

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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GOING.
Musing about the quiet ways,
Sitting beside the heart,
Joining best the can and may
In the careless household mirth.

Yet always through the haunted night,
As through the restless day,
Feeling—another hour is passed—
Of the time that flies away.

The last frail strand of the cable
Is parting slow and sure,
That never again to the harbor side
My bonnie boat will moor.

My bonnie boat, that may come again,
God temper the wave and wind!
To gladden sad eyes and yearning hearts,
That now are left behind—

May come again, but not to tie
Safe by the old harbor shore;
The anchor of youth is almost weighed;
They will cast it never more.

And it's oh, and it's oh, for the slaking dread,
It's oh for the clinging sorrow,
As over the cruel, embarrassing night
Brings on the weary morn!

Love that is true must hush itself,
Nor pain by its useless cry,
For the young must go, and the old must bear,
And time goes by, gayly.

—All the Year Round.

Refused According to the Bill.
She was the daughter of one of the congressmen who had assisted in drafting the Interstate commerce bill, and having made a copy of it for him had become tolerably familiar with its provisions. So it was only natural perhaps that when a notorious riffler proposed to her the other evening she should utilize the bill in refusing him.

"No, George," she remarked in decided tones when he had risen from his knees, "I can never be. I would not dare intrust my happiness to a man who would be certain to indulge himself in many like and contemptuous attachments."

George protested that if she would consent to be his he would never look at any other girl again. But it was no use.

"You cannot alter my determination, George. Nothing would induce me to plight my troth so long as I remained sceptical in regard to my lover's constancy to his promise to take me for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, for short luck, for long haul."

George fumed, bit his lip and vowed that she was too cruel.

"I am not cruel, George. I am only frank. You prove just such scepticism and I am of a peculiarly exacting disposition. I would demand of my husband a complete surrender of his heart to me and in time you would see that I am not too exacting."

But George had vanished into the outer darkness. —New York Tribune.

The "Fire King" Ointment.
A writer in an English fire paper says the showmen who perform such wonderful feats with fire, and announce themselves as "fire kings" and as being fireproof, use an ointment made by dissolving two ounces of camphor in four ounces of aqua vitae, and then adding two ounces of liquid strax and two ounces of quicksilver. Two ounces of benzoin, beaten into a powder and mixed with the above ingredients, completes the mixture; and when it is rubbed on the hands, a red hot iron may be held in the hands and bent double, or by its use one can safely walk on red hot irons. It used to often discolor the skin. Perhaps some fireman will try it, though we cannot say that the result would be satisfactory or not. —Boston Transcript.

The Manicure Club.
Not a day passes that some new club is not started here. Many of these organizations live but a season and then go to pieces like a house of cards. Some one with a gift for figures might count up these clubs and arrange them in alphabetical order, for one of these times, in after ages, archeologists may wish to know about them, and what do you suppose they will find to be in the social club, the very last to be born into the social club, if nobody places it on record! This special club consists of ten members, devoted to the culture and improvement of finger nails, as its name implies. It meets once a week, and the prize condition of those 100 finger tips is something for the "professional" operator to dream about! After each fair member's nails have been duly examined and criticised by the "examiners," a paper on the subject of hands, their care and culture, is read, and then the club adjourns to a round, and the members part with half moons into the background for the time being. —Boston Herald.

Insatiation of the G. A. R.
The fact that the Indiana G. A. R. announced its meeting this week as the eighth annual encampment, while the Illinois encampment was announced as the twenty-first, is a statement from Maj. O. M. Williams, in which he asserts that the G. A. R. was instituted and incorporated in Indiana in 1868, and that Robert S. Foster, when two of his members were initiated, among them J. H. Holliday, editor and proprietor of the Indianapolis News, and C. A. Zolinger, now pension agent for Indiana. Gen. Foster got the idea from an Illinois officer named Stephenson, who said he didn't have money enough to push it, and that Indiana soldiers would take hold of the matter better than Illinois. It was at the Pittsburgh convention of soldiers in September, 1866, Maj. Wilson, of Gen. Foster's adjutant general, organized the G. A. R. in eight states.

'AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

Bill Nye Encounters a Whiff of Clover and Wild Thyme from the Country.
A Josh Whitcomb looking old gentleman sat most of the day yesterday on a seat in the open lot commonly called Union square. He had his hat off so that the zephyrs of spring could rattle through his hair, and his feet were drawn up into the legs of his boots where they could swell on almost indefinitely if they felt better that way.

He was dressed plainly and he carried with him an emancipated old cloth cap that had no doubt put in a long, hard winter. He watched this bag so closely that he did not have much time to converse with nature or enjoy the broad and longingly from Fourth street which extends longitudinally from Fourth avenue to Broadway, merry and musical with its myriads of song birds. The twitter of the silvery voiced sparrow and the tropical, dark red notice to "keep off the grass," did not seem to calm him or soothe his anxiety.

I drew nearer and engaged him in conversation. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to make strangers in New York as comfortable as possible while here, so that they will feel like coming again frequently and doing their trading here. I believe that this is the only true way to build up a town.

He said that where he stopped they wanted to take his valise and give him a check for it, but he would rather have the grip than any check he had seen here yet. He had taken one check already in making change with a party day before yesterday and there wasn't a bank in town that would cash it for him.

"The trouble is here," said he, "that every inducement is held out to prevent a man from getting acquainted, and then when he wants to get a check, or postoffice money order, or anything else cashed, they tell him he has got to identify himself. Now the only man that I've had any dealing with is the man that gave me this check, and I can't find him. I've seen pretty near everybody else, but I haven't seen him yesterday or to-day. I hadn't anything else much to do yesterday, and so I thought I'd kind of make it my business to hunt him up. I went over to the post-office about 10 o'clock yesterday morning and watched all day for him, because I was pretty toberable sure he'd be down after the mail before night, but if he got his mail at all that day he must have sent it. No, I guess I wouldn't care to give up my sachel to Tom, Dick and Harry and take a check for it. Checks are all right in their place, but this is no place for checks."

The style of the old man was so amusing that I sat and talked with him a long time, but I thoroughly enjoyed him and it seemed a pity for him to have somebody to talk with. He told me where he lived and how different his home life was from "this hurly and rush and crush and cussedness on every hand;" how he went to bed as soon as the chores were done and slept like a top, but he couldn't sleep nights with so much hurrahs and Fourth of July going on in the streets.

He aimed to go home to-morrow, he said, but had overplayed himself by casting that blamed check. He had another check of his own, but he "balled up" as quick as he tried to get that cashed, for the same old reason that he could not be identified.

He said he was a man in his own town that everybody knew. Even the papers had said that "he was thoroughly identified with the growth of the place," and now he couldn't be identified to save his life.

The check which he had originally was one that he had folded up very small and in various ways till it was pretty grim and smelled like fried pork, but it had an honest air about it that even a \$10 check may wear. I knew that I could, with slight trouble, get identified myself, and so I took the paper off his hands, after he had inquired it. He was very grateful and wrung my hand in a warm, enthusiastic way that repaid me well for the slight favor I had done him.

One advantage of being a man of plenty of means is the great chance this offered for doing favors for those who need them and who are grateful and appreciative.

My friend did not seem to want to leave me, but at last I told him that I would have to go down street to see how my affairs were shuffling along.

He shook my hand again warmly, which I did not feel very distinctly, for it was still paralyzed from the first manifestation; then he told me I must come up and see him this summer and stay a week or two. I gave him my card and he went down the street, humming to himself and swinging his Russia iron grip against the legs of the hurrying throng.

As he sailed along and finally out of sight he seemed like a breath of sweet clover and wild thyme, although he didn't seem to be having a very wild thyme; but I could picture his sunny home up in the hills, as he described it, where the drowsy sounds that come with a country twilight, "like doves in quiet neighborhoods," lulled the warm spirit to gentle repose, and I almost made up my mind to go there when the summer gets up on its hind feet and begins to hum itself.

I believe I will do this, for this, in a few weeks, I could board the \$10 check he gave me, and which I have since learned is not available for our columns. —Bill Nye in New York World.

Hard to Please.
New Arrival—Yah, I von Anarchist am. Dis was no free country. Liberty vos von lie.

Omaha Man—What do you complain of particularly?

Look at New York ever I stop. A man used to kill himself in der Central park and get put in der prison vor sixty days.

"Is that all?"

"Is not that enough? Vat you say vree country for ven a man not even haf dot privilege to kill himself?"

"That's only a state law; there is no such law in Nebraska. You just take the cars to Hanksport park and kill yourself."

"Maybe I go farder west."

"Well, then, stop in Colorado; there you can kill yourself, or kill some one else, or get killed, and no one says a word about it. There is plenty of freedom in this country if you only look for it."

"I dank I go back mit New York." —Omaha World.

Wedding favors made of white ribbon and artificial flowers are indispensable in England, but America has had the good taste to abjure these until lately. Such ornaments are used for the horses' ears and the servants' coats in this country. Here the groom wears a boutonniere of natural flowers.

THE MAN FROM TOM'S RIVER.

Who Does Not Propose to Allow an Enemy to Land on His Coast.
You may have seen something in the papers about the coast defenses. The idea has somehow got abroad that our coasts ought to be lined with forts and guns as a warning to Europe against declaring war against us some morning before breakfast. Engineers have surveyed and reported, and congressional committees have sat and reported, and for about \$80,000,000 we can get things in such shape that when the enemy's first iron-clad heaves in sight she can be saluted in proper style.

A lot of us were sitting in the depot waiting room at Trenton, and the only man who had a newspaper was reading away for dear life, when a stranger entered with two sachels and a tall girl, chucked the baggage under a seat, waved the girl to another, and walked to the man with the newspaper and asked: "Mister, is there anything in the paper about our coast defenses?"

"No, sir," was the gruff reply.

"That's singular," He given up the idea, do you think?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"You don't! Why, they've been talking for the last year about building forts to protect our coasts. I live down near the mouth of Tom's river, and I rather expect they'll build a big fort there. The way things are now England, France or Germany could declare war against us and land a force at Tom's river before we had our eyes open. They'd land right on my farm, and nobody knows the damage they'd do. Don't see anything about a fort at Tom's river, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's singular. If this government expects me to get down behind a rock with my old shotgun and keep Europe from landing at that point it's expecting a little too much of me. I'd fight to the death, of course, but the chances are that a hull navy could lick one high sighted man. So the paper don't say anything!"

"Didn't tell you no in the first place?"

"Say! maybe you don't keep a copperabout coast defenses!" exclaimed the two-sachel man, as a red spot appeared on either cheek.

"Not a copper, sir!"

"I thought so from the start! You live out in Michigan or Indiana or Illinois, and are trucked away in some boiler when the sheriff can't find a lick alone an invader of our sacred sief! Oh, no, you don't keep!"

"Father!" chided the tall girl as she half rose; but he turned on her with:

"Mary, you keep sief! I've allus thought if Europe declared war agin us we'd have plenty of enemies right at home, and here's a cue to prove it! Stranger, did you life in the last war?"

"None of your business, sir!"

"There's his open hand, gentlemen!" said the two-sachel man as he turned to the crowd. "When you find a man who don't keep how soon the hull of Europe jumps on this country you have found a man who'd dig up the bones of Washington and sell 'em to a junk man for \$5!"

The man with the newspaper laid it down, got on his feet and asked the other if he would step out doors a minute.

"No, sir, I won't," was the prompt reply.

"In the first place, I've got these two sachels to put; in the second place, there's Mary; in the third place, I don't fight with no man who didn't fight in the last war. In the first place, I asked you if there was anything in the paper about our coast defenses."

"And I said no, you idiot!"

"And you said you didn't keep!"

"Neither do I!"

"There's his hand agin, gentlemen! While I'm lying behind a rock at Tom's river, waiting to sell my life in defense of my country, here's a fellow from Cooper, the son of Indiana, who don't keep a copper's copper how quick Europe livers the side of New Jersey with the blood of our bravest men!"

"Father!" chided Mary again.

"Lemme alone, Mary! You know all about carpet rags and darnin and housework, but you never heard the rumble of war. If Europe is going to jump onto this country I want to know who's going to shoot me in the back as I face the enemy."

The man with the newspaper opened it and sat down with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, and there was a solemn silence for a few minutes. Then the Tom's River man edged over to Mary and they slid out doors together. They be beckoned through the open window to three or four of us, and as we went out he surrounded us and whispered:

"Gentlemen, it's my solemn opinion that that fellow is a janissary from Europe who has come over here to coax Uncle Sam not to put up any coast defense. I want to say right here, and I want you to hear it and release from the phizic, being. I once en treat a fellow man who said come and played with me on this plan. He come several days, and the results were not very satisfactory. One day it flashed over him that he had forgotten both days to bring his instrument with him. The following day he came in with his mind done up in a shawl strap and he began to hum itself."

"The principle," said he, "is this: One mind, by its control over another, works the cure. So it is necessary not only that I have a mind that I can apply, but you should also at least have a scar or something to show where your mind used to be. You should have been fair and square with me and told me in the first place that you was destitute of anything of that kind. That was the way to treat a fellow man who had never harmed you in any way." He then strode off of my apartments. —Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Good Advice Presented Free to a Young Swell Head.
"If Lord John Buckhorn ar' in de hall to-night about time to hev him come for'd," said Brother Gardner as the dust settled down and the members got their feet drawn in.

Lord John, who is a young man and a young member, made his way up the center aisle and as he reached the president's desk the latter continued:

"Brother Buckhorn, I hev dat you ar' talkin' 'bout a tower to Yurup, and you is sayin' you is gwine to rent a box in de pos' office, an' you has bin talkin' considerable 'bout ownin' some pine lands in Alabama."

"Yes, sah."

"Ar' you gwine to tower to Yurup?"

"No, no, sah."

"Got yer box in de pos' office picked out?"

"Not yit, sah."

"An' I sposedem pine lands in Alabama ar' all in your eye?"

"Yes, sah."

"I reckoned so. You ar' a young man, an' you has de swell head ar' want to swell out. You want to be taken for a millionaire, when you don't ar' n't but secea dollars a week and you an wearin' a hat of de style of three yars ago. Brother Buckhorn, I want to spole a few plain words to you."

"When dat diseace called de swell head keeps a grip on a young man arter he has passed his twenty-fith birthday, he an party sartin to eventually bring up in de lunatic asylum or de poo' house."

"De posson who goes aroun' purtendin' to be what he ain't, he's laid out to lose de hardest kind of a row. He may feed a few ole women an' young children, but de rest de world will tumble to him fur what he is. Not only dat, but they will dispise him fur his hypocrisy. Samuel Sahn, who aims about a' tell dollars a week, could circulate aroun' an' tell de people dat he was gwine to open a nashunal bank or build an elevator or organize a steamboat line. He might git a dollar's wort of credit at some corner grocery, an' some shoemaker might put a hit on one of his heels an' chalk it down, but in a few weeks Samuel would take a powerful drop, an' when he came down de concussion would jar de buttons of his shirt."

"Sposin', Brudder Buckhorn, dat Jay Gould should go aroun' claimin' dat he writ de books of Shakespeare, or dat de mayor of Buffalo should declare dat he writ 'Paradise Lost,' can't you hev de dull thud with which dey would stria de air in about ten days?"

"Jist sot yourself down some day an' emagine what would hev happened had Horace Greeley claimed dat he was George de Fourth, or had John Jacob Astor asserted dat he was Capt. Kidd!"

"I say to you, Brudder Buckhorn, drop it! Be who you ar' an' what you ar'. If you git up to \$5 a week, let de world know it. If you drop back to \$5, don't leabe out it. An' about your disease. It don't kerry a person off, like gallopin' consumpshun or typhoid fever, but it hobbs him up to de ridiculo an' contempt of all sensible men. It might help you to soak your head in a pail of warm water. If it don't, you'd better put yer head between two freight kyars an' let 'em come together on ye. You may now resoomer your seat, an' if the ailment continues to grow on ye, I'll look about for some remedy which de club kin apply." —Detroit Free Press.

An Unexpected Suggestion.
"Say, Gaddersdy," said Mr. Smith, as he came into the fish store with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Kind of fix 'em up so that they'll look as if they've been caught today, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the grocer. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four bass. Make 'em look decent in quality without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take white fish, wouldn't you?"

"Why? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this mornin' and said if you dropped in with a fish pole over your shoulder and a generally well-gone look, to have you take white fish if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took white fish. —Merchant Traveller.

Rapid Transit.
Hotel Clerk—Look at my new diamond. It's a darling, ain't it?

Guest—It's a fine stone. May I ask where you got it?

Hotel Clerk—It's one of the French crown jewels that's just been auctioned.

Guest—See here, that auction only began two days ago. From Paris to Omaha is quite a stretch.

Hotel Clerk—Guess everybody knows that. Do you suppose I'd risk such a stone on shipboard? No, sir. It came by cable, that stone did.

Guest—Take something with me. —Chicago Times.

A Preliminary Report.
A youngster of the mature age of 19, captain of the Boomer club, a baseball nine in an adjoining city, recently received a challenge from a rival club to play, which he accepted. Before the game took place, however, he prepared two reports for the local papers, either one of which could be used on demand. One set forth in glowing terms a victorious result for the nine. The other merely laid a space for his score, with this concluding comment: "The game was lost to the Boomers through bad umpiring." This was taking time by the forelock, indeed. —Boston Gazette.

Of No Interest to Him.
Mrs. Guzzlesheimer, the wife of the eminent brewer, was reading the evening paper.

"Vat say der news mit dot paper?" asked Mr. Guzzlesheimer, who drops into English occasionally.

"I see der hop crop was going to be a bad failure this year already," replied the lady.

"Vell," said the eminent brewer, "off you go! I see der news that you was snoring." —New York Sun.

Pickled Eggs.
Furnished eggs are a relish enjoyed by many persons. Boil the eggs hard and put into cold water for a moment. Remove the shells, stick cloves into them and drop in cold vinegar.

IF WAR BREAKS OUT.

Probable Effects of a European War—Of Advantage to America.
If war breaks out it is inevitable that there must be a great fall. Russia by a great war would be almost inevitably rendered bankrupt, and a repudiation by Russia would inflict terrible loss, not only upon the Russian people, but upon German and other investors. Then, again, the outbreak of a great war would not probably cause a panic upon the Berlin bourse, and possibly also upon that of Paris. Lastly, it is to be recollected that there was a great war to break out the governments engaged in it would be obliged to issue very large loans. If the war lasted long other loans would be issued in quick succession, the national debts of Europe would increase enormously, and thus one of the great causes tending to raise prices would be stopped; the supply of securities would be immensely augmented all at once, while the growth of wealth would be checked.

Wealth, of course, would continue to grow in the countries that avoided war, and also in the countries which themselves were not made the theatre of war, and which had not too large a proportion of their male population in the field; but along with this growth of wealth there would also be a great destruction of wealth. At the very time, therefore, in which securities were being most rapidly manufactured there would be a great check to the growth of wealth. There must, inevitably, therefore, be a fall in prices; and if the war were protracted the fall might be considerable, and the recovery would be long delayed.

There might be an exception in favor of American railroad securities. Even in them there would be a fall at first, but probably they would recover quickly—first, because a great war in Europe would increase the demand for American produce; secondly, because there would be tendency to send capital out of the belligerent countries to the neutral countries for safe keeping and for investment; and, thirdly, because the population and wealth of the United States themselves grow so rapidly that the home demand for foreign goods, while American investors rarely invest their money in securities of foreign governments, and they would not be likely to be tempted at a time when those foreign governments were exhausting their resources and ruining their prospects in a terrible way. —London Saturday Review.

About a Lucky Star.
The "Bransburg Lucky Star"—so called because it appeared the night in which Elector Johann Sigismund, of Brandenburg, was born—is, by German astronomers, expected to make its appearance again within the next four years. In 1645, during the reign of Emperor Otto I, as the German papers, a now and then brilliant star was seen in the constellation Cassiopeia, which has the shape of a W. In 1264 a similar star was seen in the same place; and again on Nov. 11, 1572, when Tycho Brahe noticed a brilliant star of unusual magnitude in a spot where he had only seen small ones until then. It had no tail, nor was it surrounded by a haze, that might lead observers to take it for a comet; it resembled, on the contrary, the other fixed stars, and shed a more brilliant light than the stars of the first magnitude, excelling in this respect Sirius, Jupiter and Vega. It could only be compared to Venus, and was visible also in the daytime, even at noon. At night, with a covered sky, while all the other stars were invisible, it was repeatedly distinguishable through the clouds. Tycho was convinced of its complete immortality. Its light began to fade in November, 1572, and after having shone for nearly seventeen months it disappeared entirely in 1574. In vain the astronomers have looked for it in its wonted place since; but now, after the usual period of about 300 years, it is expected to show itself again. —Exchange.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.
Out Door Exercise—Treatment for Short-Sightedness and Other Imperfections.
Of late years American women are devoted to more time to various forms of out door exercise. Horseback riding especially is more generally practiced. This enjoyable exercise is also eminently healthful would seem to be demonstrated by the superior vigor and robustness of English women, to whom long daily rides are quite a matter of course. In regard to the advisability of the side saddle, also, as good authority as The London Lancet has stated that as a matter of fact, although it may not appear to be the case, the seat a woman enjoys on a side saddle is fully as secure and not nearly as irksome as that which a man has to maintain, unless he simply balances himself and does not grip the side of his horse either with the knee or the side of the leg. It is curious to note the way in which the legs of those who pass much time in the saddle are affected. Riding with a straight leg and short stirrup almost invariably produces "knocked knees." Nearly all the mounted soldiers of the British army suffer from this deformity. On the other hand, riding with a short stirrup produces bowed legs, as seen in jockeys, groovers and hunting men. The long stirrup rider grips his horse with the knee, while the short stirrup rider grips with the inner side of the leg below the knee. This explains the different results.

The Bell of Justice.
In one of the cities of Italy, in olden times, the king caused a bell to be hung in the tower of one of the public squares, and called it "The bell of justice." It was commanded by this king that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice. The story is told that when, in the course of time, the end of the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to eat, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who rang the bell, found this old and starving horse. He caused the owner of that vine, in whose service it had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as his poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide him with proper food, drink and stable.

BLACK BIRCH WOOD.

Its Use For Ornamental Purposes Highly Recommended.
Three years ago, the writer built a dwelling house in the country. In selecting the woods for the interior of the house, his attention was called to some doors the builder had put into a house he had just finished for himself. Remarking that I had never seen black birch used before in the inside trimming of a house, but that I liked its fine grain and the handsome color of the wood, I decided that I wanted birch used at least in one of the rooms of the house about to be built. The builder thought the architect might object to its use, as it was not a wood much known to the trade; and then he related how he had selected it from a lot of odds and ends of lumber lying about his shop, more to get rid of an unsalable article than for its appropriateness or its beauty, and that his new house was built principally out of odd lots of stuff which had been accumulating for a long time about his premises.

Subsequently, an interview with the architect resulted in getting him to go and see the house finished with birch doors and trimmings, which he admitted looked very well; but then he had never heard of birch being used before for any such purpose, and he had grave misgivings as to the result of the experiment if the birch was adopted. But without further argument, the architect consented to a trial of the new wood, and it was introduced into the wainscoting, doors and fireplace of the dining-room, and it resulted most satisfactorily to all parties having a voice in matter—the architect, the builder and the owner.

Persons who may not know the nature and color of black birch after dressing and polishing may be interested in knowing that the grain of the wood is very close, the color mottled and slightly darker than satin-wood. Black birch makes beautiful furniture, and the only complaint made against it for house trimmings is the care and extra time required in nailing the boards, to prevent splitting.

The above incident was brought to the writer's mind from seeing in a Western newspaper devoted to the lumber interests the following:

"The price of black birch of best quality has recently gone up from \$7 to \$95 per 1,000. The extraordinary advance is due to the discovery that boards cut out of the first logs are susceptible of a very high polish, and can be used for almost any purpose hitherto exclusively reserved for mahogany, which is worth about \$250 a thousand. The advance has been expedited by the discovery that the best black walnut is giving out. Black walnut from Arkansas and the South is so porous that it is of very little use in furniture-making. The best black birch is found almost exclusively on the barren copper and one regions between Marquette and Ashland, where all other timber is stunted in growth and very poor. Here boards cut out of the butt, quickly assume a beautiful red tint on being exposed to the atmosphere, and can be polished up to a great degree of fineness." —Scientific American.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
For all Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Spleen.
This purely vegetable preparation, now so celebrated as a Family Medicine, originated in the South in 1828. It acts gently on the Bowels and Kidneys and corrects the action of the Liver, and it, therefore, the best preparatory medicine, wherever the sickness may prove to be. In all chronic diseases, it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a speedy cure.

An Efficacious Remedy.—I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Headache and Dyspepsia, Simmons Liver Regulator. —Lewis G. Woodson, Assistant Postmaster, Philadelphia.

No loss of time, no interruption or stoppage of business, while taking the Regulator.

Children complaining of Colic, Headache, or Sick Stomach, a teaspoonful or more will give relief.

If taken occasionally by patients exposed to MALARIA, it will expel the poison and protect them from attack.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.
I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectually move the Liver in action, and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. —L. M. Hiram, M. D., Washington, Ark.

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Vertical text on the right margin, likely from another page or a sidebar, containing various words and fragments of text.