

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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French Drama in Chicago. The Bernhardt engagement has brought out all the French scholars in Chicago.

Now what is she saying? the judge would ask. "She said 'Good evening,' the general would answer.

"Oh, what rot!" the judge would exclaim, and then a duke usher in one of Willoughby & Hill's 319 dress suits would teeter down the aisle and warn the gentlemen not to whisper so loud.

Presently Col. William Penn Nixon, the gifted editor of The Inter Ocean, came along and slipped into the seat next to Gen. Stiles.

"Do you speak French?" asked Gen. Stiles in the confidential tone of a member of the citizens' committee.

"Conny poe," said Col. Nixon, guardedly. "Vooloy you donny moy voter ve de lopera?" asked the general, motioning toward the opera glass.

"See may par zoon ver de lopera?" protested the colonel. "Say lay zhoomeles." "Mong doo! What do I want of zhoomeles?" cried Gen. Stiles. "Zhoomeles is twines!"

"Par bloo!" said Col. Nixon: "it is not twines, it is opera glasses." "You're all wrong, William," urged the general. "The French filon is 'the glass of the opera.' 'Ver' is glass, and 'lopera' is of the opera."

"I have heard them called 'loperets,'" suggested Judge Prendergast, in the deferential tone of a young barrister seeking a change of venue.

"Well, I don't know what the general's opera glass is," said Col. Nixon, "but this one of mine is a 'lay zhoomeles.'"

"Call it what you please," replied the judge, "it is de tro as far as I am concerned until the corpse de bally make it entray."

"I thought you didn't speak French," said Gen. Stiles, turning fiercely upon the judge. "Oh, well," the judge explained, apologetically. "I'm not what you and the colonel would call oh lay—I'm a june primmer at the business, but when the wind is southerly I reckon I can tell a griet from a garson."

Chicago society is still in considerable doubt as to where Bernhardt should be located in the artistic scale. A good many of the elite think that her Fedora is second to Fanny Davenport's and there are very many others who prefer Clara Morris' Camille. We notice that the popular inquiry in cultured circles is "Have you been to see Bernhardt?"

"Oh, you don't know how I enjoyed Bayern-hayervit the other evening!" exclaimed one of our most beautiful and accomplished belles. "Her dresses are beautiful, and they do say she is dreadfully naughty!"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A Student of Womankind. Omaha Merchant—What has become of that piece of velvet I left here? Clerk—Mrs. De Million— "Great Caesar! It had the wrong price mark on and you have let it go at less than half the cost. Mrs. De Million will never give it up, I know."

"She was not here herself. Her husband took a fancy to it and bought it for her." "Oh! Her husband selected it. That's all right. She'll bring it back."

The Vegetarian Creed. The strongest argument in favor of vegetarianism is its powers as a preventive against intemperance. A diet of vegetables kills all desire for drink. This has been tried and found eminently successful. Sir Charles Napier, the London scientist, at a lecture delivered at Bristol, said that twenty-seven patients had been cured of their intemperance through the close following of this form of diet. The system belongs to Liebig, the German chemist.

"I, myself have been a vegetarian for thirty years and I wish I had always been one. Animal food is often impure and diseased and it excites the worst passions of man. Vegetables, fruits, nuts and milk, on the contrary, are almost if not quite as nutritious and have none of the bad results. Of course, a beginner makes many mistakes. He tries to exist on nothing but vegetables, making no change in his diet but the disease of meats."

"The result is he becomes weak and it is some time and not until he has experimented on himself and found what best suits his palate that he receives the real benefit of the system."—Philadelphia Press.

Home of the Barbecue. A man is a fool who attempts to give a barbecue without shoats, kids, niggers, corn, light bread, giblet hash, red pepper, roasting ears and tomatoes, and all his neighbors, male and female, big and little. It is not safe, wise or proper to attempt to give a barbecue east of Augusta, west of Columbus, north of Forsyth or south of Albany in this state. The territory indicated is the natural home of the barbecue.—Macon Telegraph.

A new color just introduced at London is called jubilee blue. It is appropriate to the outlook in Ireland.

HARDSHIPS OF WAR.

FORTY HOURS IN THE CONFEDERATE TRENCHES OF YORKTOWN.

An ex-Member of the Eighth Georgia Regiment Gives An Interesting Bit of Experience—In the Chilly Water of the Ditches.

After McGruder had fortified Yorktown, Va., with a continuation of dams, called No. 1, 2, etc., the Yankees changed their base and concentrated their forces there, on their way to Richmond. I have forgotten the dates, but have a feeling recollection of the day that a North Carolina regiment was surprised while building fortifications from dam No. 1 to No. 2 and driven out by the enemy.

I belonged to Gen. Tige Anderson's brigade, and it fell to our lot to recapture the works and suffer hardships that are not often narrated even in history of war.

When we arrived at the scene of conflict the North Carolinians had been driven from the works they were constructing, and the Federals had crossed the line that had been constructed with so much care and expense to the Confederates. The duty devolved upon Gen. Anderson, with his handful of men, to recapture the intrenchments. He formed us in a line of battle, and rode down the front of the line and told the soldiers that he did not wish to hear a shot from them. His words were, "Give them the cold steel," and his orders were implicitly obeyed, except that a few shots were fired from Company K of the Eighth Georgia regiment at Maj. Dunwoody, of the Seventh Georgia, who got in front of our line, and was mistaken for the Yankees. We drove the Federals from the works, and were charged by them soon after, but repulsed them, after allowing them to come up within fifty yards of the trenches. They were wading through the leadwaters of dam No. 1, and our fire left the heavy timbered swamp full of their dead bodies, most of them floating in water.

Oh! the dismal time we spent in the ditches we had recaptured! The weather was cold and the water in the trenches was from twelve to twenty inches deep. We were obliged to squat in this cold water for forty hours or have our heads pierced with bullets, for the Federal sharpshooters were up in the trees of the swamp in our front, and to expose a head above the low embankment was certain death. There we crouched night and day without our blankets or tent cloths, which we had left behind. My company occupied a low place where the water was up to our hips when we squatted down, which we were obliged to do nearly all the time night and day.

A GRATEFUL RELIEF. After being in the ditches for two nights and days we were relieved on the third night, and really enjoyed lying on the wet ground. The whole company spooned together with our guns in our hands, without a blanket or overcoat, lying in the mud a few hundred feet in rear of the trenches, without fire and filled as close together as possible to keep warm. As the man on the outside of the row would get too cold to endure it, some one from the middle would swap places with him, and thus we rested through the long, rainy night. To a person who has not experienced such hardships it will seem impossible for men to occupy such a position, but to us, after our continuous watch in the water, it was a luxury in comparison to squatting in the ditches.

The last night of our stay at dam No. 2 was a trying one for me. The Warwick river was filled with a succession of dams, one lacking water to the one above. The dams were made of earth, about ten feet high and ten feet wide on top, and about 150 yards in length. We had a cannon in an embankment at the end of the dam, to rake the whole structure if the enemy should attempt to cross or to break it. The Federals had three batteries within 200 yards of the dam, and their rocket lines were near the water on their side of the river. On the night of our evacuation of the position I was chosen as a guard to go to the enemy's end of the dam (where we never had a guard before, and if there was an attempt made to break it I was to fire my gun and jump into the water, or get out of the way the best I could, as our cannon would rake the top of the dam with grape shot without waiting for my return. My position was a very critical one, in the event of an attempt being made to break the dam, and, as we all expected the attempt would be made, it was the most fearful watch that I ever was called upon to maintain. I crawled along the dam until I could hear the Yankee pickets, who occupied posts close to the water, talking in a low tone. I hid in a hole made by the Yankee cannon in their attempt to break the dam.

I heard an officer in the battery that made the hole in which I was hidden say, "Get ready that cannon."

I thought he intended to try to hit that hole again, and it did not improve my feelings. But all my fears were groundless. I rested in safety until after midnight, and heard the welcome signal for me to rejoin my command, and with our canteens muffled so that they could not rattle, we stole silently away from dam No. 2, where we had suffered to the full extent of our endurance.—J. H. Brightwell in Atlanta Constitution.

Ventilation in Iceland. The bed I slept in, though exceedingly comfortable, was at the far end of the little chamber tenanted by all the male members of the family, and toward midnight I was aroused by an intense feeling of suffocation, owing to the presence of so many large men in such a little air tight box.

I remonstrated, and our host, with the utmost good nature, jumped out of bed, exclaiming, "I understand."

Going up to one of the timbers, which formed part of the support of the wall, he pulled out a cork from one of the knots, held it in his hand for half a minute, during which time perhaps a few cubic inches of fresh air may have come in, and then, shuddering horribly, said he should catch our deaths of cold, hammered the cork in and jumped back into bed.—Youth's Companion.

THE HUMAN HAIR. The human hair varies in thickness from 1-250 to 1-600 of an inch. Blonde hair is the finest and red hair the coarsest. A German investigator finds that in four heads of hair of equal weight, the red one contains about 90,000 hairs, the black 103,000, the brown 109,000 and the blonde 140,000.

WILD DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

Pacific Coast Desperadoes Tamed by an Application of the Hangman's Knot.

"Do I remember the work of the vigilance committee of 1850?" said an old Californian. "Well, I should say so. I was right on the spot. Thousands of dollars had been distributed among the rough element to influence the election for mayor. Murder, riot and arson were common. A few days before the election I was sitting in one of the leading hotels of San Francisco. Dr. Randall, a popular physician, entered and went to the counter. As he stood there an English money lender, named Hetherington, a desperate fellow, entered, and, without a word, stepped directly up to the doctor and drove a long knife almost to the hilt into his left breast. It was instant death, and one of the most cold blooded murders ever committed in the city. Hetherington was arrested promptly, and that night he was hanged by the vigilance committee on the open street. It seemed that the doctor owed Hetherington some money and had refused or delayed payment. Hetherington was worth over \$100,000, and had murdered another doctor some time before. He got free by paying \$7,000.

"But this example was not sufficient to put a stop to the lawlessness, and the committee decided that something more decisive must be done. Jack Hayes was the sheriff then. He was sent out of the city on a false vent. The committee then went to the jail and took out seven murderers, hustled them to a gallows on the street and strung every one of them up. I remember when the committee was being quietly formed two desperate characters tried to kill me in court. Two of my friends, big, strong, muscular fellows, stepped up and covered the desperadoes by showing fight. Then I suggested to the judge that my assailants should be bound over to keep the peace. This was done, and they gave bonds, but failed to talk with me. When we reached my rooms they said they heard I had influence with the vigilance committee that was being organized, and fearing they would be hanged, they wanted me to save them. They promised to behave themselves, and the next day I succeeded in saving their necks.

"I remember when the committee went to get the seven murderers they found a woman in the jail who had kept a grocery store in the cellar of which a number of skeletons had been found, believed to be those of murdered persons. The committee was undecided whether to hang her with the others. Finally, as there was some doubt about her having actually committed murder, though there was no doubt she had been accessory to more than one, it was decided to send her adrift on the ocean in a small boat. After the men had been disposed of she was taken to the shore and put in a boat. Some provisions were put in with her, and she had on her person \$30,000 in money. They the boat was sent adrift. I don't know what became of her. She was never heard of afterward, I believe, though I imagine it possible her friends followed her along the coast and rescued her."—New York Mail and Express.

A Discourse on Food. I have never been able to get away from a conviction that there is something morally wrong about shell fish. The perquisites of sin are champagne and oysters; sometimes cysters by themselves. But if you notice there is always a suggestion of wickedness in an oyster saloon. Get thee to a bakery! I think cake is innocuous, and tea and toast have a pure religious fervor. Look not upon the wine when it is red. But if it is any other color you can sail in with impunity. But oysters appear to be distinctly immoral. Shrimps are mere so—because they are cheaper. Shrimps are a degraded diet, but oysters are high toned, way up immorality. Eating is a curiously contradictory thing anyway.

"Great heavens! What a stomach that man has. He got away with six beefsteaks," etc., you'll hear somebody say.

"That man's the smallest eater I ever saw. He ate nothing but a bit of—some French name or other—somebody else says.

And a doctor will tell you that the little bit of French cookery needs a good deal more powerful stomach for digestion than the six beefsteaks. If there is one thing more than another in which appearances are deceitful, it is in cooked things. No cooking is more abused than pie. Yet pie is honest. You can see it's indigestible. It does not deceive you. I admire the pluck and honesty of the boarding house landlady in this matter of pie. It's your own fault if you are sick after eating boarding house pie—your own fault entirely. There is no deception about it. There's a lady up town who is fond of the French language. She uses it herself, although she is not an adept at it, by any means, and she sometimes slips up.

"What kind of pie is this?" asked a boarder one day.

"That is pomme pie." She couldn't think of the second French word. She knew pomme meant apple.

"Oh, Pompeii! I see. What curious shapes that old lava from Vesuvius did take, didn't it?"

Then he asked his neighbor to pass the dynamite, please.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sad Case of Absent Mindedness. "The worst case of absent mindedness I ever knew of," said a hotel keeper out at Elgin, "occurred in my house a few weeks ago. The perpetrator was my night porter. I was at the desk one night when a man came in so drunk he couldn't sign his name. He was a traveling man whom I knew, and so of course I decided to take good care of him. 'John,' says I to the porter, 'take this man up stairs and put him to bed and put his valise away in the check room.' Just then I was called away by the sickness of a member in my family, and I thought no more of my guest nor of the porter, whom I saw attending to his usual duties an hour or so later.

But the next morning a strange discovery was made. The chambermaid on the second floor reported that in the bed of room six there were signs of any person having occupied the room during the night. It flashed over me in a second that that porter of mine, who was a queer sort of a fellow, had made some blunder, and I went up stairs to investigate. There was the valise, sure enough, but no sign of the traveler. I hunted all over the house for him without success, and had about given up in despair, when I happened to go into the check room for something, and there lay my traveling man asleep on the floor, with valise check number sixty-three fully tied around his neck."—Chicago Herald.

AGRICULTURAL.

Devoted to the Interests of Farmers and Stockmen.

How to Test Seeds.

The Ontario Agricultural College has issued a bulletin on this subject, of which the following are extracts: For some years past, especially in England, farmers have had their attention directed to the condition of the seed sown on the farm, and in many cases have found that seed is far from being pure or suited for the purposes intended. It fails in being true to its label; other seeds are mixed with it, especially in the case of grass seed. In some samples many seeds of weeds are found, and in not a few cases there is a lack of germinating power in the seed. These facts have led to the practice among prominent seedsmen of guaranteeing the purity, cleanliness and vitality of seeds sold, and it has been observed that during the past few years a marked improvement has resulted. Leading Canadian and American seedsmen have also adopted this idea of testing their seeds before recommending them, and find that the expense is well repaid by securing the confidence of the people. With a view of calling the attention of farmers to this question of testing seeds this bulletin is written.

While all failures in germination can not be attributed entirely to poor seed, there is no doubt that much seed is sown which has very little vitality, and in some cases, especially grass, several varieties spring up where only one was expected. The seeds of weeds, too, are not uncommon in seed grain, and thus at a period in Canadian farming, where there is so much interchange of grain for seeding purposes as the present, it is not a matter of surprise that we find weeds on the increase, both in regard to number and variety. The following methods of testing seeds are recommended:

1. Place 100 seeds between sheets of blotting-paper laid on sand, and keep the paper damp in a place where the temperature is about 78 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. The number of seeds germinating will indicate the percentage of good seed.

2. Place the seeds on a piece of flannel in a saucer, with sufficient water to moisten it thoroughly. After scattering the seeds (100) on the flannel, put a piece of damp blotting-paper over the whole and place in a warm room. Keep it continually damp, and in a short time the seed will germinate, the number sprouting will be the percentage of good seed.

3. The following method is much more complicated than the preceding, and can only be adopted where the subject is made a study. This is the apparatus used at the college. It consists of a hemispherical copper boiler, one foot in diameter, fastened to the bottom of a galvanized iron pan two feet deep, four feet long and five inches deep. The water passes from the copper boiler into the pan through four small holes, and is made to circulate over every part of it by guides three-fourths of an inch high. Another bottom resting on the top of these is firmly soldered around the edges; at one corner a tube passes through the bottom for the purpose of filling the boiler and under-pan with water. After coming from the copper vessel the heated water runs back and forth several times in the lower pan, and is finally conducted by a return tube back to the copper boiler, entering near the bottom. Some sand (about two inches deep) is put in the upper part of the pan, and on this rests the boxes, etc., containing the seed to be tested. This tin box and boiler is set in something like an office desk, about four feet high, standing on four legs and having a hinged, glazed top. Heat is produced by a small coal-stove below. This germinator is well adapted for testing many samples at the same time.

4. For examining seeds as to purity, scatter them on a piece of black cardboard, and the foreign grains are readily observed. If a good selection of seeds, true to their kind, is kept for comparison the impurities can be easily identified.

Here follow the results of several tests in the germinator, but the following inferences drawn from them cover the ground so far as all practical purposes are concerned:

- 1. Age has a marked effect on the vitality of certain seeds.
2. Many seeds have lost much of their vitality from improper curing, or other causes.
3. Frozen wheat is not reliable for seed, even though germinating a fair per cent., its growth in the field is of a more or less weakly nature.
4. All seeds should be tested for vitality and purity.
5. Seeds are more likely to be good from seedsmen than from commission agents.
6. A small percentage of impure seeds means very many in a bushel.
7. Thistles can be grown from seed—a fact contradicted by some farmers at several institutes. They maintain that thistles are propagated from the root only, and that all the seeds are imperfect.

Hungarian Grass. Stephen Powers, a well-known writer

on agricultural matters, in a communication to the Country Gentleman on this foreign plant says: "In addition to its value as a supplementary forage crop, I found this grass one of the best mediums for the renewal of an old mowed or otherwise deteriorated meadow without the loss of a year. It will grow in eighty days, so that it can be sown after timothy is cut, and a crop of hay secured from it in time to plow the land and reseed it to meadow again in the fall, for which it leaves the ground in good condition. One year, I remember distinctly, a severe winter had reduced my stand of timothy on a spouty piece of red, creek-bottom sugar-tree land to a 'thing of shreds and patches,' but as it was fit only for meadow I did not want to break it up for corn, and it was useless to sow it for oats. So I cut early the straggling timothy and at once broke it up about six inches deep, turning a smooth, even furrow, harrowed and sowed it to Hungarian grass. A timely rain gave it an excellent stand; I cut and saved more hay than the timothy would have yielded at its best, and still had time to reseed it in timothy and get a growth strong enough to withstand the winter ensuing.

"Hungarian grass is not German or any other millet; the Hungarian grass has black seed, the millet yellow. Most Hungarian grass seed in the stores is mixed, but that should be selected which has the highest percentage of black seed. German millet, if sown very thick, makes a tolerably good feed for cattle and horses, though not equal, I think, to Hungarian, but for sheep the Hungarian is much superior, on account of its fineness and greater amount of foliage.

"The seed, being small and light, requires a very thoroughly prepared bed to secure its germination, and the more so since it is sown in hot weather. It is imperative that the land should be well harrowed with a fine-toothed harrow. If the land is left rough and cloddy some of the seeds will fall deep into the cracks and never appear above the surface, while others will lodge on lumps, be lightly covered, or not at all, and dry out. They will come up scattering, and the resultant hay will be so coarse as to be wholly unfit for sheep, and decidedly unfit for horses and cattle.

"The land must be harrowed until it is well compacted, else there will be air spaces left below the surface, which will dry out in the summer heat. Then the seed should be sown—one and a half bushels to the acre is not too much if the hay is for sheep; one bushel will answer if for cattle—just before or after a rain, and lightly harrowed in, not brushed in, for a brush will soon wear out and go on its knees, leaving unsightly streaks or seams. Last of all, let it be rolled very smooth, for there will be no sod as in an old timothy meadow to hold up the mower-knife, and if the land is uneven the knife will be constantly cutting off the tops of hills and getting gritty and dull.

"Some farmers are in favor of letting Hungarian grass stand until the seed is nearly quite ripe, but I prefer to cut it much greener than that—say when the heads are fairly in sight. What may be gained in seed is more than lost in foliage if it is left to ripen. The California farmers are compelled to sow barley or wheat for hay, and they always cut it green, because it is hay they want, not straw and grain. So with Hungarian grass.

"Of course, when cut so green it will require thorough curing to prevent molding in the mow, and here is where the beginner is liable to make his greatest mistake. The large, succulent heads ought to lie in the sun two full days, else they will mold, and the sheep will consume all the foliage except them, leaving the bottom of the hay-rack full of them, like so many green, fuzzy caterpillars. Left so long in the sun, of course the hay will look rather yellow, but is far better than moldy. If cut as late as September the short days and heavy dews render it difficult to cure Hungarian grass well, and it is absolutely necessary to let it have at least two days of sunshine. It is better to sow it, if possible, by June 1st, to bring out the cutting earlier. Before the dew falls on the second day it should be raked and cocked up; but if it seems very heavy on the pitchfork and the juice comes out when a wisp of it is twisted in the hands, it must be uncocked, spread out as twice as thick as it grew on the ground, and dried the third day, else it will be almost certain to mold in the mow. I prefer to rake it the same direction around the 'land' that it was mown, especially if it was lodged. In this way the rake teeth are less liable to get fouled in the stubble. If the swaths are very heavy they should be carefully gone over with a pitchfork right after the mower and the thick places shaken out, or a tedder may be used if preferred."

A good garden, well supplied with choice varieties of vegetables and fruits, is one of the greatest luxuries of the farm and household. There is no farmer but can afford to have a garden and take care of it in the best possible manner.

If the soil contains much vegetable matter, bone and ashes will be indicated as a fertilizer for strawberries and other small fruits.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

A son of J. W. Haines was drowned at Genoa, Nevada. George Ohl hanged himself at Carson, Nevada, while insane.

There are sixty-four convicts in the Idaho territorial penitentiary. A ferryboat upset near Ogden, Utah, and Nels Johnson was drowned.

S. P. Palmer, a sheepherder, was found dead near San Diego, Cal. A party of Navajos killed a trader named Barton near Bluff City, U. T.

E. Chaumont, of Virginia City, Nevada, was killed by a runaway team. About 2,000,000 young trout will be turned loose in Lake Tahoe this season.

Carson, Nevada, boasts of a Holstein cow which yields twenty-seven quarts of milk per day. James Shaw, while at work in a field near Walla Walla, became overheated and was stricken with blindness.

Frank Ayres, a depraved wretch, has been convicted of manslaughter at Los Angeles, Cal., for killing a babe. Wade Foster and Lee Turner, two boys 10 years of age, were horribly mangled by a team near Tehama, Cal.

San Francisco's suicide record for one day: Jacob Kelting, revolver; G. W. Mayhugh, same; Nellie Arney, laudanum.

Mrs. Langtry went before a United States commissioner at San Francisco, and declared her intention of becoming a United States citizen.

Two boys, Fred Maltby and Thomas Deacon, were drowned in Pike lake, near Victoria. The bodies were found locked in each other's embrace.

The Mono county marble quarry, near Carson, Nev., valued at \$1,000,000, was ruined by the recent earthquake, the marble being broken into cubes about a foot square.

At Rocklin, Cal., an Italian named Anselmo Pinaldo, who had charge of a coal dumper and donkey engine, tipped the whole over by bad management and was caught under it. He died in a few hours.

The Indians of the Puyallup (W. T.) Agency are required to work two days each year upon the graveyard on the reservation to pay a tax, which is yearly levied to improve and keep in repair this place for the burial of their dead.

Fire broke out at Pullman, W. T., destroying nearly the entire business portion of the town. It originated at the residence of D. Stewart, while he and his family were taking dinner at the hotel. A strong wind prevailed. Nearly everybody was attending camp-meeting.

As a train was leaving Cle-elum, W. T., one of the brakemen was missed, but nothing particular was thought of at the time. Afterwards he was found dead under a bridge above Cle-elum. The man's name was J. S. Horn and he carried a card from a Dubuque, Iowa, engineer's society.

Advices from Blackfoot, Idaho, tell of a daring jail delivery. Mrs. Henry Nickerson called upon her husband, who was imprisoned for horse stealing. She brought revolvers, and together they overpowered and locked the guard in the cell, and then released Aleck Woods and one Williams, both sentenced to be hung July 22 for murder; also another horse thief, and then made their escape, horses having been provided. Woods refused a horse, and was caught. The others are still at large.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED. As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. W. J. McLEERY, Macon, Ga.