

The Daily Astorian.

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No. 17.

HE SWALLOWED IT.

The initiation of the order of Independent Rangers includes masks, collars, corpses, gallows, headman's block, mechanical tricks and other devices for frightening the victim, who, at the end of all, is invited to partake of some refreshment. The grand master hands to the neophyte a glass filled apparently with port wine, but really with a horrible and fiendish compound of gall, bitter aloes, brine, one teaspoonful of which would make the toughest candidate shiver, turn pale, and swear that he would rather die than take any more of it. His refusal being reported, he is seized and, after a violent struggle, his mouth is opened and the contents poured down, proving to be good port wine adroitly substituted for the other mess. Then the marshal delivers a temperance lecture, exclaiming:

"Ah! you appear to relish it. And yet the adder's tooth in this last is sharper than in the first. The first you could easily resist because it was offensive, but this with subtle power to charm, is often man's strongest foe." But the other night a man known as "Windy" Murray came to this point in the ceremony and seizing the glass of the vile stuff, drank it with one greedy gulp. He shuddered, paled, gasped, struggled and tore his laurel crown to shreds, clutching at his hair. A howl of laughter from the brethren shook the building.

The Richest Man in Mexico.

The richest man in Mexico is probably Patricio Milmo, which is Mexican for Paddy Miles. He owns an estate of 400,000 acres, and his plantation has a reputation all over the country. A part of it is cultivated for corn, grapes, sugar cane and maguey. Milmo's residence is on the summit—a handsome stone structure, very large and ornamented by cornices and pillars imported from France and the United States. The interior is like a palace, and so rich with gold and silver and precious stones that the eye is dazzled with their splendor. Milmo is president of the Bank of Mexico, an institution with powers and privileges in that country as great as are the Bank of England's in Britain.

His father-in-law, Santiago Vidari, was executed for supplying money to revolutionists, and he himself narrowly escaped a similar death, though he was connected in a monetary sense with the opposing forces. Since then brigands have captured him several times and compelled him to pay from \$10,000 to \$25,000 ransom. These adventures have taught him precaution, and he has turned the mesa into a sort of citadel, access-

sible by only a narrow path, obstructed by an iron gate of enormous proportions. He has distilleries and several factories, in which goods are manufactured for his own use, on the mesa, and intends to retire to his mansion whenever another insurrection is imminent. It is said that when he came to Mexico he did not have a dollar, and got his start in business from his father-in-law—*St. Louis Republican*.

A Question of Law.

A perplexing question often arises under the patent laws: Suppose a workman in the employ of a large establishment invents a valuable improvement in the machinery or processes; does the patent belong to him or his employer? They always say that they were paying him for his time, and are entitled to whatever he accomplishes. He argues that inventing was quite outside the duties for which he was hired. For example, a plow manufacturing company in Indiana, employed a superintendent of their business, and he, during his engagement, took out a patent for improvements he made on the plows they were selling. They sued him, claiming that he should transfer the patent to them, for they said they were led to engage him by his assurance that he had large experience in making and selling plows and devising improvements, and that he would devote his time and services to manufacturing and perfecting their plows; also, that the improvement he had patented was made partly by aid of suggestions from other employees and with materials belonging to the company. The judge said that these facts were not enough to make out their case. Persons are not deprived of the right to the inventions they make while in the service of others, unless they have been hired and paid to exercise their inventive faculties for their employers. A contract for the time, labor and skill of an employee in manufacturing and selling does not give the employer the right to an improvement which the employee invents. If in this case the superintendent was materially aided by suggestions from other persons, he was not sole inventor, and perhaps his coadjutors were entitled to a share in the patent, but the fact would not give the employer the right to it.

Some days ago a large-sized, smooth-talking man calling himself Richard Thompson, ordered a full suit of clothes, including an overcoat, from Henry Mayer, a Sutter street tailor, agreeing to pay for them last Friday night, when they were to be finished. The suit was completed according to contract, and Thompson asked to be allowed to try it on in the store. His request was complied with and the entire suit donned, when he walked to the front of the store under the pretense of looking in a mirror hung there. After admiring himself a moment he suddenly turned and darted out of the door and up the street as quick as a flash, leaving the astonished tailor with a sadly soiled lot of rags as his only recompense for the missing suit.—*S. F. Chronicle*.

"Is this heah letter all right, boss?" asked an Austin darkey, handing the clerk a letter he wanted to send off in the mail. The clerk weighed the letter and returned it, saying: "You want to put another stamp on it. It weighs too much." Ef I put another stamp on de letter, dat won't make it no lighter. Dat's gwine to make it weigh more."—*Texas Siftings*.

Too Precious.

We were running through South Carolina when a big giant of a fellow with a terrible eye and a voice like a fog-horn boarded the train at a small station. I think most of the passengers sized upon him as a chap that would be dangerous to argue with, but the giant wasn't satisfied with that. He blustered at the conductor, growled at the brakeman, and looked around as if seeking some one to pick a fuss with. Everybody answered him civilly, and he had two or three seats to himself, but the man who wants a row can generally find some pretext. About the center of the car a pale looking chap about 25 years old occupied a seat and was reading a newspaper. After a time the giant rubbed along to where the young man sat and growled out:

"Stranger, what may be the first cost of such a hat as yours?"

The young man looked up with a flash in his big blue eyes, and then turned to his paper without replying.

"Hey! Did you hear me?" roared the other as he leaned over the seat and lifted the hat off the young man's head.

Quicker than one could count six a shining revolver came from you couldn't tell where, lifted itself on a level with the big man's eye, and the white fingers clutched the butt never trembling a hair's breadth as a quiet voice uttered the words:

"Drop that hat!"

The hat fell from the giant's grasp, and the quiet voice continued:

"Now sit down or I'll kill you!"

The muzzle of the weapon was not six inches from the man's eye, and I saw him turn from red to white in ten seconds. He backed away at the command, sat down in a seat opposite and never stood up or spoke another word during his ride of twenty miles. He had a "navy" under his coat, but something in that quiet voice and blue eye warned him that a move of a finger on his part would crash a bullet into his head.—*Burdette*.

The chief clerk of the Imperial Hotel, Steubenville, Ohio, Mr. John M. Hoagland, heartily endorses St. Jacobs Oil. By applying it to his throat he relieved himself of severe pain and was cured of a chronic sore throat that nothing would relieve.

A Varied Performance.
Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

In the Whole History of Medicine
No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles which singers and public speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's bronchial troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every suffering individual with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

"You foolish boy," said a mother upon discovering some India ink pictures upon her son's arm, "don't you know that they will remain there as long as you live?" "And I will live as long as they remain there?" asked the boy.

The London Times says that unless proper arrangements be made by the Egyptian authorities to procure a fair trial for Arabi Pasha and his fellow leaders, it is possible the British government will require them to be handed back into English custody.

MOTHERS, READ.

GRACE—About nine years ago I had a child, a very old and honest old man. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night after which she vomited seventy-two worms and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The best of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when one of the youngest, the same sickly appearance that Emily did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Emily, 4 years; Emma, 3 years; John, 2 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Emily passed forty-five and John about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around town, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store. Yours truly, JOHN PIERCE.

The genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is manufactured only by

Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., and bear the signatures of Dr. C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. It is never uple in St. Louis or elsewhere.

Be sure you get the genuine. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

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The true antidote to the effects of minium is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful "dietary" specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this Continent fever and ague exists. A single glassful three times a day is the best possible preparation for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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