A HINT FROM THE KLONDIKE

Joseph Ladue, the famous trapper and miner and the present owner of Dawson City, and for many years the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, gives a hint to persons going to Alaska, and pays great compliment to a well-known article. He writes:

"I have always used the Royal Baking Powder in Alaska and Northwest Territory, as no other gave equal satisfaction in that harsh climate. I also found my customers always insisted on having that brand."

A Fugitive King's Fete.

"About four miles from Philadelphia there was a magnificent mansion built after the Italian manner in the previous century by Governor John Penn, and known as Lansdowne house in honor of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here Joseph Bonaparte," records William Perrine, writing in the April Ladies' Home Journal of 'When the King of Spain Lived on the Banks of the Schuylkill,' "established himself in rural ease until he had built his 'palace' at Bordentown, N. J. Toward the end of the summer of 1817 Joseph had a little dinner party at Lansdowne. Among the guests was Dr. Benjamin Rush's daugther, Julia, who was pleased with what she thought his fluent conversation, his urbane manner and his good looks, and who, perhaps, was somewhat inclined to sympathize with his complaint that Napoleon had not been at all disposed to let him have much of his own way either as soldier or king.

"On one occasion only he gave a magnificent fete on the lawn of his princely estate, and all the beaus and belles of Philadelphia who had been invited dressed in their most picturesque summer gowns and made haste to attend. It was a brilliant afternoon fete, and Bonaparte was the center of attraction as he stood on his lawn and welcomed his guests. But it is doubtful whether there were at any time more than half a dozen persons in Philadelphia, or for that matter in the whole country, to whom he bore anything like close and confidential relations. He liked little children, and they were sometimes in the habit of speaking of him as 'the good Mr. Bonaparte.' "

A neat attachment recently patented to prevent bicycle lamps from going out, consists of a piece of wire gauze bent to form a basket surrounding the flame to shield it from sudden draughts of air.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

The politicians are even now beginning to weigh the possibilities involved in the next presidential election. The papers are full of electioneering gossip, and venture predictions as to the future which are somewhat too self-confident. But it is safe to say that a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will renew health in the malarious, bilious, rheumatic, costive or nervous.

Swing Pictures of a Launch.

A novel use of the kinematograph is reported from Germany, where the instrument was recently used to secure a series of pictures representing all the movements of the hull made during the launching of a vessel. The instrument selected for the occasion is said to be capable of recording 4,000 impressions per minute. German naval officers are said to be taking considerable interest in the experiment.

One of the new kitchen utensils is a cloth holder for washing dishes and woodwork and for dusting, the device having a handle in which a rod is mounted with a spring in the upper end to hold a cap set in a curved socket at the lower end to clamp the cloth in position.

How Sound Travels.

The whistle of a locomotive can be heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 3,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, a dinner bell two miles and a call to get up in the morning 8 feet 7 inches.

A new method of fastening spokes in wagon wheels consists of settingg a screw-threaded bolt in the end of the spoke, with a nut countersunk in the felly which can be turned to adjust the felly to fit the tire.

In the White chappel (London) county court three witnesses in succession in one case could neither read nor write. Three witnesses in the next case were named respectively Speller, Reader and Wright.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saint, of Jobstown, N. J., to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."

THE BEST LEAD IS THE LEAD THAT WEARS LONGEST.

It Is Known as

WESTERN WHITE LEAD

Write to us about it. Our book on painting SENT FREE.

Cleveland Oil & Paint Mfg. Co.,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

WILL & FINCK CO.'S **SPRING EYE GRAIN BAC NEEDLES.....**
Plain or with Cutter. The best needle in the market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general merchandise stores, or by
WILL & FINCK CO.,
820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

PEGGY, THE OFFICE BOY.

I.

When Peggy first made her appearance in the Disseminator office none of us paid any attention to her. Certainly none of us even dreamed that she was likely to prove a heroine.

Peggy was Jimmy's sister; and Jimmy—otherwise James McGovern—was one of the Disseminator office boys. On a certain spring afternoon, when I entered the city department of our justly celebrated journal, I found my accustomed chair occupied by a rosy-cheeked, wide-eyed, fluffy-haired young person, whose brief skirts at once proclaimed her sex and her extreme youth. The watchful Jimmy, seeing my perplexity, instantly darted forward, and half pushed, half lifted, the usurper from my rightful throne.

"It's my sister," he exclaimed (clearly somewhat ashamed of owning such a commodity). "You see mother's dead, an' father's at work all day, so Peggy her couldn't stay home all by her lonesome; and I thought—thought——"

"You thought you might bring her here," I interrupted. "Well, she's a pretty little thing, and if you don't let her get in the way, I fancy the boys won't mind."

"I won't get in ve way," piped Peggy, with superb self-consciousness. An' zen—an' zen, I tan help Jimmy."

I laughed at the idea of a little 6-year-old maiden helping in the busy whirl of a newspaper city room, and gave Peggy an encouraging pat on the head, and a very modest coin of the realm for certain transactions in candy. Thenceforward Peggy adopted me as her especial friend and champion.

II.

It was a day or two later that, on entering the city room, I came upon a curious sight—no less a sight, indeed, than old Buchanan, the city editor, with Peggy on his knee. Now, if ever there was a surly human bear it was Buchanan; and it spoke volumes for Peggy that she had been able to tame him. Indeed I had feared that, when my chief discovered her daily presence in the office, he would instantly order her to decamp. Quite the contrary had occurred, and I was stricken with amazement, which did not decrease when Jimmy subsequently narrated to me the events leading up to Peggy's conquest.

Buchanan, it appears, had come growling into the room, as was his wont, and looking for someone upon whom to vent the spleen generated by a half-digested breakfast. He was a terrible man, was Buchanan, when his breakfast did not agree with him! But this morning the city editor was not expected for an hour to come, and so Jimmy and his sister had been indulging in a merry game of "tag." They were rushing wildly hither and thither; upsetting chairs and waste-paper baskets, and utterly unconscious of all else but their fun, when the burly form of Buchanan loomed up in the doorway. Bless you!—these happy urchins never even saw him; and for full fifteen minutes he stood on the threshold, looking on, and feeling his ill-temper oozing out, like Bob Acres' courage, at his finger tips.

Presently Peggy, in one of her frantic rushes from the pursuing Jimmy, ran plump into Buchanan's outstretched arms. Poor little thing!—she almost fainted with fright when she saw who her captor was (and for the matter of that Jimmy was quite as horrified); but the very first words Buchanan spoke reassured her. When I entered he was telling her about his own little girls—particularly about the one that was dead.

Peggy became quite a feature of the Disseminator's city department. She had a funny little piece of needle work which she called her "emb'oydy"—meaning embroidery, I suppose; and at this she stitched, or made believe to stitch, assiduously. But she had a quick eye and wit, had Peggy; and, little by little, she managed to pick up all the technicalities of the office—the manner of managing the wondrous being, the telephone—the mysteries of proof slips and the files appertaining thereunto—and most of the accumulated lore of Disseminator office boys. One day I found her, perched on a table, gravely calling up "Thentral" on the 'phone, and asking with visible importance for "Thix - hund'ed-an'-thirty-theven." On another occasion I met her toddling down from the composing room with a bundle of proofs in her chubby arms, while from the printers' landing that usually dignified person, the foreman, watched over her daring voyage.

III.

About the middle of January two notable events occurred. One was the breaking of Jimmy McGovern's leg in a "coasting" accident, and the consequent loss of that invaluable youngster for office purposes. The second—well, you shall hear about the second event as Buchanan is never tired of describing it.

We had all gone home for the night—or, rather, for the morning. The office was deserted and supposed to be closed—although events disclosed the fact that a careless janitor had been in the habit of leaving it carelessly open, while he sought refreshments around the corner.

Buchanan was in the very act of undressing himself to slumber when he heard his private telephone bell ringing furiously. Leaping out of bed, he seized the receiver, and gruffly demanded what anybody wanted with a Christian city editor at such an unearthly hour of the morning.

Great was his astonishment (he admits that he at first accused himself of dreaming) when there came across the wires a voice he knew—a lisping childish voice—calling faintly:

"Misto' Boocan'! Oh-h, Misto' Boocan! Zis is Peggy, Jimmy's sister."

"Good gracious!" cried Buchanan. "What do you want, child?"

"Wobbers is ve matter," was the answer, louder and more hopefully given. "Wobbers—burglars—t'ieves. Come quick, or ve wobbers 'll get away."

Buchanan was a man of quick thought and hair-trigger resolve. There flashed across his mind the thought that in his desk at the office, ready for publication on the morrow, lay the proofs and papers in the great Bolton bribery and corruption case. He knew that Bolton, prince of swindlers, was a desperate man, who would risk anything to secure those proofs. Clearly Peggy was telephoning from the local room of the Disseminator. How or why she came to do so, he did not stay to ask. In ten minutes he was on his bicycle and speeding through the silent streets.

When he reached the Disseminator office his fears gained ground from the fact that the private door leading to the editorial rooms was ajar. Rushing upstairs and throwing open the local room door, he was greeted with a glad cry, and Peggy—a disheveled, pale-faced Peggy, leaped into his arms.

At first the child could only point speechlessly to his desk in the corner, where the invaluable documents had lain. The desk was broken up, as

THE CHILD COULD ONLY POINT TO THE DESK.

though with an axe, and the Bolton proofs were gone!

Now that Buchanan knew the worst, his calmness returned. Carrying the child to the refrigerator in the corner, he made her drink a glass of water. Peggy revived instantly. Her voice returned; and she managed to lisp out her story.

Coming with her father from a late visit to Jimmy at the hospital, they had stopped to see the night watchman of the Disseminator office. This careless personage had coolly left little Peggy in charge while he "slipped across the street a minute" for refreshments, with his old crony, McGovern, senior.

They had hardly been absent five minutes when Peggy, half dozing, in a dark corner, heard stealthy steps, and saw two men enter the room. One of them she recognized as a discharged printer of the Disseminator—Healy by name. Not seeing Peggy in her corner, the two broke open Buchanan's

"HELLO, THENTRAL!"

desk, and, after a careful search, found and abstracted the Bolton documents.

"And where did they go?" asked Buchanan.

"Peggy ran to ve window an' watched 'em. They crossed ve street, an' went into ve saloon across ve way."

"The same saloon that your father and the watchman entered?"

Peggy nodded her head.

Quickly Buchanan lifted the child on his shoulder, and ran down the stairs. On the threshold of the street door were McGovern senior and the recalcitrant watchman; but Buchanan had no time to abuse them then.

"Follow me, men," he shouted; and, still carrying Peggy and with the startled pair at his heels he darted across the street and into the saloon—a night resort for printers—across the way.

The saloon was empty save for a group of three men at a table in a far corner. One of these men Buchanan recognized as Bolton the swindler; another was the discharged printer. Healy. Even as they entered a bundle of papers lay in the middle of the table, while Bolton was counting out some greenbacks.

Buchanan set down the child, and sprang like a cat does upon a mouse, at the documents.

"Hold those men. They are thieves," he cried, seizing the papers and warding off a frantic blow from Bolton's sledge-hammer fist.

In the confusion Buchanan made good his escape, catching up the frightened Peggy as he went, and still clutching the Bolton papers. In the street he met a policeman, and dispatched him to the saloon, where the erring janitor was probably paying for his carelessness in a tussle with the Bolton gang.

But Buchanan did not care, so long as the papers and Peggy were safe.

In the office, while they waited for news from the "seat of war," the grim city editor found time to tell Peggy what he thought of her.

"You have done a great thing for the paper, Peggy," he said; "and we shan't forget it. By the way, we need an office boy badly, and I don't know anybody better fitted for the job than you."

The great Bolton case as published in the Disseminator made a sensation; and when Jimmy McGovern got well and came back to work he found himself obliged to take a subordinate position—as Peggy's assistant.—Chicago Ledger.

REVENGE OF PIZEN GULCH CITS.

It Was Two Weeks Too Late, but No Apaches Were Le t.

"The man who said that 'the only good Indian was a dead Indian' was about as near right as men get," remarked Col. Ham Sploggett, of Arizona, the other evening, as he wrestled with a mint smash, "and if any man oughter know what he's talking erbout in them matters I guess it's me. I went to Arizony a mighty long time ago. Them darned Apaches wuz erbout as onery as eny sort of Indians, and not a day passed but what we fellers down to Pizen Gulch heard erbout men losing their scalps and women and children being butchered like forty, the news coming from way out on the frontier. I wuz sorter getting a grip on Arizony jess then, an' I didn't want to lose it, so I jess stayed away from the line an' 'tended ter business, with one eye open. We had ter get out and hustle, however. Indians wuz getting more rampageous every day, and finally a band of the measly, murdering robbers rid inter a small settlement erbout fifty miles from the Gulch and killed every soul thar, not leaving one to tell the tale. This riled the boys at the Gulch, an' we thought the time had come to do something. Two hours after we got the news we wuz out for biz. We rode away, an' an hour afore sundown we reached the place whar the settlement had been. Wall, sir, I've seen many sad sights in my life, but that little settlement wuz erbout the saddest thing that ever met these old eyes, not so old then, neither. Ashes showed whar some cabins had stood, and that, too, could be seed what remained of home things, an' jess on the outskirts of the settlement we found the bodies of the folks what had formed the peaceful village.

"Men, women and children alike had gone to satisfy the awful greed for blood. They had been dragged togethed and the bodies, must have been about twenty of them, were piled in a terrible heap, mutilated and horrible to look at. The saddest sight of it all was the form of a little baby. The small critter wuz lying on the breast of a woman, maybe its mother, and its little fists wuz fastened in the long hair that was all tangled and flowing like. At fust I thought it wuz sleepin', but it wuzn't. It wuz dead, an' a little round black hole right in the middle of its forehead showed whar the bullet had done its work. Thar it wuz, a monument of Indian ferocity, an' the poor little limbs of the baby wuz cuddled up an' its white face wuz smilin' jest as though death had caught it while it wuz lookin' right inter its mother's eyes. The sight of that little one thar, naked to the skies, made the grim look on the faces of the boys jess kinder deepen like until they seemed desperate and deadly. We left the place without a word, but when we crept up on the band what did the work we paid them back to the death, even if it wuz two weeks later. Them wuz bad days, I tell you."—Two Republics, Mexico.

Every man should have saved up enough money to be able to take life easier by the time he begins to get sleepy in the day time.

If there is anything which is particularly inexcusable in a woman, it is to look untidy when boarding and free from household cares.

No one treats the worries of others in an intelligent manner.

GOOD ROADS

Something About Roads.

A correspondent writes the Indiana Farmer from Bicknell, that State, in these words:

While at the World's Fair, in the Transportation Building, I noticed a section of some foreign corduroy road that was claimed to have been built some years before Christ. The cost of building stone roads in many parts of the State is bound to be large, owing to the lack of suitable material in places. Some of our people here think that we have plenty of material in our limestone hills to construct good stone roads. Others think it would be cheaper to bring it by rail from the north and east. Be this as it may, to build good roads in this county will cost a good deal. Some think it would be best to make a loan of long standing and let posterity help pay the debt. In my opinion if some of the other callings would pay as much taxes in proportion as the farmers do, the surplus would go a long way toward making good roads. I do not think there are many farmers that are willing to have their taxes enlarged very much at this time.

Doubtless there are more people here interested at this time about dirt roads than any other kind. That our roads have been abused is a fact known to everyone. As a general rule it appears that our road supervisor's sole object is to "splash" over his work and receive his ill-gotten gain. And on the other hand the men that go on the road to work are too apt to be watching the sun and asking what time it is. They don't work like they do at home. What is the result? The roads are washing away, bridges have broken through, culverts are filled, fences thrown down and people compelled to drive around bad places.

What is to be done? In the first place in certain places there are more roads than men to work them. I think the law exempting men from work on the roads on account of age, or disability, if they possess property, is not fair. Men usually use the roads more after the age of 50 than they do while younger, because they are often worth more and have more produce to haul, and often possess saw-mills, wheat thrashers and other valuable property. If not able to work let them hire. Who would think of exempting one from taxation on account of age or disability?

Are the roads not as important as the taxes?

Where is the country that has no roads? Take the roads from our country and the streets of our cities will grow up with briars. Farmers ought not receive pay for cleaning their fence corners next to the roads. If the land belongs to the road, let the supervisor work it and the briars will not grow. If it belongs to the farmer let him clean them without pay. Perhaps supervisors should receive more pay and then be held strictly responsible for the work they do. They should make weekly trips along the roads, take out obstructions, turn water from roads, fix up bridges, culverts, etc.

THE KAFFIR WHEN OFF DUTY.

South African Mine Laborers Lead a Monotonous Life.

Life on a South African mining property can hardly be monotonous. The report of a traveler fresh from the cape gives a curious insight into one phase of labor on the Rand. It used to be the custom of the Kaffir, on receiving his salary—usually $5 per week—to sally forth and invest all his earnings in bottles of brandy. He would then return to his hut, squat down and drink it like beer until he succumbed. This went on regularly among the mining staffs of all the large companies until, in order to prevent a weekly cessation of labor, the companies adopted the method of inclosing all their native employes inside a compound, and shutting them in like prisoners until their time of service has elapsed.

Visitors to the compounds often take in a pound or so of the native coarse tobacco, for a handful of which the Kaffirs, under stress of their deprivation of tobacco as well as liquor, will often gladly exchange fine old native bracelets and knobkerries. The native method of smoking is peculiar. After the pipe is filled several long pulls are taken and the smoke swallowed. The bowl is then taken off, the stem is inserted in a bowl of water, and the water is sucked through it and swallowed also. Then comes the tug of war. The man who can hold out longest without coughing is considered a hero. After a short time the smoker will convulsively cough for fifteen or twenty minutes, and one can quite understand why the Kaffir is not allowed out to buy tobacco. In the case of the traveler, who gives these details, the mine manager asked him to cease bartering the vile stuff for native trinkets, otherwise the whole relay would be unfit to go down when their time came.

The Kaffir usually returns home after six months or a year at the mines, and is considered a rich man. He buys two or more wives and takes his ease while they do all the work.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Swiss Village Houses.

Some of the village houses in Switzerland have quaint sundials upon the front and, where they are very fine, there is not infrequently an inscription telling when the house was built and when restored, and perhaps a pious sentence in old German text, says the Christian Register. The roads through this valley constantly excited our admiration. They seem built for all time and are as well kept as a lady's parlor floor. These beautiful highways over the wildest passes show how effectually a paternal power watches over the safety and comfort of the traveler.

Some of the prettiest villas upon these hillsides are the summer houses of wealthy Swiss cooks, restaurant-keepers, confectioners and hotel proprietors to be found in all the large towns of Europe, and who return to their native valleys for rest and recreation. Though they may not be socially distinguished in the places where they have acquired their wealth they have as good a position as need be desired in their early homes. The castle of the old family has often crumbled on the hill, but the new families in the valley survive and flourish here as elsewhere.

Loved His Country.

No thistles grew in Australia till a Scotsman planted some seed out of love for his old country. It was a very natural but foolish deed, for now the thistle has multiplied into millions, and gives a great deal of trouble.

The only men in the railroad business who will talk are the general managers and the brakemen.

Spring Humors

That pimple on your arm, those eruptions, itching and burning hives, just as surely indicate impurities in the blood, which should have prompt and careful attention, as do boils, carbuncles, ulcers, salt rheum and the severest forms of scrofula. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all humors of the blood of every form and degree.

That Tired Feeling

So common in the spring, is also due to the weak, thin, depleted condition of the blood. Make your blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be strong and ready for work, will have good appetite and good health. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring.

"I feel it my duty to let people know how much good Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me. My health was poor and I had doctored and taken medicine, but found no relief, so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking two bottles I felt better and I kept on taking it and now I am well. I think it is the best blood medicine in the world."—C. W. Carey, Prineville, Oregon.

"I Am an Old Soldier,

My whole system being out of order and my right side partially paralyzed. I was under a doctor's care most of last winter. I have tried various remedies and realized only a temporary relief. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and can truly say that I have derived more real benefit from them than from anything I have tried. I intend to continue taking the medicine so long as I realize

Such Good Results.

I intend also to have Hood's Pills in the house. I cannot speak loud enough in their praise. Along with Hood's Sarsaparilla I recommend them to my friends and for the benefit of suffering humanity at large. My wife has been greatly helped by Hood's Sarsaparilla, being all run down and her system much out of order. My two little boys, aged two and four years, recovered quickly from the effects of diptheria by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which rid them of troublesome sores and symptoms of the croup. They now appear well and hearty. I shall always praise Hood's Sarsaparilla."—W. F. Burnett, Storkey, Oregon.

That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine is proved by its constantly manifested power to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine because it cures when all others fail. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

British Postal Reforms.

Numerous reductions of charges and extensions were made by the British postoffice during 1897. Postage on domestic letters was made one penny for four ounces, with an additional halfpenny for every two ounces. Thus in Great Britain it costs only 3 cents to send a letter weighing six ounces, while in the United States it would cost twice as much. Merchants are allowed to inclose bills with goods sent by parcel post. Most important was the completion of the transfer of the trunk telephone system of the United Kingdom to the postoffice department. During the year the deposits in the postal savings banks increased about $85,000,000.

A Lady

tried *Schilling's Best* tea and did not like it.

She tried it again and made it according to directions.

It's her only tea now.

The Ingenious Man.

He was a very ingenious man. He had made an invention which was of great value. He thought so, at least, if the world did not, and he had his invention patented. It was a combination camp stool, cane and umbrella. The cane was the usual form of the invention. At a big parade nothing could be more convenient, and for an ordinary, unexpected rainstorm, what could be better? A man is sure to have his walking stick with him.

It was not so long after the invention had been perfected that the man was out walking with his wife, and a sudden shower came up. There were no cars accessible, and the only thing to do was to run, and the unlucky pair did this with a vengeance, reaching the house hot, uncomfortable and pretty wet.

"Well, we are here at last," said the man, drawing a long breath of relief.

"Yes," said the wife, disconsolately, "but I think I have ruined my new bonnet. And, John Smith," she added, suddenly, with a little scream, "what do you think you have done? You had that old invention of yours—cane-camp-stool-umbrella affair — in your hand all the time ready for an emergency, and forgot to use it."

The man tells the story and thinks it is a great joke.—N. Y. Times.

One of the trees in the park at Windsor, England, is supposed to be 1,200 years old. It is known as William the Conqueror.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An English prophet announces for 1898 the discovery of the north pole, the opening of communication with Mars, war in Europe, a revolution in South America, riots in London and the kidnaping of the young king of Spain. That South American event is resonably certain to happen.

The smashing of a front wheel of a bicycle by a collision is prevented by a newly-designed guard, which is formed of a metal rod bent V shape, with the point in front and the ends attached to the ends of the front fork.

Safety Hat Pins.

In a new safety hat pin a spring arm is attached to the head of the pin and extends a short distance down its shank, ending in a sharp point at right angles with a pin to engage the fabric as the pin is pushed into position.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the Pacific Coast Syrup Co. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

Denmark's Queen.

Queen Louise of Denmark is the oldest occupant of a throne, with the single exception of the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, who is her senior by some six weeks. These are the only two octogenarian sovereigns. Next in age, after Queen Louise, comes her husband, who is seven months younger; and then the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and Queen Victoria.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Four aldermen and a banker of Munsing, Mich., are under arerst on a charge of bribery in connection with the acceptance of the new water works. For the present the Cuban war question is sidetracked at Munsing.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Faboucher, La., August 26, 1895.

Bicycle handle bars are being made of a short piece of wood for the center section, with grips on each side of the head and metallic tubing extensions on both ends of the wood bar curved to the usual shape and ending in a second pair of grips.

In the spring cleanse your system by using Dr. Plunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

The order has gone out in Brooklyn that no man who beats his wife shall remain on the police force. Let it be declared of this borough that the innocent wives of others shall be equally free from beating and the dishonor of arrest.

Archaeologists have found the tomb of Osiris, who has been dead 10,000 years. By digging a few feet deeper they hope to find the remains of the late David Bennett Hill, who has been departed 800,000 years.

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 bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every 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*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 3, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

Yellow Light.

A yellow light has been obtained with incandescent gas burners by a German inventor at Krefeld. He alters the burners so that the gas is supplied at a pressure of three and a half atmospheres. A single jet of ordinary size then emits a light of more than 1,000 candle power, by which fine print may be read at a distance of 150 feet from the light.

HOW'S THIS?

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

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

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations 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 on 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.

What European Soldiers Carry.

The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other. A foot-soldier in the army of the czar carries over 68 pounds. The weights borne by the foot-soldiers of the other principal European nations are as follows: French, 62 pounds; British, 62 pounds; German, 61 pounds; Swiss, 59 pounds; Italian, 53 pounds; Austrian, 47 pounds.

After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

Putty Colored Lawns.

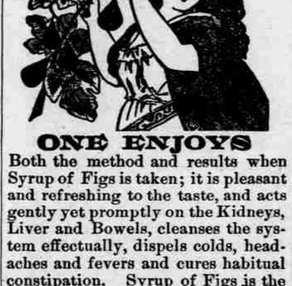
Just off the gray is the shade called "Mastic" and putty-color, both of which are much in demand in fine muslins and lawns intended for hot weather wear. These fine sheer materials exhibit the fine tucking, now so fashionable, to great advantage. The gray and fawn linens are cool looking and yet sufficiently "off" of white to be worn in the cars or on the street where white is out of place.

Dressmakers can make use of a new thread-cutter which is formed of a small steel blade, surrounded by a bent wire casing having a pin at the back to attach it to the dress in a handy position for use.

Placards on the bedroom doors of a rural hotel in New England requests that "guests will please not bathe on Sunday night, as the hot water is needed for the wash Monday morning."

A new rubber overshoe for wet weather wear does not extend around the heel. but is fastened to the narrow part of the shoe sole by spring clips to hold it in place.

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Destructive Australian Ants.

The roof of the Australian museum at Sydney, which has been destroyed by termites or "white ants," had to be replaced with a covering composed largely of steel and copper. Recently it was discovered that these destructive little creatures had also ruined the underpinning of one of the most important floors of the museum. The work of the termite is peculiar in that it is carried on in the interior of the timber and does not reveal itself until the structure is about to fall to pieces.

A Bit of History.

St. Patrick's day is the anniversary of Lord Howe's evacuation of Boston. His troops embarked for Halifax on March 17, 1776. So all Americans may feel interested in the holiday observance of the recurring anniversary.

A single stone 115 feet long, 10 feet square at one end, and 4 feet square at the other, has been successfully cut from the sandstone quarries at Houghton Point, Wis. It is supposed to be the longest monolith ever quarried.

A neat pencil holder is formed of a curved spring section to surround the pencil with a pin in the back by which the holder can be quickly attached to the coat or vest.

It is estimated that the nerves, with branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain exceed 10,000,000.

To hold crayons for blackboard or drawing work a tube is fitted with clamping jaws at one end and a sliding rod at the other end, to force the chalk into position.

It is estimated that over 80 tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African fields during the last 18 years. These represent a total value of $280,000,000.

There are 1,759,000 volumes in the library of the British museum and more than 39 miles of shelving.

Plunder's OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. HEALTH RESTORER. USE IT!

YOUR TABLE

May be well or poorly furnished according as you make use of your opportunities in buying your supplies.

YOU CAN PAY

Your local dealer half more than you ought, and thus do without half you need, or you can mail us your order and live on the fat of the land for the same amount you would invest in the other case.

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Good Health

Is the working capital of humanity. He who loses that is wrecked indeed. Is your health failing you, your ambition, vigor, vitality wasting away? When others fail consult

DOCTOR RATCLIFFE,

For the speedy, safe and permanent cure of all **Nervous, Chronic and Special** diseases, even in their most aggravated forms. There is no man in the world who has effected so many permanent cures in both Men and Women of troubles which other physicians of acknowledged ability had given up as hopeless as this eminent specialist.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and all its attending ailments, of YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN. The awful effects of neglected or improperly treated cases, causing drains, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, failing memory, lack of energy and confidence, pains in back, loins and kidneys, and many other distressing symptoms, unfitting one for study, business or enjoyment of life. Dr Ratcliffe can cure you, no matter who or what has failed.

WEAK MEN. He restores lost vigor and vitality to weak men. Organs of the body which have been weakened through disease, overwork, excesses or indiscretions are restored to full power, strength and vigor through his own successful system of treatment.

VARICOCELE, hydrocele, swelling and tenderness of the glands treated with unfailing success.

SPECIAL DISEASES, inflammation, discharges, etc., which, if neglected or improperly treated, break down the system, cause kidney and bladder diseases, etc.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. Prompt and especial attention given to all their many ailments.

WRITE if you are aware of any trouble. DO NOT DELAY. Call on Dr. Ratcliffe today. If you cannot call, write him. His valuable book free to all sufferers. CONSULTATION FREE and confidential at office or by letter.

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Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

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