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Better Than Pills

The King of Liver Medicines.

"I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator and can conscientiously say it is the king of all liver medicines. I consider it a medicine chest in itself.—Geo. W. Jackson, Tacoma, Washington.

EVERY PACKAGE has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.

NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Here's a Coyote Story That Settles the Championship for all Time.

"Did you ever see a pack of coyotes a-rustling for grub?" asked an old miner of a reporter. "I've lived on the desert for nigh onto thirty years," he resumed, "and seed many a queer sight, but coyotee a rustling for grub beats them all. Them animals are as well trained as any body of soldiers ever was under General Grant. They elect a captain, whether by drawing straws or by ballot I don't recollect off hand. Just at daylight a reveille calls the pack together, and they come yelping and howling over the desert like a lot of things possessed, their appetites sharpened by the crisp air and eager for their regular diet of jerked rabbit meat. The advanced couriers sniff around among the sagebrush and greasewood, while the rest of the band form into a big circle, sometimes spreading out on the plain over a radius of two or three miles. The couriers head a jack rabbit in the circle, and the coyote nearest takes up the chase. You know a jack rabbit can run ten times faster than a coyote, and when the one in pursuit gets tuckered out the next one takes up the chase, and so on until the jack falls dead from exhaustion. Then the whole pack leap onto him, their jaws snapping like sheep blades in shearing time. Then, when the jack is disposed of, another reveille is sounded, and the pack again form into a circle, and the circus is kept up until every one of the yelping yaller devils has satisfied his

appetite, sometimes killing hundreds of jacks and cottontails for one meal, for a coyote can eat a jack as big as himself and then look as if he was clean starved to death. I was clean through the late unpleasantness with General Grant, and I know what scientific generaling is, and them coyotes know as much as any soldiers that ever lived about army tactics. The commander-in-chief is usually the oldest coyote in the pack, and he sits on a knoll where he can give orders to his lieutenants and aids, and what they don't know about ambuscades, maneuvering and field tactics generally, ain't worth knowing."—Moreno, Cal, Indicator.

To Make A Waist Small.

"How did you get your waist so small, Mable? It used to be nearly as large as mine."

"Ah, that's a secret," was the answer, with a smile.

"Do tell me. Can't you see what a sight I am? I've tried all kinds of flesh reducing medicines, but none of them seemed to do any good."

"Well, I will tell you. It's a trick I learned from Harry while he was at West Point. You know how small waisted he is?"

The other nodded. "I asked him once how he did it, and he told me he stood squarely on his feet, so. But come upstairs and I'll show you."

The young lady donned a pretty gymnasium suit—she was a high school girl—and standing erect, with hands uplifted, and thumbs locked, she gracefully swooped down until the tips of her fingers touched her toes.

"The point is not to bend your knees at all," she said. "It looks easy, but try it once. It will take lots of practice to touch the floor, but after a while it will be easy."

"How many times do you go through that motion?"

"I began with fifty times every morning just after I get up, and gradually increased, until now I do it two hundred. It's a sure cure for too stout waists."

Her friend followed in her footsteps and told several of her acquaintances, and now the men are commenting on the fact that all the girls in their particular coterie have such pretty waists.—Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Sam's Cats.

Some three hundred and odd cats are maintained by the United States government, the cost of their support being carried as a regular item on the account of postoffice department. These cats are distributed among about fifty postoffices, and their duty is to keep rats and mice from eating and destroying postal matter and canvas mail sacks. Their work is of the utmost importance wherever large quantities of are collected, as, for example, at

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the New York postoffice, where from 2,000 to 3,000 bags of mail matter are commonly stored away in the basement. Formerly great damage was done by the mischievous rodents, which chewed holes in the sacks, and thought nothing of boring clear through bags of letters in a night. Tribles of this sort no longer occur since the official pussies keep watch. Each of the postmaster in the larger cities is all owed from \$8 to \$40 a year for the keep of his feline staff, sending his estimate for "cat meat" to Washington as the beginning of each quarter.

Still Another Wife.

The Welcome last week told of the marriage of Romey Pervier and Mrs. Mollie Portlock alias Mollie Lamont, mother of the Lamont sisters, filling an engagement in a local vaudeville theater. The couple had known each other about two weeks when they exchanged hearts and annexed their lives, one to the other. Then came Rosa Weatherford who claimed that Pervier promised to marry her, and secured \$40 of her good money for the purpose of joining her in Seattle to fulfill the engagement. Discovering his marriage to Mrs. Portlock, Rosa had Romey arrested for obtaining money by false pretenses, but he was discharged.

This week another woman claiming to be the wife of Pervier turned up here, and Romey skipped instant for the town of Seattle. Mrs. Pervier, the last, had surrendered all her means to Romey and supposed herself deserted until late last night when a telegram announced Pervier's whereabouts. She and her daughters left for Seattle this morning.

Must Pay His Debts or Die.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—Lee Wa Sing, of Logansport, Ind., has been decreed to die by the society in Chicago known as the Moy, because of a gambling debt contracted last summer. Lee Wa Sing operates a laundry in Logansport and came here to see the fair, having \$400 in his pocket. He strolled into Lee Two's place, on South Clark street, in the rear of Yuen Suen's grocery store, and lost \$600. In order to make good his debt of \$200, for he had surrendered the \$400 in cash to Lee Two, he gave the latter a mort-

gage on his laundry in Logansport. When Lee Two went to Logansport to foreclose the mortgage, Lee Wa Sing had him arrested on the charge of swindling, but he was bailed out. Then he came back to Chicago and the Moy society held a meeting, the result of which was Lee Wa Sing was condemned to death in case he did not pay the \$200 to Lee Two.

Every time a man blows out the gas, or gets into a fight, or does anything ridiculous in Portland, if the residence of the offender is unknown the papers of that city never fail to locate him in Yamhill. Yamhill county doubtless has its share of tough 'uns, and its "Uncle Josh's but we must solemnly protest against such wholesale notoriety. "Wild-Bill of Yamhill," is a creature of the past, having succumbed to the onward march of a higher civilization, and our people are ably as refined and familiar with hotel etiquette as the citizens of Polk, Multnomah, or any other county. They are more liable to blow out the gas, or "raise the winder" at a hotel than anybody else. We claim to be half civilized up here in Yamhill and don't you forget it, you facetious reprobates of the metropolitan press!—Sheridan Sun.

A female minstrel company invaded Fargo lately, and of course had a full house. Among the jokelets was one of the "practical" sort, in consequence of which a good many who occupied front seats, and some who didn't, are reported "all broken up." One of the beauties connected with the show was sent around to the entrance door in street costume where she demanded admittance. The doorkeeper stopped her, whereat she screamed: "Let me in! My husband's in there and I'm going to take him out!" Instantly several hundred men—some clad and some not—began trying to get under seats, while one made a dash out of the window and escaped in the darkness.—Northwest Magazine.

