mackerel."—*Omaha World.*

—The development of coal and natural gas in far-off localities is giving an impulse to numberless little industries hitherto dependent on distant fuel. Natural gas is found in Dakota and Texas, and they are after it in Colorado. Natural gas is plenty in Utah, and much money is being diverted to its utilization. A sixty-mile pipe-line is to be laid from the Indiana field to Chicago, and this enterprise has stimulated manufacturers of artificial fuel to furnish fuel gas as cheap as natural gas for manufacturing purposes.—*Public Opinion.*

—The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: 1, the cotton-gin; 2, the planing-machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the India rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand-blast for carving; 11, the gauge lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.—*Boston Budget.*

—A sixteen-year-old boy at Greenwood, Ark., became enraged with his mother, went at sunset to a grove near by, climbed a tree, and declared he would roost there all night. His mother tried in vain for an hour to persuade the kid to come down. Then she threatened to cut the tree down, and finally sent for the town marshal, who climbed the tree, placed a rope about the youngster's body, and lowered him to the ground. So great was his yearning to play raccoon and sleep in the tree-top that he had to be kept securely fastened in the house all night.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

How Jasper Vliet Captivated a Band of Savages with His Songs.

When Jasper Vliet, whose father was one of Milwaukee's pioneers, was a boy of fourteen, he shot a wolf under rather thrilling circumstances. Some time after his adventure with the wolf he participated in another with the Indians. While leaning upon the fence about his father's house one evening a savage came up the road and addressed him in broken English. His appearance denoted long travel, and when he said that he came all the way from Canada the boy did not doubt it. His moccasins were torn so that the toes protruded, his leggings were torn and encrusted with mud. There was that, however, in his mien that betrayed the chief. There was an encampment of Indians some five miles to the northwest, and this he was in search of. Young Vliet offered to guide him to the lodge, and the two set out together, but not until the boy had brought the wanderer a cup of fresh milk and a slice of Johnny-cake from the house. In the route they passed the swall where Vliet had shot the wolf, and the boy related the adventure to his companion.

On arriving at the encampment or "planting ground," the boy saw at once that the stranger was a chief of great renown and that unusual ceremonies were about to be performed in his honor. Young Vliet was anxious to get away, but the Indians would not permit it. They passed him the "kin-ne-kin-nick" to smoke. The squaw offered him venison, and taking his seat outside the circle of warriors, he became a silent spectator of the proceedings.

They smoked in silence, not simultaneously, but consecutively, the pipe being passed from mouth to mouth in order of rank, the distinguished guests being allowed to inhale the precious weed first. At length the chief rose, and with him the assembly, and then commenced a wild scene of rejoicing. Each of the men, seizing a brand from the fire, flourished it over his head, joining in a wild dance, shouting in a terrific manner.

However exciting this display, it soon became wearisome to Vliet, and he made another attempt to leave the camp. The Indians endeavored, in their limited English, to persuade him to stay. One savage said:

"Makee tay with warrior and shoot wolf."

But the boy preferred to shoot wolves about the settlement, and replied that he would not go with them.

"Makee go!" said the Indian, with much meaning, at which young Vliet laughed in an incredulous manner.

"Not want shoot wolf?"

"Yes, but my father wants me home again."

It was evident from this that the stranger had told them of his prowess with the gray wolf, and also that it was their intention to retain him in their band if possible. Another savage emptied him by a description of the Butte des Morts Lake, where they intended to remove their encampment. But their persuasions were of no effect. As a last inducement one of the squaws sang him a song in no siren voice, accompanying herself on a gourd. This touched Vliet's pride, and, having a fine voice, he proposed to sing himself, if only to show them that they knew nothing about the art. The rude beings gathered around, and the boy, placed on a log, with the glare of their fires lighting up his form and features, proceeded to sing for them in a clear, musical voice the time-honored strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

He saw that they were pleased, and, though no applause followed except the characteristic "ough" and the sententious "good" by the chief, he felt encouraged to make another exhibition of his vocal powers. He then sang "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls." The savages listened as though spell-bound. When he had concluded the men took up their torches, and one of them signified that he might go now, and they would accompany him. This they did, escorting him to his father's gate with torches, making the first torchlight procession that had probably ever passed over the soil in honor of a white being.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

COMPLICATED CASE.

Why a Dakota Lawyer Failed in Making a Difficult Collection.

A Dakota attorney who advertises to make difficult collections, while recently in the East, was speaking with a man for whom he had tried to make a collection and failed.

"You advertise that you make difficult collections a specialty, don't you?" asked the Eastern man.

"Yes, sir," replied the Dakota attorney.

"Well, why didn't you get that Riley matter settled up that we sent you?"

"That was a peculiar case. I don't know whether I can get that money or not. You see I took my shotgun—the instrument I use in making collections—and drove out to see Riley. I tied my horse and was walking towards the house with both hammers of the gun up and my fingers on the triggers, intending to make the collection as soon as I saw him, when suddenly, without any warning whatever, he opened fire on me from a knot-hole in the side of the house. I returned the shots and held my own for awhile, but as he was concealed and I stood out in plain sight the consequence was that I finally went down the road with my legs full of shot and Riley's bull-dog hanging onto my coat-tail. He kept my horse and buggy and I haven't seen them since. It is the first time my shotgun has failed in making a difficult collection. It is a very peculiar case and I hardly know how to proceed. I intend to ask the judge of our district when I get back and see what he thinks about it. He is an old resident of the Territory and may be able to give me a pointer or lend me some improved weapon."—*Dakota Bell.*

BEFORE THE CAMERA.

How Famous Politicians Behave in the Photograph Gallery.

A noted photographer in Washington tells some interesting stories about the bearing of our leading statesmen before the camera:

"I have posed all the members of the Cabinet and most of the Senators and Congressmen," said he. "Some of them fall into position with all the grace of professional actors, but the majority give me a great deal of trouble. Senator Edmunds is one of the worst subjects I have ever had, on account of the expression he invariably assumes at the critical moment. He will look pleasant while being posed, smile when told he is all right and beam on the black cloth while the artist is making his preparations, but the moment the cloth is removed a fierce look comes into his eyes, his muscles grow rigid and his whole appearance is that of a Sepoy about to be fired from a cannon. When requested to take on a more pleasant expression he complies with a smile, which lasts till the camera is again uncovered. Then again comes that fierce 'I'll-die-if-I-must' expression. I could never catch a pleasant look on his face."

"Mr. Blaine is a model sitter. He falls into position gracefully and needs little aid from the pose. He is not easily pleased, however. He is a photographic critic of the keenest kind and can detect the slightest faults in the proofs. Sometimes it has taken a half dozen sittings to satisfy him."

"Senator Evarts does not look well in his photographs, because he insists on posing himself. He has a large nose, you know, and his chief anxiety is to conceal it as much as possible. Since a generous lofty nose can not, by any effort of art, be transformed into a delicate Grecian feature, the Senator is never satisfied with his photographs."

"Senator Sherman takes a poor picture, because he assumes a smile, which is foreign to his features. If he would only look grim and stern, as he does outside the photograph gallery, his face would be impressive on a pasteboard, even if it could not be called beautiful. But the Senator tries to look sweetly benignant, and the result is an expression bordering on the funny. This is invariably the case with stern men who try to smile before the camera."

"Secretary Whitney has had but one set of photographs taken since he has been at the head of the Navy Department, and those were for private distribution. Unlike most prominent men at the Capital, he does not care to see his face in store windows. Curiously enough, too, his pictures are the handsomest we have taken of Government officials. He is the only instance I know of in Washington public life of good looks and modesty going hand in hand."

"Secretary Lamar is fond of assuming a poetic, ethereal expression, which comes near to utter blankness. To add to the impression that he is a poet far above thoughts of earth, he rumpled his hair and lets it fall so as to almost cover his ears. He is fond of seeing his face on pasteboard and distributes his pictures liberally."

"Senator Hoar takes well. He sits down, clasps his chubby hands, and lets his face resolve itself into sunbeams. He has the sweetest smile I have ever seen on the face of a public man. He never asks for proofs, being satisfied from experience that the camera does him justice because he does justice to the camera."

"Senator Sewell is rather troublesome. He always wants the positionist to pose him in such a way that the little bald spot on his head can be concealed. I have tried it, and in vain. The only way it could be accomplished would be for the Senator to place his face horizontally to the ceiling, but when I told him this he got angry."

"Senator Fry looks in his picture quite the heavy villain. He seems downright blood-thirsty when he faces the camera, and no amount of persuasion can soften his features. I have tried funny stories, humorous suggestions and little practical jokes; but to no purpose. He still looked as if it was his dearest wish to be let loose among his fellow-citizens with a deringer."

"Senator Wade Hampton is particular as to one point only—his handsome 'Dundrearies.' When we show him a proof, he glances at once at his side face adornments, seems to count all the hairs, and if he finds one missing he has no criticism to offer. He passes many minutes fondly arranging his whiskers before taking the chair."

"Senator Beck takes, perhaps, the best picture in the Senate. His face is strong and handsome, his bearing manly and graceful, and his iron-gray locks are things of beauty. And isn't he proud of them, and doesn't he handle them tenderly? He knows that his photograph is something to be admired, so he does not by any means object to having it in the windows for sale. He gives us a call regularly every three months."

"It is a pleasure to pose Mr. Randall. He has natural grace, and perfect command of his features. He can assume any expression, untroubled by the instrument before him. Like Senator Hoar, he never has to come back for a second sitting."

"Mr. Morrison is quite the opposite. His expression when in the chair would excite the laughter of any looker-on except a 'positionist.' If the expression were translated into words it would read something like this: 'I've got my eye on you, my man, and if you make a movement, I will send a bullet through your heart.'"

"Speaker Carlisle is a good subject. He looks serious and natural, just as he does at his desk in the House of Representatives."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

BOLD INDIAN RIDERS.

Great Feats of Horsemanship Witnessed in Chief Friday's Camp.

In a letter from Chief Friday's camp General Brisbane writes: "Here we saw many curious scenes and learned much of Indian life. One day Friday said to me he would like to show off his young men and let me see how well they could ride. At first I expected some treachery, as the whole herd of ponies was still in the hands of the troops. The old chief, however, was so earnest and apparently honest about it I told the Captain who had the herd in charge, he might let Friday have fifty ponies for his young men. In about an hour they drew up before the tents in war paint and feathers, and were as fine a set of young fellows as I had ever seen. Hardly one was but six feet in height and beautifully proportioned. They sat their horses like centaurs and were easy and graceful in the saddle. At a signal from the chief they began their movements with a yell that sent the blood curdling to the heart and was enough, if heard unawares or in the night time, to make one's hair stand on end. In a moment they had disappeared over a neighboring hill to the right, and I thought they had gone, but, hearing a mighty trampling of horses, I looked to the left and there they came. I can compare it to nothing but the wind, and they swept by so swift and compact that they looked like a ball of horses and men. Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left and again disappeared. In about two minutes the two bodies charged each other in solid lines, and I waited almost breathlessly for the shock, but as the horses' heads almost touched each other the files skillfully opened to the right and left and the lines passed through the intervals without touching. Wheeling to the right about they passed back in an instant and again disappeared over the hills. It was about fifteen minutes before they came in sight, and Friday informed me they were blowing their horses. Presently on they came and wheeled by fours, formed columns, broke by fours and finally deployed as skirmishers. It was now we saw the finest individual horsemanship. Some would approach lying so close to the pony's back nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood up and rode as circus men do. Some would hang with one foot and one hand on the horses and sweep by, their bodies completely protected by the bodies of the animals. Some leaped upon the ground holding to the manes of the horse, and after running a step or two would swing themselves up on the backs of the horses again as easily as any circusman could do it. The positions they assumed and the feats of horsemanship which they performed were incredible, and I doubt if anything outside of a circus ring ever equaled it. They would throw objects on the ground and pick them up again while passing at full speed, the warriors hanging to the sides of the horses with one foot and one hand. They drew bows and shot arrows from underneath the necks and even bellies of the horses while riding at a fast gallop. Our cavalry could not learn to ride as well as these Indians did if each man was trained for twenty years. They exchanged horses while riding, and got behind each other. One man would fall off his horse as if wounded, and two others would ride up beside him, and, taking him by an arm and leg, swing him between their horses and carry him off. The exhibition, or drill, as Friday called it, lasted nearly two hours, and the men and horses were completely exhausted. I had never seen such magnificent feats of horsemanship in my life, and I freely said so. At this Friday was much pleased, and calling up the young men repeated to them in a loud voice what I had said and added a few words of his own complimenting them. The young men were very proud of the manner in which they had acquitted themselves, and I could imagine the feelings of their parents and sweethearts. The performers were much worn out, some of them being hardly able to stand after their violent exercise, and all evening I saw them laying in the lodges, where the Indian women brought them food and water, bathed their hands, arms and limbs, and combed their hair."—*Chicago Times.*

—George Sampson was firmly resolved to know his fate that very night. "Miss Clara," he began tenderly, "you are not quite your usual self this evening." "No, Mr. Sampson," the girl replied, "I am suffering from acute indigestion." So he postponed knowing his fate until a more favorable opportunity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Miller's Son (just returned from college):—"Father, do you believe the center of that shaft is turning?" (pointing to a revolving shaft.) Miller—"No, I know it isn't." Son (somewhat disconcerted):—"Er—but can you explain why it doesn't?" Miller—"Certainly; it is hollow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Johnny," says a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do, speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waistband and looking expressively at the table, "I would rather talk turkey."

—Blackberry Pudding: A pint of flour, a pint of warm water, a pinch of salt and a quart of blackberries; flour your pudding well and boil for one hour.—*The Farmer and Manufacturer.*

—Yellow fever and cholera were never known to exist in the northern districts of Lower California, says the Governor of that territory.

—The man who knows exactly what his neighbor should do in hot weather is unusually numerous this summer.—*Albany Argus.*

AMATEUR FARMING.

A Benevolent Gentleman Tries in Vain to Teach a Calf How to Drink.

Once upon a time there was a certain man who had lived on a farm in an amateurish way for about three months; and on a beautiful summer day he girded up his loins and went forth, with all the strength of his manhood and a pail of fresh milk, to teach a little red calf, with soft brown eyes, to obtain the lactal nourishment in other than the way prescribed by nature.

The little creature was waiting, all alone, in one corner of a shed, each leg braced in a different direction, and with a wondering expression on its flat little cardinal-colored face. Subsequently the following little monologue might have been heard by a listener in the adjoining shed:

"So-o, Bossy, so-o-so-o-so-o-o-o."

"Nice Bossy, Bossy, Bossy. Here's some nice milk for him to drink."

"Put his nose right down in the pail, good boss. Ha-a-r! Where you going? Come back here! Now get into that corner and drink your milk, you ornery brute!"

"Nice milk—good for calf—drink like a good bossy."

"You won't, eh? Get your foot out of that pail, you gal-whanged, mooley-headed, little fool!"

"There, there. So-o-o, poor calf, calf, calf; drink his milk to make him grow like a—Get off my foot, you dod-gasted, clumsy, bull-headed lunatic!"

"Come, now, I've fooled long enough! Stick your nose in that pail! Stick it in there, I say, or I'll—O-o-o-h! What are you buttin' me in the stomach for? Get over there, now; so-o-o."

"You can have just one more chance; I'll just stick my fingers in bossy's mouth, and take his head between my legs, and then the little fellow can see how—Hold on there—where you going?—Let me off—you'll tip over the milk-pail—whoop! There she goes—Take that, and that, and that, and starve to death if you want to, you addle-pated, low-lived little runt of a Durham—Oh, don't stare at me in that way, you blank, blanked four-footed lunatic!"

"O, you needn't blat at me—you want your milk bad enough now—there it is; six quarts, at three cents a quart, gone to waste! You can stand in there and blat and starve 'till wheat is two dollars a bushel, before I'd lift a finger to feed such a measly, knock-kneed, big-eared, slab-sided imp of Satan as you are! I'd as lief plow six acres in a day!"

And he went back to the house, and held his peace; and when the hired man came in he remarked, as though the thought had just occurred to him, that when the hired man got a little time he had better teach that red calf in the sheep-shed to drink; and the hired man went out straightway and taught him, in just six minutes by the nickel-plated watch which he traded the shot-gun for.—*C. N. Hood, in Puck.*

UMBRELLA HISTORY.

The First Englishman Who Carried One of These Useful Protectors.

In Queen Anne's time it is mentioned both by Swift and Gay as employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752, describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not yet penetrated to England. Hanway, the famous traveler and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1759, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch footman named John MacDonald, who had traveled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778 and persisted in carrying it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying: "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?" In about three months, he says, the annoyance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners and then some Englishmen followed his example. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas were in consequence at one time called "Robinsons." They were long looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson, in 1782, is said to have been the first person who used one at Glasgow, and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when any one would have been hoisted who carried one in the streets of Bristol. A single coarse cotton one was often kept in a coffee-house to be lent out to customers, or in a private house to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob, and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney-coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the manifest convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.—*Lecky's History of England.*

—A remarkable canary of the tune-bird species died one day last week in New York City. It sang "Life Let Us Cherish," one of Mozart's famous compositions, so well that it was a great treat to hear it. Mr. Hoff, the owner, was offered \$500 not long ago by a Spaniard who wished to present it to the Queen regent of Spain, but he refused to sell it. There are two tune-birds only in New York now, but neither one can sing as well as the deceased songster.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

—Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge when sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-one.

—Landseer, the great animal painter, once asked Sidney Smith to grant him a sitting, whereupon the clerical wit replied: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

—Prince Bismarck is the most decorated man in Europe. Should he ever appear wearing the insignia of all the orders conferred on him he would resemble an Oriental prince.

—A new sixpenny illustrated magazine is to be published in England under the name of *Atalanta*. Mr. Ruskin will write the preface, and Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard will contribute to the first number.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Queen Victoria is going to institute an order of literary merit, consisting of twenty Knights, fifty Knights companions, and one hundred companions. Her Majesty is now taking counsel with a number of the leading literary men of England.

—More copies of Mrs. Dodge's "Story of Hans Brinker" have been sold than any book for children from the pen of an American author, yet the author had the most extreme difficulty in finding a publisher for it when it was completed in manuscript. The Scribners finally accepted the book after it had been declined by several houses.

—"I can hardly tell," says Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, "how I came to devote my life to history rather than any thing else. Looking back, it seems to have been accidental. The motive was neither a longing for wealth nor a thirst after fame, while the development was easy, gradual and natural. My history is nearly finished now, and about half of the force which has been continuously employed at my library for twenty-five years has been retired, yet there's before me several years of historical labor."

—The "Fox Hunt" figure is the latest for seaside Germans. A lady and gentleman are selected as foxes. The gentleman receives a fox's tail and the lady a red ribbon to be pinned to her left shoulder. Three additional couples receive different ribbons and represent the hunters. A waltz is then played. The couple representing the foxes is allowed a start and the hunters follow, endeavoring to capture them. If they succeed the foxes retire and the successful couple finish the dance with their trophy.

HUMOROUS.

—A Ridge street man has told so many lies in his life that his wife has to sand-paper his tongue three times a day—before eating.—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

—What beats us is to know how it was possible to stretch the skin so tightly over a shad, and yet not have the bones punch through.—*Danville Breeze.*

—When your family physician gets sick, it is not good form to call and gaze at him every few days. It shows a mean, revengeful spirit.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A man in the park reading a sign, "Keep Off the Grass," asked a policeman facetiously what he could keep it off with. "With your feet," was the brief reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A rural correspondent asks: "How can I remove vermin from my hens?" Make them use their combs. Your hens don't seem to have been brought up right.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—An advertisement reads: "Wanted—A young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter," and the *Cleveland Leader* asks: "What will be the result when the door slams?"

—An English paper tells a wild tale about an old German who has invented a safe that on its lock being tampered with throws open its doors, seizes and drags and locks in the burglar, and handcuffs and holds him in readiness to be conducted to the police court in the morning.—*Philadelphia Press.*

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.
As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and I have never been disappointed in its use. It is produced by a process of distillation from the purest of the stomach and bowels.
W. J. McELEN, V. Mason, Gen.