

The Oregon Register.

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FLORAL CHARMS.

Little of the Valley as a Safeguard Against Accidents to the Rail.

Two ladies hurriedly entered the Broad street station the other day. "How soon does the train leave?" anxiously inquired one of them.

"In five minutes. You have not got much time to spare," the guard answered.

"You got the tickets, please," the younger lady said to her companion. "I must have some flowers."

"You will miss the train if you go after them now, Maud," her friend answered.

"I would rather miss it than go on it without some flowers. I will tell you why when I return, she answered as she darted away.

She came back with a bunch of flowers in her hand, and offered half of them to her friend.

"No, no; I will not rob you of them after you risked missing the train to procure them," the lady said.

"Do take them, please. I am somewhat superstitious about it. You know I rode a good deal on the trains at one time to and from school. The conductor of the train was a great big man of middle age, with hair tinged with gray. No matter what the season, summer or winter, he always wore a flower on the lapel of his coat. One day I picked up courage to ask him why he did so.

"Well, you see, miss, I have got a little wife up at home that thinks a great deal of me. No one would ever get very badly mixed up in a railroad accident, who wore a flower about them. She planned to put the first flower to my coat that I ever wore on a train, and now I'd rather go without my dinner on a trip than go aboard without my flower," he said.

"Were you ever on a train when an accident occurred?" I asked him.

"Yes, I was once," he said, "and I was almost the only one on the car who did not get hurt badly. When the crash came I did not get a scratch; and do you know, miss, I still think it was the flower my wife pinned on my coat, and her prayers that kept me safe that night."

"Since the conductor told me that story I must confess I have been affected with the same superstition, if you have a mind to call it so; but it is a harmless one, at all events.

Her companion accepted the flower, and the two young ladies boarded the train.—Philadelphia North American.

AT THE CONCERT

How Two Society Angels Succeeded in Having a Good Time.

"Why, Mamie, is this you?"

"Why, Sadie—is it possible?"

"How did you happen to get the seat next to mine?"

"I don't know, really. Brother Jack got the seat for me."

"How perfectly lovely!"

"Oh, perfectly so!"

"I've just been wondering who would sit next to me, and to think it's you!"

"I'm ever so glad!"

"I'm more than glad. And I've a whole pound of caramels."

"And I've marshmallows in this package."

"How lovely!"

"It's too lovely to think of our having seats right together."

"I've dozens of things to tell you."

"And I, you. And I don't care a bit for this old concert."

"Nor I. I only came because every body else did, and because Madame Screamer is to wear two new costumes."

"Is she? How lovely! I'm so glad I came."

"So am I—particularly since you're here."

"How good of you to say so."

"I've been counting the new bonnets."

"Have you? I counted nearly one hundred at our church yesterday."

"There are more than that here today. And some of them are just lovely. I'll show you where they are. There's one at the end of the first row on the left side in the dress circle."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Perfectly so!"

"Yes; and there comes Madame Screamer. How do you like her costume?"

"Do you like it?"

"No; not much."

"I think it's horrid."

"So do I. Do take some more caramels."

"I will if you'll take more of my marshmallows."

"Let us not stay any longer."

"Very well. We'll go out and look at the new bonnets in Madame Flower's windows."

"That'll be lovely."

"So it will."

"And they go."

"Which is 'too lovely' of them—Detroit Free Press.

"It is no man's business whether he has genius or not. Work he must, whatever his fate, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right.—John Ruskin.

"A young lady went into a store to purchase a dress, and had about concluded to purchase one shown her, when she changed her mind and said: 'I guess I'll take a nurse for the day.' An old lady standing near, and who only partially heard the foregoing announcement, went over and said: 'Miss, don't you do it, take blackberry cordial.'—Boston Budget.

"The large packing establishments obtain a high as seventy-two per cent of product from the gross weight of hogs, from good conditioned animals occasionally more, and the yield runs down to sixty-eight per cent for poor ones.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

The Extraordinary Green-Room Connected with the Salt Lake Theater.

A shopping tour of Salt Lake is incomplete if the Chinese stores are neglected. Especially in one of these the bric-a-brac is very fine. There were some magic tea-pots here, of which H. Hop told us he had sold several for progressive euchre prizes.

From this the beverage will pour for some, and refuse to pour for others, until the secret is revealed of a tiny air-hole in the handle, which, if inadvertently covered by the hand, restrains the amber fluid, and the pot appears as dry as the desert. H. Hop told some tourists in our hearing one day, that there was a prejudice in the capital against the vulgarities of giving any thing of money-value for euchre prizes; that their value must come from something inherently unique about the gift. This was not his language, but what he said conveyed the sentiment to the Bostonians. H. Hop has tea that he sells for thirty-six dollars a pound, which seemed grown expressly for the little cup at the queen's ware store.

Second-hand stores seem to flourish here. They are numerous and look prosperous, probably because the Mormons are a people addicted to barter. They were here moneyless in the desert for so long, that the habit of trading formed clings to them. In instance of their habit of barter, there used to be two green-rooms in the Salt Lake theater, one the legitimate professional green-room; the other a sort of green grocery where was received all kinds of produce taken in exchange for tickets. One of those typical old residents who are responsible for so much, says that in some of the outlying villages this habit still obtains when a home troupe is performing, and that if a man slightly overpays by giving in three very fine pumpkins for his fare, he gets back, for change, a small pumpkin with his ticket.

In the towns remote from the railroad, their primitive methods obtain. Dances in the Mormon school-house are frequent—for the Mormons have their schools, where "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." These dances are opened and closed by prayer.

The church authorities have lately issued a pastoral letter, limiting the number of round-dances to three in one evening. The young men—here as elsewhere—according to the dictates of custom, replenish their wardrobe-preparatory to attending dances; but here it is not by such trifles as a new cravat and gloves. Fashion here demands, instead, a pair of bright new suspenders, and a new pair of top-boots, brilliantly banded at the top with a patch of green, scarlet or purple leather to match the new suspenders. From this it is not to be inferred that their light is hid under a bushel, for they dance in their shirt-sleeves, their pants curtailed at the knee by being thrust into their new top-boots.

But this is seeing Utah in her frivolities. She has also her grave aspects. Her legal code, a little handsomely printed sturdy mold which Emerson typified when he said: "Some men, if planted upon a marble slab, would take root." She has her loyal women, wives such as such men choose. She has her schools. She has her sacrilegious churches where Christ is preached as a polygamist. She has her polls where every Mormon voice cries treason; her Gentils press, run smoothly by able editors who are prodigals in the midnight of L. She has the stirring discontent, which, always an earnest of better times, presages a change.—E. D. Forgeron, in Woman's Magazine.

A druggist in Athens, Ga., who did a tremendous business, particularly in soda water, with the students of the university there, has been boycotted by the boys. The boycott was ordered because the druggist assisted the bailiff of Clarke Superior Court to serve a subpoena on a certain student to attend court and answer to a charge of poker-playing.

In Bavaria the Mayor of a little village was ordered by the higher authorities to make out a list of the dogs kept by the inhabitants. He did so, and the list read as follows: The school-teacher—a dog. The pastor—a dog. The doctor—a dog. Myself—a dog.

All of us together—four dogs. The appetite of a cod is apparently about as voracious as that of an ostrich. A collection of articles which had been taken from the stomachs of codfish by the bank fishermen off Newfoundland contained a splitting knife, a small brass-handled knife, a piece of granite weighing three or four pounds, an old felt hat, two counters and five playing cards and a brass lamp. Fishy.

A native Persian lecturer before a Sunday-school in New York lately, and a published report states that the young ladies of the audience laughed when Mr. Neenan told how the Persian youth was allowed to take one kiss from his future wife on the eve before their marriage, provided he could find her in a dark room full of other ladies. They were silent and sympathetic when he told how, although he was engaged three years, he never got one kiss in all that time.

A curious community is established on an island in the South Atlantic. A man who was shipwrecked on the island about fifty years ago is the head of the government, which is republican in form, though the island, belongs to the British Crown. There are nineteen families in the State, consisting of forty-four women and girls, twenty-three men and boys, and children under fourteen years of age, thirty of both sexes.—Chicago Advance.

Excited Tenant—"See here, Mr. Rackrent, there's a spring broken through my cellar walls and the cellar is just flooded." Old Rackrent, calmly—"That so? Good strong spring!" Excited Tenant—"I should say isn't; we'll all be drowned if something isn't done for that cellar." "Well I don't see but that I'll have to raise your rent about four dollars a month; there's nothing adds to the value of a house so much as a good water supply."—Brooklyn Socie.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

A Terrible Disaster. CHICAGO.—The Times' special from Forest, Illinois, says: All the railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria & Western road dropped through a burning bridge, and over one hundred people killed and four times that number more or less wounded. The train was composed of six sleeping, six day coaches and four chairs, and three baggage cars. It was carrying 960 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place was one and a half hours behind time. Chatsworth, the next station east of here, is six miles off, and the run there was made in seven minutes; so the terrible momentum of those fifteen coaches and two heavy engines shooting through space at the rate of a mile a minute can be understood. No stop was made at Chatsworth, and on the heavy train with its living freight, sped through the darkness of the night. Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little shanty, where the railroad track crosses a dry run, about ten feet deep and fifteen wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the train came thundering down on it what was the horror of the engineer of the front engine when he saw the bridge was on fire. Right before his eyes leaped the bright flames, and the next instant he was among them. There was no chance to stop. Had there been a warning, it would have taken a mile to stop that on-rushing mass of wood, iron and human lives, and the train was within one hundred yards of the red-tongued messenger of death before they flashed their final signals into the engineer's face, but he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails. As it went over the bridge fell beneath it, and it could only have been the terrific speed of the train which saved the lives of the engineer and his fireman, but the next engine went down, and instantly the deed of death was done.

It lacked just five minutes of midnight. Down in the ditch lay the second engine, Engineer McClintock beheaded and Fireman Applegate badly injured. On top were piled the three baggage cars, on top of each other, like a child's card house after he had swept it with his hand. They were telegraphed as cars never were before, and three of them were pressed in just space enough for one. The second car had crashed through one of the trestle beams, and the third car had crushed the woodwork aside like a splinter, and resting on the tops of the seats, while every passenger in the front car was lying dead and dying underneath. Out of that car but four people came alive. On top of the second car lay the third, its bottom smeared with the blood of its victims. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable way, and every timber and beam represented a crushed human form. The third car, strengthened by personal observation, for in many cases where this method is fairly well carried out, the legs, the groans of men and the screams of women united to make an appalling sound, and above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children. In some instances they lay pinned alongside of their dead parents.

One man with both legs broken crawled through the corn to the side of his wife, and having loved her for three years, he knelt and poured some brandy to her lips, and asked her how she felt. A feeble groan was the only answer, and the next instant she died. The man felt the forms of his dead wife and child, cried out: "My God, there is nothing more for me to live for!" and taking a pistol out of his pocket pulled the trigger. The ball went straight through his brain, and the three dead bodies were laid side by side in Chatsworth until identified.

No sooner had the wreck occurred than a human cry of protest broke out. Some band of unpeachable mercantiles, heartless and criminal, were on hand. Like the guerrillas who—through a battlefield—the night after the conflict, to flesh from the dead, so last night did these human hyenas plunder the dead from the terrible accident, and took even the shoes which covered their feet. They went into the car when the fire was burning fiercely underneath, and when the poor wretches who were pinned there begged for God's sake to help them, stripped them of their watches and jewelry and searched their pockets. When the dead bodies were laid out in the corn-fields these hyenas turned them over in their search for valuables. Who these wretches are is not known. Whether they are a gang of pickpockets who accompanied the train, or some robber gang who were lurking in the vicinity cannot be said. The horrible suspicion, however, exists, and there are many who give it credence, that the accident was a deliberately planned case of train-wrecking, the bridge was set on fire by mercenaries who hoped to seize the opportunity offered; and the fact that the bridge was so far consumed at the time the train came along, and the added fact that the train was an hour and a half late, are pointed out as evidence of a careful conspiracy.

Oklahoma boomers are contemplating another raid into the Indian Territory, and U. S. troops have been sent to head them off.

Direct from Cashmere.—Customer—"How much did you say for these pants?" Moses Rubenstein—"Two dollars and a half." Dake dem now and I makes it two and a quarter. Dey is the finest cashmere, mipe friends." Customer (doubtfully)—"They are, are they? Well, I dunno—they don't look like it." Rubenstein—"Don't look like it." Customer—"I know dese pants is de genuine article, because we import dem direct from Cashmere. Daks dem now an' I'll make it two dollars."—Philadelphia Call.

AGRICULTURAL.

Devoted to the Interests of Farmers and Stockmen.

Keeping Up the Moll. In a paper read before a prominent agricultural association of Canada, Mr. Robert Brazer of Montreal, says, in the older and thickly populated countries of Europe, where the soil had become barren and sterile from long-continued cropping, the attention of the farmers was directed to the fact by scientists that something must be done to prevent the country from becoming a barren wilderness like ancient Palestine, which at one time was exceedingly fertile.

The farmers took with the idea, and on the recommendation of the scientists went into a more systematic cultivation of the soil by better tillage, drainage and rotation of crops. The Most of the agricultural papers are recommending drainage, more thorough culture and rotation of crops as a means of keeping up the soil. The drainage and thorough tillage may be classed as a permanent good, but the rotation of crops cannot be so classed. It is simply taking from the soil with one crop the plant food not needed by another, and eventually all these elements will have been exhausted, and then the soil will be poor, indeed, and rotation ceases to be a new supply of needed elements, and hence unless something be added to make up the loss caused by the crops removed there can be otherwise than nothing to remove sooner or later. A supply cannot come without a source.

This failure to keep up the lands in Europe on the new plan put the chemists to work, and they learned that the soil must contain certain elements of plant food to be productive, and since long cropping had exhausted them, it was necessary to supply them by mechanical means, but by direct application. This theory is still recognized to be quite correct, with the further theory that the soil, however fertile, contains inexhaustible supplies of these essential constituents. With these facts staring the farmer in the face he had either to let his land become barren and sterile, or get a supply of these ingredients, in some shape or other, to take the place of the waste going on.

A new departure was then adopted in the shape of mixed farming—that is, keeping a certain number of stock, principally dairy stock, to utilize all the rougher produce of the farm and have it converted into manure and put back into the land. This was to be the great cure-all for the prevailing evil, and, indeed, is now considered by a large school of our own farmers as being all that is requisite, not only to keep up, but also to restore the fertility of the hardily used soil. This is a myth, and one science finds it very hard to credit. The theory is, however, strengthened by personal observation, for in many cases where this method is fairly well carried out, the legs, the groans of men and the screams of women united to make an appalling sound, and above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children. In some instances they lay pinned alongside of their dead parents.

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The Plow. The plow in some form doubtless dates back at least 3,500 or 4,000 years, as proved by chiseled slabs upon ancient monuments. For many centuries it was but a crooked limb of a tree. One of the earliest representations shows it being drawn by four men, each holding a handle. Two other men walking behind held it to the ground with hand or feet. The first plow drawn by cattle were guided by a single handle, while the plowman, with his free hand, sowed the grain. Other men followed as attendants to scare away birds and prevent them from picking up the grain before it should be covered by the plow.

The Greeks believed the plow was the gift of the Goddess Ceres, and probably would have considered it a sacrilege to improve it by any human ingenuity. This is doubtless one reason why the ancient plow remained so long in use without any material improvement in its construction. It was sometimes shaped so as to raise the soil, as by a flat wedge; at other times the wedge was turned on edge to move the soil to one side and secure an open furrow for the seed to fall into, but it was not till the fifteenth century that

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Clackamas county has 4,589 school children. Benton county is to build a \$50,000 courthouse. Conger scalps bring \$8 bounty in Columbia county. A lodge of Old Fellows is to be instituted at Ontario. A trail road from Baker City to Granite creek is projected. Sixty men are at work in the Malheur valley surveying a railroad line. The corner-stone of the new agricultural college at Corvallis will be laid soon. The Freemasons of Hillsboro laid the corner-stone of the new P. O. of brick building. The O. R. & N. Company are building an iron bridge across the John Day river on their road. A son of Wm. Gregory, aged four years, was drowned in Butte creek, Jackson county. A forest fire in the coast range destroyed Jones & Co.'s sawmill at Nestucca and did other damage. A German sheep-herder named Demason, was killed by rocks rolled on him, in the vicinity of Mount Hood. The Douglas county fair will be held on the fair grounds near Dillard's station, commencing September 14th and ending the 17th. A colony of Illinois people have purchased 3,000 acres of land in Hood river valley, and will cultivate fruits largely for outside markets. A new and rich mineral district has been discovered near Joseph, Walla wa county. Some fine marble quarries have been discovered there. A twelve-year-old son of Bob Hager, of Mikecho, on the summit of the Blue mountains, Douglas county, died from the effects of a rattlesnake bite. Since the institution of the Order of Good Templars in this State, 557 lodges have been chartered up to date. Of this number only 76 are in existence. Charles Koenig, a teamster, employe of the Northern Pacific Company, was shot fatally by C. H. Caldwell, keeper of a dance house located in Bunchtown. Julius Soffner, a coal miner in the Newport mines, was buried under a mass of coal which fell on him while he was loading his car. He was instantly killed. The Pendleton & Wallula Railroad is graded and ready for the rails. They are expected in few days, and the road will be finished in time to move grain this season. The County Court of Benton has refused to construct an armory for the militia of Corvallis, holding that it is the State's policy to furnish the money for such a building. Great excitement has been caused in Jacksonville over rich strikes in the mining district near that city. One strike is reported to have yielded \$100,000 per ton has been found. Moulds and counterfeit coins have been found in an old cabin in the Blue mountains. It is not known who left them there. Parties in Pendleton have them at present. About seventy-five men are at work on the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia river. It is now up 1,100 feet. The results of the work up to date are excellent, the channel being broadened and deepened. W. C. Hale shot and killed a large pelican from the courthouse window with his "peagan" that measured eight feet five inches from tip to tip. The bird was on the lake at a distance of several hundred yards. The Farmers' Alliance, having headquarters at Lexington, and composed of about 900 members, recently made a freight proposition to the Oregon Pacific so satisfactory to the company that the road, supposed to be building to a junction with the Chicago & Northwestern, will probably take in Lexington on the way. A cougar broke into a calf pen of Wm. Melinger, of York, and took away a three-months' old calf, probably weighing 200 pounds. The cougar had to jump a six-rail fence in getting away, and it only knocked off one rail. A temporary connection of the telegraph line between Coos Bay and Roseburg has been effected at Coos City by running a wire over the slough at a sufficient height to allow vessels to pass under. A new cable for the slough is expected shortly. The body of Wm. C. Hathaway, a druggist of Halsey, was found in the Blue river mining camp, where he was prospecting. He left the camp of Mr. Goodfellow to go to another camp about a mile distant. Several days after Mr. Goodfellow learned that he had not arrived at his destination, and search was instituted with the result above stated. The body was found about two miles from the camp. It is thought he accidentally shot himself. A singular and distressing accident happened recently at the residence of Mr. Peter Henderson on the John Day. Mrs. Henderson went into the yard for some wood, leaving her four-year-months-old girl lying on the bed. When she returned she found that the baby had some way rolled off and fallen head first into a pail of water that stood by the bed. The child was standing on its head, stone dead when found by its mother. It was unable to extricate itself, and was drowned in less than six inches of water. An attempt was made, presumably by traps, to wreck a large Santa Monica (Cal.) excursion train, by placing the engine on the track. Fortunately, the engineer saw the obstruction in time to avert a calamity. Twelve hundred people were on the train. Thomas Wilson, captain of the O. R. & N. steamer North Pacific, dropped dead on the deck of that vessel at Port Townsend, W. T. He was aged about 44, has been in the O. R. & N. employ for many years, and was the most popular man in the service.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

Seattle has 3,594 children of school age. Clarke county, W. T., has 8,000 inhabitants. Kittitas county, W. T., has a population of 5,443 inhabitants. Spokane Falls, W. T., has a new \$1,800 hook and ladder wagon. The Salvation Army at Marysville, Cal., has made a Chinese cohort. Walls Walls county's assessment shows property worth \$5,200,000. Fire at Needles, Cal., destroyed the principal business portion of the town. The assessed valuation of Seattle is \$11,872,328, and of King county \$16,861,729. The Seattle & West Coast Railroad is to be completed to Snohomish by October 1st. A failure to vaccinate is punished at Phoenix, A. T., by \$300 fine or six months in jail. Lightning struck and killed fourteen cows belonging to Mrs. Fred Tollman, in Colfax county, N. M. A narrow-gauge railroad, extending from Reno, Nevada, northward, will probably be built to Susanville within a year. A new town has been laid out on the line of the Spokane & Palouse Railroad. The company will put up shops there. An explosion of the Giant Powder Works at Berkeley caused the total destruction of the buildings and death of several Chinamen. The population in California advanced from 864,686 in 1880 to 1,147,952 in 1886. In the last six months it has gained more rapidly than ever. Wm. Rhoades, a pioneer miner, was found dead in the Bitter Root mountains, Idaho, recently. He was buried in the snow which was fifty feet deep. Two sons of H. S. Hollingsworth, of Colfax, were drowned in the mill-race at that place. They were aged 12 and 9 years, and were both good swimmers. At San Francisco Michael Kennedy was shot four times and had his throat cut by a woman named Fanny Hendry, who then shot herself and cut her own throat. Ex-Union soldiers of California have requested the Congressional delegation to allow each prisoner of war \$2 for each day spent in prison. W. P. Schuster shot himself dead at Butte, Montana. He had lost some \$700 on the Butte races and other gambling, and in despair ended his life. He stood high in nearly all the orders in the Territory. Chief of Police Crowley, of San Francisco, has sent to every officer of the police force a circular, stating that the Police Commissioners have firmly determined to dismiss from the force any officer who enters a drinking place while off duty. A number of prominent citizens of California have sent an invitation to Roscoe Conkling, New York's ex-Senator, to visit this coast and deliver a series of speeches and orations, the proceeds of which are to be forwarded to the Grant monument fund. The sale of the Camas mine No. 2 in Idaho has been consummated for \$2,750,000 in cash and mortgage bonds, and \$1,250,000 in the company's stock. New York parties are the purchasers. An expert says there are from twelve to twenty feet of quartz, averaging \$33 in carload lots. Capt. A. H. Payson, United States engineer recommends appropriations for next fiscal year's expenditures as follows: San Joaquin river, \$2,000; Petaluma creek, \$2,000; Sacramento and Feather rivers, \$40,000; Humboldt harbor and bays, \$250,000. Over \$55,000 have been contributed to the relief of the sufferers by the Nainaimo disaster. The committee have determined to book widows and children to their original homes, providing transportation and all incidental expenses, and subsequently purchasing an annuity for them. Golden trout are found in but one place in the world—that is in the brooks of Mount Whitney, up near the banks of everlasting snow. They have a golden stripe down each side and are the most beautiful fish that swim. Those who saw the first specimens of these trout that were brought down from the head of Whitney creek thought that they were made up for show—that strips of gold-leaf had been glued to their sides.

TO REGULATE

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY

It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach.

If your Liver is out of order, then your whole system is deranged. The blood is impure, the brain overactive, you have headache, feel languid, listless and nervous. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons' Liver Regulator.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or had heavy after meals of indigestion, or if you feel a dose and you will feel relieved and sleep peacefully.

If you are a miserable sufferer with Constipation, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, take at once Simmons' Liver Regulator. It does not operate on the bowels, and does not give a sick headache, or any other bad effects. It will cure you.

If you wake up in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth, take at once Simmons' Liver Regulator. It cures the Bile, cleanses the Blood, and restores the system to its normal state. It is the only medicine that will cure you of Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all the ailments incident to a deranged Liver.

At any time you get your system into a deranged state, or if you are suffering with any of the above ailments, take at once Simmons' Liver Regulator. It will cure you.

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