Miscellany.

HOTEL MORGUE AND ITS GUESTS

To Hotel Morgue the guests come in
With a strangely silent air,
And however bois'trous a man has been
He makes no noise and he makes no din
When once he enters there.
And however poor, he rides in state,
Stretched at his ease, through the hotel gate.

A bath and a gown and cool, cool bed
Are given to all who come,
But never a one is wined or fed,
And never a word by one is said,
For the guests are always dumb.
And whatever is done, and however they fare,
They only lie and stare and stare.

From Hotel Morgue the guests pass on
Full oft at the break of day.
And they pay no bill as forth at dawn
With staring eyes and white lips drawn
They silently sail away.
Though clothed and sheltered and asked no price,
To Hotel Morgue no guest comes twice.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," said my Aunt Tabitha sententiously.

I assented, for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.

"You must marry," continued my aunt.

I hesitated, for to assent to the concrete is more dangerous.

"I am still very young," I said, meekly.

My aunt turned to my mother. "Whom shall Alfred marry?"

"Somebody nice," she volunteered.

"What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?" asked my aunt.

"I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow," I interposed, hastily.

"Or Amelia Stafforth?"

"Is she not rather"—my mother waved one hand—"and Alfred is so slim."

"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams; she will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters."

"There are only five of them," I said hopefully.

"Or Mabel Gordon?"

"She has taken a course of cooking lessons," observed my mother.

"No, none of these!" I cried, decisively.

My aunt looked offended.

"Very well, then, choose for yourself," she said, tartly.

"Perhaps that would help," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"You will choose somebody nice, won't you, Alfred?" said my mother.

"With money," observed my aunt.

"Well connected," emphasized my mother.

"Not too young," added my aunt.

"And religious," begged my mother.

"There is no objection to her being good looking?" I asked, a trifle timidly.

"No, I think not," said my aunt, "provided she fully understands beauty is but skin deep."

"I will tell her," I murmured.

"Well," said my aunt, impatiently, after a short pause, "whom do you suggest?"

I thought for a moment.

"What do you say to Winifred Fraser?"

"That minx!" cried my aunt.

"Oh, Alfred!" echoed my mother.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Such a dreadful family," said my mother.

"So fast!" interjected my aunt.

"But have you never noticed the sun on her hair?" I asked, innocently.

My aunt drew herself up.

"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said, with much dignity; "nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair."

I was justly annoyed. "I really think it must be Winifred Fraser," I said. "She is very fond of me——"

"How can you be so cruel to me!" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will not have me long." She drew out her handkerchief.

"You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy you must not expect my countenance."

"Under the circumstances I will not marry Winifred Fraser," I said, with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.

My aunt sniffed. "You had better not."

"I merely joked," I said, soothingly, remembering she had not made her will.

"Indeed!"

"The truth is"—I dropped my voice—"I am in love with some one else."

"And you never told me!" said my mother, reproachfully.

"The girl I love is not free."

"Married!" cried my aunt.

"Not married—but engaged."

"Who is it?" asked my mother, gently.

I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed.

"It is Constance Burleigh."

"It would have been a most suitable match," murmured my mother.

"Very suitable," replied my aunt.

There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt.

"I did not know Constance was engaged."

"It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you."

"I don't like these secret engagements," said my aunt, brusquely. "Who told you?"

"She told me herself."

"Who is the man?"

"I do not think I should repeat his name."

"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"You know the man?"

I nodded.

"Is he quite—quite——"

Again I shook my head doubtfully.

"What have you heard?" my aunt asked, eagerly.

"I don't think I ought to repeat these things."

"You can surely trust your mother," murmured my mother.

"And my discretion," said my aunt.

"Well," I said, "I have been told he is cruel to his mother."

"Really!" cried the two ladies in a breath.

"His mother told me so herself."

"How sad!" said my mother.

"And what else?" asked my aunt.

"Another relation of his told me he was depraved."

"Poor, poor Constance!" whispered my mother.

"And would probably end badly.

"I expect he drinks," said my aunt, grimly.

"Does Constance know this?" asked my mother.

"I don't think so."

"You did not tell her?"

"Of course not."

"I consider it your duty to."

"I really cannot."

"Then I will," said my aunt, resolutely.

"What I have said has been in confidence."

"I do not care."

"I beg you not to do so."

"It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon."

At that moment the bell rang.

"That may be she," said my aunt, flying to the window. "It is."

I got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory, which adjoins the drawing-room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look toward my mother.

"If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred."

My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.

The door opened and the servant announced Constance. She came forward with a little eager rush; then dropped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.

"We are glad to see you," said my mother, and kissed her.

My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said, solemnly. "Sit down."

Constance looked a little crushed. "I thought Alfred would have told you," she murmured.

"We have heard——" began my aunt.

"Hush," interposed my mother. "Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"

Constance came and sat by her side. "I was anxious to come and tell you that—that——"

"If you are alluding to your engagement," said my aunt, somewhat severely, "we have already heard of it."

"You have heard!" cried Constance.

"With the deepest sorrow."

Constance drew herself up.

"You do not approve?" she asked, proudly.

"We love you too much," said my mother, gently.

Constance looked bewildered.

"You are too good for the wretch!" cried my aunt. "What! Oh, what do you mean?" exclaimed Constance.

"If you marry this man," continued my aunt, vigorously, "you will regret it."

My mother took her hand. "My sister should not tell you this so suddenly."

"It is my duty to speak, and I will," cried my aunt. "I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes closed."

"What have you against him?" demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.

"He drinks," answered my aunt, almost triumphantly.

Constance sank back in the cushions.

"I don't believe it," she said, faintly.

"He ill-treats his mother—beats her, I believe," continued my aunt.

"This cannot be true," cried Constance. "Mrs. Granville, tell me."

My mother nodded sadly.

"Alas! I cannot deny it."

Constance arose. "This is awful!" she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. "I could never have believed it." She put her hand to her forehead. "It is like a bad dream."

"My poor, dear Constance," murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.

My aunt brought up her artillery. "He is thoroughly depraved, and will come to a bad end. His relations are as one on this point."

Constance buried her face in my mother's bosom. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! and I loved him so!" she sobbed.

In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomfortable.

"We thought it right to tell you," said my aunt, moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to."

"I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance. "Poor, poor Mrs. Granville!"

My mother soothed her.

"How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this," exclaimed Constance, drying her tears. "It was so good of you. I will not give him another thought. To treat his mother so cruelly! Oh, Mrs. Granville, I am so sorry for you!"

"It is I who am sorry for you," said my mother, doubtfully.

"And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him and spoiled him utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!"

My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.

"Who ever is it?" said Aunt Tabitha, whispering. "Find out."

"Where did you meet him, dearest?" whispered my mother.

"Meet him? Why, here, of course," said Constance, with opening eyes.

"Yes, yes, of course," said my mother, mystified.

"I thought you would be pleased, and I hurried across to tell you."

"Can Alfred have made a mistake?" muttered my aunt, hoarsely.

The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.

"I shall never be happy again," said Constance, mournfully.

"Don't say that," implored my mother. "Perhaps there is a mistake."

"How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance, raising her head.

"There can be no mistake," said my aunt, hastily.

"How could he be cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother.

"Cruel to me?" cried my mother.

"You said he was cruel to you."

"Of whom are you speaking?" cried both ladies.

"Of Alfred, of course."

The two elder ladies sat down suddenly.

"You are not engaged to Alfred?" they gasped simultaneously.

"To whom else?" said Constance, in amazement.

"There is some misunderstanding," I observed, smoothly, coming in at the moment.

The three fell upon me together.

It took at least an hour to explain. Yet I had said nothing which was not strictly true.

"You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother, fondly.

"I will not," replied Constance, tightening her lips.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," repeated my aunt, grimly.—Chambers' Journal.

So Comfortable.

"I always like to see that Senator get up to make a speech," said the drowsy-looking man.

"He isn't very interesting."

"No. When he is on his feet I'm always sure that my nap will not be disturbed by any outburst of applause."—Washington Star.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Farmers' Boys Should Be Taught Self-Reliance from Infancy—Plant Trees—A Balance for the Grindstone—Feeding Down Young Grain.

Boys on the Farm.

I am acquainted with an instance where a certain farmer brought his boy up just as you would train a colt. He was never allowed to exercise the least amount of judgment in anything pertaining to farm matters. In fact, he was a mere machine. When the boy was 18 his father was stricken down with a lingering disease, but still the latter persisted in pursuing the course of training his boy. He planned everything until three weeks before his death. To-day his boy knows but little more than an infant about laying out his work.

As soon as the boy is 12 years old his training should begin. Show him that he is of more consequence than a machine, that he is put here to think, plan and carry out work. Give him a piece of ground and teach him the first rudiments of farming, letting him see all the while that he is working for himself. As he grows older, give him a colt or a cow, and let him raise stock for himself. Then take him into confidence as to the buying and selling of farm produce, and occasionally let him manage the farm for a day or so. Above all, be patient with him. Nothing discourages the average boy more than fault-finding, which makes him gradually lose all confidence in his ability to work. Good judgment, patience and self-control will train your boy so that, when at last you are unable to run the old farm, you will have some one who can easily assume the entire management in everything and do credit to his parent's early training.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Plant Trees.

If you happen to live on the prairie where you have no woodlot, suppose you make the experiment of planting a few trees. Some yards even are bare of trees. Shade is grateful in the hot weather and you owe it to your wife and children to at once beautify and cool the yard with trees. Get a few thrifty young maples and set them along the road in front of the house. Put in one good white elm where it will shade the yard and porch (lightning is not so partial to the elm as to some other trees) put a frame around them to protect them, and in a few years you will be surprised at the amount of pleasure you will all get out of it.

Then, if you have a spare sandy, low-lying corner that is not good for much else, you might put it to good use by planting a lot of cottonwoods there. You won't miss the ground and in a few years the value of the wood for light fuel will more than repay your trouble.

Of course you will not forget the importance of putting out some fruit trees. Three or four dollars will give you enough cherry, apple and crab trees to supply your family needs in the course of three or four years; and by judicious repetition of the process it will not be long before you will have a thrifty orchard which will prove to be the most profitable spot on the farm. Select a gentle southern slope if you have one, and if not, do the next best thing.

Balance for Grindstones.

One of the most satisfactory little improvements I have lately made is a balance on my grindstone. I turn with a treadle, operated by my foot, and this balance not only makes the stone turn easier, but also makes it run much steadier. To make the balance, I got a piece of iron about five-eighths of an inch thick, 3½ inches wide and 10 inches long. Had blacksmith punch a hole in iron 2½ inches from one end, of size to fit on grindstone shaft, on end opposite treadle. It should be put on so that long end of iron would be opposite the little crank that treadle is fastened to, so that when treadle is being pressed down by the foot the long end will be going up, and when the treadle is going up the weight of iron will be going down and help raise treadle, thus forming a balance.—Farmers' Union.

Effect of Food on Eggs.

A systematic series of inquiries in regard to the effect of food upon the size of eggs, develops the fact that most feeders are very much in the dark upon this subject. It has been found, however, that the grains have much less effect in increasing the size of eggs than meats, bran and other nitrogenous foods, but grains fed in excess will make the hen too fat, and her eggs will either be small or be retained until abnormally large. As to the effect on the number of eggs, opinions are about equally divided. Perhaps the answer to either question depends more upon the breed than upon any particular food. The ideal food for laying hens as given by a prominent fancier is as follows: "The combination of 30 pounds of corn, 15 pounds of oats, 10 pounds of wheat, 10 pounds of barley and 15 pounds of wheat bran, thoroughly mixed, gives the largest number of eggs possible. This is used as the morning soft food, with 25 per cent. of meat food, the afternoon feed being mixed grains."

Quack Grass on Sandy Soil.

It is very difficult to rid sandy soil of either quack grass or of its equal pest, the Canada thistle, because where there is no hard subsoil the roots run too deeply for the plow to bring them up. The sandy soil is also so porous and has so little vegetable mould that the quack roots do not die quickly, even if not allowed to send up shoots. But on land wholly destitute of vegetable matter, it is hardly worth while to get rid of quack. It will keep a sod and prevent the sand from blowing, which is difficult to do with any of the cultivated grasses or with clover.

Planting Cucumbers in Ridges

Instead of planting cucumber seed in hills where the roots of a dozen or more plants will crowd each other, we long ago learned that it is much better to plant the seed in ridges only very slightly raised above the soil around them. In the ridges the seed may be put five to six inches apart. If some of the vines are attacked by the cucumber beetle others will escape, while it is rarely that a hill is attacked without losing all the plants in it. Cucumbers thus grown are much less likely to dry out late in the season than if planted in hills.—Ex.

Feeding Down Young Grain.

On very rich land spring grain is apt to grow too rank and its straw will break down before the grain is filled, making the entire crop a failure. It is on such cases that pasturing stock on spring grain may be a benefit to the crop. We say "may be" advisedly, for the trampling of the plants in soft earth must always be injurious, however great may be the advantages of cropping off its surplus growth. The amount of feed that can be secured by feeding down spring grain is very small. It may pay to pasture with sheep, or even with calves which will not seriously poach the soil. But better than this, on very rich land, is to run over the piece with a mower, cutting the leaves to within two inches of the ground. These leaves will not grow again, but their check while the root beneath is rapidly growing will send up two shoots for one.—American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

Poor hay makes a poor feed. The time of cutting and manner of curing are important items as regards quality.

While mistakes do not always result in loss, it is as important to know how to avoid mistakes as to be successful.

One of the surest ways of killing out noxious weeds is to cut them off close to the top of the ground as fast as they show up.

There is a fairly good demand in market for well matured animals of medium size that are in a good thrifty condition.

It is impossible to feed cattle with profitable results that have been stunted during the early stages of their existence.

Keep up the cultivation until the crops can be considered as made. There is little risk of giving too much cultivation; the opposite is generally the case.

South Carolina's Wild Beasts.

If a circle be described with the Charleston city hall as a center and a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, there may be found within its limits at least twenty-five different species of wild animals, several of them in sufficient numbers to make their capture for the sake of their skins a profitable employment, says the Charleston News and Courier. The list consists of the black bear, the bay lynx or wildcat, the gray fox, the Virginia deer, the raccoon, the 'possum, the gray rabbit, the swamp rabbit, the pole-cat or skunk, the mink, the Canada otter, the fox squirrel (three varieties), the Carolina gray squirrel, the flying squirrel, four species of rats, four species of mice, and three species of ground mole or shrews. All these are found in considerable numbers, while some, even of the larger and more important, are very abundant.

In addition to these, the common seal is an occasional, though rare, visitor in the harbor, while the panther, the beaver and the wolf have become extinct in this circuit within one or two generations—the latter having been killed within thirty miles of the city in the memory of men now living. If we extend our circle to include the limits of the State, we must enlarge our list by eight or ten more species, such as the red fox, the woodchuck or ground hog, the muskrat, the ground squirrel, and several others, while the panther, wolf and beaver may possibly be still found very rarely in the wild regions of the Blue Ridge.

Edited by the Madmen.

In several English lunatic asylums journalism has been introduced among the inmates as a curative measure, and the innovation has been attended with excellent results. Some physicians declare they are indebted to their patients for hints as to the best manner of treating them. One demented person refused food and as obstinately declined to furnish any reason for his action. In the newspaper article, however, he wrote: "I desire to be buried as quickly as possible. It is a monstrous scandal that I should be compelled to drag about all over this house a dead and putrefying corpse." As soon as the bent of his weak-mindedness was discovered he received appropriate treatment and eventually recovered. Dr. Andrew Wynter in 1857 wrote of lunatics that "they are nothing if not critical," and spoke of a journal conducted at Murray's Royal Asylum at Perth. It is said that in perusing some of their papers a reader would fail to discover a "bee in the bonnet" of the writers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Behavior of the Japanese.

The Japanese are as courteous as they are theatrical and artistic. Their courtesy and their art are very closely allied. Their keen sense of courtesy, and their unflagging practice of it, has, I believe, as much to do with the quietness and fitness of their funerals as has their fine artistic instinct. They are as a nation even prouder and more studious, I think, of their courtesy than of their artistic excellence. "Cry it; it will do you good!" I said once to a poor Japanese woman, who, crouching beside her dying husband, was controlling herself with an effort that would, I feared, make her ill. She laid her little, slim, brown finger upon her trembling, red lip and shook her head, then whispered: "It might disturb him." "Cry; it will do you good!" I said the next day when the man was dead, and she seemed almost prostrate with grief and over-enforced self-control. "It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead," came the soft reply.

A Royal Bracelet.

A little story is told in connection with a bracelet always worn by the Queen. It was given her by the Prince Consort in the second year of their marriage, and held in a medallion the baby face of the Prince of Wales. When a third child was given to them the Queen had this picture removed and carefully preserved, and that of the new baby put in its place, and so on through all the royal line of infants. Now the little daughter of the Duke of York smiles up in the face of the great-grandmother from this love-token, as did her grandfather long years ago.

Artificial Ears.

The making of artificial ears seems to have reached scientific perfection within the last decade. Made of a specially prepared rubber, flesh-colored in the rough, they are painted by hand in exact imitation of the remaining ear of the unfortunate customer, and as carefully "touched" and marked over as an artist's picture.

Doesn't Trust Man.

A naturalist says that in captivity elephants always stand up when they sleep, but when in the jungle, their own land and home, they lie down. The reason given for the difference between the elephant in captivity and freedom is that the elephant never acquires complete confidence in his keepers, and always longs for liberty.

Carpets.

To prevent stair carpets from wearing, place a slip of paper under them, at and over the edge of every stair which is the part where they wear first. The strips should be, within an inch or two, as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth. A piece of old carpet answers the purpose better than paper.

Will in a Grave.

Almost a parallel to the Jacob Z. Davis will discovery turns up in Indiana, for after lying in a man's coffin for nearly 30 years, a will has been exhumed at Leavenworth, in that state, and its terms are liable to increase a troublesome litigation among the heirs of the man who had the document buried with him.

Jacob Kissingen was the man. The will was found by accident, because when Kissingen died, although the will was believed to have been made, no body could find it. So the heirs went to law and have been at it for three decades.

A few days ago a dispute arose which could be cleared up by the family Bible. So the old grave was opened and the book taken out. It was in a good state of preservation, and, when opened, to the surprise of everyone, disclosed the old man's will.

By the terms of the document found in the grave the property of Kissingen was divided equally among five children, one of them a resident of Germany, and born of Kissingen's first wife. And this is where the new trouble begins. None of the four American heirs ever heard of the father's first marriage, and not one of them guessed that he had a brother in Europe.

The German heir, of course, has been in ignorance, too, of the existence of his American brothers, and the property and money bequeathed to him.

If he presses his claim now, it is said that the four brothers who live here will have quite a hole in their purses when they pay him what is his by his father's will.

Cat Raising for Furs.

A number of enterprising men and women have evolved a scheme for utilizing the despised cat and have organized a stock company with a capital of $10,000, with which they propose to start a cat farm and raise cat skins for the market. Thomas McEntree, of Lacon, Ill., is the head of the enterprise and negotiations are pending for a tract of 160 acres for the farm. It is proposed to raise rats as well as cats, and to feed the two animals upon each other—the cats on rats, and subsequently the rats on cats, after the latter have served their purpose and lost their skins. Mr. McEntree declares the plan to be perfectly feasible, and says:

"It is well known that cat furs go much into the market of leather goods nowadays. There is a cat-raising industry in California, and it is coining money. We propose to start with 100 cats, maybe more. These cats will be the finest bred Maltese and black species. With 100 to start we could have close to 1,000,0000 cats in four years' time. The furs sell at 10 to 15 cents. Also, in the thousands of cats raised, there are some which will command fancy prices as family pets."

Horse Power of Lightning.

A recent thunder storm in the neighborhood of Berlin afforded an opportunity of measuring precisely the power of a flash of lightning. The experimenters took as a basis the amount of iron fused by a flash of lightning, and according to the statement which they have published, the power of a flash of lightning is on an average equivalent to 7,000 horsepower.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

One of the best schools for boys on this coast is in charge of ex-State Superintendent Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., at Burlingame, San Mateo county, accredited.

A single polypus has been cut into 124 parts, and each in time became a perfect animal.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

A man in a balloon four miles above the earth can plainly hear the barking of a dog.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business trasactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family pills are the best.

Russia has 41,800 public schools, while Germany, with only half the population, has 59,000 schools, with nearly three times as many pupils as the Russian.

A new method of testing the hardness of steel balls has been devised. The balls are dropped from a fixed height on a plate glass set at an angle; if properly tempered they rebound into one receptacle, and if they are too soft, they drop into another.

Stop! Women,

And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician, male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man; besides, a man does not understand, simply because he is a man.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

WHEAT Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, Spokane and Seattle, Wash.

"CHILDREN TEETHING." MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 338 Market St., San Francisco.

A GASOLINE HOISTING ENGINE.

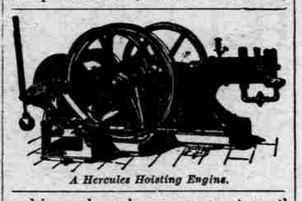
It Does the Work of the Steam Engine Better and With Less Cost.

The use of gas and gasoline engines in mines and for all power purposes is very much on the increase. New uses for them are being found every day. They are being used quite extensively for pumping, for hoisting, and for other work in mining. Mr. W. F. Patrick has an article in a recent number of the New York Engineering and Mining Journal giving experience with a gasoline hoisting engine at the Southern Eureka mines in Utah. Mr. Patrick says:

"We have had the engine in use for some time, and have found it highly satisfactory and in the highest degree economical. We are engaged in sinking, and of course only hoisting intermittently. Our engine is rated at 25-horsepower, and hoists a load of 1,100 pounds from a depth of 275 feet in 45 seconds. Our consumption of gasoline has averaged only 0.7 gallons per hour. The amount of water used in cooling the cylinders is very small, as large galvanized iron cooling tanks are provided with the engine, and only enough water is required to replenish what is lost by evaporation. In many of our Western mining districts water for a steam plant would cost as much or more than the fuel.

"The engine is provided with electric and torch igniters, both of which work very satisfactorily. One man can, by means of the self-starter, easily start the engine alone; after starting it requires no attention, except to see that the oil cups are feeding properly.

"By means of the operating levers near the shaft, one man can hoist, dump the buckets, run out the waste,



A Hercules Hoisting Engine.

and in such work as ours, or at small mines, have time to do the tool sharpening and timber framing.

"The machinery is noiseless and safe. The gasoline tank is placed outside the engine room, underground, and below the level of the engine bed, and the gasoline is drawn up as needed by a small pump placed on one side of the engine. This arrangement prevents all possibility of an explosion. In fact, I consider it safer and more economical than steam, and when the hoisting is done, it can be shut down and there is absolutely no consumption of fuel and no possible danger of explosion."

The illustration given herewith shows a type of engine very much in use in mines throughout California, Oregon, Idaho, Arizona, Mexico, Utah, Montana, Nevada, etc. It is built by the Hercules Gas Engine Works, of San Francisco, in all sizes, from two to two hundred horsepower. The engines are built extra heavy, the hoisting drum being the same base as the engine, and geared direct. The levers operating the hoist are positive in action, and are within easy control of the operator. About three thousand of these engines are in use in different parts of the country, and in every instance have demonstrated their superiority over any other power for the purpose used.

They are also made to burn distillate oil, which reduces the fuel cost very materially, and where water and fuel are scarce, the saving in these items quite often enables the property to be worked where otherwise the expense attendant upon operating a steam engine would preclude it.

Ice-Breaking Ships.

Vice-Admiral Makarow, of the Russian navy, has been studying the construction and use of powerful ice-breaking ships. At a recent meeting of the Imperial Geographical Society at St. Petersburg he expressed the beilef that with two such ships, each of 10,000 horsepower, acting together, a line of free water communication could be kept open in winter to the port of St. Petersburg, and he added that they could even force their way through the glacial ocean if the thickness of the ice did not exceed 12 feet.

Not an Official Day.

The governor of Illinois is not required to work on Sunday. It seems strange that such a question should have been raised. But it came before the supreme court with reference to figuring up the time allowed him by the constitution in which to act upon bills after the adjournment of the general assembly. The supreme court has decided that Sundays are not official days.

D'Aumale's Three Wills.

So rich was the Duc d'Aumale that he had to make three wills to properly provide for the disposition of his property. One of them relates exclusively to that part of his property which is in France, while the other deals with the wealth deposited in England, possibly from motives of precaution.

The latest estimate of the population of the globe has been made by M d'Amfreville, who places it at 1,479,729,000. The number of inhabitants to the square mile in Asia is 48; in Africa, 15; in America, 8; in Oceanica, and the polar regions, 3; in Australia, 1. The yearly increase of the population of the earth is about 5 to every 1,000. At this rate the population doubles every 139 years.

A lady while traveling from Tyrone to Altoona, Pa., had her pocket picked in a car, and she was hustled off miles from her destination because she had not money to pay her fare. There were fourteen men who witnessed the act, and not one of them had the manliness to lend her fifty cents.

The French minister of war recently offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Periguoux to Paris—310 miles. There were 2746 entries and the winner did the distance in seven hours and 34 minutes.

Marie Theresa's equestrian statue, recently unveiled by Emperor Francis Joseph, at Pressburg, is said to be the first monument erected in Hungary to a sovereign of the Hapsburg line, which has ruled over the country for 371 years.

Near Boise City, Idaho, 400 feet below the earth's surface, there is a subterranean lake of hot water, of 170 degrees temperature. It has pressure enough to ascend to the top floor of the houses, and will be piped to them for heating purposes.

The first public library in England was founded by the corporation of London some 800 years before the British museum was established. Cromwell borrowed books from this institution and "forgot to return them."

We pay $500,000 a day to foreign ship owners for carrying the goods sold or purchased.

Influence of War on Toys.

Within the past few weeks a German factory which makes lead toy soldiers, has received so many orders for Turkish and Greek soldiers for next Christmas that it announces through the European press its inability to fill any more orders this year. The makers of toy uniforms, games, pictures and similar toys are also running overtime, making specialties illustrating the Turco-Greek war. Even the textile industries are preparing to reap the golden harvest and material of every imaginable description in Turkish and Greek designs is being manufactured in large quantities.

SOUND REASONS FOR APPROVAL.

There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the public prefer Hostetter's Stomach Bitters above the ordinary cathartics. It does not drench and weaken the bowels, but assists rather than forces nature to act; it is botanic and safe; its action is never preceded by an internal earthquake like that produced by a drastic purgative. For forty-five years past it has been a household remedy for liver, stomach and kidney trouble.

There are two business men in an English town named I. Came and H. E. Went.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 68 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

In 1895 statistics of visitors to Paris were kept by the police, to whom proprietors of hotels and boarding houses had to make returns. These statistics were: English, 43,373; Americans, 42,817; Germans, 36,242.

Don't

waste stamps. Save up your *Schilling's Best* yellow tea-tickets, and send several guesses for that missing word in one envelope.

Schilling's Best money-back tea, at your grocer's.

Rules of contest published in large advertisement about the first and middle of each month. A16

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N. P. N. U. No. 29. '97.

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AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

OH, THE PAIN!

All the pains that man suffers from are the result of weakness. The nerves are weak or the muscles are weak. If neither of these, the vital functions need strength. What is better than electricity, which fills every part of the body with new vitality every day?

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt....

Have you tried it. No, or you wouldn't suffer from pain of any kind. "I suffered misery from pain in my back. Dr. Sanden's Belt cured me in three weeks. I would not part with my belt for any money," says J. E. Allison, 206 North Ninth street, Portland.

It cures all kinds of pain and weakness. The steady, soothing current from it brings life to the weakened nerves and muscles. Call and see it, or get the book with information, free.

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