

GENUINE COURTESY.

Instances of True Breeding in the Humblest Rank of Life.

It is not always in court circles or among the aristocracy of a land that the truest courtesies are found. In the humblest ranks of life are often seen instances of true breeding that would put to blush some of our upper five hundred. Nearly fifty years ago, when John J. Crittenden, the distinguished Senator from Kentucky, was stumpin' that State for the election of his friend, Henry Clay, to the Presidency, he stayed for a few days in Danville, a town in the Blue Grass region.

The Walrus from near and far were gathered in force in the little city, and the distinguished men of the neighborhood, together with these visitors, were invited to a "big dinner" at the house of Mr. S., a well-to-do farmer and staunch Whig, who lived a mile or two in the country.

For days the available force of the farm had been so employed in preparing for the great occasion, which was appointed for Thursday, that the family were put on somewhat short commons.

On Wednesday the Senator started out from the house, where he was staying, for a morning walk. Absorbed in thought on the political situation, he was not aware how the time passed until, glancing up to the sky, he saw by the sun that it was noon.

"Why," he said to himself, "I must hasten, or I shall be too late for Mr. S.'s dinner."

He had forgotten that the dinner was appointed for the next day. Taking a short cut through the woods, he soon arrived at the farm-house. He noticed an unusual commotion in the yard, where the slaughter of turkeys was engaging the attention of a crowd of little darlings, and thinking he must be late, he hastened his steps.

Mr. and Mrs. S. were standing on the front porch, watching the turkeys and the darlings, when Mr. Crittenden approached. Mrs. S.—understood the situation at once.

"Bless my heart, husband," she said, "your Senator Crittenden! He's coming to dinner, sure's the world! He thinks it's to-morrow. What shall we do?"

"Invite him in," said the old farmer, "and give him the best we have."

At that moment the dinner-horn sounded, and the visitor reached the steps. Mr. S.—advanced to meet him, but before he could utter a word, the Senator said:

"I hope I have not kept your dinner waiting, Mr. S.—. I was walking in the woods, and did not notice the hour."

"Indeed, no," was the instant reply. "It is only just ready. Walk in, sir; walk in! I am glad to see you under my roof."

He took his visitor's hand heartily, introduced him to his wife, and then led the way into the dining-room. In the room were already gathered his three stalwart sons, and smoking on the board were the traditional hog and hominy, with the potatoes and corn bread of Kentucky farm-life.

The homely dishes were passed to the Washington Senator, while the talk ran upon the coming election, the crops and the partridges with which the hemp-fields abounded. Senator Crittenden was proverbially an absent-minded man, and the fact that he was the only guest did not occur to him. On the contrary, he thoroughly enjoyed his dinner, and delighted the heart of his hostess by telling her that her corn pone tasted just as his mother's used to do when he was a boy in Woodford County.

After dinner, and an hour's conversation over cob pipes on the front porch, he arose to take his leave. As he shook hands at parting, Mr. S.—said:

"Don't forget, Senator, that you are to come and dine with me to-morrow."

"To-morrow," echoed his visitor, covered with confusion. "Bless my soul, sir, I thought it was to-day, and of course, you was not expecting any one to-day! What a stupid blunder on my part!"

"Not at all," was the courteous answer. "It has only given us two pleasures instead of one, and I only wish it might occur often."

The next day forty gentlemen were entertained at the old farm-house in princely, if semi-barbaric, style, but the Senator declared that he enjoyed none of it as he had done the simplicity of the day before.

"And sir," he said, telling the story to a friend in Washington, "I have never seen any where in any court circle more case, more self-possession or more true courtesy, than was shown by that old farmer and his family. They apologized for nothing; there was never an intimation that I was unwelcome, or even unlooked for, or that any thing was amiss. It was the height of good-breeding. I was proud of my people."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Homey Women of Portugal.
The Portuguese men are rather below the medium height, of olive complexion, and have brilliant black eyes. For the most part they are very handsome. The women, on the contrary, are excessively homely, but dress in very good taste. Both gentlemen and ladies copy the Parisian fashions. The prettiest women are the flatter maids, who go about the streets barefooted with their baskets of fish on their heads, after the fashion of the Egyptian women with their pitchers of water. Some of these girls are remarkably pretty, and, strange to say, their feet are small and delicate looking, and their forms are graceful.—Kansas City Times.

A newspaper man lately discovered a remarkable family in Farmington, Me. Calling at the home of Jonathan Scott Ellis he found Mr. Ellis, who is ninety-six years old, seated by the stove and reading a newspaper without glasses. His wife's sister, Miss Lydia Ballard, who will be ninety-seven years old in April, was seated in a rocking-chair near by and knitting vigorously. Another sister-in-law, Miss Hannah Ballard, eighty-four years old next October, was clearing up the dinner-table and washing the dishes. Mrs. Ellis died three years ago at the age of eighty-eight. The old folks prefer to live by themselves and to do all their own work, and Father Ellis refers to his sister-in-law as "the girls."

Experiments recently made by Dr. Lieberich in the Berlin Hygienic Institute indicate that all kinds of bacteria are killed by coffee.

On a branch road of the Canadian Pacific, near Sudbury, Canada, is a nickel mine that produces more nickel than the world's market calls for. The output is said to be 4,000 tons annually.

The conclusions reached by modern meteorologists are that cyclones of great intensity are ascending spiral whirls of wind having a rotary motion in a direction in the northern hemisphere opposite to the movements of the hands of a watch.

SOME FLORIDA SNAKES.

The Rattler is a Gentleman in Comparison With the Moccasin.

He was a typical "Cracker" and when one of our party asked him if he had ever had any real adventures he displayed unwonted animation.

"Waal," he said, "I'll allow I was skeert once. Turned my ha'r white in a minnit. I was coming out Water Oak hamrick when jist as I struck solid ground—put my right fut down within two inches of the biggest diamond' back ever seen in those parts—an' its gum on snakes. He rattled an' I jumped, but afore he was fairly coiled I had Betsy up an' put or ball thru' his head. He measured eight feet—I've got his skin ter bum, an' can show it ter ye if ye misloubt my word."

"Snakes? Waal, I reckon. Fust of all is the 'diamond' back; rattlesnake you call him. He's bottled hell fire. When he strikes it's like chained lightning. He ain't n' help for ye; ye're a dead man. Only the other day an Indian was hunting on the Kissimmee river; an' he struck, three times by a diamond' back. He was dead inside of half an hour. These little green' rattlers that lie in the piney woods, I've seen their bite cured. Big doses of whisky 'll do it. But I never knew the bite of a rare old diamond' back, such as lie in the moist ground nigh the bay heads, cured 'cept once. A negro hand was cuttin' cane in the cane fields around St. Cloud, an' was bit in the ankle by one. The nearest doctor was ter Kissimmee, six miles, an' it took two hours ter bring him thar. By that time the man's leg was swelled ter twice its natural size, an' the swellin' was creepin' up his body. Doc 'drowed there was no time to lose. He'd brought erlong er sun kind o' cure for snake bites, an' he used it. Directions said give a teaspoonful an' no moah. He gav' a teaspoonful an' the swellin' stopped. Then, as the man was nigh dead, he gav' 'im nother, an' the swellin' 'began to go down; he gav' 'im a third, an' next morning the nigger was well. I n'ut back a bottle er that remedy, an' it n'ut snake bite I hear ye I mean ter try it. No, thar ain't many diamond' backs roun' here. There's three critters that 'lows ter destroy 'em—deer, hogs and black snakes—an' all 'em 'en's plentiful in this country. Whenever deer meet a diamond' back they're bound ter kill 'im if it's a possibility. I seeed an old buck do it in ont. He went jumpin' toward him on all fours at ont, and er rattler strike 'em er time, so when er buck landed on his coil he had no pisen left, an' er buck out 'im ter pieces with his sharp hoofs in no time. Generally there's three or four deer attacks together. Hogs hunt 'em down and kill 'em much er same way, only they lets er rattler strike 'em on the fat or er cheek, which does 'em no damage. After killin' 'em, hogs eat 'em. A black snake generally kills the diamond' back jumpin' on him an' stranglin' him."

"Beautiful critter, this diamond' back. His back is jist er rower diamond'-shaped fingers glowin' with every sort er color, an' a lookin' into his eyes sort er alittle excited shows you the most wonderful pictures ever painted. A lady in Tampa's hev'n a dress made of rattler's skins."

"But the diamond' back is a gentleman side o' the moccasin," continued the raconteur, shifting his quid to the other cheek. "This fust-named allers gives notice afore he strikes, so: Whirr. But the moccasin lies low in the tussock, an' strikes when yer thinkin' 'im a thousand miles off. I kin cure his bite, though. My boys has got two little bound pups they think er heap of. They was all down playin' er side Rio Water Lake 'dother day, when one of er pups run squar on a tremendous big moccasin. He was as big roun' as yer leg, stranger. I'll 'low he was. He bit the pup, and afore I got hum at night 'twas all up with him. If I'd been ther' I could er cured him. Jist take wet gun-powder an' bind it ter er bite. The pisen'll take it in er minnit—make it hard as stone. Ye keep bindin' it on till it stops akein' an' the wound's cured."

"Yes, there's other kinds o' snakes. There's the bulsnake, so called, I reckon, 'cause he's got er neck like a bull. An' the pilot snake. Dan Budd killed one out yere this mornin'. Looks jist like a rattler, an' is a sort of pilot fur 'em. When ye see one roun' you can calculate a diamond' back ain't fur. The courtesest snake, tho', is the hoop-snake, a critter that jist takes his tail in his mouth an' rolls toward ye like er hoop. He has er sharp horn in the tip of his tail that he strikes with."

"Why," said I, "that's identical with the hoop-snake of Georgia. One of them rolled for a Major up there the other day, struck at him and missed, and his sting went so far into a gum tree that he could not draw it out, and he died." The Cracker looked at me curiously.

"Waal, stranger, I'll 'low ye tuk the words right out o' my mouth. I saw that same thing done out over in the Gulf hamrick when I was on a hunt for panther an' bar. Only it was me he panted for, an' he stuck his horn in 'er cybers 'stead of a gum tree."

"At this point the Cracker betook himself off on his hunt, and we strolled back to the inn, keeping a bright lookout for the "diamond' back," which might be following in the wake of the pilot killed that mornin'."—Alligator Lake (Fla.) Letter.

A movement is begun in Germany to utilize to a greater extent the banana fiber, which extends to the entire length of the branchless plant, and is capable of being divided into threads of silky fineness. In Central Africa this fiber is dried and used for shoe-strings and for cords and ropes, but it is believed that it could be used in various manufactures the same as cotton, hemp, flax and similar plants.

Two improvements in the mechanism of musical instruments are reported. The first of these, an invention of Herr Emil Obericht, a pianist of Berlin, is a scheme for raising the white keys of a piano to the level of the black, or, if necessary, a little above them. The other novelty is the rearrangement of the holes of the bassoon, which is said to make playing the instrument easier and more satisfactory. It is a discovery of Herr Reinhold Lange, a musician of Wiesbaden.

Experiments to prove the virtues of salt in keeping farm crops in a healthy and vigorous condition have been carried on extensively in some parts of England, and the results lead to the following conclusions: That a dressing of 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of salt per acre will check the rust in cereals, the finger-worm in turnips, largely protect oats and-oe in cereals, largely protect oats and-oe in cereals, largely protect oats and-oe in cereals.

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AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD.

Windsor Castle, Queen Victoria's Favorite Dwelling Place.

Windsor Castle is one of the most ancient of the magnificent strongholds in Great Britain. It is known that William the Conqueror found it a famous place, the favorite seat of the Saxon kings. The Norman removed the rude wooden enclosure and constructed a stone circuit wall; the first complete tower was built in 1379 by Henry III., and Edward III. in 1344 remodeled and reconstructed it on a much greater scale, to afford an assembly place for the Knights of the Garter, an order which he had just established. The legends had it that it was on the summit of that circular mound that King Arthur was accustomed to meet with the Knights of the Round Table. Additions have been made by various sovereigns to this famous Round Tower, the later improvements being by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, the court architect, in the reign of George IV. The chapel cloister built by Henry III. remains, as was another, erected by the same monarch, and dedicated to Edward the Confessor. It is now called the Albert Memorial Chapel. Henry VII. in 1501 and subsequently, did much to improve the chapels of the great structure. The chapel of St. George is said to rank next to Westminster Abbey as a royal mausoleum. This chapel is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture, and there the marriage ceremony of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra was performed with great magnificence. In regard to the ceremony it was said that "the altar was arrayed with its gold communion plate in massive rows, and the ceremony performed by a number of prelates who made the service most impressive. The musical portion of the ceremony was sweetly rendered by Mme. Jenny Lind Goldsmith, who, with others, offered up the hymn of praise on this great day."

A picture of the great ceremony was painted by Mr. Faith, for a copyright which a higher price has been offered than has ever been offered for any other picture. Among those buried there are Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour, George III. and his Queen, William IV. and his Queen, Charles I. and the Princess Charlotte. The vault in which the remains of these lie is at the eastern end of the chapel. It is in this chapel where the installation of the Knights of the Garter takes place. The castle, which has been one of the favorite seats of the rulers of Great Britain for eight centuries, is in its interior rich in decorations, and works of art, embracing pictures, statuary and bronzes. The principal gallery in which these are shown is over 500 feet in length. The private apartments of the Queen were for the most part rebuilt or remodeled by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The royal forest of Windsor in 1700 contained some 60,000 acres. Since then, however, it has been much reduced in size, although it still ranks as one of the finest in the kingdom, and contains some oak trees of great age and size.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WORKING TO ADVANTAGE.
Labor Can Be Lightened by Mixing It With Brains.

Every man can not do the higher grades of mental labor, and the hard mental tasks of the world must be performed by somebody.

Men and women whose lot has been cast among the hard manual laborers of the world should remember that their tasks can be immeasurably lightened by mixing them with thought. Study out new and easier methods of performing the old tasks. Plan, contrive and experiment. Thought applied to labor makes your work an art. It leads, too, to more expeditious methods.

Forty years ago, every farmer raked his hay with a small hand-rake, poking it together such as he drew up the soil with a hoe around a hill of potatoes. Some one, who mixed brains with his work, got a theory in his head that the hay could be gathered together easier with a large rake dragged behind the worker on the ground. Hence a bigger rake was suggested, which performed the work nearly four times as fast as the old method. It did the work so easily that the rake was called a "bluffer."

Soon it was suggested to somebody, who mixed brains with his work and his bit of labor, that if a man could drag a rake to advantage, a horse could drag a bigger one. In this way the first horse rake was evolved. A man walked behind and managed the rake, and a boy rode and guided the horse.

But there was still further opportunity for the man who mixed brains with his work to lighten his task, and consequently make his work still more pleasant. Why not dispense with the boy, he reasoned, and why should I have this laborious trouble of walking around behind the horse and turning over the rake? I will put this thing on wheels, fasten a seat astride the wheels, and ride about my field and take my ease, and, at the same time, rake my hay.

It was in this way that the modern horse-rake as evolved. In the same manner all great inventions have been brought about by men who mix brains with their work.—Yankee Blade.

China's Progressive Emperor.
The young Emperor of China is displaying a good deal of vigor as a reformer. He is inquiring into every department of his government and is issuing orders for the removal of abuses.

He recently published a decree requiring periodical returns relating to the strength of the army, in order to prevent officers from drawing pay for troops which did not exist. He has also abolished a large number of unnecessary Government places in the provinces. He has attacked the Pekin police for their negligence and has ordered the provinces to reform their police service. Altogether he bids fair to be a progressive and enlightened potentate. Meanwhile he is at odds with his mother and his new wives.—Detroit Free Press.

—He—it tickles me greatly to find it can raise a moustache. Ste—it tickles me, too.

—It has been calculated by H. O. Tumiluz that the light reaching the pupil of the eye in each second of time represents a quantity of work which would require one year and eighty-nine days to raise the temperature of a gramme of water one degree centimeter (1.8 degrees Fahrenheit).

—Scientists say that the duration of a lightning flash is not infinitesimal, but that the flash lasts a measurable time. For example, if one sets a camera in rapid vibration and exposes it in a plate so as to receive the impression of the flash, it is found that the impressions appear widened out on the negative, showing the negative to have moved during the time the flash was in existence.

IT NEVER FAILS—TRY IT YOURSELF.

San Francisco, January 9, 1890.

GENTLEMEN—I have been a sufferer from kidney complaint for several years, and have used medicine upon medicine without any apparent relief until a friend told me of the wonderful cures accomplished by your remedy. I was induced to buy a bottle but without much faith. After using the first bottle I noticed such an improvement I kept on until I had taken three bottles, and can safely say that I am entirely cured and never felt better in my life. I can gladly recommend the Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure to all people that are suffering in any way with kidney or urinary disorders. Respectfully yours, L. H. COHN, Atlantic and Pacific Pub. Co., room 34, St. Ann's building city.

Letters now go off in dozens. For the summer time draws aigh, to the simple country coast. Whom we'll visit by and by.

DON'T GO OFF BEFORE YOU ARE READY.
Particularly on a long journey. Be fully prepared. You cannot be permit us to say, business and tourist's tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most potent of appetizing stimulants, cures indigestion, biliousness, cramps and colic, belching, flatulency, nervousness, increased by travel, chronic biliousness and constipation, the Bitters is a well not altogether to your taste, and prevents it from disagreeing with you. Never was there such a capital thing for the unfortunate dyspeptic. Stomachic trouble caused by ill-prepared viands aboard ship, or untidy restaurants, is soon remedied by the Bitters, which gives a quietus also to rheumatism, kidney troubles and influenza.

Many men now their old oats without getting more or less mixed in with them.

Traveling men smoke "Tadell's Punch." "No news is good news," perhaps. But you can't make an idiot believe it.

Can the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 24 years? Dobbin's Electric Soap has been on the market ever since 1865, and is to-day, as ever, the best and most successful soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.

A Pittsburg dealer in umbrellas claims to have discovered that women always return borrowed umbrellas.

For the cure of a cough or sore throat, "Dobbin's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy.

She—You tell your sister I meant to write her a note, but didn't. He—Thanks. She'll be glad to know it.

OUR LITTLE WORRIES AND ILLS.
It is the little things of life, the worries of to-day and to-morrow, that make the crow's feet around our eyes. So the little pains of an hour or a minute break down the constitution. Look after the little ills.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cure dyspepsia, or indigestion, headache, pain in the shoulders, coughs, tightness of the chest, dizziness, sour stomach, belching, flatulency, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, inflammation of the lungs, pain in the region of the kidneys and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offspring of dyspepsia. One or two pills every night is sufficient.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.
THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I will be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D.,
121 First Street, New York.

PILLEN FLEISSER'S OINTMENT is the only reliable, mild, soothing and itching pillow ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing. Sold by W. J. Blumenthal & Co., Proprietors, Cleveland, O. I have found by experience that Dr. Will's Indian Pine Ointment gives immediate relief to all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

THE HISTOGENETIC SYSTEM APPEALS TO THE COMMON SENSE OF THE PEOPLE.
FALGOUTE, Wash.
Dr. Eugene Jordan. Thinking perhaps it might be beneficial to suffering humanity, it is with great pleasure I add my testimony to the merits of the above-named medicine. Tongue and pen cannot express my gratitude, knowing as I do that I owe much to your medicine, that I have been cured of a disease which all my people have died. Was it not for your medicine I should have been dead. I am now as healthy as a horse, and my wife and children are all well. I am glad to see that you are still in the world, and that you are still doing good. I have recommended your medicine to all my friends, and I will continue to do so. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
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CURING DISEASES BY ELECTRICITY.

Stubborn Diseases Yield to Skillful Treatment.

It is a positive fact that the art of curing diseases by electricity is revolutionizing the practice of medicine, as it is shown by the following testimonials that speak for themselves:

Mrs. John Sax, a Prominent Lady of Portland, Oregon, writes:
With Dr. Darrin.
DEAR EDITOR: I have been a well woman all my life until one year ago last August, when I was taken down with chills and fever, which confined me to my bed nine weeks with rheumatism in my limbs and hands; also liver and kidney troubles. After lingering in this condition for five months I was advised by my physician to try electricity. As Dr. Darrin had cured my mother of various ailments two years ago, I put myself under his care. Now I am so far cured of all my troubles that only a few more treatments are needed. I can be seen at 213 Second street, Portland.
MARY P. SAX.

Mr. Editor—DEAR SIR: A few weeks ago I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism in my left shoulder and arm, so I was not able to work, and could find no relief until I put myself under Dr. Darrin's electric treatment. He cured me in about one week's time, so I can now use my arm most as well as ever.
LEWIS STUMP, Kalama, Wash.

To the Public: This is to certify that Dr. Darrin has restored my hearing and stopped the noise and ringing in my ears, and embarrassment for the past year or so. I cheerfully recommend the doctors to the afflicted, as I know well of their success and reputation in San Francisco.
A. CASH, Tacoma, Wash.

Dr. Darrin's Place of Business:
Dr. Darrin can be consulted daily at the Washington building, corner Fourth and Washington streets, Portland, and Bar on Callia building, Tacoma, Wash. Hours, 10 to 5; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12. All chronic diseases, blood taints, irregularities in women, loss of vital power and early infirmities are permanently cured, though no references are ever made in the press concerning such cases, owing to the delicacy of the patients. Examinations free of all, and circulars will be sent free to any address. Charges for treatment according to patient's ability to pay. The poor treated free of charge from 10 to 11 daily. All private diseases confidentially treated and cures guaranteed. Patients at distance can be cured by home treatment. Medicines and letters sent without the doctor's name appearing.

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