- SAVED AND LOST. -

GRIMED with dust and sweat of his work at the foundry, Peter Gurney wearily plodded his way home. A great longing for the rest and comfort of his lodgings came over him, and braced his tired muscles into activity again, as he turned down the dingy street in which he lived. There was only one redeeming feature in Worship lane, and that was No. 27, and before its gate Gurney stood with admiring eyes. Bright green paint shone on door and railing—a row of sickly flowers struggled to show their bloom in a box on the front window, and neat window curtains hid the room within.

"It do look wonderful smart, but not half smart enough for her," he muttered as he pushed open the gate and opened the door.

Carefully wiping his boots on the tiny mat, he went straight to the kitchen.

"Where's Dick?" said a voice from the scullery beyond.

"He's got some errands—he'll be back in a bit," he answered, as he sat in an arm chair before the fire and gazed approvingly around. Bright oleographs were neatly fastened to the paper; the wooden chairs and table were spotlessly clean and the grate was as bright as labor could make it.

"Well, Peter, how do you like my pictures?" said a pleasant voice; and Mrs. Dart, drying her hands, came into the kitchen. Her trim, neat figure, her refined accent and her sweet, pale face, all proclaimed her foreign descent, and, together with her tidy house and smart dress, brought down upon her the scorn and hatred of her neighbors.

The big man looked at her with a wistful look, which she seemed to find embarrassing, for she began getting ready the supper.

"Lass," he said, turning his back to her and leaning over the fire, "I'll not be saying as how I haven't been well cared for here, or that my lodge ain't comfortable, but—I'm going to find another, lass, if I can."

The girl's face grew paler yet, and her eyes contracted and dilated in her agitation.

"Going to leave us, Peter? When we've been such good friends. Why, what have Dick or I done that you should go away?" A little catch in her voice and the tremble of her chin warned him that tears were near at hand, and he sprang up and turned toward her.

"Ah, lass, you don't understand. Can't you see I musn't stop here no longer?"

"I've offended you, Peter," she said, wilfully, not seeing his meaning.

"No, lass, you ain't offended me, nor couldn't if you tried; but it's—well—I must tell it. The first day I come here I loved you, lass, and as it was, so it is, and I can't stay here; don't you see I can't?" His voice rose and trembled [illegible]assion. "[illegible], lass, you can't tell [illegible]e longed for you, how I've hungered for you, night and day. Your face comes in front of my work—your face is with me always—for I love you."

Maddened by his grief, he threw his scruples to the winds, and strained her to his breast with a force that frightened her; she tore herself away and stood panting in front of him. A heavy footstep sounded on the flagstones outside, and a loud, cheery voice called out, "Is Peter in, Missis?"

The pair stood looking at each other, and, with a heartbroken sigh, Gurney turned away and went silently to his room.

At half-past 5 the two men left the house for their day's work in gloomy silence. A fierce hatred for his chum, nursed by the evil thought of a sleepless night, filled Peter's mind, leaving no time for idle talk. Come what might he had resolved in some way to thrust his chum out of the way. "Suppose he tripped when carrying a bucket of molten iron?" whispered the tempter; "it wouldn't be your fault. Supposing you pushed him into the pit of molten steel, who would suspect you, his chum?"

With these thoughts racing through his mind, Peter began the afternoon's work of shell casting. Groups of men, each carrying a long iron pole sheathed at the end with wood, approached a large furnace; a hole was knocked in the end, and a small stream of molten hissing steel flowed out, sending showers of sparks in the air. With a long hook the foreman pushed iron buckets under the flowing rivulet of metal;

"GOING TO LEAVE US, PETER?"

each one, when filled, was slung by its carriers on the pole, and was borne shoulder-high to the shell molds and there emptied. Peter and Dick started at length with their load, with the latter in front, and once more murderous thoughts filled the former's mind. A trip on his part would send the molten metal streaming over his chum's back, and another accident would be added to the long list, and—the girl he worshiped would be free.

Little did Dick Dart suspect how many times that afternoon Azrael with his flaming sword stood over against him, or how many times the wretched man behind him drew back from his ghastly task.

At length the shells were all cast, and Peter, with what strength of mind he had, thanked God that his trial was over, but as the men were leaving the foreman said to the two friends: "I wish you two would stop for a bit beside the casting pit in the other shop. We were late running the metal in, and it must be raked for at least an hour before it settles."

"All right, sir," said Dick, cheerily. "Peter and I will stay, never fear."

The workmen streamed out, leaving the two men and the watchman the only living beings in the vast works. Peter shivered as he followed his mate to the great pit which radiated a burning heat on all sides. With long iron rakes they cleared the molten sea of scum that dimmed its glowing surface, and watched the blue flames that flickered from time to time on it. Although the sweat was running down him, Peter felt an icy coldness creep over him as he drew nearer to Dart, who stood looking keenly at the liquid mass before him. He raised his rake to thrust him headlong to an awful death, but he was unable to move, for there

INTO THE YAWING DEATH BELOW HIM.

stood plainly, between him and his victim, the shadowy form of Dick's wife, with hands uplifted. He flung down his rake with a curse and came and stood close to his friend, who was stretched out over the pit gathering the fresh rising scum. Whether the fumes overcame him, Dick Dart will never know, for he felt himself falling forward and uttered a sharp cry. Instantly Peter flung out his left arm and with a mighty effort hurled the falling man back, but lost his own balance as he did so and fell with an awful cry into the yawning death below him. His scream of mortal agony rang through the building as he lay for an instant on the liquid fire. Then the flames burst out around him and in a few seconds not a trace of Peter Gurney remained.

Gone to an awful death, it is true, but with the fresh glory of a hero's crown upon him—and who shall judge him?

The Channel Islands.

During the past five years many American tourists, aroused by the vivid descriptions of Victor Hugo, have visited the famous Channel Islands, of which Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney are the largest. These are between England and France and their inhabitants are an odd mixture of the two nationalities. They are very conservative and keep up many of the customs of ancient times. Some of them are quite pretty and have been reproduced in England and America by returned travelers. One is to have the bedrooms look into the garden and not the street. When this cannot be done a glass partition with a door is built across the room, and the half by the window is made into a conservatory. Another useful idea is a little clay-lined iron brazier, used for broiling meat over a charcoal fire. It makes no smoke and can be extinguished quickly. For rapid and comfortable cooking in summer it is invaluable. The islands are warm and fertile and are famous for lettuce, chicory, salsify, endives, sorrel, cress and other delicate vegetables. These are made into mixed salads and also into omelettes, like the so-called Spanish omelettes. The latter are tasty and very wholesome. The islanders excel in pastry. Fruits are the favorite food. They are served raw, sliced with the famous Jersey cream, baked with custard, stewed with a little wine and sugar and strangely in pies, good American pies! The Guernsey mince pie has no meat or suet in its composition. It is made of apple, pear, peach, plum, berries, raisins, grapes, citron, sugar, butter, spices, wine and brandy, and is reported to be exceedingly fascinating. A "Jersey luncheon," is now given by experts, consists of bouillon, a mixed salad, a sardine pastry, a Guernsey mince pie, then wine and coffee, which is not bad for Guernsey.—New York Mail.

Whale Caught by a Cable.

A correspondent of an English technical journal, writing from Rio Janeiro, states that while the telegraph ship Norseman was engaged in picking up a cable off Cape Frio, in order to locate the cause of a fault, it brought up a whale which had become entangled with the cable. The cable sheathing, strange to relate, was not parted, but the copper conductor was broken. The whale had probably been there some two or three weeks, judging by its condition, and it had evidently been much worried by sharks. It measured fourteen feet across the tail.

To Be Governed by Cost.

"Shall we shoot or hang him?" asked the vigilantes. The methodical man of business paused to think.

"Let us not be hasty," he said, "for hurry begets criminal waste and extravagance. The first thing to do is to learn the price of rope and compare it with the cost of ammunition."—Philadelphia North American.

Curfew for Corean Men.

A curious custom in Seoul, Corea, is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city proclaims it to be the hour of sunset and the time for closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that hour under pain of flogging, but the women are allowed to go about and visit their friends.

Far from Civilized Gaze.

African explorer (dumfounded)—What, you, Clarence Vere De Vere, in the heart of darkest Africa! What in the world are you doing here?

Clarence Vere De Vere—I'm wearing the necktie Miss Darling gave me for Christmas. I promised her I would, you know.—Puck.

The Push and the Pull.

"It isn't hard work to push a tandem is it?"

"Oh, no. My hardest work was pulling dad's leg to get the tandem."—Chicago Tribune.

CAPABILITIES OF ENGLISH.

It Is a Most Flexible and Mobile Tongue.

As our alphabet now stands—even after 6,000 years of perfecting—it is a string of singularly ambiguous signs, and affords an unequaled opportunity for tormentors, just as a man who cannot express himself clearly can be plagued with sophisticated questions. The confusion of English sound and letters is well illustrated by spelling coffee without one correct letter—kauphy, which spelling is nearer the original than the one in use, for a pamphlet was printed in Oxford in 1659 on "The Nature of the Drink Kauphi, or Coffee."

The artistically bad orthography of many of our funny writers is made possible by the glaring inconsistencies of our alphabet. But some instances of naturally funny bad spelling are perhaps equal to any artificial ones. Here is a note that was sent to a doctor:

"Cer—Yole oblige me uf yole kum un se me I hev a Bad kowd am Hill an hev lost my Happy Tight."

The following, received by a schoolmaster, was likely to be misunderstood:

"Sur—As you are a mon of nolege I intend to inter my son in your skull."

Here is a bill sent to a gentleman:

aosafada	$1 50
ataclnonimomagin	50

Pade—J. Jaxn.

The items are not apothecaries' articles, as might be supposed, but merely "A horse half a day and a taking of him home again."

Many eccentric devices of literature depend on the peculiar arrangement of letters. Some of these have fine-sounding names, and are recognized as famous recreations of the learned. The palindrome, which is a line that reads alike backward and forward, is one of the most difficult of all feats of letter-juggling, and has engaged the attention of the world's cleverest brains.

While in exile, Napoleon was asked by an Englishman if he thought he could have sacked London, and replied: "Able was I ere I saw Elba"—the most skillful palindrome on record. Run the letters of the reply backward if you would test it. A famous Latin example is the lawyers' motto—"Si Nummi immunis." The following sentence is not only a palindrome, but extraordinary in other respects, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas."

This spells the same backward and forward; all the first letters of the words spell the first word; the second letters of the words spell the second word, and so on through the third, fourth and fifth. The last letters spell the last word; the next to the last of each word spell the next word, and so on to the beginning.

The anagram has occupied a most pretentious place in literature. Wits and wiseacres of the olden times looked into the names and places for satires and for omens. Several astronomers have used anagrams to secure the credit of discoveries which they did not wish to reveal. Louis XIII. retained in his service an anagrammatist named Thomas Billon, with a pension of 1,200 livres.

Calvin calls himself by the anagrammatic name of Alcuinus, in the title of his "Institutes," printed at Strasburg. Alcuinus was the great restorer of learning in the time of Charlemagne, and substituting u for v (the letters in those days being equivalent), the name is an anagram for Calvinus.

It was deemed a prophecy of fate when it was found that the name of Louis de Bouherat could be transposed to "est la bouche du roi (is the mouthpiece of the king);" that of Francis de Veloys to "de facon suis royal" (of royal strain). The fascinating Marie Touchet procured a liberal pension for the writer who deduced from her name "Je charme tous" (I charm all).

But history doesn't mention anything about Napoleon Bonaparte pensioning the transposer of his name into "bona ropts leno pone" (rascal, yield up your stolen possessions).—London Mail.

Napoleon's Lost Treasure.

The recent find of an old military knapsack filled with French gold pieces coined about the beginning of the century, near Vilna, Russia, recalls the dreadful fate of Napoleon's grand army and its disastrous Russian campaign in 1812. After the destruction of Moscow, the bold conqueror was compelled to seek safety, but his return to the frontier was not the retreat of an orderly army; it was flight with all its horrors. Napoleon himself hurried back in advance of his army, in order to steady the throne, which had become shaky by events in Paris and elsewhere. The shipping of the war treasure, which at that time still contained 12,000,000 francs, and which was transported in barrels in carriages drawn by picked horses, was intrusted to Marshal Ney. Napoleon never saw that treasure again, and where it has remained was kept a profound secret for a long time. Under strong cover the transportation of the treasure was started for the frontier, but not far from Vilna the wagons struck in a defile, and it seemed impossible to get them out again. Rather than see the treasure in the hands of the Russians, Field Marshal Ney gave orders to break open the barrels and distribute the money to the returning soldiers as they passed by, and this was done. Many of the soldiers threw away all their belongings in order to fill up their knapsacks with gold, but only a few of those who carried the heavy wealth were able to drag the burden to the frontier, and the very gold which was intended for their benefit was the cause of their perishing.

Buckling-to.

There is no circumstance in life, and no condition, where buckling-to is not the wisest thing. Take it how we will, either to combat or bear, energetic acceptance does more for us than fretful resistance, and a powerful hand-to-hand fight with adversity—buckling-to for the battle—is a finer thing than supine and melancholy yielding.

To do with all our might both the task of to-day and the preparations for the pleasure of to-morrow is a more manly kind of thing than to shirk half the difficulties of the one, and consequently let slip the richness of the other.

Had we buckled-to in real earnest, we should have overcome the one, and been rewarded by the other sooner and more bounteously. But we slipped and slid, and wore our harness loose; and we came in consequence to a fall on the side of the hill.

Famous Hymns.

"In Evil Long I Took Delight," was by John Newton. He called it his "spiritual autobiography."

"Come Thou, Almighty King," was written by Charles Wesley in imitation of "God Save the King."

"Come Ye Disconsolate," was by the famous Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and appeared in his sacred songs in 1816.

The war-like reporter blows up a lot of speaking-tubes in his efforts to capture information.

The reader is often carried away with the author's train of thought.

"I'm So Tired!"

As tired in the morning as when I go to bed! Why is it? Simply because your blood is in such a poor, thin, sluggish condition it does not keep up your strength and you do not get the benefit of your sleep. To feel strong and keep strong just try the tonic and purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our word for it, it will do you good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

In London there is a manufactory in which every kind of rare or ancient coin is made.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the globe is 6.90 inches to the statute mile.

Antiseptics, creolin being preferred, are mixed with the water used for sprinkling the streets of Brussels.

The wonderful part of the Maxim gun is that it has only one barrel, and yet it can discharge 600 shots in one minute.

The "elephant beetle" of Venezuela is the largest insect in the world. A full grown one weighs about one-half pound.

Artificial limbs have been constructed in Germany in such a way that those who are obliged to use them can ride bicycles.

The Princess of Wales has a pair of opera glasses of platinum set with rubies, sapphires and turquoises and valued at £2,000.

In the 23 libraries of Berlin, which are either public or belong to official bodies, there are over 2,000,000 volumes.

Kangaroos in captivity are said to suffer from enormous corns. In wet weather they develop symptoms of gout.

There is an immense garden in China that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land, and is filled with lakes, ponds and canals.

The German timber trade has increased enormously with the advent of railways through the Black Forest, the Odenwald and the Thuringenwald.

To hold crayons for blackboards 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.

The advertising of Schilling's Best in this paper met with such success that a few months ago Messrs. A. Schilling & Co. started the advertising of their money-back baking powder. They are evidently well pleased with the results, for we have again received an order for advertising of their tea and baking powder—this time for increased space. There is nothing that sells so well as a good article, advertised in the town where it is to be sold.

The British army rifle has 82 component parts, in the production of which 952 machines are employed, as well as various processes which do not require machinery.

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.

How great a havoc is created in France among birds, is shown by the fact that during Christmas week, at the Centri market, 114,000 larks were sold.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, September 17, 1895.

The most recent estimate of the wealth of Great Britain and Ireland is £11,806,000,000.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

A German bird fancier has made observations as to the effect of balloons on birds. Some of them took no notice of the aerial monsters, others seemed to regard them with placid curiosity, while some were thrown into a panic.

A horse, an old hunter, attached to a baker's cart, while being driven in West Dorset, no sooner heard the cry of the hounds and the huntsman's horn than it bolted after the pack, and came to grief while endeavoring to clear a gate.

What was formerly a quill factory at Paris is now devoted to the manufacture of quill toothpicks, and turns out 20,000,000 yearly.

In Scotland last year the birth rate was 30.5 per 1,000, the death rate 18.7, the marriage rate 7.3.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT.

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss GERTRUDE SIKES, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhœa. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

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 sometime 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.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

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.

VALUABLE CROPS.

Gathering of Tea and Coffee on the Two Sides of the World.

Coffee and tea are both indigenous to Asia, but coffee thrives also on the opposite side of the world, so that a comparison of the places whence we obtain them would yield some curious contrasts. In Colombia, South America, for instance, the coffee crop is often gathered by children, who pick a hundred and fifty quarts a day, and get five cents for their work. In India and Ceylon, on the other hand, the tea crop is cultivated by families or coolies "of both sexes and all ages," employed under contract at twelve cents a day. "In addition," writes William Mackenzie, the commissioner of the Ceylon government, who recently visited New York, "the coolies receive lodgings, food and medical attendance.

"The coffee plantations and the 'teagardens' are noisy places. In the teagardens, however, the discipline is rather better than in the coffee plantations. For every twenty laborers there is an overseer, or 'cangany,' as he calls himself.

"He is a man who magnifies his office. All the coolies wear many-colored cotton garments; but the cangany is bound to wear a coat also—no matter how hot the weather is.

"Besides the coat, the cangany insists on an umbrella. A brilliant red one makes him happiest, but if he cannot get that, a black or white one there must be. I have often met canganies walking with their umbrellas open long after the sun had gone down, and when no light could possibly touch their ducky faces but that of the moon and the stars.

"It is only in field-work, of course, that the cangany commands. He assigns a laborer to each row of tea shrubs, to prune or pluck, or whatever the task may be.

"While they work they sing, sometimes a chorus in which they all take part, sometimes an impromptu duet—often very clever in its way—in which the singers take up the simple events of their daily life. If the rice and curry are below standard, or the white manager has done an unpopular thing, then is the time to hear of it.

"About midday there is a halt. It it is in the gathering season, the pluckers examine their baskets and throw out the coarse leaves that may have crept in, and the baskets are weighed. With this operation, by the way, the work of the coolies ends. In China and Japan the tea is rolled by hand, but the teas of India and Ceylon are all prepared by improved machinery.

"At four o'clock the day's work is over. It is not easy to get the coolies to do any more, even when the crop is ripe and all hands are needed. Possibly the children on the Colombian plantation would be willing to pick coffee as long as the light lasted at the rate of a hundred and fifty quarts for five cents, but the hands on the India and Ceylon tea plantations always 'know when they have enough.'

"Most of the coolies refuse to work more than four days in a week. They get their food and lodging in any event. Four days' work supplies their simple wants—they can dress extravagantly on two dollars a year—and their motto seems to be, 'No labor that isn't necessary.'"

Not Unlike Others.

The activity and power of intellect of the late Henry George did not prevent absent-mindedness. A writer in the Review of Reviews says that this quality was "the jest of his circle."

Names escaped him. I heard him say to Mr. Dayton, the candidate on his ticket for comptroller and one of the best known men in New York:

"You won't mind it, I hope, if I forget your name; I am so conscious of the danger of getting names wrong, that when the need of remembering comes it rattles me, and away the name goes."

He came late to a recent dinner at the Lotus Club, where he was to discuss with some friends the question of his being a candidate in apprehended contingencies. It was raining, and he took from his pocket the slippers with which Mrs. George had insisted on providing him in case he should get his feet wet, and as he put them on he apologized with honest gravity:

"I lost time looking for a man I kept asking after as Kinsella, and it turned out his right name was Moriarty. At least, I think that was what he told me it was when I found him."

But there was no absent-mindedness when discussion of the business in hand ensued; he was keen and wide-awake.

Hats Off.

In a case before a Washington justice of the peace recently it was decided that a man who keeps his hat on during the performance in a theater can be ejected for violation of the rules of the house, under a penalty of 1 cent damages. Richard C. Mann was the plaintiff and W. H. Rapley, manager of the Academy of Music, the defendant. Mr. Mann sued to recover $300 damages for alleged forcible ejection. It appeared from the evidence that a few weeks ago he attended a performance at the Academy of Music and persisted in keeping on his hat. He was told that it was against the rules, and at the completion of the first act of the play, having, as the defense claimed, been repeatedly warned, was ejected from the house.

Light from Sawdust.

A town in Canada is partially lighted by gas made from sawdust. The sawdust is charged in retorts which are heated by a wood fire, the gas from the retorts passing into a series of coils and thence into the purifiers, which are similar to those used for coal gas. Lime is the principal purifying agent employed. The works turn out daily 540 cubic meters of gas, for the production of which about two tons of sawdust are required. A man and boy furnished all the labor needed at the works. The gas in an ordinary burner gives an illumination of about eighteen candle-power. The best quality comes from resinous woods.—Tit-Bits.

A Relic of Druidism.

The yule-log in England is a relic of Druidism; its name is believed to be a corruption of the wheel log—a wheel in Druidical symbolism typifying the march of the sun. The lighting of the yule-fire is reminiscent of the sacred fires kindled by the Druids at midwinter in the round towers which yet remain in many parts of Scotland, Ireland, France and Spain.

Was Too Busy Just Then.

Johnny Bellows—Papa, what was the crime of '73?

Bellows—Oh, go off, Johnny; I've got something else to think about besides my marriage this morning.—San Francisco Examiner.

Before marriage a girl wants a man to write her love letters, but after marriage nothing but checks will satisfy her.

A CENT'S WORTH

of the wrong baking powder will spoil a half-dollar's worth of cake.

Use *Schilling's Best.*

66

"Home-Made" Soda Water.

Plain soda in water—so often recommended for dyspeptics—is a disagreeable drink to many people; but a delicious drink may be prepared to take its place that will prove quite as beneficial.

Take two pounds of granulated sugar, two ounces of tartaric acid, one and one-half ounces of essence of wintergreen, three pints of water and the whites of two eggs. Mix the sugar with the acid and water, let it come to a boil, and boil hard for two minutes. When cool stir in the wintergreen and the eggs beaten to a froth. Put into jars and set in a cool place. Put two tablespoonsfuls or less of the syrup in a glass of cold water and foam it up with soda, using from one-fourth to one-half teaspoonful of the soda, just enough to make it foam thoroughly; and it will not only be beneficial, but a delicious summer drink.

Fine Restraint.

A writer in the New York Ledger says that he once tried to comfort a poor Japanese woman, who was crouching beside her dying husband, and controlling herself by an effort which seemed to shake her very being.

"Cry," I said; "it will do you good."

She laid her slim, brown finger upon her trembling red lip, and shook her head.

"It might disturb him," she whispered.

The next day came, and the man was dead. Then the wife lay prostrate under extreme grief and the strain of this long enforced self-control. Again I said to her: "Cry; it will do you good."

But the soft reply came quickly: "It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead."

THE ENORMOUS GOLD PRODUCT OF 1898.

This will be the greatest gold year in history. From South Africa, the Klondike and Australia the precious metal is being shipped in large quantities. It is believed that this year's output will be nearly double that of any previous twelve months. The sales of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are also increasing very fast, and this year that famous remedy will cure more people of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, nervousness and weakness than ever before.

A shoemaker says we wear away quite two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of boots that would last a lifetime would consequently have to be provided with soles from eight to nine feet thick.

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.

The finest emeralds known are said to be those belonging to the Spanish crown.

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.

A case of disease of the jaw bones due to inhaling phosphorous vapor from matches has been reported by a French physician. The patient frequently used more than 100 matches a day in lighting and relighting the cigars he smoked.

Electric transmission of water power is now in operation in over 200 places in the United States, according to Mr. William Baxter, jr. The horse power transmitted ranges from less than 100 to 12,000, the distance from one mile to 35.

According to a special dispatch from Rome the Vatican has instructed the papal nuncio at Madrid to threaten with severe punishment any priest from voicing Carlist or anti-Carlist or anti-dynastic intrigues.

Major Von Wreshem, of the royal cavalry of Germany, now in Berlin, has written to the war department tendering his services to the American army in the war with Spain. His application has been sent to the president.

Vultures cannot discover a carcass by the sense of smell. They rely entirely upon their sight when in quest of food.

SYRUP OF FIGS

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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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LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Chinese Do Everything Backward.

The Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north.

Men wear skirts, the women trousers.

Men wear their hair long, women wear it short.

Men carry on dressmaking, woman carry burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward. Footnotes are inserted on top of the page.

The Chinese dress is white at funerals and in mourning at weddings, while old women always serve as bridesmaids.

The Chinese launch their vessels sideways and mount their horses from the off side.

The Chinese begin their dinner with desert and end with soup and fish.

In China the hands of the clock are immovable; it is the dial that revolves.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Three more car loads are on the way. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

Ant hills in West Africa sometimes reach the height of 15 feet.

The attention of the public is called to the professional work of Dr. T. H. White, No. 271½ Morrison street, Portland, Or. His electrical appliances are the most modern, and his crown and bridge work is of such artistic form and finish, that his patients are delighted not only with the looks, but with the comfort they receive from the use of such artificial work. All operations are painless under his methods. See that your teeth are properly cared for and that by a skillful dentist. There is no need to suffer the discomforts of broken-down and stained teeth when they can be made useful and pleasant to look upon without pain.

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Cutler's Carbolate of Iodine.

Guaranteed cure for Catarrh and Consumption. All Druggists. $1.00. W. H. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., sole proprietor.

Value of Worms to Farmers.

We often do not appreciate the worth of a thing until we have lost it. The farmers who own the large tract of land in Essex which was in November last flooded by salt water owing to a breakdown of a sea wall, may think of this adage when they ruefully look at their sodden ground. The despised worms, by their constant burrowings, kept the land well drained; but when the sea flood came they were all killed, and sea birds had a great feast. That land, measuring about 50,000 acres, is still in a spongy state, and is likely to remain so until the farmers' friends—the worms—have had time to recover their lost position.

Aufgepaßt!

Um unser Blatt, die „Nachrichten", in solche Kreise einzuführen, in denen es bisher noch nicht genügend bekannt war, senden wir es von jetzt an bis zum 1. Januar 1899 frei an alle diejenigen, welche für daß nächste Jahr unsere Abonnenten werden und den Betrag dafür, $2.00, jetzt einsenden. Man lasse sich Probe-Nummern schicken.

German Publishing Co., Portland, Or.

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N. P. N. U. No. 34. '98.

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In order to further introduce **ELASTIC STARCH** (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to **GIVE AWAY** a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

Beautiful Pastel Pictures

They are 13x19 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

Lilacs and Pansies. — Pansies and Marguerites.

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These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public.

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Pastel pictures are the correct thing for the home, nothing surpassing them in beauty, richness of color and artistic merit.

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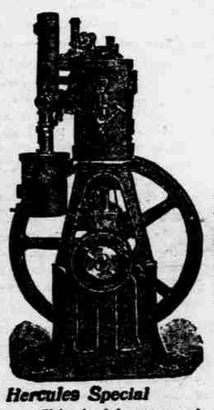

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