

German Syrup

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Buffalo, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted with this had won, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: "I always use German Syrup for a Cough on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Tobacco Worth Its Weight in Silver.
In England the first pipes used appear to have been made of clay, with narrow bowls and contracted mouths. Then, as the habit grew stronger and tobacco became cheaper, something more capacious would be required. These are the pipes which, under the name of "fairy pipes," are sometimes dug up and preserved as interesting relics of the past. Aubrey, writing about 1680, says: "The English people first had silver pipes, but the ordinary sort made use of walnut shell and straw. I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Within these thirty-five years tobacco was so common that it was sold for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeoman neighbours say that when they went to market they carried their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against tobacco; now the customers of it are the greatest his majesty hath."—All the Year Round.

That Does Not Need.
It seems to be generally the Lombardy poplar it is simply a variety of poplar, and has to be in Italy from cuttings. The form, so far as known, is a country. The plant is "late."—Mechan's Month.

A Priceless Blessing.

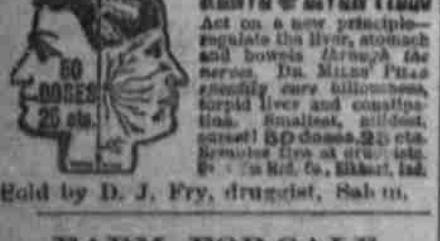
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
It is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all the sudden Throat and Lung troubles to which young people are subject. Keep this medicine in the house. Hon. C. Edwards Lester, late U. S. Consul to Italy, and author of various popular works, writes: "With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold or any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24 hours. Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to a vast number of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, it has been preserved through the efforts of the physician. I recommend its use in light and frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is a priceless blessing in any home."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ a bottle, 50¢ a dozen.



Nervous Prostration,

Neuroticism, Sick and Nervous Headache, Irritability, Depression, Nervous Prostration, etc., are cured by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It does not contain opium, and being pure and healthy, it can be used with perfect safety. It is the best remedy for all the above troubles, and is sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ a bottle, 50¢ a dozen.



NEURVINE.
Aid in a new principle—regulate the blood and nerves through the system. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Price 25¢ a bottle, 50¢ a dozen.

FARM FOR SALE.
Situated on the coast and fruit land in Oregon for sale at a bargain. Will sell in lots to suit purchasers. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., 100 N. 3rd St., Portland, Ore.

PENSIONS.
D. C. SHERMAN, U. S. Pension Agent and Claim Agent, P. O. Box 100, Astoria, Oregon. Regular Office Hours for Claims.

A Cautious Man.
He was a mathematical genius and always engaged in making intricate calculations on paper. The marriage was to take place on Friday, but he suggested to his prospective mother-in-law that it had better take place on Thursday. "Why do you wish it changed?" she asked indignantly. "Well," said he, "I've been making a calculation, and I find my silver wedding will come on Saturday evening, and that would never do, as that is the evening I have to go to the lodge."—Texas Siftings.

An Abstract Calculation.
Reporter: I understand that Mr. Summe Total, the greatest modern statistician, is your guest. Can I see him? Hotel Proprietor: (to tell boy)—Take this card up to Mr. Summe Total's room? Bell Boy (returning to reporter)—He says he's too busy now to see you. Reporter:—What is the old fellow doing? Bell Boy—He is figuring how many towels we run to the square inch.—Cloak Review.



Rad Enough Already.
The Professor (to his housekeeper)—What will I do with all this money I've inherited? "Put it out at interest." "At interest! Nonsense! Why that would only make still more of it!"—Fleegle Blatter.

These Men.
"John," said Mrs. Billus, "if you'll just shovel the snow off the roof of the house before you go down town I'll finish the job with the broom." Mr. Billus complied faithfully with the request and went to his work. Half an hour afterward Mrs. Billus was using the broom energetically on the walls and explaining things to Mrs. Kojones, who had happened along. "I just expected I'd have to do it after him," she said. "A man never does things the right way."—Chicago Tribune.

A Personal Pronoun Makes Trouble.
Johnny was writing a letter and Willie was looking over his shoulder. "You're not making that 'I' right," said Willie. "What's the matter with it, I'd like to know?" replied Johnny. "You're running it below the line. That's what's the matter with it." "I guess I'm writing this letter, ain't I?" "If I want to make it that way it's my business, ain't it?" "Come, if you want to make a J of yourself, go ahead."—Chicago Tribune.

A Tired Man.
"I think old Judge Pennybaker is one of the laziest men I ever saw," remarked Gildroo to Hostetter McGinnis. "Is he no lazy?" "Lazy? Lazy is no name for it. He is so profoundly lazy that it tires him to keep up with the earth when it turns on its axis."—Texas Siftings.

The Hired Story Teller.
A gentleman narrated a tale at the dinner table. Everybody burst out laughing, except one of the guests, who was deaf. Jealous of the success of the narrator, the latter exclaimed: "I know a good one too." And he told the very same story.—Mosses and Rills.

His Bid.
"Do you want to bid anything, sir?" asked an auctioneer of a man who had been standing in the crowd for over an hour, but had not opened his mouth. "Yes," said the fellow with a yawn. "I'll bid that I want to go home, so I will bid you good night."—Rochester Post-Express.

A Hero.
"Yes," he said, "I think I will go on the stage." "Oh, Harry," she murmured. "I admire you so much." "For my acting?" he queried. "Not for your bravery."—Washington Star.

A Word to the Wise.
Judge—You are acquitted, and I would recommend you to keep out of bad company for the future. Prisoner—Thanks, my lord; in fact, I have made up my mind not to come here any more.—Faulstich.

What Johnny Said.
Mamma—Johnny, what do you say to the lady for the cookery? Johnny (munching away)—I say it's a darn good one—has the old maid got any more?—New York Epoch.

Squealed.
Waiter (fustianously)—Have you forgotten anything, sir? Prisoner (with asperity)—I should say so. Forgotten more than you ever knew.—New York Press.

Advice.
When a friend with pleading tender wants to win your wealth and splendor by investing all your money in a dead-end thing. Do not trust him, for he is scheming. And however kind he seems, put your foot upon his pocketbook and cling, cling, cling. When a winsome little maiden in a voice with sugar ladles says you're horrid and she'll give you back your man old ring. Do not waste time in talking. Or in arguing or walking. Put your arms around her lovingly. And cling, cling, cling. —New York World.

Why She Shops Alone.
"Won't you please tell me the reason why you always go out to do your errands yourself?" said a rather inquisitive lady to her friend. "I know you have a bright, sociable disposition, but I have observed that you never invite anybody to go shopping, and rarely walk on the street in company with any one. Does it just happen so, or have you a reason for it?" "Yes," said her friend, "I have a reason for it, and a very good one. My lungs are a trifle weak, and my throat is very sensitive, and I used to notice that after I had been out on the street chatting for any length of time I suffered serious inconvenience for some hours at least. I began to reflect on the subject, and soon decided myself that the dust from the street affected me unpleasantly, and the more I thought about it the better satisfied I became that there was really an excellent reason for keeping the mouth closed while on the street. The air is necessarily full of pulverized animal and vegetable matter, which is constantly being drawn in with the breath. If any disease germs are floating about, one is much more sure of keeping them out of the system if the mouth is closed. Nature has provided the nose with the largest of screens through which the larger particles of dust cannot readily pass."—New York Ledger.

Complete Letter Writers.
Manuals of correspondence or "complete letter writers" are dangerous things to depend upon. Not many years ago, a young man who wished to win the hand of a young lady pondered long over the proper and most effective way of addressing her. At last he decided, in a manual of somewhat wide circulation, a form for a letter which pleased him very much. It seemed to express his sentiment exactly. The letter bore the title: "From a young gentleman to a young lady, making an ardent but dignified offer of marriage." He copied out the letter, signed it with his name, and sent it to the lady. After some days of anxious waiting he received a letter the superscription and postmark of which indicated surely that it came from the young lady. He tore open the envelope eagerly and read: "Turn over the leaf in your manual; you will find my answer at the top of the opposite page." He seized his manual, and in the place indicated found a brief and sharply formal letter, entitled: "From a young lady to a gentleman, peremptorily refusing an offer of marriage." She was the possessor of a copy of the same manual!—Youth's Companion.

The Orchestra of Life.
Which would you rather be in the orchestra of human life, a flute or a trombone? To be sure the latter is heard the farthest, but the quality of the flute tone reaches down deeper into the soul and awakens those dreams without which a man's life is like bread without butter, or a laid fire without tinder. I don't like noisy people, do you? People who talk and bluster and swagger. People who remind us of bladders filled to the point of explosion with wind. We like sensitive people, quiet voiced, deep hearted, earnest people, with the quality of the flute rather than of the fog horn in their makeup. And yet how much greater demand there is for bluster than there is for force!

Sometimes I am inclined to think that life is a farce played with an earthly setting for the detection of the angels, as we serve mistletoe shows and horoscopes. It isn't the sky and the thunder who get the applause; the clown in tinsel and the end man in cork divide easy honors. And yet, thank God for flutes! Thank God the orchestra isn't entirely composed of trombones and bass drums.—Chicago Herald.

Save Your 1877 Pennies.
Few people who handle pennies every day are aware of the rarity of the one cent piece of 1877. The coinage, as reported by the mint for that year, does not appear small, for the mint year ends June 30, and therefore does not indicate how many of a coinage bear the calendar year for the date. Thus, the coinage for the year ending June 30, 1877, comprised half of the year 1877, and the coinage for the year ending June 30, 1878, comprised half of the year 1878. Business during 1877 was at a very low ebb and little demand existed for pennies. Few were minted, therefore, while in 1878 and 1879 the call was urgent. It is doubtful if the exact number stamped "1877" is known even to the mint officers themselves. An inquirer was informed by them in February, 1878, that less than 10,000 had been stamped. This would mean an issue of less than 1,000,000. In point of fact, however, it is probable that the actual coinage was far less.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Use of the Superlative.
Could not a pledge be taken against the use of the superlative? Lovely and sweet and dear are strong enough for all purposes. What do we want with loveliest and sweetest and dearest? Why cannot the ladies tell the rector that his curate preached a good sermon. Where is the need of saying that it was the best they had ever heard? And where the criticism is of the unfavorable sort, say the sermon was bad, and have done with it. The man who hears the worst sermon will probably not survive to tell the tale.—All the Year Round.

Indian Rainmakers.
The Indian method of rainmaking differs materially from either that of either Dymenforth or Melbourne. Their idea is to propitiate the goddess to whose malignity the death of rain is attributed by Hindu superstition. To effectively do this the barbarous practice of "hook swinging" has been revived. Iron hooks are thrust between the muscles of a man's back, ropes are fastened to the hooks, by which the fanatic is hoisted into the air to the end of a crossyard and he is violently swung around and around, his agonies being regarded as a votive offering of propitiation to the offended deity. The victim is always a consenting party to this barbarous ceremony.—Philadelphia Ledger.

What Alaska Indians Chew.
There is a species of seaweed, a kind of kelp, which the Indians of Alaska are very fond of chewing. It is as tough as leather, and one piece will last a man who has good teeth for a whole day. These Indians have an interesting fashion of collecting herping eggs. They weave mattresses of cedar twigs and sink them with stones in the water. The fish deposit their spawn upon the twigs, and it is subsequently collected and dried.—Washington Star.

DUEL IN MIDAIR.

Rival Brothers Fight for the Hand of a Maiden, but Neither Wins Her. They were brothers—came into the world the same day, the same hour. In like manner they appeared before the tent of Pedro, the showman, asking employment. "What can you do?" "Anything requiring strength and agility." "A proof." The words were scarcely spoken when they leaped over his head, landing before him in smiling precision. Pedro was delighted; the engagement soon concluded. Nothing could be more graceful or daring than these young acrobats. Only Nita, Pedro's daughter, seemed indifferent to their attractions. Fresh as a rose and cheerful as a butterfly, she teasingly mocked the brothers, who silently received her coquettishness; yet Dick grew pale when she talked with Dock, and Dock crimsoned with rage when she smiled on Dick.

Time rolled on and gold rolled into the coffers of Pedro, who sought to retain his profitable assistants by a bond not easily broken. "I will give them my daughter, Sapristi! She can only marry one. Nita must choose." She laughingly said, "As she couldn't marry both she would have neither." Then Pedro laid his dilemma before the brothers. "Which one of you will marry my little Nita?" They looked at each other in consternation. He naively repeated, "Which one?" Dock replied, "In ten days we will answer." "Ah," said Pedro, "after the ascension; I understand." He had arranged a balloon ascension, a trapeze attached upon which the brothers would perform their wonderful feats 500 meters above the earth.

The day of the exhibition. A sea of faces. The balloon in the center, away like a bird trying her wings. Wild shouts as Nita appears in her silver spangled costume, driving the chariot containing the brothers. The aeronaut mounts his car accompanied by the acrobats. "Let her loose." A moment's silence, followed by deafening shouts as the balloon cleaves the air. Two forms appear on the trapeze. Their audacity is marvelous. Here is what occurs: The men face each other, their arms folded. A light motion of their hips maintains their equilibrium. Dick speaks: "You love Nita?" "Yes, and you?" "Love her, and cannot give her up." "I will not," answered Dick; "fate must decide." They step back the length of the trapeze, then rush upon each other with panting breath—a fearful struggle, the bar bending beneath their weight—cheer after cheer from the admiring crowd.

Suddenly Dick loses his hold, falling back on the trapeze. Dock bends over him. "Will you give up Nita?" "No." He buries his knife in his companion's throat, the hot blood spurting in his face. Raising up he looks around, but sees neither the yawning depth below nor the blue sky above. A wild, maniac laugh, as he leaps into space, falling, crushed, lifeless mass on a distant roof, the dead body of his brother, convulsively clinging to the trapeze, floats in the blue sky, the aeronaut still waving his flag.—Julius Lemina.

Bladders in Dress.
What a real blunder is being discussed, and one of the speakers said that he had that day met a woman in deep mourning wearing russet shoes. This was universally allowed as a gross and perfectly inexcusable grammatical blunder. Another related how a lady had appeared at a picnic in the mountains in a gown of blue satin trimmed with real lace—"at the start, that is," he added. "Before we got home it was also trimmed with pineapples and dry leaves and bugs and all sorts of trash, caught in the lace." It was the opinion of the company that this also was a grammatical blunder. Black trousers with a light coat, or a dark waistcoat with an otherwise light suit were pronounced ungrammatical; and the same was said of a stiff hat on the tennis courts.—Boston Courier.

The Sick Men Wanted Onions.
It is said that a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath. Onions should be eaten more in the raw state. They constitute one of the finest medicines Mother Nature has bestowed upon her ailing children. During a sad time at Corinth, Miss., when improved hospitals (tents, large and small) dotted the ground at the time of war, a friend of the editor, who had also come to join her husband for a time, took upon herself the office of nurse. "I'm going into town," said she one morning. "Boys, what shall I bring you?" Expecting to hear some delicacy named, she was more astonished when the sick soldiers joined in the feeble roar of "onions!"—Detroit Free Press.

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How They Got Rich.
She—I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of those men when I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse. He—Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.—Good News.

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A SAD STORY.

One in Which Many Prominent Persons of Shakespeare's Time Took Part. Romeo and Juliet were two turtle doves. They are frequently before the minds of most people some time in their lives, and the doings of happy sweethearts frequently bring them before our prominence. As soon as their ramblings became known to the parents of each there was quite a tempest. Such uprisings occurred before, have occurred since and are likely to occur again.

To neither of them was it As You Like It, however. These young lovers thought their parents were making Much Ado About Nothing, and fearing that their Midsommer Night's Dream might not pan out as well as The Winter's Tale, told by the Merry Wives of Windsor, they made up their minds that they would call on their old friends, the Two Gentlemen of Verona. The Twelfth Night after this resolution was formed they called on these two friends, who listened to their story, which, they said, reminded them of Antony and Cleopatra and the Comedy of Errors they made. The two gentlemen thought it might be advisable to call on the Merchant of Venice and get a little money to enable them to get away, when, from a distance, they could be safe from the direful vengeance of their respective families and transact affairs Measure for Measure.

Juliet thought that her mother would be greatly incensed over the affair, and that her father would have a difficult task in his Taming of the Shrew. Finally they left Verona each for home, where they betrayed nothing to their disagreeable parents. Being very fond of the work of Shakespeare, they walked away the time in reading the immortal bard's stories of Kings John, Richard III, Henry IV, V, VI, VIII, the melancholy Hamlet, the jealous Othello, the demented Lear and villainous Macbeth. In their sentimental moods they often looked over the story of Cymbeline, and were horrified at the mode of living Timon of Athens had mapped out for himself. The young lover felt like putting on the armor of Coriolanus, so that if he attempted to carry away his Venus, and her parents attempted to Caesar, he could fight them off, for he knew the prize he was seeking was as dear to him as life itself, for she was as pure as the unfortunate Lucrece.

On their wedding tour they intended to visit Pericles, prince of Tyre, and Troilus and Cressida. Opposition was too strong, however, and in their sad demise their friends looked on with pity and sorrow, regretting that these two loving hearts could not have been entwined in holy wedlock. Future generations, in reading of their sad story, cannot but utter with the poet, "All's Well That Ends Well."—Boston Democrat.

Rats as an Article of Diet.
Rats have never found favor as a delicacy for the table in Europe or in this country, but in many lands they are relished as an article of diet. The negro slaves of Jamaica used to regard them as a dainty, their masters not providing them with any other meat. Their method of cooking the toothsome rodents was to impale each one on a long wooden skewer, after cleaning the animal and cutting off the tail, turning it briskly around over a fire until the hair was all burned off. Then it was scraped until free from fur, and finally the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclined toward the fire until it was toasted dry and crisp, thus being made ready for the meal.

Rats may commonly be seen for sale in the markets of any Chinese town, split and pressed under a heavy weight, so as to look somewhat like dried fish. In this shape the pigtailed oriental buys them, soaks them in water and then boils, roasts or fries them.—Washington Star.

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