

OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

SALT-WATER DAY.

An Old New Jersey Festival That Is Rapidly Going Out.

The custom of observing Salt-water Day is so old that it is supposed to be of Dutch origin; but long before the Dutch came to New Jersey—the State in which the day is celebrated—the Indians had a custom which might very well have furnished the model. It is a fact established in history that the New Jersey Indians were in the periodical habit of assembling in the neighborhood of the salt water for the purpose of feasting upon oysters, and the gathering and eating of oysters was one of the chief features of Salt-water Day observed among the Monmouth County farmers in later years. Before oysters became private property, and when there were natural beds of them along the Jersey shore, farmers living within twenty or thirty miles felt a keen oyster hunger about the first of every August, and on Salt-water Day, which occurs at this season, the beds were made to suffer. They suffered so much that the New Jersey Legislature finally passed a law refraining people from taking oysters by any means except the unsupplemented feet and hands, so that for several years previous to the time when oysters ceased to be public property the farmers on Salt-water Day could obtain this delicate food only by "treading" it; that is, by working the oysters from the bottom, and skillfully bringing them to the surface with their toes.

South Amboy used to be a favorite place of gathering on Salt-water Day, and so lately as five years ago as many as one hundred tent-top wagons brought in their loads of people from the backlying farms to assist in this celebration. At South Amboy the festivities are concluded in a single day, but at other places—and notably at Point Pleasant, or Sea Girt, as it is now called, a part of the village of Squan—three days are devoted to them. Of course at these festivals at the edge of the sea there have come to be other joys than the joy of eating oysters. Bathing, dancing and miscellaneous feasting are to be reckoned among the delights of Salt-water Day. There are stores of cold food, sandwiches, home-made pies, cider and pink lemonade, and some of the wagon-tops keep the sun off from a keg or a demijohn of apple-jack. The bathing suits worn by the farmers and their wives and daughters are home-made, the same as the pies, and are commendable for their comfort and serviceability rather than their fit.

But the observance of Salt-water Day is not what it used to be. Railroads have brought the sea and the oysters nearer to the farmers, and the season for the celebration is largely gone. The colored people still observe the day with considerable fervor at Long Branch, but the festival, speaking generally, is one which is rapidly going out.—*Harper's Weekly.*

CHINA'S WEST POINT.

How Military Cadets are Educated in the Flowery Kingdom.

Nearly three years ago the Chinese Government, at the instigation of Li Hung Chang, decided to establish an academy for forming a staff of well-instructed native officers. With this object the first body of Chinese cadets were brought together and installed in the office of the admiralty at Tien-Tsin. This was in March, 1885, and very soon afterward the construction of a separate building for them was commenced. This is now completed, and it is to serve as the model of similar buildings, one of which is to be erected in the capital, each of the eighteen provinces. The academy of Tien-Tsin is situated on the Peiho, and occupies a space of more than six hundred square yards. It is excellently adapted to the requirements of such a building, while its architectural appearance is in harmony with the local surroundings. Besides a large number of reception and dining rooms and the dormitories, there are four great lecture halls, two large saloons, a room for military games, another for photographic work, and a third for printing, two chemistry halls, and an apartment for drawing. The building is capable of accommodating three hundred students and the administrative staff. On a wide plain adjoining the building are encamped under tents a considerable body of infantry and artillery. At the head of the corps of the cadets is a Chinese officer, the Taotai Yang Tsung Pau. His colleague is, however, Major Pauli, of the German artillery. The masters and instructors are also foreign officers, chiefly Germans, and the system of training is borrowed from the German. The sons of the upper classes are alone admitted between the ages of fourteen and fifteen. At first this rule was not observed, and there was one instance of a cadet being as old as thirty-five. Each student is expected to remain four years in the general class, where he is taught Chinese, writing, foreign languages, geography and natural science. After the termination of this preliminary course he is transferred for a year to one of the school companies attached to the corps. He then serves for a year with the regular army, and finally returns to the military school for a year's instruction in military science. After passing his examination the cadet receives his commission and joins one of the regiments of the Chinese army.—*Chicago Times.*

ROYAL SALARIES.

What Europe Pays Annually for Maintaining Its Monarchies.

A table recently prepared shows the royal salaries paid in Europe, and it forms interesting reading for those who have an idea that our own Government is conducted on a wasteful and extravagant plan, and who think, as some of the Kearneyites used to assert, that no man ought to get more than \$3 a day.

The Emperor of Russia receives \$8,250,000 per annum; the Sultan of Turkey, \$6,000,000; the Emperor of Austria, \$4,000,000; the King of Prussia, \$3,000,000; the King of Italy, \$2,400,000; the Queen of England, \$2,200,000; the Queen of Spain, \$1,800,000, and the King of the Belgians, \$500,000.

What a sermon against monarchical government this brief table contains! Eight persons, men and women—for Kings and Queens are nothing more—receive each year in the aggregate \$28,150,000 for doing what? For doing nothing that hundreds—may be thousands—of their subjects could not do just as well and possibly much better. Some of these monarchs get their salaries for doing really nothing. Queen Victoria, for example, has absolutely no function to perform except to represent in her royal person the idea of dominion and sovereignty. She has no part in the government of the country. The most irrefragable Irish member of Parliament does more and has more to say about ruling the empire than Victoria has; and yet because she is what she is, the mere edification of a bygone autocracy, her loving subjects pay her over \$2,000,000 every year for her own use and benefit.

The King of Prussia receives \$3,000,000 a year as compensation for his arduous royal duties; and when it is considered that he is the Emperor of Germany, that he is a man over ninety years of age, and that the reins of Government have been for years in the hands of Bismarck, it must be admitted that, judged by republican standards, he does not earn his salary.

Probably the Czar of Russia performs as much or more actual labor than any reigning sovereign in Europe. The form of Government of Russia being despotism, the Czar must necessarily center all authority in himself and be, in fact as well as name, the fountain and source of all authority. But even for his duties, irksome, multifarious and difficult though they may be, \$8,250,000 is more than they are worth, especially in view of the financial condition of Russia and the immense drain upon her resources.

The people of the United States thought they were doing a wonderful thing when they increased the President's salary from \$25,000 to \$50,000; and yet the larger amount is only a trifle over two days' salary of the Emperor of Russia; while at the same time the United States is better able to pay the President the Czar's salary than Russia is to pay the Czar the President's salary.

Royalty is simply an enormously expensive luxury, with nothing to recommend it except tradition and precedent, and the only wonder is that it can keep its hold so long on intelligent and progressive nations in this age of the world.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

BAGGAGE SMASHING.

The Peculiar and Skillful Evolutions of Expert Trunk-Handlers.

But however secure and elaborate the luxuriant appointments of the modern trunk he goes out brand new from your home and returns, after a jaunt, with the battered marks of war upon him. You look at him with despair and join your inspection with a naughty expletive over—that unprincipled trunk-smasher. But there is something to be said in his account that mitigates the uncharitable opinion of him. Standing in a railroad center where steaming engines rush into the station with trembling haste, one may observe the trunk-smasher at his work, and stand in wonderment that he executes his task so skillfully and yet with such little damage. A breathless span of time is allotted him in which to hand down his pile of trunks, and to the minute the work is done. All around him is the roar of a shifting, steaming world—unbarking and disembarking in exciting speed—and the only man that stands cool at his place in the midst of this seething Babylon, is the expert baggage-master.

To be a trunk-handler one must be an expert. None but men of peculiar fitness are stationed at the great railroad exchanges. A greenhorn can at once be detected. He tackles a trunk with bungling awkwardness, he rolls it with pulling labor, falls over it and tilts and drops it a score of times. To watch an expert unloading a train you will observe how his one hand rests upon one corner and the other upon the side. He lands the trunk on the floor, never upon any corner, always on the full end. The corner is the wrecking point even of an iron-clad. He most dexterously hurls it to a side with the ease of a toy, and in an instant hurls another after it with the grace and ease of a ball player. He always prefers a large trunk to a small one—it is better to handle. The wrecking is never done by the expert, who handles hundreds of trunks at the great confluences of railroads. It is done by the small fry of the least work—and particularly by the inexperienced hands of road expresses.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A London bookseller has a copy of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," which he describes as one of the rarest books in the English language. The price at which he holds it is \$300.—*Public Opinion.*

HARD OF COMPREHENSION.

Mr. McDuffy Explains to His Wife the Duties of a Jury.

"When are they ever going to get through with that conspiracy case, Mr. McDuffy?" asked his wife, as he sat down to dinner the other evening.

"Get through with it?" said Mr. McDuffy, in surprise; "why, it has been over for two weeks."

"Has it, indeed," said she. "What did they do?"

"Nothing," he replied, "the jury hung."

"You don't say so; and I never heard of it before. I thought all the time they were going to hang the conspirators. Who hung the jury?"

"They hung themselves, woman," growled McDuffy.

"How dreadful! Did they hang each other or commit suicide?"

"Thunder and lightning! Can't you understand anything?" roared McDuffy.

"Oh, don't be profane, dear; I've read all the headlines in the newspapers, and have been so interested in the case, you know, but I don't quite understand the law. If you would only tell me about it!"

"Well, then," explained her husband, "Jurors are composed of twelve men who are selected with great care. They must be unacquainted with the case so that they may be able to render an impartial decision. They are placed in the box."

"In the box? What kind of a box?"

"In the jury box. Did you suppose it was a band box or a match box?"

"Do they box them separately or—"

"They box them in oil like sardines," said McDuffy, savagely, "and when you take them out you squeeze some lemon juice."

"Now don't get sarcastic, Mr. McDuffy. I understand the boxing part of it; go on please."

"Well, after they have listened to evidence and pleading and have been charged by the judge—"

"Why I thought it was the lawyers who did the charging," interrupted his wife.

"Will you keep quiet? After the charge is delivered, they are locked up!"

"Locked up! Those innocent men that didn't know any thing about it locked up? No wonder they killed themselves, poor things."

"Great heavens!" gasped McDuffy.

"There, there, dear, don't swear. I'll not say another word, I understand it perfectly. Its just like men; the mean things. Some of them got mad because McGriggle got out of a bath-tub. Say, Mr. McDuffy, what has a bath-tub got to do with a—there, don't swear, I understand it, but just wait until the women make the laws. We'll just hang—I mean we won't hang—I mean—Mr. McDuffy, I wish you would bring me two spoons of white thread and a yard more of cross-barred jaconet for baby's dress. Here, little two-tooty-wooty, kiss papa before he goes!"—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

ICELANDIC GEYSERS.

An Explanation of Their Occurrence Which is Worthy of Notice.

Rev. Mr. Metcalfe, in his book on Iceland, gives an account of the geysers of that country, and adds an explanation of their occurrence which is worthy of notice. He pitched his tent within twenty yards of the Great Geyser, but as that was only bubbling and boiling, without an explosion to send up a column of water, he removed to a smaller spring called the Strokk.

"So we proceed," says he, "to this spring, which is one hundred paces south of the Great Geyser, and, although it has no cone, but rises from the flat, is the more picturesque of the two. Forthwith we collect handfuls of turf and stones, and throw them into the Strokk's pipe; but nothing seemed to move him. The waters below grunted and snarled like a baited badger, but were not to be drawn."

"In the sulks," said I, laughingly, as I stood with my back to the orifice.

"Here he comes!" shrieked one of the party, as I heard a hiss like a rocket disengaging itself from its stick. "Rush for your life!" and rush I did; but, my foot catching, down I fell.

"Boiled alive," was my instantaneous thought. "The seething waters will descend and overwhelm me! And so they would have done had not the wind been from my side of the spout, and carried the waters in the other direction. What a sight! A column of turbid water, never ending, still beginning, darts into the air at least one hundred feet, bearing along with it all the unwholesome food with which we had been loading the creature's maw. The physical reason for the discharge, which is a feature common to several of the Icelandic hot springs, is pretty well understood. The pipe, which is forty-eight feet deep, diminishes from six feet, its breath at the top, to eleven inches at the bottom. The injected mass of stones and other material acts like the shutting of a safety-valve; the steam has not a proper vent; it collects rapidly in the subterranean chambers that arch over the fountains of the great deep until they are charged to bursting, and suddenly driving back the continually encroaching waters, they lift off the obstruction, and rush into mid-air with the velocity of a missile from the chamber of an Armstrong gun, and are often illumined, as on the present occasion, by a beautiful aurora."

"And where does all the water come from? That, too, is easy of explanation. It is the drainage of the hills around, which, meeting heated surfaces, gets to the boiling point, and explodes when it has a chance."—*Tenth's Companion.*

LIGHT WEIGHT COINS.

An Ancient Saw Which Prevents These from Being Redeemed.

"When is five dollars not five dollars?" was the conundrum hurled at the head of a reporter by Edwin L. Abbott. He is a well-known attorney, active in politics, and the brother of ex-Governor Leon Abbott, of New Jersey. When the reporter had confessed that he was ignorant enough to believe that five dollars was always five dollars, he replied: "Not if it is light weight. Let me tell you a story of my experience with a five dollar gold piece. Mind you, it was a gold piece—the coin of the realm. It had been given me by a client, with a number of other pieces and some paper money. I don't know at what bank he procured it, but I know that he went to some bank to get the cash for me, and returned with this piece among others. The banks pay them out, but they don't take them in when they know it, as I found out later. There is a restaurant near my place of business where I have little business transactions occasional-ly with the proprietor or the man behind the counter. During the day this five dollar gold piece went over the counter. The handsome young man with the white apron balanced it in his palm for a minute and then handed it back, saying: 'It's light weight sir, we can't pass them.' I was staggered. I thought a five dollar gold piece was good for something for its intrinsic value at least. But after satisfying myself that it was light weight I put it back into my pocket and paid the bill out of other funds. It occurred to me that I ought to test the passing qualities of the coin at least once more, so I tried it at the cigar store on my way up Broadway. It was no go. Then I sallied into the Park National Bank. I told the cashier frankly that I understood the coin to be light weight, and asked him to give me its value. 'We can't do any thing with it,' said he. But he suggested that I might be relieved at the sub-treasury. By this time I was somewhat mad, and I determined to follow that five-dollar gold piece to some kind of a resting-place if it took all day. At the Treasury there was less encouragement than any place I had yet entered. They said they could not exchange it or redeem it or do any thing with it. This struck me as a strange condition of things. As I went along Nassau street in a brown study my eye happened to light on the sign of an office on John street. There is an announcement there that old gold will be bought. I walked in and held out the coin. 'It's short weight,' said I. 'So I see,' said the man in attendance, as he held it in his hand. 'What can you do with it?' I asked. 'Melt it,' was his reply. He gave me \$4.70 for it, the value of the gold. Curiosity possessed me to know what would be done with it. He said the gold would be used for manufacturing purposes. Then it struck me that there is somewhere on the statute books an iron-clad law that no United States coin shall be melted up for manufacturing purposes under heavy penalties. I looked the law up. There it is in an old law, very old, but I believe still in force. If I am correct about it, do you see the situation? The Government issues a gold coin. It says it shall be of such a weight, but it must necessarily get worn and abraded in constant circulation. Then it says it shall not be redeemable in any way, shall become worthless in circulation because it is not redeemable, and yet shall not be converted into any thing else. My gold piece bore date of 1847. I think on the whole I prefer greenbacks to coin, especially short-weight coin."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Race for Life.

Mr. Inglis, a resident of Travancore, India, had a narrow escape from death the other day, having to run for his life before a rogue elephant. The animal was among a small clump of trees close to the jungle path by which Mr. Inglis had to pass. After a careful survey of the "monarch," that gentleman dared to throw stones at him. The first one missed, and only caused the animal to cock its ears to catch the slightest sound. The second went straight and hit him right in the eye. The elephant made a salaam-like movement with his trunk, accompanied with a terrific roar of anger, and made straight for his assailant at a furious pace. Mr. Inglis, however, was too clever for him, and ran very fast, but, in suddenly turning a corner round a huge tree, he stumbled and fell. The elephant was close on him with outstretched trunk, the point of which at one time touched Mr. Inglis's coat, and had his fore-foot already raised to crush him; but the animal's head being caught at this instant by the tendrils of a climbing plant which had suspended itself from the branches above, he turned away, leaving Mr. Inglis frightened, but with no limb broken. The rogue is a great terror on the hills.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Could Do Some Thing for Her.

"Tongue can not tell how much I love you, Miss Clara," he said. "I would do any thing in the world for you."

"Would you," she asked, wearily. "Try me."

"Well, go and spend the evening with Lillie Brown."

"Lillie Brown! What for?" he asked, astonished.

"I hate her."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The tongue shows to a physician the disease of the body; to a philosopher, the disease of the mind; to a Christian, the disease of the soul.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THE OMINOUS OPAL.

A Jewelry Salesman's Chat About This Much-Abused Gem.

The opal has come into fashion again so suddenly that its value has increased twenty-five per cent. within the past year. Although the prettiest combination in jewelry is the opal surrounded with diamonds, there was such a prejudice against the opal that it had almost gone out of use previous to the recent revival. It began to go out of fashion about fifteen years ago, and there are sensible women, who are not superstitious, but who frankly admit that they have a prejudice against opals. If the fashion can maintain itself for the next year, it may dissipate the popular prejudice and save one of the prettiest jewels from obscurity. The opal is the jewel of October, so that, according to popular superstition, those born in that month are safe in wearing it. I have heard many incidents of opals, which no doubt were causes for the loss of popularity, and the ascribing of bad luck by the wearers has no doubt deterred others from purchasing such ill-omens. There is a lady in the city who has a full set of opals and diamonds, ear-rings, breast-pin, bracelets, rings and hat-pins, that is not equaled by any other set in the West. She was once prosperous and lived in wealth, but in the last five years has had more misfortunes than usually befall one woman. Divorce, loss of fortune, followed quickly upon the other. She never wears her opals now, and it has been frequently remarked by her friends that they were the cause of her ill-luck. I know another lady who ascribes misfortune to a beautiful opal ring which she keeps because it is an heir-loom, but will not wear it nor allow her children to wear it. It was given to her by her brother when on his death-bed, and upon her return to the city she wore it. The very first night the water-pipes burst and caused a damage of several thousand dollars. She had had a presentiment when she put on the ring that some thing was going to happen, and after that night she ceased to wear it. Several years later her daughter put it on, and a gentleman friend was so taken with its appearance that he asked to wear it. What followed is considered remarkable. He had been very prosperous, and had lately gone up like a rocket. Shortly afterward he fell as suddenly. He returned the ring, having become a convert to the popular prejudice.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

CHINESE BOOK-KEEPING.

What a St. Louis Merchant Saw in a Celestial's Counting Room.

The Chinese book-keeper is a curiosity, as he flourishes on the western coast and around Portland, Ore. I was up around there recently, and with the idea of bringing home some Chinese curiosities, visited several stores and shops. Some of the biggest merchants in that country, you know, are Chinese. I went into one small place where a lot of books were spread out on a long counter, behind which was a Chinaman, while behind a sort of a desk at the other end was another wearer of the pigtail. The books looked to me like almanacs, if the Chinese have such things, and, walking up to the counter, I turned two or three of them over, looking at them to satisfy myself as to what they were, though, of course, I couldn't have told if I had looked a year. The ink was still wet, as if a hen with inked feet had been walking back and forth over them. This gave me the idea that I had strayed into a manufactory of Chinese almanacs, and noticing the yellow-headed gentleman behind the counter looking at me, I carelessly inquired: "How much, John?" He looked at me still, but without replying. "How much, John?" I repeated. "Want to buyee." This time John's features changed. He actually smiled as he replied: "Me no sell these bookkee; me keepsee countee, teller how muchee Melican man owee." I had actually been trying to buy the man's set of books. I don't know whether he was the keeper of books for that entire business portion of the city, but if he wasn't he had books enough to have kept all of their accounts. Their system is certainly original, and different from that with which the English book-keeper has to wrestle.—*Frank Nicholas, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

How He Received the News.

A man covered with dust rushed into a Chicago business house, and, approaching the proprietor, said: "My dear sir, do not be excited, but prepare yourself to hear bad news."

"What's the matter?"

"Your wife went out to see the ball game."

"Yes."

"I am just from the ball grounds. A frightful accident happened and—"

"And what?"

"My dear sir, your wife was killed."

"Yes," said the business man, "but how does the score stand?"

"My gracious alive, man, I tell you that—"

"Yes, I know all about that, but I have a hundred dollars up on the Chicago and am very anxious to hear—Ah, here's the evening paper. Here, bub."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"Mr. Tart, I have written some verses on my dog; would you like to hear them?" "Oh, don't trouble yourself to read them, Mr. Muse. Just let me know what part of the dog they are written on, and I will visit the kennel some day and read them myself."—*Gazette and Courier.*

"Mr. Dusenberry, I believe I'm wandering in my mind." "Don't be alarmed, my dear; you'll not get lost."

JOSH BILLINGS' BEGINNING.

His Interview with Artemus Ward—A Handsome Income in Due Time.

A more thrifty person was Josh Billings. He was an auctioneer in the country parts of New York state, who had tried all sorts of things and continued to be poor. He thought he said humorous things and wise ones too, but somehow nobody else could see them. Observing Artemus Ward to misspell all his humorous articles, Josh Billings undertook the same with one of his. Immediately it took wings and began to fly over the land. He recognized the fact that a man must have no spell in this country and act under its influence, but that he can have a misspell and grow well off.

Now, Josh Billings was really a somewhat profound person with a good deal of Benjamin Franklin's happy faculty of saying a wise thing in a quaint way. But they would not pass unless they were misspelled. There was no sense whatever in his misspelling of them. They were not misspelled in either the negro, the Irish or Yankee dialect; it was nothing but arbitrary misspelling without any method.

When he obtained some currency he came down to New York city to see the other humorists and see if they would not take him into their guild. Artemus Ward received him after his lecture with profuse compliments and made an appointment with him at a bookseller's. Josh waited there two or three hours, until he felt that he might be kicked out and came away and saw Artemus Wickard no more.

It was the same with all the rest of them; they were poor scrappers for a livelihood, getting gins out of men instead of guinea.

So Josh Billings resolved to capitalize his humor in the best way he could. He sold himself to a story paper at so much a week, prepared an almanac once a year and lectured whenever he could get a chance. In that way he rolled up an income of perhaps \$5,000 a year, and saved it and handed it over to his wife and family.

I saw him towards the last of his days appearing in the New York hotels, a rather lowly man whom hard work had somewhat deprived of his power to be quaint and original. He said to me that he wished he had kept the funny papers he had written in his youth and got nothing for them. Said he: "Every one of them is worth \$100 now, but I can't make them as I could then."

This man, under a better organized society, would have been taken out of the mere circus business of life and put to use and have given more pleasure; and his collected works would have some unity about them.—*George Alfred Townsend.*

Men with Funny Feet.

"Queer customers! Well, I should say so," said a Broadway shoemaker, who numbers among his patrons many men of local and national renown. "Yes, we have odd men to deal with."

"And many funny feet to fit," suggested the reporter.

"Quite right. One gentleman in the wholesale liquor business down town is the hardest customer to please we ever had. His feet, in addition to being large and flat, have no insteps and are furnished with big bunions of the most painful kind. Consequently his shoes are made to give plenty of room to the excrescences, and when completed are not unlike an embossed map, with hills and dales distinctly outlined."

"What does such a pair of shoes cost?"

"Eighteen dollars. They are made of the finest kid, soft and pliable, and two pairs will last a year if carefully dressed three times a week. Samuel J. Tilden was a good patron of ours. Several years ago, when it was rumored that he intended to be married, he ordered an elegant pair of pumps. The leather was specially prepared in France and imported for the work. The hand sewing was most exquisite, and the pumps were really a work of art; but although Mr. Tilden didn't admire them he paid the bill—\$35—without a murmur."

"Did he take the shoes?"

"No; so we placed them in our show window, where they were much admired. One day a young swell came along, took a fancy to them, paid \$15 and carried off the prize. They were the daintiest little pair of 'sixes' we ever turned out."

"What are some of the annoyances you have to contend with?"

"They are so numerous you would hardly care to print them, but I will enumerate a few. Among the worst men we have to fit and suit is a Washington market butcher, whose left foot is larger, longer and stiffer than the right. Sometimes we have to make three pairs of boots for him before he is suited. Then we have a Sixth avenue confectioner who has no toes on either foot. I don't know how he lost them—born that way, I fancy—but the fact remains that he has no toes. He is a pretty tough man to please."

Another man in the employ of the city government has the most monstrous great toes I ever saw. It seems to me they must be nearly two and a half inches long. They are out of all proportion to the other toes, and necessarily his shoes are very hard to make."

Lord Rochester, eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon, comes of age this week and inherits the Chesterfield estates. When his father dies he will be one of the wealthiest of peers, as his income will exceed \$500,000 annually.



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