

# The Daily Astorian.

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No. 84.

## A LIVING CLOCK

An Indiana Reporter Enters for the Munchausen Medal

The question, "Will wonders never cease?" finds an answer to Captain Cochran's sturdy reply, "Never." Last evening Thurst Martin of the West Side Mills, telephoned us that he was coming over to see us, and for the reporter to wait for him, which, of course, the reporter did. When he entered he told us he had heard of a most wonderful phenomena out on Grand Prairie and was going out to see it, and invited us to go out with him. At first we were incredulous at what he had told us, and hesitated to accept the invitation, fearing that he had some pookish prank to play, but finally concluded that a ride would not be uninteresting in itself, concluded to go along. We were to start at 8 o'clock in the morning, so as to get back in time for our day's work. Promptly at this hour Thurst and a German friend of his, who resided in the neighborhood of the phenomenon, was on hand, and the procession moved.

It was a delightfully frosty and exhilarating morning, and we enjoyed the ride to the utmost. Arriving at our destination, a neat little frame cottage, about half past six, and entering the parlor, we were introduced to a middle-aged German lady by the name of Mrs. Martha Grossfeld, a widow with two children—one a girl perhaps fifteen or sixteen, and the other a boy of about eight or nine years. They are just over from the fatherland. The mother, an industrious woman with a little means of her own, has rented a small farm, which she is cultivating, with the help of her daughter and a hired man. Thurst's friend, a farmer by the name of Crindley or Grindley, besought to the boy, whom he addressed as Fritz, and said something to him in German. The woman, a bright-eyed, flax-haired, intelligent-looking little Teuton, approached us smilingly, removed a wide belt, probably ten inches wide, from about his waist, and revealed to our astonished gaze the strangest sight we ever beheld. On the outside, above the stomach, was pictured as beautifully as it done by the hand of a master, the perfect representation of a clock. Over the dial, which was almost white, were the figures and marks, in dull, yet distinct red, which divided the hours and minutes. The hour and minute hands, the second hand and its divisions, were plainly depicted; as also the pendulum and frame work, this latter fading as the edge into the natural tint of the body. At the top of the clock was the miniature representation of a Swiss cottage, with closed double doors. The whole representation occupying a space of perhaps, eight inches. The most wonderful part of it all, however, has not been told—the clock was evidently running. The mystic hands were moving, but marked a quarter to twelve when it was not quite seven by our time. The pendulum was swinging back and forth, and we even fancied we could hear the smothered tick, tick, of the mechanism. The hands swept steadily on until they marked five minutes of twelve, when we were sure we heard a faint "click." When the hands pointed the hour of noon the double door of the Swiss cottage disappeared, and revealed a grumpy little cuckoo of the most clumsy and awkward pattern, which clapped its wings and went through the motions of crowing, but emitted no sound. Little Fritz then replaced his belt and took his seat, and when astonishment had given place to curiosity,

we began a brisk cross-examination through the assistance of our interpreter. We learned that the family were natives of Wurtemberg, and had resided all their lives in the little village of Ubingen, near Rentlingen, not far from the Neckar river. Nothing remarkable or abnormal had ever been noticed in the families of either of the child's parents, but a few weeks before Fritz was born, however, the mother, who was very nervous at the time, was visiting at her brother's house in Rentlingen and had a terrible fright from a cuckoo clock that stood on the dining-room fireplace shelf. From the effects of the fright she was thrown into a violent attack of brain fever, in which she imagined she was a clock and her stomach a dial. During the fever, or before it had fully spent its force, little Fritz came into the world, bearing his marvelous birth-mark, which, the lady, said, had kept perfect time, excepting when he was sick, when it behaved in a very erratic manner, and once when he came near dying with fever, the hands run round with startling velocity, the little cuckoo appearing every few minutes to flap its wings and crow. Previous to that time his "cuckoo," "cuckoo" could be heard throughout the extent of a large room. On our suggestion that the boy was not a correct timepiece, the mother explained that the time was the correct time of his native place, from which it never varied except in sickness, and immediately corrected itself when the boy got well. She further said that watchmakers of Ubingen, a little village on the outskirts of which they had lived, were in the habit of consulting him to obtain the more correct time. The villagers used to stop him also to learn the time of day, which Fritz could give them to the second, without even consulting his birth-mark.—Lafayette Courier.

Indian Tribes.  
It has been a popular error to suppose that the Indians are passing away. Some of the tribes, to be sure, are extinct. But these were mostly nomads in the strictest sense of the term. The government is now giving more attention to the protection of the red man by ameliorating his condition in a number of ways. The reservation system, with all its abuses, has the merit of providing for the Indians in seasons when they are unable to take care of themselves. Every year the tribes are giving more attention to the white man's civilization by building houses, opening farms and establishing schools. The government is assisting also in their education, and promises to do much more in this respect. There are at this time within the boundaries of the United States and the territories, omitting Alaska, 251,851 Indians, and they are increasing at the rate of 1,000 annually. They have sixty-eight agencies. This is a better showing for the aborigines than had been hoped for.—S. F. Call.

The Commercial Traveler.  
A newspaper reporter got hold of a New York commercial traveler in Pennsylvania, and had a five minutes talk with him. The drummer did not draw a florid picture of the delights of his profession. He said those who engage in it have to work hard on salaries not too large, travel much, live irregularly and endure privations. It is true they are noted for sticking to the business, but this is because of their proneness to believe they are fit for nothing else, and, rolling stones as they

are, they seldom accumulate enough to go into business for themselves. Working for large firms, their ideas of business are correspondingly large, and they cannot bring themselves down to the level of doing a small business at moderate profit. Being lavish in spending money, they soon learn how to increase their salaries, the most prominent "racket" being the getting of reduced hotel, railroad passage and extra baggage rates, and charging up full rates to employers.

A good authority on all matters pertaining to the table says that a toothsome salad can be prepared at any time during the winter if you have a supply of turnips in the cellar and they sprout well, as they often do, especially if the cellar is dark and warm. They—the sprouts—should be plunged in hot water a moment and then in cold. Let them drain thoroughly; and then send them to the table.

A new book is called "How to Keep a Store." It is a work of several hundred pages, and life is too short to read it. The best way to keep a store is to advertise judiciously, and thus prevent it from falling into the hands of the Sheriff.—Norristown Herald.

Near Highland, Va., two men killed five deer the other day in four minutes, and if the only watch between 'em hadn't stopped just then they would have killed the sixth deer.

Another Affair.  
"I have come in to kill you," said a man entering an Arkansas newspaper office, drawing a pistol and confronting the editor. "You published an article derogatory to my character, and it is my duty as a husband and father to kill you," "I am glad of it," the poor editor replied. "I was just thinking of committing suicide."

"Well, if that's the case, let's go down and take something."  
"Now you move me to emotion," and the two deadly enemies went out together. And yet some people are in favor of prohibition.—Arkansas Traveler.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.  
Very esteemed Sir:  
The praise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' affliction. All who know me wonder how I, after so many years, had no appetite, and could not sleep for backache, which in my side, and general stomach complaint could have recovered.

An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took two of your pills, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. You truly are a blessing to the world.  
J. VON DER BERG.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
The genuine are never sugar-coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression: McLANE'S Liver Pills.  
The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros., on the wrapper. Beware of cheap imitations. DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of same pronunciation.  
If your stomach does not have the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, send us 25 cents, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.  
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