MANUELA'S TRANSFORMATION.

THE poet to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are occasions when "it might have been" are joyful words. Most men, upon meeting again in after years their first loves, realize this, and offer up prayers of thanksgiving.

It was so with Hurlburt.

In the early days of the Pacific coast, Hurlburt was stationed at San Diego. It was a picturesque little town. Its streets were not much more than cow-paths, and its houses were mostly of the good old pattern—adobes, one story high, and built around a patio. In such a house as this lived Manuela Lopez, and in one of the cow-path streets Hurlburt first met her. It was upon a Sunday. Hurlburt had just come from inspection, and was on his way to dinner with friends in town. He still wore his regimentals, and was a very gorgeous sight indeed. He was also tall, and yellow-haired, and blue-eyed—quite the figure to strike the fancy of a pretty little Mexican girl who was coming home from mass.

She had read no books that could have told her that it was the accepted thing to do; she had probably never given such subjects a moment's thought; but when the mind of a child becomes the mind of a woman, it is at one bound, not by slow degrees. Inspiration struck full upon Manuela's brain, and she dropped her rosary. From which it may be inferred that the love of the fathers and the wisdom of ages has taught woman nothing new in affairs of the heart. The impulse of the intriguante and of the child of nature are the same.

Hurlburt, of course, was close to Manuela when the rosary dropped. He returned it to her. If she had not been with a servant, he might have spoken. As it was, he observed more narrowly, what he had been observing for some moments as he approached, that she was graceful and pretty. Then he raised his helmet and passed on.

You can count upon any one but the typical Anglo-Saxon. You expect men of Latin and Slav races to make fools of themselves. But the Anglo-Saxon is such a thoroughly logical, reasonable, clear-headed person that the bottom of your universe drops out when he deviates from the path of common sense. And when he does, it is never a mere digression. He goes, a flaming comet, whirling through space, and carrying all your stellar system of plans and beliefs before him. The last thing any one would have expected of a big, quiet, rational youth, such as was Hurlburt, was that he should wax romantic over a street meeting with an immature ruse to attract his attention. Nevertheless, that same day, after luncheon, he said to his host, as they sat smoking under the ramada, "Who lives in the house on the next street, where the two mocking-bird cages hang on the wall?"

"You must be more explicit," his host said; "there are a number of houses [illegible] see and all have mocking-birds."

"Yes," said Hurlburt; "but there is a hedge of red and white geranium in front of it."

"I saw you meet her," the civilian told him; "her name is Lopez—Manuela, I think."

Hurlburt became very red. When your phlegmatic man grows embarrassed he is badly embarrassed. It was some time before he regained speech and came floundering out of the sea of silence. When he did, he changed the subject.

Not that he abandoned the cause. Far from it. It took him two weeks, but he got himself iatroduced to Senor Lopez, and had then taken to call upon him. The senor was a well-educated man, and the most hospitable of his hospitable race. He made Hurlburt free of the house at once, and showed him everything it contained, save only Manuela.

"You must come again, often," he said, as they parted. Hurlburt replied that he would, and went again in three days. Neither did he see his lady of the rosary upon this occasion. He addressed himself to Senora Lopez, who was handsome and well preserved.

"You have a daughter, have you not, senora?"

Senora Lopez understood only just so much English as she chose. She did not choose to understand this. She turned her soft eyes upon her husband, and he answered for her.

"We have a daughter," he said, "but she is very young."

Hurlburt understood that he had offended a semi-oriental prejudice.

It having thus been made obvious to him that Manuela would not be produced by her parents, he went to an early mass at the church, met her, and introduced himself. It chanced that she was alone.

"May I walk home with you, senorita?" he said. "I have the pleasure of knowing your father."

"Yes, sir," said Manuela.

It was but a few hundred yards to her home, but he made the most of his time. Manuela answered him in monosyllables and raised her eyes but twice. Hurlburt's infatuation was complete. Senor Lopez was angry. He was very civil to the officer, but he sent the girl to her room at once.

"I met the senorita at mass," Hurlburt explained.

"Are you, then, a Catholic?" inquired the Mexican.

"No," said Hurlburt—and determined to pursue the policy that sages who know nothing of mankind tell us is invariably the best—"I went to the church on purpose to meet your daughter. I saw her on the street the other day"—he refrained in a moment of diplomacy from speaking of the dropped beads—"and I admired her very much. That is why I came to call upon you. I thought I would see her openly under her own roof. As I did not, I encountered her elsewhere. Now," said Hurlburt, leaning back in an easy pose that did not meet with the punctilious Mexican's approval, "I should like to ask you to be allowed to pay my court to your daughter."

Senor Lopez made no objection to the officer's suit, but he did object to his fashion of advancing it. He incased himself in perversity.

"My daughter, sir, is too young."

He rose to his feet by way of suggesting that Hurlburt would do well to take his leave. Hurlburt rose, too, but not to go.

"May I ask her age, senor?"

"She is sixteen years old."

"You have told me that you married the senora when she was but fifteen."

"That was in the old times. We do not do so any more."

"But I will be willing to wait for a year, if Senorita Manuela will love me."

"Sir, we will talk no more concerning this. My daughter is too young to be married, and I do not wish to give her to an American"—which was not in the least true. Up to then it had been his plan to do so, but his obstinacy was roused.

The result was one that any one, most of all a Mexican, should have foreseen. Hurlburt embarked upon an intrigue. He sent notes to Manuela, and got them from her in return. The notes led to meetings by night. The meetings led to infatuation. Warm Southern nights and a soft-eyed, soft-voiced girl can work mischief within the mind of a man. And a tall, blonde officer saying the first words of love she has ever heard can turn the head of any woman.

The clandestine interviews continued for several months. Then Hurlburt made one last attempt at frankness. He went to Senor Lopez again, and renewed his request to be permitted to pay his daughter court. The senor had conceived an unreasonable and great dislike for him, and refused.

Whereupon Hurlburt arranged another meeting with Manuela. He began to realize that they were both running terrible risks. Senor Lopez was quite equal to killing one of them if they should be discovered. But he did not suggest that to Manuela. Instead, he asked: "Do you love me, chiquita?"

"Yes, yes. Must I tell you so always?"

"Do you love me enough to leave your home for me?"

"I do not understand." The gentle eyes looked into his, perplexed.

"Will you marry me?"

"I would, but how can I?" she said. "My father will not consent to it."

"Do you love me enough to run away from your father, to disobey him, and go over to Mexico, across the border, with me? We can be married there, and then come back."

Hurlburt was an impassive, unemotional man, but his nerves were upon a fearful tension as he waited for the answer of an irresponsible child. She appeared to consider, and ended by agreeing. Hurlburt was beside himself with happiness.

A week later they went across the line and were married. They returned immediately, and had an interview with Senor Lopez. The Mexican was enraged. Hurlburt, having obtained what he wanted, was not inclined to be conciliatory, but Manuela and her mother patched up a peace. Manuela behaved beautifully, and Hurlburt was more enamored than ever. He took her back to his home, and for three days dreamed of a lifetime of bliss. Then Manuela decided that she had had enough of living on honeycomb, and that she had tired of scented time. With no explanations and no reason save that she wanted to go, she went. Her father, charmed with Hurlburt's discomfiture, refused to make her return to him, and guarded her closely. Hurlburt begged for one final interview, and it was granted. He was a sorry sight, pale and haggard and self-abasing. But Manuela was unmoved. She stood meekly before him, her folded hands holding a rose, her father and mother on either side of her. She was not in the least unhappy, and no grief had marred her prettiness.

"Manuela," said Hurlburt, "have you not changed your mind? Will you not come home with me?"

She shook her head. "No," she said.

"Why not? Was I not kind to you? Did I not love you?"

"Yes, you were very kind. But I like better to be with my father."

It was useless to threaten, implore, or reason. Manuela was gently stubborn. She would never go back to him; she did not like Americans.

When Hurlburt finally went away, he decided that his heart was broken. He thought of suicide. He could never bear up under the disgrace, and it was not so great as his wretchedness. This frame of mind lasted for a year; then he became resentful; then he obtained a divorce; then he was ordered East, and it was ten years before he returned to the coast. He had with him his wife—a woman of his own people, very charming, very well suited to him in every way. She knew the story of his first marriage, and she knew that, whatever he might say to the contrary, he still regretted deep down in his heart the sweet, soft Mexican wife of his youth, of his season of dear beliefs and illusions. The knowledge was the one grief of her life. It threw a shadow of sadness over her eyes. But she kept it to herself, and for this unfeminine virtue the gods, in due time, rewarded her.

They went one day, by ambulance from Wilmington, where Hurlburt was stationed, to Los Angeles. One of their mules got lame, and they had to spend the night at a roadside ranch. A crowd of dirty Mexican children played around the adobe; several yet dirtier men lounged about the door; a fat, beshawled woman waddled across the yard; a yet more untidy one welcomed them.

Her greasy face was still rather pretty and young, but she was thick, and heavy, and stupid. When she looked full at Hurlburt, she gave a little cry that was more of a grunt.

"Come in; I will tell my husband," she said, and shuffled away with her bare feet.

Hurlburt turned to his wife gravely. "I am sorry to have brought you here," he said, "but it is all we can do, unless you prefer to sleep in the ambulance to-night. That—woman was my wife."

"So I supposed," she said. She laid her delicate hand on his arm. "Don't let it trouble you, dear. I do not mind." she smiled into his eyes, and the shadow was forever gone from her own.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Anticipating.

Mudkins—What would you say, sir, if I should tell you that I love your daughter?

Mr. Cashburn—Not a word, sir; not a word. Your audacity would simply hold me spellbound.— Philadelphia North American.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

AN UNUSUAL STONE.

Jade, However, Is Highly Valued by Many Foreign Peoples.

An ornament may be interesting for something beside its mere beauty, and the jade trinkets just now so much in fashion have an added charm by reason of the respect paid in other lands to the substance of which they are made.

The high standing of jade is no modern thing. The very first weights and measures of the Chinese world, says Olive F. Gunby in Leslie's Weekly, were computed from jade tubes, and the earliest bars or intervals of music known to that nation were determined by hollow bamboo canes of accurate length, afterward perpetuated in jade tubes having stops within to be pulled out at the will of the player.

The Spaniards and Mexicans have an equal respect with the Chinese for the stone, which they regard as an amulet against disease. In some instances the finder of an isolated piece of jade was supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers, such a piece being regarded as a holy thing fallen from heaven.

The Chinese value their jade carvings so highly that they cannot often be prevailed upon to part with them, though in times of national calamity, such as the culmination of the war between Japan and China, Western importers and jewelers have a chance to buy some of the treasures.

When an unusually large piece of jade is found in China, the emperor calls a council of the artists of his empire to determine into what shape it had best be carved, as, owing to its extreme hardness, the form selected must follow somewhat the outline indicated by the natural formation of the specimen.

The artist chosen to perform the delicate task is not altogether to be envied. It is true that if he succeeds he will be made a mandarin, but success depends on his work being approved after it has been subjected to public criticism for a whole year. If, at the end of that time, his work should be condemned, his reward will possibly be the loss of his head, and certainly the loss of his reputation.

The task itself is no light one. With a thin piece of finely tempered brass wire the artist may work for a week without having anything to show for his pains. Twenty years are not considered too long for a single piece of carving.

Much jade now comes from New Zealand, where many superstitions attach to it. Grotesque figures of jade, having glaring red eyes, are worn on the breasts of savage warriors, and hatchets, sabres and daggers of jade are owned by every Eastern soldier of rank, to be handed down as precious heirlooms to his descendants.

INVENTOR OF LEAD PIPE.

The Interesting Life of Robert Seydell of Milton.

There was born in Milton, Pa., in 1800 a man of wonderful genius, it is said. His name was Robert Seydell, and he died in 1847. Mr. Seydell was a coppersmith and was almost continuously working out some device connected with the machinery in his factory. To him, it is related by some of the oldest citizens of this place, belongs the discovery of the process of making lead pipe, and like many other inventors, the idea of making the same was stolen from him and further developed to its present form of manufacture.

It was in the latter part of the thirties that the idea suggested itself to him, and the following is the way he wrought it out: He first took a slug, or casting of lead, placing it on a mandel, or rod of steel, about sixteen feet long and one inch in diameter; the mandel was highly polished and upon this he drew or rolled out the lead to the full strength of the rod, thus giving him an inch bore, and the material was rolled, it is said, to a one-fourth inch, making a total diameter of one and one-half inches for the pipe. After completing several sections of the length o fthe mandel, he soldered them together, making the pipe of whatever length he desired.

He put it to practical use by fastening it to pump heads and also running it from springs to connect watering troughs and spring houses in the country round about here. Being greatly pleased with his discovery, and receiving the most flattering of comments from his friends and neighbors in this section, he concluded to make his invention more widely known, and hence made a visit to Philadelphia, taking his device with him.

At the Franklin Institute in that city he gave his first exhibition to quite a number of inventors, artisans and mechanics. As it is now related, all who witnessed it were more than delighted, and so expressed themselves in his immediate presence.

It was not long that he was allowed to remain in a condition of supreme happiness over his invention, for a short time after he made a disclosure of his discovery, and while yet in Philadelphia, he found out that by the very persons to whom he had given an exhibition of the process of making lead pipe his idea had been used and improved upon.—Philadelpha Press.

The Supply of Oxygen.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually six and a half billion tons of oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less. No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measurable. To the short-sighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry and such things a little remoteness does no harm.—Harper's Weekly.

Men Haven't All the Privileges.

She—There is a great deal of unfairness in this world. Women are barred out of society for things that men may do with impunity.

He—That may be true, but, on the other hand, men would be barred out of society if they did some things that women do with impunity every day.

She—I'd like to have you name just one of them.

He—Well, kissing other people's wives and daughters and sweethearts for instance.

Lobsters and Thunder.

Lobsters have a great dread of thunder, and when peals are very loud we swim to deeper water.

HELD THE FORT.

John Barleycorn Proved Too Much for a Band of Hostile Indians.

An adventure with hostile Indians, seldom surpassed in critical peril and exciting situation, was that of a French-Canadian some years ago at Fort Pierre au Calumet, on Lake Athabasca. One day, when the chief trader was absent on a visit to York factory, and the other men employed in the station were playing lacrosse upon the ice, this man and an Irishman named McTaggart were the only persons left in the fort.

Just then forty Chippewa "braves" who had pretended to have furs to sell, but who had really been watching an opportunity to plunder, came up to the fort and poured inside the stockade. Pierre, the Frenchman, had barely time to bar the main door when they rushed against it, showing plainly their unfriendly purpose. A parley with the chief, through a small side-trap, resulted in the withdrawal of the Indians outside the stockade and an agreement to admit the chief alone, with the furs. Pierre thus relates what followed:

I instructed my man, McTaggart, to watch when the Indians were well out of the yard, and when the chief came in to make a dash and fasten the outer gate. I then opened the door. McTaggart slipped out, but had not made one step when the chief struck him with his tomahawk, killing him instantly. The savage then darted through the half-open door, and, parrying a blow I aimed at him, he seized the bar which fastened the door and threw it outside.

I had by this time got hold of one of my pistols and pulled it at him as he came toward me, flourishing his bloody tomahawk. The bullet took effect, for the savage, with a frightful yell, staggered through the doorway, where his cries soon gathered his band about him.

Before I could fasten the door the whole gang had burst into the fort. I sprang behind some casks and hid myself there, feeling, however, sure that they would find and kill me. There can be no doubt about my fate if the savages had not been more eager for plunder and whisky than they were for vengeance.

As it was, one of them at once rushed to a cask of whisky, the head of which he stove in with his hatchet, and with the greatest eagerness the whole crowd began to help themselves to the contents.

That they would drink themselves drunk was now my only hope and opportunity, and I quietly kept out of sight behind the empty barrels to await events.

The idiotic abandon and general "cutting up" of the savages as they came under the influence of the whisky was very ludicrous; but you may be sure I kept my laughter to myself. In an hour all were hopelessly intoxicated, except one big fellow who seemed to have a stronger head than the rest.

I now felt that with my pistol in my hand I could fight at least on equal terms, if a fight was necessary; but the rascal precipitated matters by turning over the cask of whisky while climbing to reach some plunder that he wanted on an upper shelf. In doing this a live coal was jarred out of the stove into the liquor on the floor and the room was immediately in flames. The Indian who had caused the catastrophe sprang toward the door, but my pistol ended his career.

The whisky was soon consumed, as there was but little left, and the fire was put out without doing large damage, but many of the drunken savages on the floor were fatally burned. When the men came back from the lake and found so many dead Indians and saw the general ruin they were amazed, and supposed I deserved all the credit of the capture of the assailants, etc., when it was merely an accident that had accomplished it.

A Peter the Great "Boom."

We are about to witness the outbreak of a boom on Peter the Great similar to that which has raged for some years round the person of Napoleon. Sir Henry Irving, with all the world open to him, has chosen a play on Peter the Great, written by his son. Prof. Oscar Browning is about to publish a life of the inevitable Peter; and J. M. Graham's historical novel, "The Son of the Czar," has already attracted considerable attention, and will certainly be widely read, as it gives a powerful presentation of Russian life at the most critical epoch of Muscovite history. There is something significant in this renaissance of Peter the Great. The smaller states of Europe are vanishing, one by one, and everything points to eventual collision between the Teuton and the Slav. In the meantime everything that Holy Russia and the anointed person of the Kaiser can do to magnify their respective missions will certainly be accomplished.— Harper's Weekly.

An Original Order.

An order came to a wholesale hardware house one day last week.

That is, it was presumably an order, for it was written under a business heading and had all the general appearances.

The employe who opened the letter studied it and said it beat anything he had seen up to date.

He sent it to a member of the firm, who read it and threw up both hands.

Since then he has been showing it to his friends. It was written by a rural dealer, and is as follows:

"Gentlemen—Please send me at once two long-handled shovels, one dozen sixteen-inch hinges and two kegs of tenpenny nails. Yours truly,

"JOHN ROBINSON.

"P. S.—My son tells me we have plenty of above, so you need not send. J. R."—Chicago Tribune.

When You Write to the Queen.

The paper on which letters to Queen Victoria are written must not be folded. No communication which bears evidence of having been creased will ever fall into her Majesty's own hands. The proper method is to write on thick, glossy white paper and to dispatch the missive in an envelope which fits it. Any folded communication never reaches the Queen, for the simple reason that she never looks at it. All such letters are opened by the Mistress of the Robes, and as a rule their contents never get beyond her, or, if the letter is of importance, it is returned to the writer with the directions how to forward it.—Exchange.

The Only One.

Miss Wellwood—Yes, I belong to the Daughters of the Revolution, and pride myself upon being the most distinguished member of the society.

Mr. Hargreaves—Indeed! I suppose you trace your lineage back to some man who was a lion in his day, eh?

Miss Wellwood—No, my great-great-grandfather was only a private, but from all that I can learn he seems to have been the only one in the whole army.—Cleveland Leader.

Power is powerless unless you are conscious of your ability

Broad Tires on Soft Ground.

Bulletin 39 of the Missouri station gives results of a series of tests to determine the best width of tire for use on farm wagons. The tests were made with the ordinary narrow-tired wheels

CORN LAND JUST DRY ENOUGH TO PLOW.

and with six-inch tires, on macadam streets, dirt and gravel roads, in all conditions, on meadows, pasture, stubble and plowed fields, both wet and dry.

The bulk of the hauling done by the farmer is on the farm, in moving feed from the fields and carting manure from the barns, etc. The actual tonnage hauled to market is insignificant in comparison with that hauled about on the farm, inasmuch as in many instances a large proportion of the prod-

CLAY ROAD, DRY ON TOP, SPRINGY UNDER

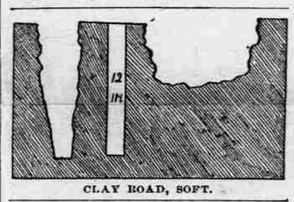
ucts of the average farm is sent to market in the form of live stock or its products. Consequently the best form of tire is the one which is most satisfactory for use about the fields.

It is clearly shown by these experiments that in many instances where the narrow tire is very injurious to the road or field, the broad tire proves positively beneficial when the same load is hauled. When it is considered, therefore, that the average draft of the broad tire is materially less than the narrow tire, and that the injury done to the roads and farms by the narrow tire can be almost wholly corrected by the use of the wide tires, there remains

SOFT TIMOTHY SOD.

no longer any good reason for the use of the narrow-tired wagons.

The broad tires pulled materially lighter on the macadam street and the gravel roads. Also on dirt roads in all conditions except when soft or sloppy on the surface, underlaid by hard road-bed, and when the mud was very deep and sticky. In both of these conditions the narrow tires pulled considerably lighter,. It should be borne in mind, however, that the roads are in these conditions for a comparatively short period of time, and this at seasons when their use has naturally been reduced to the minimum. The tests on meadows, pastures, stubble land, corn

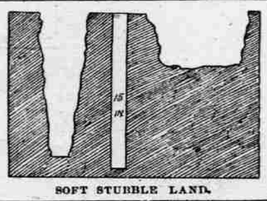


CLAY ROAD, SOFT.

land and plowed ground in every condition, from dry, hard and firm to very wet and soft, show, without a single exception, a large saving in draft by the use of the broad tires.

These experiments further indicate that six inches is the best width of tire for the farm and road wagon, and that both axles should be the same length, so that the front and rear wheels shall run in the same track.

The accompanying illustrations, which we copy from the Agriculturist, show the effect of wide and narrow



SOFT STUBBLE LAND.

tires upon roads and fields of different character. The depression on the right of each shows the depth in inches of rut caused by the wide tire, while that on the left represents the depth of rut caused by narrow tire on the same field.

Strange Vessel.

A rock and a fish saved the good ship Nelson from sinking. The Nelson is an English vessel which recently arrived at Wellington, New Zealand, after a 97-days' passage from Liverpool. When off the New Zealand coast she encountered heavy gales and was driven on a rock. She immediately got off, but water began to rise in her hold despite the crew's exertions at the pumps. After great difficulty the vessel entered Wellington harbor and extra pumps were brought into play. Still the water rose and the captain and crew removed their belongings to land in expectation that the Nelson would sink. Fortunately their fears were not realized, for with better working of the pumps the rush of water was finally overcome.

The vessel was subsequently examined by a diver. In his report he stated that in one of the holes a piece of rock was jammed and in another a fish was squeezed tail first, and both were responsible for preventing the water flowing in to a greater extent.—Philadelphia Record.

Smoke as a Lightning Rod.

On the approach of a thunderstorm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured. By some this is deemed a superstition, but Schuster shows that the custom is based on reason, inasmuch as the smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away the electricity slowly and safely. He points out that in 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 6.3 churches and 8.5 mills have been struck, while the number of actory chimneys has only been 0.3.

Fire Department of Women.

The engines of Koenissen, Sweden, are womaned by a fire brigade of 150 girls, directed by a married masculine captain.

Remove the debris of love affairs in any girl's heart these days, and you will find under it a tender young ambition to be a Clara Barton.

Works Every Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Cured a Severe Stomach Trouble.

"I suffered from a severe stomach trouble. I could not keep anything on my stomach. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. I can now eat almost anything I wish and my health is good. Hood's Sarsaparilla has enabled me to work every day."—S. J. FERGUSON, Monroe, Ox. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Carborundum in Canada.

The Carborundum Company, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., has made all arrangements for the manufacture of their product in the Dominion of Canada at an early date. They have purchased a plot of land in Niagara Falls, Ont., and will at once commence the erection of a factory, the contract for it having been awarded. They have also made a contract with the Canadian Niagara Falls Power Company for a block of electrical power to operate the furnace. In addition to the property purchased they have taken an option on additional land, in order that they may enlarge their plant should they see the necessity of so doing.

THE CHINESE FLAG.

The standard of the Celestial Empire is a very queer looking affair. It represents the most grotesque of green dragoons on a yellow ground. The latter is suggestive not only of the national complexion, but also of that of a sufferer from biliousness. To remove the unbecoming tint from the complexion, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will speedily regulate your liver, prevent malaria, and remedy dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

Keeps Milk Pure.

A Swede has patented an apparatus to assist in keeping milk pure, which consists of two tubes with flaring tops to be attached to the arms in milking, to carry the milk into the lower ends of the tubes connecting a covered pail, thus decreasing the size of the openings exposed to a minimum.

Another Toe Clip.

A New Yorker has patented a toe-clip, in which a curved plate is pivoted on an axis parallel to the pedal axis and a short distance above and beyond the latter, so that when the foot is pushed into the pedal one portion of the plate catches the toe and the opposite end presses against the instep.

A French journal states that among the recent uses which have been discovered for acetylene gas is a motor which has special advantages for use as an automobile vehicle.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

For Workmen's Lunches.

A recently patented wrapper in England is especially suitable for carrying workmen's meals. It is made of waterproof material, and is shaped with a rigid piece in the center. The flaps are secured by buttons or hooks and eyes. When not in use it can be folded into small space, a strap forms the handle.

The Klondyke

baking powder is *Schilling's Best* baking powder. It keeps and does its work everywhere.

Very young children are not sensitive to pain to any great extent. Dr. Denger calculates that sensibility is seldom clearly shown in less than four or five weeks after birth, and before that time infants do not shed tears.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Novel Knife Sharpener.

A new knife sharpener is formed of two members, each having file blades, with one blade slotted through the center to receive the other. The blades are attached to a U-shaped spring to cross each other, the knife being inserted back of the cross and forced outward to open the file blades as it slides along.

A New Lifeboat.

A French inventor has designed a new lifeboat, which has a weighted keel extending low enough from the bottom of the boat to prevent its overturning, while air-tight compartments are placed in the ends and sides which will keep it from sinking when full of water.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Thread Holder.

A Tennessee woman has patented a thread holder and cutter for spools, consisting of a clamping band to engage the end flange of the spool, provided with a flat string on its outer surface, with a cutting blade at one end, the end of the thread being held under the spring, to prevent it from unwinding.

An aeronaut says that there is the same difference in the air at the earth's surface and at an altitude of half a mile that there is between water in a muddy puddle and the purest spring water.

The leaf of a creeping moss found in the West Indies, known as the "life plant," is absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or the application of red hot iron.

WHEAT Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat 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. Send for our free reference book. DOWNING, HOPKINS & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

WILL & FINCK CO.'S SPRING EYE GRAIN BAG 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.

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

Extracting Copper.

The interesting "wet process" of extracting copper from pyrites, in use near Antwerp, is described in a paper read before the Association of Graduates of the Ghent Technical School by L. Breda. From this it appears that the ore, containing from three to four per cent of copper, is roasted, crushed and roasted with salt. The chlorinated ore in quantities of twenty-five tons is twice washed with some 660 gallons of water, then with the waste liquor from the precipitating tanks, then with dilute warm sulphuric acid, and finally with warm water.

The washed ore at last contains only 0.2 per cent of copper. The liquor is run into tanks, and the copper is precipitated by scrap iron. The somewhat remarkable statement is made that by this means the amount of copper left in the waste liquor does not exceed 1.4 gram per gallon.

Exportation of Lumber.

The exports of lumber from this country have been rapidly increasing during the past two years, and especially was there a notable increase last year over the record for the year before. In 1896 the value of lumber exports from this country was $33,000,000, while last year there was an increase of more than 20 per cent, the total being upward of $40,000,000 worth of lumber. In 1895 the value was about $30,000,000, and for several years previous to that year the value was about the same. In 1860 it was $10,000,000.

JOHN POOLE IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING large invoices of the celebrated Stoughton wagons. These are superior to any ever put upon this market. Before buying a wagon call and examine, or write for catalogue. Address foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

Life of a Watermain.

The life of a cast iron water main is stated, in a report recently made to the Melbourne, Australia, city engineer, to average about thirty years. When taken up after forty years of service the iron is generally worthless, even for scrap. Mild steel pipes last about as long, but the cost of jointing and laying, as well as the cost of the pipes themselves, is considerably less for steel than for cast-iron.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Envelope Addresser.

An English patent is for an automatic envelope addresser. The machine has a series of stencil plates with different names on them and which are fed one at a time against an ink roller with the envelope pressed against it by another roller to print the address.

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, LL.D., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Lacing Hook.

A new lacing hook has been designed for shoes which has an eyelet stamped into the leather, with a hook hinged on one side which shuts and holds the lace as soon as the latter is drawn tight, all the hooks opening at once when the knot at the top is untied.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED BY QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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TO WOMEN FROM

Mrs. Joseph Peterson, Warren, Pa.

"I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement, and displacement of the womb.

"The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be in my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I could not walk around, and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything. I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

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.

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