THE RISE OF PEGGY.

PEGGY knew, when she saw her father hurrying up the path, that he was coming to get her to bug potatoes.

This knowledge caused her heart to swell in fierce rebellion. If there was any one thing Peggy disliked more than another it was bugging potatoes. She sighed and began to read, with intense interest, where she had left off a moment before.

"Lady Alfreda's beautiful golden hair was crowned with a tiara of sparkling diamonds. Her slender white wrists were——"

"Peggy, Peggy," called Mr. Hibbard, peremptorily.

"Her slender white wrists," resumed Peggy, "were clasped with many bracelets, each of which was set with precious stones amounting in value to many thousands of dollars. Her taper fingers were——"

"Peggy, do you hear?" called her father again.

Peggy gave one more regretful glance at the paper, with its half-page illustration, then arose and stalked out into the yard with sullen slowness. Mr. Hibbard went around behind the smokehouse, whence he presently returned with two old tin pails and two narrow wooden paddles, which he set down at her feet.

"I guess you'll have to help me a little while again to-day, Peggy," he said, "but it won't be very hard on you. The sun's gone under a cloid an' I don't b'leeve the bugs is very thick."

Peggy looked disconsolately at the pail and the paddle. Her father took up his own implements of potato bug torture and began to retrace his steps toward the potato patch. But Peggy did not follow.

"I don't think," she called out bitterly, "that you've got a right to ask me to do such work as this."

He turned and looked at her in unbounded surprise. "She don't think," he repeated, blankly, "that I've got a right to ask her. Now, who," he continued, addressing his remarks to some invisible third person, "do you think has got a right to ask her if I ain't?"

For an instant Peggy hung her head, guiltily. Then, being highly incensed by the painful contrast between her own hard lot and that of Lady Alfreda, she looked up and said, with considerable spirit:

"My own father, sir."

There was a moment's silence. "Her own father," echoed Mr. Hibbard, at length, still directing his conversation to the invisible third person. "Now, will you kindly tell me who is her own father, if I ain't?"

The invisible third person evidently did not feel equal to an explanation of the matter and Peggy took it upon herself to answer.

"To do not know, sir," she returned, firmly, "but I shall soon find out. You are not he, I am sure. Where you found me, or how you obtained possession of me I cannot tell, but of this I am positive: you are doing me a great injustice by grinding me down in this manner, and it will not be long until I will be restored to my—my—my——"

Peggy paused then in some confusion. She was not quite sure whether these were the exact words Lady Alfreda had used when declaring to her captors her intuitive knowledge of her noble birth. Peggy had long thought that when she proclaimed her identity to the people with whom she lived and who claimed to be her relatives, she would repeat Lady Alfreda's declaration of independence verbatim, and it flustered her to think that she might have failed to do so. Still, even though she might have made a mistake, she felt that she had put it pretty strong. And she certainly had. At least, so it seemed to Mr. Hibbard.

He hurried forward and laid his hand tremblingly on her shoulder.

"Peggy," he said, anxiously, "I'm afeard you're a losin' your wits, ain't you? Don't yo' feel a little queer in your head? Think a minute. Now, don't yo'?"

Had not Peggy's heart been steeled to an extraordinary degree, it would have been melted by the tender solicitude in his voice and manner. As it was, she drew back unresponsive and regarded him coldly.

"No," she said, "I'm not at all sick—father, and I'm ready to help you. Come on."

She gathered up the paddle and pail allotted to her, and led the way to the nearby corner lot, where the hard-shelled black and yellow potato destroyers were making a morning meal off the tender, juicy leaves. Mr. Hibbard followed, as one in a trance. Neither Peggy nor her father referred to the momentous subject again that day. Mr. Hibbard's heart and head were filled with uneasy speculations on the newly-revealed side of his little daughter's nature. He was laboriously revolving her words in his somewhat dull mind, and striving to comprehend their meaning. Until he arrived at a solution of the problem he would have nothing to say.

As for Peggy, she was too busy with day dreams to talk. She felt confident she was in reality the child of wealthy parents and that the time was near at hand when she should come into possession of her rightful property. That was what happened to Lady Alfreda and other lovely heroines of whom she had read in the weekly illustrated papers, and it was but a natural conclusion that she was destined to enjoy the same good fortune. To be sure, there were many striking differences between herself and Lady Alfreda. For instance, it would require a lively stretch of the imagination to transform Peggy's scant ragged locks into the luxuriant tresses of which Lady Alfreda boasted, and the fancy that could see in Peggy's red, bony hands any resemblance to Lady Alfreda's "slender white wrists" and "taper fingers" would have to be still more elastic.

Peggy unceremoniously dropped her pail, much to the disconfiture of the caged colony of potato bugs, when she realized this and stuck her unprepossessing hands in her pockets and blushed for very shame.

II.

Before breakfast next morning Peggy finished reading the adventures of Lady Alfreda. She had grown quite bold by that time, in consequence of her talk with Mr. Hibbard on the preceding day, and when washing the breakfast dishes she enlarged on the subject with enthusiasm to her cousin George.

"Never mind," she said, with grandiloquent air, when he refused to empty the coffee grounds as requested, "I won't be here long for you to quarrel with."

"I'm going away," she returned blandly. "I'm going to have a rise in the world. My name is not Peggy Hibbard, at all. Bah, what an ugly name! I've tried my best to hit into something pretty and interesting, but I can't do it. It always remains just plain Peggy. I don't know what my last name is, but I'm sure I was christened Queenie or Edith or Elaine or something like that. My own parents are coming for me soon."

"Huh!" said George, in derision. But he emptied the coffee grounds and was quite obedient for almost an hour afterward, all of which Peggy regarded as unmistakable evidence that he had more or less faith in what she had told him.

Peggy was kept unusually busy in those days. She and her aunt, Mrs. Morrison, did all the housework, and as a sick neighbor, who had been a lifelong friend of the family, required a great deal of her aunt's attention, many new duties devolved upon Peggy. This additional work was not exactly relished, but in one sense the situation was delightful. Peggy was left alone more than she had been heretofore, and the unusual solitude gave her ample opportunity to converse with her relatives undisturbed when they should come to claim her.

III.

The next day, when carrying in an armful of stovewood, with which to cook the noonday meal, she heard the sound of wheels on the white turnpike. They stopped at the front gate, and Peggy, peeping furtively around the corner of the house, beheld a sight which drove every drop of blood in her veins with a rush to her heart, and made her arms so limp and lifeless that the load of wood fell with a crash on her bare toes.

A carriage had been driven into the shade of the apple tree that grew near the roadside. Undoubtedly it was the carriage. It was not exactly what she had expected, for there were only two horses instead of four, and the harness was not made of gold, but it was a very stylish turnout withal, and Peggy thought she could be satisfied with it. A middle-aged woman and gentleman alighted and came rapidly toward the house. Peggy went forth to meet them, looking shame-facedly the while at her bare feet and little red hands.

"Ah," said the gentleman, kindly, "I believe we have her here, Susan. My child, are you Peggy Hibbard?"

"No, sir," returned Peggy, promptly.

A shadow of disappointment passed over the faces of the lady and gentleman.

"That's too bad," said the lady, "but perhaps you can tell us where to find her."

Peggy plaited the corner of her apron nervously for a moment, then, looking up courageously, she said: "I am called Peggy Hibbard."

"My goodness, and are you not she?" exclaimed the lady.

"No," said Peggy, glibly. "I must have been changed when I was a baby, or something, and the mistake has never been rectified. I have never been able to find out what the name of my father really is. I hoped, sir, that you were he. Are you not, and have you not come to give me a rise in the world and take me home to your palace?"

Peggy spoke with great earnestness, for she had dreamed over this phase of her life so much that she had come to believe in its reality. The lady and gentleman stared at her in bewilderment.

"I don't understand what you mean," said the lady, sadly. "We have no little girl. Our granddaughter died, too, a few weeks ago. But we will think

"I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO ASK ME TO DO SUCH WORK."

over what you have said, and make further inquiries about you. After we have seen Mr. Hibbard perhaps you will hear from us again."

They drove away down the dusty turnpike and Peggy threw herself down on the garden mold and wept bitterly. "Even they have gone back on me," she sobbed. "They have left me here and I'll have to go back into that hateful kitchen and cook something for father and the boys. I can't do it, so there."

But she did, and her father praised her effort by saying that he had never sat down to a better meal.

In the meantime the lady and gentleman, all unconscious of the grief their visit had occasioned, were wending their way thoughtfully back to Squire Hooper's house, whence they had started out an hour before.

"I don't see what you sent us over there for," said the gentleman, as soon as they entered the sitting-room. When we told you that our errand in this neighborhood is to pick out a bright little girl whose parents are poor and unable to educate her as she deserves and wishes we were in earnest, and expected you to recommend somebody who is worthy. But that Hibbard girl is a regular little lunatic. She said her name is not Hibbard; that she is the child of wealthy parents who will give her a rise in the world, and all that sort of tommy-rot. We were so surprised we came away without seeing Mr. Hibbard."

"I don't know what to make of it," sighed Mrs. Hooper. "Here comes her aunt, Hannah Morrison, down the road, now. I'll call her in and consult her."

"It's the very thing that's been worrying her father to death yesterday and to-day," said Mrs. Morrison, when the quest of the middle-aged couple had been explained to her. "I'm afraid her mind's upset by reading so many impossible, sensational stories. I can't watch her all the time, having so much to do, and she will borrow those papers and read them when I'm not looking. I'm sure I'm obliged to you all for your kind intentions toward Peggy. She's sharp as a whip. It's a shame we can't afford to give her more advantages. I hope you'll overlook her crazy notions and give her a trial."

But the middle-aged couple were extremely matter-of-fact people. They felt rather dubious about taking under their protection a child who talked in riddles, and after due deliberation they returned to their home without having made any arrangements for the education of a bright little girl who was unable to help herself.

IV.

But they came again a year later. "We are looking for Peggy Hibbard," said the old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his gray eyes.

Peggy had learned many things during those twelve months. She had come to realize that a "rise" had come in her way, which, although not the kind she was looking for, was the best "rise" that can come to a person in this world, and she deeply regretted having lost it. In view of all this, she answered, modestly, "I am she."

When they went away Peggy accompanied them. They did not startle the neighbors with gold harness and "an unlimited wardrobe," but for all that Peggy was very happy. The next summer, when she was home during

"MY NAME IS NOT PEGGY HIBBARD."

vacation, she voluntarily hunted a tin pail and a wooden paddle, and went with her father to the potato patch.

"I don't really like this kind of work," she said, "but I've come to the conclusion that I can't have everything my own was, as did Lady Alfreda. Somehow I've lost all interest in her golden hair and slender white wrists."

When they returned to the house her father brought out the big family Bible and opened it at the record of births. "See," he said, pointing to the top line. "Peggy, daughter of Hiram and Alice Hibbard. Born December 12, 1881." There it is as plain as life; every-day, commonplace 'Peggy.' Have yo' given up tryin' to make somethin' flowery out of it?"

Peggy blushed to the roots of her hair, which was still carrotty and stringy. "Long ago," she said, meekly.

"An' yo' b'leeve the record in the Bible, now, don't you, dear child?" he asked, anxiously. "Yo' b'leeve that 'm your sure enough father, an' you ain't expectin' any great rise, are yo'? Yo' ain't ashamed o' me an' my name?"

Peggy held his hard hand in hers, and when she saw a teardrop glistening there, she did not know whether it had fallen from his eye or her own.

"Father, dear father," she said, softly.—Omaha Bee.

Development of Suburban Traffic.

American corporations have been very enterprising in extending their lines into new districts—often, it must be added, where there was little business to warrant such extensions. Without questioning the wisdom of these enterprises, it may nevertheless be said that there has been, in most instances, a failure on the part of these corporations to secure to themselves the enormous local and suburban business which has grown up in and around our great cities. A great number of cases can be cited where this business is handled successfully and profitably on a large scale by the steam roads of Europe, establishing beyond question the desirability of the service that can be secured in this way. American managers, however, have not only disregarded this business, but have actually discouraged it; and it is only within a few years that a proper appreciation of its importance and value has been shown by even a very few of the leading companies. There is, on the other hand, an almost total lack, on the part of the public, of any proper appreciation of the part which the existing lines terminating in or passing through the great cities should take in the development of this local and suburban traffic. Corporations have been allowed, and even encouraged, to withdraw their freight and passanger stations to points farther from the business centers; and, with very few exceptions, there has never been an effort, on the part of either city or State governments, to take such action as would lead to any development in the line above suggested.—Century.

Her Crinoline Killed Him.

Among the historical incidents connected with the Rathhaus is one relating to an old judge who laughed himself to death. One sultry day, reads the record, during a recess of the council, the members were leaning from the windows of the Rathhaus, in the hope to catch any stray wind. It was the period of hoops and voluminous skirts, and maid shared with mistress the mania for distended attire. On this pulseless summer day a pretty servant girl in a wide hooped skirt and a gray bodice made her way through the loitering groups up to the fountain. She filled her tub and lifted it to her head, but in this movement, lo, the wonderful skirt was wrested from its fastenings, and it dropped to the ground. The judge had seen the maid approach the fountain like a ship under full sail, and when he now beheld her, collapsed and abashed, he was filled with such humor that upon the spot he laughed himself to death. —Harper's Magazine.

Literarians Fought It Out.

George Byron and "Bud" Tennyson live near the thriving settlement of High Gap, Ga. Strangely enough, they got into an argument on a literary subject the other day, and it was decided they should fight it out. Both men put up a good fight, but finally, after seventeen hotly contested rounds, Bryon knocked Tennyson out.

Children complain because they are compelled to go to school five days in a week, but after they are grown, they will find it necessary to go to school seven days a week, and occasionally at night.

It is the easiest thing in the world to resolve to be good and great while looking out of a window at a pretty view, while somebody else is doing the work.

THE FIRST TORPEDO.

Exploded Too Soon to Destroy a Federal Gunboat.

Mr. R. O. Crowley, formerly electrician of the Torpedo Division, C. S. N., contributes to the Century an account of "The Confederate Torpedo Service." After describing the organization of the first torpedo service, Mr. Crowley says:

Having our system now perfected, we established a torpedo station, some five or six miles below Richmond, by submerging two iron tanks, containing one thousand pounds of powder each, in twelve feet of water, leading the wires ashore, and connecting them with a galvanic battery concealed in a small hut in a deep ravine. From the battery-house the wires were led to an elevated position near by, where the man in charge could keep a lookout for passing vessels. The position of the torpedoes in the water was indicated by two sticks, planted about ten feet apart on the bluff, and in a line with each other and the torpedoes; and the watchman's instructions were to explode them by contracting the wires as soon as an enemy's vessel should be on a line with the two pointers. All this being prepared, we awaited the approach of a Federal gunboat. As was usually the case, one came when least expected, on a beautiful clear day, when our entire force except the man stationed as lookout was absent in Richmond, preparing other war material.

We were apprised by telegraph of the rapid approach of the gunboat, and immediately hastened toward our first station; but we arrived too late. The man in charge had not seen the United States flag for a long period, and never having previously seen a gunboat so near, lost his presence of mind, and fired one of the 1,000-pound powder-tanks when the gunboat was at least twenty to thirty yards distant. A great explosion took place, throwing up a large column of water to a considerable height; and the gunboat by her momentum plunged into the great trough, and caught the downward rush of a wave on her forward deck. The guards were broken away, half a dozen men were thrown overboard, and other damage to the gunboat was caused. The steamer then turned about as quickly as she could, and prepared to retrace her route down the river, after picking up the men who had been washed overboard. There was a brilliant opportunity to accomplish her total destruction by firing the remaining torpedo as she passed back over it. But alas! the man had been so astounded at the first explosion that he had fled precipitately, without waiting to see what damage had been done, and the gunboat was thus enabled to return down the river in safety.

HOW TO LIVE IN CUBA.

Yellow Fever Need Not Alarm the Man Who Takes Care of Himself.

An ordinarily healthy man who takes the proper precaution and adjusts his life to the demands of the tropics may be as safe among the hills of Cuba as he would be while camping out in some summering place of our own country. No such comforting things can be said concerning the Cuban seaport towns, where a generally wretched sanitary condition and unhealthy water supply combine to make even the briefest sojourn there a perilous undertaking for the foreigner.

The same is true of certain marshy regions like the dire Cienaga Zapata, between Havana and Mantanzas, which has ever been notorious as a death trap for all who ventured near it. The best way for a Northerner to prepare for a possible campaign in Cuba is to keep himself in good condition by a healthy mode of life some time before reaching the West Indies, so that he may step ashore fortified against all the minor attacks which might otherwise undermine his health and render him an easy prey for yellow fever or any other malignant disease prevailing in the regions he may have to pass through. Rich food and stimulants should be avoided, and all possible allowances to the climate should be made in the way of light clothing, absolute rest after meals and during the heat of day, and no unnecessary exposure to the chilly night dew of the tropics.

In those respects the conduct of life among the Cuban natives should serve as a model. In Cuba nobody thinks of going about during the heat of the day, between the hours of 10 or 11 in the forenoon and 3 or 4 in the afternoon. With the exception of the insurgents, who cannot always choose their mode of life, all natives avoid exposure to the chills of night; and even the insurgents, as I found during my recent trips through Cuba, put up huts or use abandoned houses wh rever they can possibly do so.

During the rainy season care should be taken to have such clothes as will stand sudden and thorough drenchings and which will dry readily when once the rainfall has ceased. Light linen, cotton or crash suits are therefore preferable to wool or flannel, and canvas shoes are to be preferred to stiff leather boots. For headgear nothing is so good as a straw hat or panama helmet, similar to those worn by the British troops in East India.—Cuban Correspondence in Leslie's Weekly.

Saved Others as He Died.

When he felt the warning touch of death upon him in his lonely signal tower, William Freel swung the red danger light across the track and died. The last act of his life doubtless saved many others, for trains were constantly passing the station of Dunton, on the Long Island Railroad.

Freel's dead body was found in the tower at 9 o'clock p. m. A few minutes earlier the Sag Harbor train had gone rushing by, and everything was all right then. Then William Warner, in charge of a west-bound Greenport freight, was blocked by the danger signal. He whistled several times for an open track, but got no response from the silent watch tower.

Climbing through the tower window by means of a box car, Warner discovered the switchman dead at his post, with the door locked. Freel was stretched face downward in the middle of the floor, stricken by heart failure, the doctors say. The body was still warm and bleeding about the head from cuts caused by contact with the floor.—Chicago Tribune.

The Sheriff Was Caught Napping.

At Mississippi City, Miss., where the sheriff is also tax collector, thieves pried open the window of the sheriff's bedroom on the night of the day he made his tax collections and with a fishline caught his trousers, and, pulling them to the window, rifled his pockets. The sheriff slept with a light in his room.

A Proper Finish.

Edith—So Kitty Adams has captured that bonanza king?

Helen—Yes, he called her his jewel, and she intimated that she expected a gold setting.—Harlem Life.

Convict Labor on the Highways.

A few years ago the State of New York adopted a new system for the employment of the labor of its convicts. It was decided to employ that labor in two channels only—the producing of clothing, food and other supplies for inmates of State penal and charitable institutions, and the improvement of the public highways. A committee of the Legislature of that State appointed to investigate the working of the new system has made public its report, and it may be safely asserted that New York has come nearer the solution of the convict labor problem than any other State. While the convicts have been kept employed, it has been in lines that have not seriously interfered with free labor, while at the same time the profits have been of such a nature that all citizens share alike in the benefits.

In Michigan the convict at work in a penal institution is a competitor with free labor in any line in which he is employed, while the profits of his labor go to the party or firm which contracts to employ him, and not to the people who are taxed to support such institutions. The convict, working on such contracts, is more of a menace to the laboring man employed in factories than if he was at large, for he will sooner or later affect the value of his labor. We have always maintained that convict labor should be employed in such directions as will not bring it into competition with free skilled labor, and that the profits of such labor should go to the State, not to the individual who contracts for such labor. Road building is certainly a line of work in which convicts can be safely employed, because it will interfere less with other labor than any other avocation in which they can be employed, and the benefits of good roads can be enjoyed by nearly all classes of citizens.

Labor unions have been trying for years to have the present system of contracting the labor of convicts to manufacturing concerns abolished, on the ground that it gives such concerns an unfair advantage, and tends to lower wages in any industry in which such labor is employed. They are surely right in their position on this question. —Michigan Farmer.

Care of Highways.

We have not had time to learn by actual experience as much about road care as we have concerning the construction of highways, but this part of the work must not be considered of less importance, writes A. A. Pope, in the Outlook. Drainage is essential both for surface and for understructure, and yet great care should be taken to so arrange the grades as to avoid deep washouts on the surface or the loosening of the foundation.

Hedges of sufficient growth to protect the surface of the road from the violence of the wind will do a good deal to retain the dust, which plays so important a part in holding together the layers of broken stone. Country byways, where the shoulders of a regularly constructed macadam way of narrow width are allowed to grow over with a thick covering of turf, will more firmly hold themselves and the roadbed in place by preventing the rutting of the surface at the turnout places for wagons and by retaining in the roots of the grass sufficient moisture to assist in cementing the whole into a solid mass.

A moderate number of shade trees along the highways assists in preserving the surface of the road by preventing a complete evaporation of the water. Their chief danger is the possible disturbance of the foundation of the road by the spreading roots of the trees.

$30,969 for Gravel Roads.

The Board of County Commissioners of Scott County, Ind., has let a contract for the construction of nearly twenty-six miles of free gravel roads in Finley and Vienna Townships this season. The winning bid was $30,969, or just 18 cents below the estimated cost.

Little Boy King's Big Titles.

Now that Spain seems about to lose all or nearly all the remains of her once proud empire beyond the sea, it is interesting to note how the memory of her past grandeur is to be found in the official designation of her infant King.

Here are his names and titles in full: Alfonso XIII., Leon Ferdinand Maria James Isidore Pascal Antonio, King of Spain, of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Grenada, of Toledo, of Valentia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Cerdena, of Cordova, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Jaen, of Algarra, of Algezira, of Gibraltar, of the Canaries, of the East and West Indies, of India and the oceanic continent, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of Tyrol and of Barcelona, and Lord of Biscay and Molina.

As his little Majesty was only 12 years of age upon the 17th of May, one is forcibly reminded of old Eccles' comment when he hears the long tale of his little grandson's aristocratic Christian names: "He doesn't look big enough to hold them all."—London Daily News.

Had Learned by Experience.

Funny things will happen, even in the Supreme Court at Washington, which seems as solemn a place as any imaginable. One such occurrence, which took place several years ago, is thus described by the Chicago Record:

A young attorney was arguing his first case before the court, an appeal from the Circuit Court of a Western State, and was declaiming at the rate of one hundred and fifty words a minute on some of the simplest principles of law, which every attorney should understand before he gets his diploma, when Justice Miller, becoming weary, interrupted the speaker in a sarcastic tone, by saying:

"I hope that learned counsel will give the court credit for knowing the rudiments of law."

"I beg the pardon of your honor," replied the attorney in his blandest manner, "but I made that mistake in the lower court."

Diamonds in South America.

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

There is good excuse for the man who tells pleasant lies; we are all frauds, and enjoy them.

Don't imagine that your friend enjoys being abused, even in fun.

Scrofula

Ears and Eyes Were Affected —Little Girl the Victim.

"My little girl had a very bad scrofula trouble, which affected her ears and eyes and caused her great suffering. I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and she began taking it. The sores soon healed, and after the use of two bottles she was cured. —MRS. HOWARD POPE, Alpha, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Cows With Ear Rings.

A cow is the last creature one would expect to see with ear-rings, yet every cow in Belgum must wear them now. The director-general of agriculture has issued a regulation that all animals of the bovine species are to wear ear-rings as soon as they have attained the age of three months. Breeders are obliged to keep an exact account of the animals raised by them and the ring on which is engraved a number is fastened in the animal's ear to prevent the substitution of one animal for another.

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.

"You May Fire When Ready, Gridley."

"You may fire when ready, Gridley." That phrase of Commodore Dewey's, as the Olympia steaming slowly, was getting the range of her guns on the Spanish fleet, is likely to be long quoted and widely remembered. Surely, says The Criterion, it breathes coolness, care, confidence in the face of an enormous and pressing responsibility. Compare it with the thunder it instantly wakened, the tremendous forces it let loose, the terrible destruction that followed, and you will find it the most typical Americanism of the quarter-century. Mark, too, its politeness, as well as its touch of comradeship.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Two car loads have just arrived. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

The Rev. Dr. J. C. Boyd has been pastor of the United Presbyterian church in Lebanon, Pa., 40 years, and, it is said, has not missed a day's preaching in all that time on account of illness.

Piso's cure for consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

Holds the Traces in Place.

A Kansas inventor has patented a whiffletree attachment to hold the traces in place, consisting of a hooked rod running parallel with the whiffletree mounted on each end of the latter and controlled by a spring so that it may be pulled out to slip the trace in position, the hook holding it in place.

Unloading Machines.

Railroad cars can be quickly unloaded by a new machine which is provided with a section of tubing large enough to receive the car, which runs in on two rails, after which the tube is lifted and rolled upward at an angle until the top of a chute is reached, an opening in the tube permitting the load to fall into the chute.

The trade in metal buttons, in which Germany once played an important part, is now almost entirely monopolized by the Japanese, thanks to their extraordinary cheap prices. The machinery, however, used in this new Japanese industry comes almost entirely from Germany and Great Britain.

The Peruvian Central railroad covers a distance of ten miles at an elevation only about 2,000 feet lower than the summit of the highest mountain in Switzerland.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—MRS. FLORENCE B. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

WHEAT Make money by succesful 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.

A GOLDEN DISCOVERY, THE "ROYAL" HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Gray hair restored to its natural color and youthful beauty in 4 to 8 weeks.
Stops hair falling out and prevents baldness.
Causes luxuriant growth of glossy hair in youth or age.
Equally successful with both sexes.
It never fails. Try it.
Sold in bottles at 50c and $1.
Sent in covered packages to any address upon receipt of price. Address
MRS. B. FALLOWS,
250½ Washington street,
Portland, Or.

OPIUM MORPHINE COCAINE LAUDANUM Stopped at once
DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, 484 Isabella Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

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

Bells in Jerusalem.

Turks and Jews, as well as Christians, according to The Kolnschie Volkszeitung, have been much excited by the sound of the three bells of the new Protestant Church in Jerusalem. For several centuries the use of bells by the Christians in Palestine, or elsewhere within the Ottoman Empire, had been prohibited by the Great Turk, who has conceded it now, however, to his friend and ally, the Evangelical German Kaiser. In the Theatre de la Turquie, published in 1688, it is said, "The Turks hate bells, as a symbol of Christianity, and do not permit even the Christians to use them. Only in a few remote mountain convents, or in lonely islands, where there are no resident Mohammedians, is the use of a bell tolerated."

SAILORS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.

The grievances of sailors examined by the authorities in ports of entry, where the seamen belong, often turn out to be imaginary or greatly exaggerated. But there are plenty of cruel and conscienceless skippers who abuse their crews. Violence is always objectionable, and pointedly so when it is exerted upon an unfortunate liver, stomach or bowels by dosing with drastic purgatives which weaken the intestines. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Torpedo-Carrying Balloon.

A Virginian has designed a torpedo carrying balloon which has the explosive suspended by a number of cords, with a guide rope to assist in holding it until it reaches the right current of air to carry it toward the enemy, when a second cord is pulled which ignites a slow fuse to drop the torpedo at the proper place.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A curios fact has been noted by Arctic travelers—snow when at a very low temperature absorbs moisture and dries garments.

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, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

E. M. RATCLIFFE, 719 First Ave., 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.

YOUR LIVER Is It Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right. 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.

N. P. N. U. No. 26, '98.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

HOITT'S SCHOOL,

Burlingame, Cal., accredited and limited to 50 boys. The location and surroundings, together with the almost perfect climate and careful attention to mental, moral and physical training, easily places Hoitt's among the foremost schools for boys on the Coast.—S. F. Chronicle.

Eighth year begins August 9. IRA G. HOITT, Ph. D., Principal.

It is announced that Italian experiments on vegetable life with Roentgen rays have shown that the effect is identical with that of sunlight.

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—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

THROUGH TICKETS —TO THE— East and Southeast —VIA THE— UNION PACIFIC R. R.

THE THROUGH CAR LINE.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS.
PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS.
FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

Portland to Chicago Without Change

Quick Time.
Union Depots.
Personally Conducted Excursions.
Baggage Checked to Destination.
Low Rates.
Direct line to Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition held in Omaha, Nebraska, June to November.

Write undersigned for rates, time tables and other information pertaining to Union Pacific R. R.

R. W. BAXTER, Gen. Agent,
135 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES!
No Department Store
But an Exclusive Store

Hamilton Ladies', Children's and Infants' Wear. Eastern prices prevail. We show the best values and distinct styles in goods shown any place on the coast.

Styles and patterns change so often it is hard to give descriptions and prices. When visiting Portland give us a call, whether you buy or not. You will enjoy your visit. A useful article will be given with each purchase of $1 or over during the first week in July.