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A WOMAN'S INVENTION.

Mrs. Deber's Ingenious Scheme for Washing the Five Little Dohers. Mrs. Hannah Deber, the mother of five little Dohers, has invented the most unique little apparatus on record. It is a machine that bathes, rinses, dries and dries the entire Dohers' brood simultaneously by the simple turning of a crank.

The Dohers live on the water front, in the city of Astoria, Ore., near the mouth of the Columbia. Like many of the homes in that vicinity, the frame of the Dohers is built on piles. At high tide the back porch of this humble home extends over the water, and this fact was favorable to the idea which Mother Deber had won.

Then she got a quantity of stout wire galvanized and made a cradle of wood that she could slide through the hole in the floor. This basket, which was about three feet deep, was hung in slings fastened at the four corners and then attached to the drum of the windlass like curtains in use on old-fashioned well curbs.

Bright and only every morning the five little Dohers are hustled out of bed. The eldest, a girl of nine, though small for her age, is an extremely handy young girl and a great help to her mother. She peels the nippies off her little brothers and sisters, likewise her own, and loads the children into the wire basket. Next she throws in a handful of washed soap, and then jabs the little band of candidates for immersion.

When everything is ready Mother Deber, who has been attending to her household duties in the meantime, comes out and mans the windlass crank. She lowers her happy little flock down into the clear, cold water and gives them a thorough dousing by working the crank backward and forward. This movement and the commotion made in the basket by the children produces a lather from the soap and cleanses the kids in a manner equal, if not superior, to the regulation bath.

Unlike most children, who kick and make a fuss when being scrubbed, the little Dohers actually enjoy their maternal plunging bath. The cold water imparts a healthy glow to their pink skin, and their eyes sparkle with delight as they duck and tumble over one another in the basket. The youngest, a laughing little youngster only eighteen months old, is fully shrieked with delight at the prospect of a plunge, and cries when his mother thinks it too cold for him to go down in the basket.

When Mrs. Deber thinks her brood is clean enough to till the next morning she hauls the basket up flush with the platform, fastens the crank and lets them dry a while. This operation and the fact that the little Dohers are clean and bright, and that the prospect of a plunge, and cries when his mother thinks it too cold for him to go down in the basket.

At last a plan has been discovered for using old postage stamps to some advantage. The first thing is to thoroughly soak them, so that they no longer adhere to the paper, and the best way is to immerse them in water for some time. You then have them ready for the most delicate work, and the collector using the letter, and to the collection for use there should be blue, red, green—in fact, every color that can be found.

Then proceed to arrange them in geometrical patterns, cutting some diagonally across where the design needs it, or in halves. They can be adapted to the most delicate work, and the collector using the letter, and to the collection for use there should be blue, red, green—in fact, every color that can be found.

She killed a Coon with a Club. Miss Louise Barreter, Saturday afternoon, heard a noise in the hen-coop, and going out to ascertain the cause found a large coon in the coop. The young lady soon secured a club and went back to the coop and killed the animal. It weighed sixteen and one-half pounds. The Barreter family live on upper Pratt street in the suburbs of Winstead.

At a meeting at Ayrath, British Burma, in 1885, lady owners counted two pony races, a flat and a hurdle race. In the racing annals of last century mention is made of female jockeys who were frequently backed against their male opponents for considerable odds.

Worse Than Leprosy. In California, and there's one bad one for you, that does cure that disease, and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Lament. Sold by all druggists. It also cures neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia and all pain. Try it and tell your neighbor where to get it.

Excitement. Rains high at the drug stores in this place over System Builder as everybody is using it for entarrh, of stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion and impure blood, and to build up the system it certainly possesses wonderful merit when all speak so well of it.

The Jersey Lily. ANGELOTTA COTTAGE, L. R., July 2. Gentleman: Altho' I'm very unwell for a long time, I have tried Weldon's 'Lily' and it has done me a great deal of good. I have been very much improved in my health, and I have been very much improved in my health, and I have been very much improved in my health.

Not So Romantic After All. "Do you notice how attentively that gentleman has been watching me for the last half hour?" said one young lady to another at an evening party. "Yes," replied the other. "Do you mean that man by the piano?"

To Be Lived Down. The M. D. (whispering)—Now, Jones, it's yours. Jones (distant)—No, doctor, yours—it's sure death if you take hold of it.—New York Life.

General Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, kept the old family chateau, Chavanay, in Auvergne, a large, strong, feudal building, very comfortable, and surrounded by a park. Not far away, among tall forests of beeches and chestnuts, steep rocky heights arose. Under the dim green light of these broad woodlands dwelt in their rude cabins and laboring shelter to shoulder charcoal burners and resin gatherers, bushel carriers, and the lowly and the lowly.

His Practical Joke. Barham was guilty of one practical joke when a boy. He entered a Quaker meeting house, and looking around at the gray assembly held up a penny tray, saying solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way," said a drab colored gentleman, rising, "and"—"The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed the lad, placing it before the assembled speaker and hastily making his escape.—New York Evening Star.

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THE BEALS OF COIRE.

Where rose the mountains, live on line above the heavy forest. We heard from the morning tower and spun. Out-rang the mellow bells of Coire.

Sweet were the echoes downward borne From heights that climbed to meet the morn. From heights that climbed to meet the morn. From heights that climbed to meet the morn.

They rang of hope, they rang of fears. They rang of joy, they rang of tears. They rang the wondrous heart's desire. Of hearts that beat the soul's desire.

THE QUEEN'S SABOTS.

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A FISHER MAID'S SONG.

The poplars tall kissed the cold gray sky. And in front was the hungry sea. And the river swept dark and divinely by. While the wind swept merrily.

And the fishermen's boats were away. On the ocean's hazy blue. And the red light gleamed wide over the bay. From the high hills' windy crest.

And I saw again my lover's face. With her white smile all outspread. Like a joyous bird over the water that. When the evening sails were red.

Tomorrow the sun in the east will rise. And the fishing fleet come home. To gladen the weary, waiting eyes. Not with more than the salt sea foam.

But, ah, my love for the boat that left the shore. That eye when the skies were red. For the fisher lad I shall see no more. Till the sea gives up its dead.

—Magdalen Mack in Chambers Journal.

A GIRLS' ADVENTURE.

Kate Tynedale reined her horse to the roadside under a spreading clump of trees and wiped the perspiration from her heated brow.

It was a warm day, even for the month of June. Vague thoughts of sunstroke and dread of a thunder storm, which had been coursing through the child's mind for the last hour or two, were now almost dispelled by the cool, grateful shade of hemlocks.

Naomi, Kate's stock boy, appeared equally thankful for rest and gave expression to her feelings by a low whinny of satisfaction.

The little girl dismounted and proceeded to brush the dust from her dumbo companion's glossy coat.

"Twenty miles from home!" murmured she, whereat Naomi turned her head and gave the speaker an intelligent look out of her great brown eyes, quite as though she understood the significance of the words and had caught the half smothered sigh which accompanied them.

It was, indeed, a long way for a child of twelve to have come alone, and upon such an important mission, but Kate was a plucky girl and not in the least homesick nor at all afraid of anything but a certain tiny black cloudlet in the west, a "cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

It was the prophesy of a storm, and a thunder shower meant unutterable things to Kate Tynedale.

She wouldn't have started out today, but her father was sick and, Mr. Steinfeld's note being due, the old gentleman wanted his money. Securely buttoned inside the little gray bag were the \$200 which was to cancel her father's indebtedness.

"Quite a fortune!" thought she, feeling very womanly over the trust reposed in her.

There had been a commotion in the Tynedale household the previous evening when Kate had announced her willingness to go over to Rydal with the money.

Mrs. Tynedale had promptly declared that such a thing wasn't to be thought of for a moment, but her husband had laughed, in a good natured way, and asserted that it was a capital idea, and he would sooner trust his boy than any man in the neighborhood.

He often called Kate "his boy," partly because of the assistance she rendered him about the farm work, but chiefly in consequence of her skillful management of a horse.

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