

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. PUBLICATION OFFICE: One Door North of cor er Third and E Sts., McMinnville, Or.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

VOL. II. McMinnville, Oregon, September 2, 1887. NO. 19.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square or less, on insertion, \$1.00. One square, each subsequent insertion, 50c.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

Theodore Finges was killed by a railroad train at Redwood city, Cal. Walla Walla has sued the O. R. & N. Co. for \$200, alleged taxes due.

Thomas Patton was run over and killed by a logging team at Plymouth, Cal. Frank Maggi, a twenty-six-year-old Swiss, was drowned while bathing at Cisco, Cal.

C. A. Wood, of Hollister, Cal., took a dose of chloroform for insomnia and died from it. The forty-sixth lodge of Odd Fellows in Washington Territory has been instituted at Elma.

A man supposed to be Jerry Driscoll had his head cut off by the cars at Los Angeles, Cal. The Arizona train robbers have been traced to a cave where it is believed they stored their plunder.

Mayor Pond of San Francisco has refused to allow Paddy Ryan and John Burke to fight in that city. At a public meeting at Ferndale, California, it was decided to exclude Chinese from the salmon canneries.

Mike Hurley, a miner, was found dead in the Consolidated California and Virginia mine at Virginia, Nev. The Tacoma News says: Bricklayers, carpenters and mechanics are in great demand in this city at good wages.

A man at Palouse city, W. T., sheared his geese not long ago, supposing that was the proper way to remove the feathers. Joaquin Miller is to open the Mechanics Fair in San Francisco with an original poem, "The Glorious Victory of Peace."

The Sacramento Evening Star, the only Democratic paper published in Sacramento county, has suspended publication. A sluice-keeper in Davenport, W. T., named R. E. Howell, was given ten days to leave the town for slandering ladies. He left.

Patrick Dugan, of San Francisco, whose renters did not come to time, and W. A. Harding, who lost on the San Jose races, killed themselves. A recent census of Indians on the Puyallup reservation showed their number to be 620. They have 450 head of horses and 500 head of cattle.

The oldest man in Washington Territory is William McDonald. He lives on Larimer prairie, Thurston county, and is said to be 140 years old. The Washington and Idaho Fair Association offer about \$8000 as premiums to be distributed among the lucky ones at their first annual exhibition.

There is at present a force of 177 persons employed at the San Francisco Mint, including thirty-four women. The monthly payroll amounts to \$15,000. Capt. Andrew Frieze of the tow boat Katie was shot in the places in Ches. Gearho's saloon, on the city front, by Gearho, after a quarrel, and he died shortly after.

The O. R. & N. Co. contemplates the construction of 1307 miles of road connecting all the principal towns of Eastern Washington, Idaho and Oregon with the main line. Fuller, who murdered Archbishop Seghers in Alaska some months ago, is a prisoner on the U. S. revenue cutter Bear for safe keeping. He will be taken to Sitka for trial. It is said that he is insane.

The Pacific whaling fleet, seventeen vessels of which have returned to San Francisco, report a catch of fifty-seven whales. Other vessels are yet to arrive. The seal and walrus catch was also profitable. At Roslyn, W. T., a fire broke out in the coal company's blacksmith shop and consumed it with all the tools. A storehouse adjoining was also burned. The shop being under the incline about 150 feet of incline was burned.

The lifeless body of John O'Connell was found lying between the tracks at the depot in San Gabriel, Cal. His skull was crushed back of the ear, and death was instantaneous. He was employed as a track-walker between Savannah and Pent. A Kanaka woman dressed in a naval suit was arrested in San Francisco and taken to the hospital, where her sex was revealed. She said that she had been two years in the navy passing for a man, just sent to prison for robbery.

Two Chinese miners were blown into atoms by the premature explosion of powder in the Star quicksilver mine, near Elma Springs, Cal. The Chinese men were alone in the 600 foot level, preparing the blast, and it is supposed through carelessness they either ignited the powder with their candles or stepped on and exploded the cap.

While E. H. Vinson was out hunting horses on the range near Poola, I. T., he ran across a big black bear which seemed to be traveling, says the Asotin Sentinel. Mr. Vinson being on horseback and without any firearms, concluded to drive Mr. Bear to where he could get a gun, which he did, and drove the bear about three miles. While passing a house the bear went into the hogan to rest, and the lady of the house came out with an ax and butcherknife to slay the bear, but Mr. V. told her that it was dangerous to go near him so she returned to the house. After the bear had rested he started on again, only going about half a mile further when Mr. Vinson was reinforced with firearms and shot and killed the bear, which weighed about 300 pounds.

OUR DEAR LITTLE GIRL.

So much to lose—so much to miss, So much to grieve for day by day: The clinging arms, the good-night kiss, The top to put away.

The music of her merry talk, That greeted us from moon lit eaves; The little, dimpled feet that walk The golden streets of Heaven.

The precious light of violet eyes, The sunny, silken curls to brush; The eager listening for her cries, The baby grins to hush.

The daily garments, wrought with care, Through weary hours—for love's sweet sake—Are laid aside for one more fair Than another's hands can make.

How could we bear this heavy cross, The loneliness, the cruel pain, But would not know our earthly loss Is but eternal gain.

Though with torn hearts we linger still Beside our darling's empty cot, Thank God, our love has missed the ill That falls to woman's lot.

No thorny path for her to tread, No thorns to pierce our baby's brow; No bitterness to come, changed years; No bitter, blinding tears.

No longing for the unattained, No warm affections blighted, chilled; No spurious name dishonest, stained; No spots upon our baby's bill.

No woman's piercing crown of thorns We'll wear, nor cross our baby's brow; No starless nights, no endless morn, Can ever greet her now.

Forever the touch of sin could blight, Or sorrow's shadow cloud her way, God's glory took her from earth's night To Heaven's eternal day.

—L. A. Pond, in N. Y. Ledger.

FACTS ABOUT NAMES.

The Pansy Ways in Which Patronymies Are Colored and Transformed. Anglo-Saxons appearing to have first given surnames indicating some moral or mental attributes, as, for instance, Wise, Good, Swift, Jolly, Merry, Meek, Gay, Goodman, Makepeace, etc.

Then we have names indicating real or fancied resemblance to some animal, such as Bear, Lion, Wolf, Hogg, Hart and Hare. From physical characteristics or peculiarities must have originated such names as Long, Short, Black, Brown, White, Whitehead, Cruikshank, Strong, Armstrong, Longfellow and Greathead. A nickname kept in a family for a generation or two becomes a patronymic. Hence such names as Hopper, Jumper, Springer, Daddysman, Poor and Rich.

The Mc and O of the Irish and the Mac of the Scotch indicate descent. There is another way in which the same thing is shown: Adam's son becomes Adamson, David's son Davidson; Thompson, Wilson, Williamson, Donaldson, Anderson and many other names are similarly derived. Localities or places of residence usually gave rise to such names as Hill, Dale, Wood, Green, Greenwood, Heath, Rivers, Waters and Parks. Such names as Welsh, French, Irish, Ireland, English and Scott may perhaps be traced back to the nationality of some remote ancestor.

Some of the Pennsylvania Dutch names which have been partly transformed into English are queer enough. In Armstrong County, Pa., there are several families by the name of Schreckengost, which signifies in German a ghost or specter of terrible appearance. One would think the name could be made no worse, but some of the people have succeeded in transforming it into Shriekingghost. Milliron, Moeningstar, Redheffer and Bardollar are other German names which have been partly translated.

The names which were derived from occupations are probably more numerous than any other class. All know how widespread the Smith family is. In the same category belong the Clarks (clerks originally), Cooks, Coopers, Bakers, Barbers, Tailors, Shoemakers, Tanners, Farmers and others. The months or days in which people were born originated such names as May, June, January, March, Friday and Monday.

The ins of old England are probably responsible for many names. For instance: John of the Rose became John Rose; Thomas of the Bell, Tom Bell; Richard of the Hawk, Richard Hawk; Henry of the "greathouse" became Henry Greathouse, and so on, until there is scarcely a bird, animal, or other device that ever figured on a sign-board that is not perpetuated as a family name.

The poverty of invention of the pioneer community in America in the matter of names for towns results in bestowing some absurd appellations on backwoods hamlets. Who can name a county, either east or west, which has not some village styled Paris, Oxford, Jerusalem, London, Berlin, or something else equally absurd?

There are, perhaps, as many queer names among the English as among any people on earth. Dickens' stories abound in them, yet very few of his names were manufactured. Such names as Slaughter, Startup, Gotch, Godeb, Deadman, Churchyard, Dogberry and Fudge are found in English directories.

Sometimes the very queerest of names get compiled together as the title of a firm. Here are a few specimens: Hook & Ketch, Cobb & Hay, Peacock & Sparrow, Fox & Crane, Singer & Hooter, Drake & Gander, Fisher & Fowler, Goslin & Pond, Wild & Free, Cannon & Gun.—Chicago News.

—East Saginaw furnishes free school-books for the children in the public schools, and the Herald says the system works admirably and has proved successful.—Michigan Farmer.

A FRANK SOUTHERNER.

The Wise Conclusion of a Man Who Thoroughly Understands Himself. In the smaller towns of the South the stranger is always struck by the apparent fact that the landlord of the hotel ought to be in some other business. There is no system in management, and it never seems to occur to him that anything is expected of him.

One day, when the landlord of a village hotel sat down with me for a smoke, I summoned up courage to say: "Landlord, that was an awful bed you gave me last night."

"Yes, sir—don't doubt it, sir. I've got some very bad beds in this house. "And your waiters here are very lazy and impudent."

"I know it. Yes, sir, they are." "And such fare! That coffee was awful."

"I know it. I had to stop drinking coffee." "And that butter nothing but Chicago lardine."

"That's it exactly. Can't anybody eat that stuff?" "And you don't know how to cook meats."

"We don't, sir, and I'm free to admit it." "I noticed that the milk was about half water."

"I think it was. I used to drink it, but now I take clear water instead."

"Colonel, can I ask you a fair question?" "You can, sir."

"Why do you keep a hotel instead of running a saw-mill?" "Why do I, sir? Because, sir, I feel that I don't know enough to run the mill! I know what I'm capable of, and I'm timid about going into anything and making a failure of it!"—Detroit Free Press.

AT THE MATINEE.

How City Theater-Goes Are Entertained by Society Lights. It was at the matinee and the curtain had just rung down on "Mignon" when the usual chatter began.

"Where is the Major? I really expected to see him here to-day," said the rather elderly lady with the florid countenance and the large diamond ear-drops, as a man of fifty with side-whiskers and an eye-glass came tripping youthfully down the aisle.

"The Major? Oh, he's in one of the boxes. He'll be around soon. He is sure to be hovering near when you are in the vicinity."

"Oh, you horrid flatterer. I've a great mind to pound you good with my fan. Isn't the music just lovely to-day?"

"Yes, it is very lovely. Were you at the races?" "No, I never go to the races. I don't care anything for them. How did you and the Major come out? Oh, it is useless for you to attempt to play innocent, I'm sure you were betting every race."

"Oh, mamma," said one of the group, "there comes the Major." "How are you, Major. The Colonel has been telling awful tales about you. If I were you I would take him in hand and see if you can't reform him."

And so on and on until the bell tingled for the curtain to rise. Then the group settled themselves back in their chairs until "between the acts" should come again and they could have the entire theater to themselves.

As Good as His Word.

Uncle Enoch Johnson, a colored man, who finds it hard work to pay his bills promptly on account of his large family, was waited upon by his butcher who reminded him of an unpaid bill.

"I see mighty sorry, Mr. Cleaver," said Uncle Enoch, "but I can't pay ye dis monf."

The butcher went away and returned in exactly a month.

"I see sorry, sah," said Mr. Johnson, when the butcher presented his bill, "but I can't pay ye nuffin dis monf."

"Not this month? Why, that's just exactly what you told me last month."

"Sartin sah," said Uncle Enoch, drawing himself up with injured dignity, "an' ain't I done kep' my word, sah?"—Youth's Companion.

What He Wanted to Show.

A young Chicago lawyer, a few years ago, had a case in the Federal court before a judge who, while noted for his wisdom and his integrity, is exceedingly impatient of contradiction. The attorney propounded the rule applicable to a certain point, when the court abruptly declared: "That is not the law."

"I beg the court's pardon," said the young attorney, "but I have a case exactly in point."

"Do you mean to contradict me?" demanded the court, mad as a decapitated hen.

"O, no, certainly not, I don't. The Supreme Court of the United States does, though, and I want to read this case to show you what a fool that court was."—Chicago Tribune.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

An English View of Fashionable Society in the United States. It must be taken as an accepted fact that there is in the society of the Great Republic across the sea an exclusiveness almost as decided as that of our own little kingdom—an exclusiveness as great in degree if differing slightly in kind.

Over here barriers that have stood for centuries are falling year by year; over there dividing lines, undreamt of by a former generation, are daily being drawn. Cliches abound, and it may be taken as a general rule that in the one, recognized as the first, the customs most resemble ours.

The most-spoken-of, and often foolishly vaunted, privilege of "young men and maidens" to enjoy each other's society, unrestrained by the presence of their elders, is a state of things fast passing away. One hears more talk of chaperons on the other side than here, perhaps because there the necessity of chaperonage might be discussed, where here it would be understood.

It is generally believed that the younger portion of the community has a distinct set of its own, and such is the case, marking at once a broad difference to our British institutions. Let it be remembered however, that at a dance, to which invitations have been issued in the daughter's name alone, the lady of the house is always present as hostess and chaperon, although, as it is a young people's affair, her daughter takes the lead in the reception of the guests.

Balls, and those various kinds of expeditions for which America is famous—such as theater, coaching, sleighing, yachting and tobogganing parties—are invariably "monstrous," as the term goes, by a married lady, though for the excursions, one or two young married couples are the favorite-sop to the Cerberus of propriety.

It is interesting to note the mania for titles which possesses the American people. In England the tendency is towards the modification of all titles. A Royal Prince becomes a Duke, an Earl is addressed as Lord, etc. So there is a certain irony in the fact that, in a democratic country, where all men are "born free and equal," an appellation that will in any way distinguish a man from his fellows, or entitle him to a little more respectful consideration than his neighbor, is jealously preserved.

Designations of a military order abound, and that of "Judge" is often heard. Not only a profession but public position of any kind, and even an occupation, carries with it a special designation.

Such titles might be strung together, all identical with those that appear from time to time in the society columns of the papers. Differences exist and always will, but the gulf that divides our ways from theirs bears no analogy to the vast ocean that separates the continents; for the former is spanned daily by the mutual adoption of amended social laws, while as yet no plan has been conceived whereby the great Atlantic may be bridged across. It is true that all social innovations are recognized more slowly on this side of the water, for the English do not take kindly to fresh grafts on the fine old tree of custom that grows in the midst of the garden called society and puts forth its leaves slowly, typical—even as the emblematic oak—of the steady liberateness of the race.—London Queen.

WOMEN LACE-MAKERS.

How the Weaver's Dainty Touch Brings Many a Flower to Fairest Shape. In the city of Brussels is a lace manufactory in which it is said that 1,500 women find constant employment. The process of the delicate handicraft is thus described: The flower is first pricked upon the paper, then formed with ribbons twisted around pins; another hand attends to "the filling in." And then by more pins the work thus begun is attached to a paper, which the pattern of the veil to be wrought is clearly traced. The lace is then laid over this, tacked firmly to it, and the flowers are fastened to the lace by a process similar to the crochet stitch. Another skillful hand cuts out the lace under the open work. In real lace the entire strip is hand-wrought; in imitations the foundation is woven, and the flowers are sewed on instead of being netted in by crochet stitch.

One woman, with wonderful delicacy of touch, was observed making lace of the most exquisite kind from gossamer thread, spun by hand. This fine thread is worth its weight in gold, costing, as we are told, from \$600 to \$800 per pound. The spinners of such "airy tissue" must do their work in dark rooms, in which but a ray of light is admitted, and even that faint gleam through a slight aperture. By the most intense attention and eye discipline of the severest kind, they accomplish their painfully difficult task, "producing filaments rivaling the marvelous webs woven by spiders upon the grass, or draped lattice pillars. No wonder such workers lose their eyesight in a few years, or that fabulous prices must be paid for such thistle-down tissues!"—Harper's Bazar.

—Despite some prejudice, as well as some valid objections, against pork as an article of diet, it continues to be more largely used than any other kind of meat. There are several reasons for this. It has less waste, bone and offal than any other animal food. It is easily kept and fattened, even by those who have little room, and when salted it can be kept with less liability of spoiling than most other meats. This last point is seldom thought of, but has as much to do with the popularity of pork as any other of its advantages.—Troy Times.

ORIGIN OF FEVERS.

Dangerous Diseases Controllable by Efficient Sanitary Protection. One of the most important discoveries of sanitary science is that most of the diseases that are communicable have an origin outside of the human system. We are to look for their causes in the soil about us or in the food we eat or the water we drink.

There is no division of this class, of which this is more surely true than of the specific fevers. We have long known that remittent fever and chills and fever were dependant on influenza and fever were dependant on influenza and fever has been so distinctly traceable to surroundings as to become known under the names of ship fever, jail fever and the like. That strange form, known as relapsing fever, has a similar history. Typhoid fever has so often been traced in the influence of surroundings, that most only look upon the body as the host of the microtype. The various forms of fever of a mixed type, such as typho-malarial, cesspool and similar origin. Even peevish fever has more recently taken its place among the fevers of exterior origin. It therefore, becomes exceedingly important that we estimate and locate these various causes, that we may interrupt their sad invasion and fatality.

As what is true of typhoid fever, is illustrative of most of the rest, it may be studied as a specimen. It has long been a question whether it arises independently of an introduction of the germ in the human body, which thus must become the intermediate host, in order that the specific character may be shown. It can not be denied that most of the cases are traceable to an antecedent case. This would be expected of any communicable disease. The number of such origins should not throw suspicion on the evidence as to those cases that can not be found to have such history. The light that is being cast upon epidemiology by the life history of micro-organisms indicates that there are varying forms, and that cultivation and various influences can very much change the character. Thus, although there is no spontaneous generation, there are such variations from the original type as to begot a permanency of character and apparently give rise to a distinct and stable variety. It is not difficult in the botanical sphere to which these minute organisms belong to find these changes types which have become so different and permanent in their character as to maintain an identity of their own. It throws some light upon this when we remember that such diseases as diphtheria and typhoid fever now have a distinctness of their own which could not have been overlooked by the practitioners of fifty years ago had it existed as plainly as now. Also, it is the most natural way of accounting for the origin of new diseases.

Our studies of typhoid fever plainly point to its origin from certain degraded conditions of filth, as well as from the introduction of the inhuman secretions into the air, or the food and water supply. While water is a frequent conveyancer, our attention may become too concentrated upon it. For the moisture of air may convey it as well as water in a more perceptible form. Also, food which has been in the room of the patient or in the vicinity of the evacuations, may become an absorbent and conveyancer. Whenever a case of typhoid fever occurs, we are at once to recognize that all secretions are to be neutralized so that there shall not emanate any thing therefrom that can affect the air, the water or the food.

Next to this, we must know that many believe that polluted soil can undergo such degraded and vicious decompositions as that it may originate or propagate such changed forms of disease as this. As to cholera, this is the distinct view of Pettenkofer, and as to typhoid fever, he considers the ground a very prominent factor. All this means that we must deal with surroundings as well as with secretions, as having intimate relations to such diseases. We often have fevers that can scarcely be classified as of a specific type, which have very suspicious relation to their surroundings. The tendency of all these ground pollutions which nature can not dispose of is to generate fever in the persons at first exposed to them. The safety of the human system is in the securing of clean ground, pure air, pure food and pure water. These are far more under control in fact, than they are in practice. While accidents and poisons and an unfortunate heredity and many lives, the great havoc of life comes from the avoidable causes of diseases that relate to our surroundings. Let us more fully realize how much our lives and protection from diseases is within our own control, and so lend our constant influence in favor of the laws of personal and public health.—N. Y. Independent.

Well-Ventilated Stables.

As a rule, in building stables, too little attention is given to securing light and ventilation, two most important aids in keeping stock healthy. It is strange that when these can be had so easily, barns are so often very defective and unhealthy for lack of them. Animals should have light, comfortable quarters, not only because it is more pleasant and easier to care for them in such barns, but because they give better returns for the food consumed in such healthy quarters. Plenty of sunlight for farm stock is as desirable and beneficial as it is for the family in the house of the owner. In planning for new buildings this point should not be overlooked.—National Live-Stock Journal.

THE FALKLAND ISLES.

An American Official's Chat About a Prosperous British Colony. Colonel Henry S. Lasar, United States Consul at the Falkland Islands, and his wife passed through Chicago recently. Colonel Lasar has been Consul at that point over six years and has a fund of valuable information concerning the islands. In appearance the Consul is somewhat below medium height, with a gray beard and piercing eyes, and although a native German has been a citizen of the United States over forty years and is as pronounced an American in sentiment as could be found, a charming talker, and full of rare courtesy.

Speaking of the island Colonel Lasar said: "The Falklands is a crown colony of the most severe type. Its Governor is from Downing street, London, and the strongest English prejudices prevail, almost to the exclusion of an impartial consideration of other nationalities. The Government consists of Governor, executive council and legislative council, appointed by the Crown, although the latter, which consists of two persons, has but little independent power, as the executive council sides always with the Governor and easily votes down any measure distasteful to that individual. The population consists of about sixteen hundred, nearly all of whom are English and Scotch, the latter predominating numerically, but the former ruling by force of government and capital. The only industry is sheep-raising, for which purpose all the islands are fully occupied, and I have known many cases in which would-be settlers were unable to obtain land. The annual wool clip is about two million pounds, and there are throughout the islands nearly a million sheep and cattle. The shepherds are Scotch, sent over by the Falkland Company, and are a stubborn lot of men. Some of them live on the smaller islands completely alone with their flocks. In reference to the care of sheep they are most jealous, refusing to give the slightest information as to their methods of handling flocks.

"Along the beaches of many of the islands are vast numbers of penguins and other water fowl. The former are down with clubs and secure their oil, which is quite valuable. In early days they were so numerous that the Governor of the islands was called, 'the King of the Penguins.' The climate is pleasant, varying from twenty to fifty the year round. Carpenters do a very good business in the islands owing to the number of vessels which come to the islands in distress after passages around Cape Horn from the Pacific. The wages paid carpenters are four dollars per day, and they are careful not to work very hard, some times keeping ships in the port three months at a time.

"It has been a source of regret to me ever since I have known any thing about the islands that the first steps toward the commercial settlement of the islands were not taken by Americans. The English have no idea of progress, their motto being: 'As it was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be.' Strong in their prejudices they effectually chill all attempts at material improvement save in their narrow channel of investment. There is one feature of the colony well worth noticing, and that is the fact that there is absolutely no poverty. We have not a pauper on the islands. The climate is pleasant, varying from twenty to fifty the last six years the jail has had but one inmate who was a native, and he was put there for beating his wife. Of course sailors who attempt to desert from their ships are often lodged in jail until their vessels are ready to sail, but that can not be counted against the islands. Altogether the colony is doing fairly well, and I hope to see more extensive relations existing between it and America. A short while ago William Walter Phelps visited the Islands in his yacht, the Brunshilde, and before him Lord Brassey came in the Sunbeam. The fact that we get but one mail in about five weeks rather cuts us off from current affairs in other parts of the world, but the inhabitants are generally well satisfied with their condition, and all of them are making money. The things we lack are a dentist, a drug store and a photographer—wants which we hope soon to have filled."—Chicago News.

Silk from New England.

Though the moth family of Bombycidae includes upwards of forty fiber-spinners, most of the world's silk is still obtained from a single species, the product of the common silkworm (Bombyx mori) being superior both in quality and in quantity to that of any other yet tried. The fiber of Samia cecropia, a species that feeds on the apples and kindred plants throughout the United States and Canada, has lately attracted attention, and seems to be finer, softer and more abundant than that of any other American silk-worm. Prof. Carl Braun, a German entomologist now located at Bangor, Me., has received from a Lyons manufacturer an order for five hundred cocoons of this moth, and hopes to supply them this season. This investigator is confident that the experiments to be made with these cocoons will be successful, and predicts that Maine will produce its own silk a quarter of a century hence.—Arkansas Traveler.

—Not our public conduct only, and what we reckon the momentous parts of our life, but the indulgence of our private pleasures, the amusement of our secret thoughts and idle hours, shall be brought into account.—Blair.

UHLAND'S CENTENNIAL.

A German Poet Whose Works Were Sincerely Admired by Longfellow. A century ago April 26, Ludwig Uhland, one of the most popular of modern German poets, was born at Tubingen, an old town on the Neckar, where he spent the best part of his life, and the inhabitants of which place have never allowed their prophet to be depressed in his own country. Wherever the German tongue is spoken, there Uhland has made a home for himself, first by his patriotic ballads, with which he stirred the heart of his countrymen at the beginning of the century, when "the waves of the Adriatic moaned over the loss of Germany," and later on by his songs and other poems. Scholar, lawyer, politician and antiquarian though he was, he remained always first and foremost a man, a poet of the people, whose joys and sorrows he expressed as if no other poet has done before or after him. As the Deutsche Rundschau aptly says in a recent article by H. Grimm: "Uhland's memory is kept alive by his poems, which ring through Germany like bells, and the rich music of which time has been unable to impair. The language in the rustling of the German forest and the mysterious sound of the mountain stream, whose whence and whither no one knows, and which are only met within the infinite solitude of the forest, have been taught by Uhland. Nobody can express the longing which is awakened by a look from some high peak over our country and the silver lines of our rivers as Uhland's shepherd boy, who looks down upon all the castles, and for whose funeral, too, the bells in the valley will some time be tolling." In England the name of the poet is chiefly associated with his version, in ballad form, of the legend of the "Luck of Elenhall," while Longfellow's translations have familiarized the English public with several of his poems based on old legends. The first edition of the poet's works was published in 1815; at his death, in 1862, over thirty editions had appeared; in 1875 the sixth edition was published, and the demand is still increasing.—Pall Mall Gazette.

NOT APPRECIATED.

An Arkansas Author's Experience in the Western Metropolis. Mr. George Sabberly, writing from Chicago to a friend at Dry Fork, says: "My Dear Abner: You know I came here to see about having a book published, and I am sorry to say that I have not yet found a publisher that's got the insight to recognize a good thing. I carefully cut out all my Dry Fork notes that were published in the Hickory Knob Sapping, including the one about Uncle Dave Pruitt being chased through Gum Hollow by a wild hog, and also that one giving the facts about the row over at Borkly meeting-house, but, Ab, do you know that these fellers failed to see the point? The last one I called on laughed at me. 'Why, my dear sir,' said he, 'the happenings at Dry Fork are not of interest to people who live away from there.' I didn't hit him, Ab; I didn't touch him, but I stepped back and gave him a look that went clean through him and struck the wall. He didn't mind it, though. Then I turned over a few pages and showed him the following side-splitter that you recollect I wrote last August after I helped you clean out your well: 'Old Toke Millers' dog Fats ain't as lively as he used to be. The other day while going through the woods he met a 'toon that was not on the best of terms with him, and then they had it up and down, over logs and through the bushes, but the destiny of battle seemed to hang in the dog's favor until the 'coon nalled him by the foot, and then he squawled in that, the hour of his great tribulation. Since then, old Pete has not been so lively by a blamed sight.' Well, sir, it didn't faze him, and I bundled up my stuff and got out. I had always heard that there was enterprise in this town, but I have failed to find it. Tell you what's a fact. There was a circus here a whole week, and not a single store closed on account of it. The boys may think that I'm lying about this, but I can prove it."—Arkansas Traveler.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

BILIOUSNESS. Is an affection of the Liver, and can be thoroughly cured by that Grand Regulator of the Liver and Biliary Organs, SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

MANUFACTURED BY J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

I was afflicted for several years with disordered liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had good medical attendance as our action affords, who failed utterly to restore me to the enjoyment of my former good health. I then tried the favorite prescription of one of the most renowned Physicians of Louisville, Ky., but to no purpose; whereupon I was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health.

A. H. SHIRLEY, Richmond, Ky.

HEADACHE.

Proceeds from a Torpid Liver and Impurities of the Stomach. It can be invariably cured by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

Let all who suffer remember that SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES Can be prevented by taking a dose of one of our Biletics before the day begins.