PETROLEUM FOR MOSQUITOES.

A Timely Suggestion as to How to Destroy the Unhatched Plague.

A Mr. L. O. Howard, who lives near the city of Washington, last year and the year before made experiments with a view to ridding his premises of the mosquito pest that proved highly satisfactory. The details of his experiments have impressed the people of New Orleans so favorably that there is talk among the city fathers there of applying the Howard system of insect killing on a grand scale in and about that city. Mr. Howard located his mosquito breeding ground in a millpond and the adjoining marshy land near his residence. He had previously established the fact by tests in a rainwater barrel that kerosene oil is certain death to the mosquito larvæ.

When he had located the wholesale hatchery of mosquitoes, he proceeded to spray the whole area with crude petroleum. The area was about 4,000 square feet, and 15 gallons of oil at a cost of $1.70 sufficed for the work. This he did in March, when the innocent mosquito papooses were still slumbering unhatched in the mud and ooze. Three weeks after the sprinkling there remained a scum of oil over the area, and most of the larvæ had been killed. During the summer following Mr. Howard's first experiment very few mosquitoes survived to annoy him. The next spring he repeated the sprinkling, and during the summer of that year he had no use for mosquito nets.—Savannah News.

What Good Clothes Are For.

The chief inducement urged in an invitation to make one of a woman's camping party in the month of August is the assurance: "You can wear one dress all day long every day until it is dirty. That's what we all did last year." Then the note adds: "Be sure and tell me right away how to have my mousseline de soie made. Mrs. R.'s husband and a lot of the girls' brothers are going up for a week. You'd better take something captivating for the dance in the old barn, and one or two pretty day rigs, but you won't need them till the boys get there."—New York Times.

A Man of Adventure.

John Switzler, who now lives within one mile of Pendleton, thirty-six years ago saved the lives of thirty persons at the Cascades, on the north side of the Columbia river, at a place at that time called the Upper Cascades. John is now old and well wearied with years. But then he was a young man and after making thirty persons safe he ran the gantlet for a mile with other parties, some of whom were wounded, while others were killed by the Yakima and Klikitat Indians. Yet he arrived at the fort safe and sound and in time to care for the wounded in the fort, where twelve soldiers were imprisoned three days and nights.—East Oregonian.

An Elephantine Nurse.

Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, in her book on Ceylon, gives a few lines to a pet elephant, who seems to have been a creature of much amiability and intelligence. He had been captured young, and was known as Kurunegalla Jack. He used to go the hospital rounds with his master, a medical officer, who had taught him to be generally useful, and even to administer pills. A Malay soldier one day dropped his pill, whereupon Jack picked it up and dropped it into the man's open mouth, with a puff that blew it safely down.

A Lunatic's Advice.

Mr. Lionel Brough once played a game of billiards in an asylum with one of the patients. He conceded his adversary twenty-five points, with the result that he was hopelessly beaten. Then the patient took him quietly on one side and said:

"Look here, if you go on giving points so reckless as that, you'll be in this asylum instead of me!"—London Tit-Bits.

Cromwell's Nicknames.

Cromwell, of all men, has perhaps had most nicknames applied to him. He was known as "Old Copperface," "The Brewer," "His Noseship," "Old Noll," "Saul" and a score of others.—St. Louis Republic.

N. P. N. U. No. 549—S. F. N. U. No. 628

MAN WITH A HISTORY

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE THAT BEFELL JOHN W. THOMAS

Of Theta, Tennessee—Afflicted With a Peculiar Disease—His Body Covered With Lumps—Could Not Eat, and Thought He Was Going to Dry Up—His Recovery the Marvel of Tennessee.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

Mr. John W. Thomas, Jr., of Theta, Tenn., is a man with a most interesting history. At present he is interested in blooded horses, for which Maury county is famous.

"Few people, I take it," said Mr. Thomas to a reporter who had asked him for the story of his life, "have passed through as remarkable a chain of events as I have and remained alive to tell the story.

"It was along in 1884, when I was working in the silver mines of New Mexico, that my troubles began; at first I suffered with indigestion, and so acute did the pains become that I went to California for my health; but the trip did me little good, and fully impressed with the idea that my last day had nearly dawned upon me, I hurried back here to my old home to die.

"From simple indigestion my malady developed into a chronic inability to take any substantial food; I was barely able to creep about, and at times I was prostrated by spells of heart palpitation. This condition continued until one year ago.

"On the 11th of April, 1893, I suddenly collapsed, and for days I was unconscious—in fact, I was not fully myself until July. My condition on September 1 was simply horrible; I weighed but seventy pounds, whereas my normal weight is 165 pounds. All over my body there were lumps from the size of a grape to the size of a walnut; my fingers were cramped so that I could not more than half straighten them. I had entirely lost control of my lower limbs, and my hand trembled so that I could not drink without spilling the liquid. Nothing would remain on my stomach, and it seemed that I must dry up before many more days had passed.

"I made another round of the physicians, calling in one after the other, and by the aid of morphine and other medicines they gave me I managed to live, though barely, through the fall."

Here Mr. Thomas displayed his arms, and just above the elbow of each there was a large irregular stain as large as the palm of the hand and of a purple color; the space covered by the mark was sunken nearly to the bone. "That," said Mr. Thomas, "is what the doctors did by putting morphine into me.

"On the 11th of December, 1893, just eight months after I took permanently to bed—I shall never forget the date—my cousin, Joe Foster of Carter's Creek, called on me, and gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, saying they had cured him of partial paralysis, with which I knew he had all but died. I followed his directions, and began taking the medicine; as a result I stand before you to-day the most surprised man on earth. Look at my hand; it is as steady as yours; my face has a healthy look about it; I have been attending to my duties for a month. Since I began taking the pills I have gained thirty pounds, and I am still gaining. All the knots have disappeared from my body except this little kernel here in my palm. I have a good appetite, and I am almost as strong as I ever was.

"Yesterday I rode thirty-seven miles on horseback; I feel tired to-day, but not sick. I used to have from two to four spells of heart palpitation every night; since I began the use of the pills I have had but four spells altogether.

"I know positively that I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe firmly that it is the most wonderful remedy in existence to-day, and every fact I have presented to you is known to my neighbors as well as to myself, and they will certify to the truth of my remarkable cure."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

An Ingenious Toad.

A scientific journal tells this story of a toad's cunning: A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little it attracted a large number of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed around the scheming batrachian, and whenever one passed within two inches of his nose his tongue darted out, and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

AN AMERICAN STONEHENGE.

Far up on these abandoned mountain farms
Now drifting back to forest wilds again,
The long, gray walls extend their clasping arms,
Pathetic monuments of vanished men.

Serpents in stone, they wind o'er hill and fell
'Mid orchards long deserted, fields unshorn;
The crumbling fragments resting where they fell,
Forgotten, worthless to a race newborn.

Nearer than stones of storied Saxon name
These speechless relics to our hearts should come.
No toiler for a priest's or monarch's fame,
This farmer lived and died to shape a home.

What days of lonely toil he undertook!
What years of iron labor; and for what?
To yield the chipmunk one more secret nook,
The gliding snake one more sequestered spot.

So little time on earth; so much to do;
Yet all that waste of weary, toilworn hands!
Life came and went! the patient task is through;
The men are gone; the idle structure stands.
—T. W. Higginson in New England Magazine.

THE BOGY MAN.

In 1715 a small slave schooner from the coast of Africa, bound for Virginia, was blown far out of her course, toward the north, and put in at the port of Boston.

The cargo consisted of little else than a few families of Congo negroes destined for the new plantations of Virginia.

New Englanders did not then feel any special abhorrence to slavery. If not regarded with positive favor it was not regarded with disfavor, and the slaves found little difficulty in disposing of his cargo of men, women and children to the good citizens of Massachusetts bay.

Among the purchasers was Mr. Lemuel Clark, owner of a large tract of land on the Merrimac river, in New Hampshire. Three families of negroes were bought by him and taken to his estate in the wilderness.

Once the tenant of an English baronial estate himself, he inclined to play the baron on his New Hampshire domain. A great stockade was built upon the eminence overlooking the Merrimac, and within the stockade, upon the crown of the hill, stood his large log house. Lower down, but within the stockade, were three cabins of the slave families and the more pretentious houses of the families of English laborers who accompanied Mr. Clark to the New World. Back from the stockade and stretching to the foot of some cliffs that formed the abutment of a range of low hills was a wide expanse of level, cleared land, on which the estate raised its corn and potatoes.

Beyond the few charred stumps that marked the edge of the clearing was the forest stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

As the Merrimac was one of the highways of marauding French and Indians, the stockade was very strongly built, and from embrasures in its walls projected three small brass cannon commanding the sweep of the river in every direction. No fleet of canoes could safely pass the stockade by day. The importance of the place was so well recognized that Mr. Clark held a colonial commission as major and the stockade was officially styled Fort Clark.

The children of the fort made no distinction between white and black. The little Clarks, Sanborns, Tennys and Marsdens played with the little Quashees, Cushees and Gambas upon terms of perfect equality.

The children of both races whisked from house to house. About the hearths of the negroes the little Englishmen listened with fascinated horror to wild tales of devils and evil spirits, great serpents, huge river monsters and the gigantic manlike apes of the mysterious continent of Africa; of bloody tribal wars and human sacrifices to the heathen gods. The little black boys learned of the gay elves and gnomes, of dainty sprites and fays of merry England, of the good cheer of Christmas and the sports of May Day. The rival story tellers strove to outdo each other in the marvelous tales; but nothing so pleased the children of both races as Sam Quashee's stories of the Mumbo Jumbo, for in his native village Sam himself had been Mumbo Jumbo.

The big Congo negro enjoyed telling how when a crime had been committed by some person unknown, Mumbo Jumbo was called upon to detect the guilty one, and how, mounted upon stilts, with a long grass cloak completely enshrouding him, a great false head fastened above his own head and a pair of wooden arms sticking out below it, he stalked about the village like a giant, terrifying the guilty one until he confessed his crime.

The children delighted to hear of the Mumbo Jumbo marching up and down the paths of the African village, crowds of people dancing about him, beating on tomtoms and singing wild chants. And when Cushee and Gamba gave the battle yell of the cannibal tribe—for those were cannibal families—the satisfaction was complete.

Of the tales of the English merrymaking, none pleased the little Africans so much as Philip Sanborn's descriptions of the May Day sports. The jollity of Christmas they knew, for Lemuel Clark was not a Puritan and kept the Christmas holidays, but they wished to dance about a May pole crowned with flowers. One Christmas night, as all the people of the fort were gathered in the big common room of the "great house," Mr. Clark promised that the approaching May Day should be celebrated in English style. Philip Sanborn was told to take the matter in hand and make any preparations he wished. Philip Sanborn was pleased, but seeing a cloud upon the face of his rival story teller, Sam Quashee, he asked if the negro families might not have the afternoon of May Day for showing their native games and sports.

The request was readily granted, and on the next day Sam Quashee dragged to his cabin two well seasoned pine logs that had been left after building the stockade, and for weeks thereafter employed every evening in carving from the logs mysterious objects which even his own children were not allowed to see.

The winter of 1722 melted into an early spring in New Hampshire. The rivers were free from ice in April, and the first canoes that came up the Merrimac brought the news that war was declared with France. The weapons and defenses were duly looked to, but no precautions were taken, for it was a long month's journey through the wilderness to Canada; besides it was not likely the enemy would move at once.

May Day came at last and a tall Maypole decorated with wreaths of flowers and stripes of colored cloth stood in the broad stretch of greensward before the gate of the stockade. Around this pole the children danced and played old English games. A bountiful outdoor repast called the merrymakers from their fun. Hastily eating what was placed before them, the older negroes left the others at the feast. Going across the clearing they disappeared among the heaps of rocks at the foot of the craggy hills. All the mysterious things Sam Quashee had been laboring upon for the past months evidently were hidden in the cliffs. The children impatiently awaited the advent of the weird procession whose grotesque strangeness would cause them that delightful terror all children enjoy.

An hour passed, but as yet there were no signs of life about the heaps of rocks. The delay was unaccountable. Sam Quashee's oldest boy, Bob, proposed that they start across the fields to meet the delayed procession. The other children eagerly agreed, and off they all started.

Picking their way over the soft plowed land, they went toward the hills, all the time on the alert, expecting to turn and flee at any moment before the approach of the Mumbo Jumbo.

"Why, they are not at the cliffs at all,' said Mary Clark when the children had reached the middle of the clearing. "Look over the edge of pines."

Sure enough, they could see dark figures among the burned trees at the border of the forest hastily concealing themselves from the gaze of the little crowd so suddenly turned upon them.

"I saw 'em!" cried Luke Sanborn. "One of 'em had a feather hat on. I could see it just as plain, but I didn't see anybody on stilts with a false face. Let's go over."

"It's too far away to see any stilts or false faces and we had better stay here," said Patience Tenney, the oldest of the group.

Just at that moment there sounded from the fort the harsh blare of the trumpet used to call the laborers from the fields at mealtime. Looking back the children saw a sudden flash of flame, and a deep roar of a cannon reverberated among the hills. The next instant the crackle of musketry came faintly from the Merrimac; it was answered from the fort; a blood curdling war whoop burst from the edge of the clearing near them and three Indian warriors raised from among the stumps and came leaping toward them!

Almost before they could turn toward the fort loud drum peals sounded from the rocks at the foot of the hills. As if in reply to the war whoops there rang forth the wild, savage, African battle cry. There stalked forth into the clearing two immense, hideous giants, accompanied by four strangely bedecked creatures beating on tomtoms and screaming forth the battle cry of the Ansgari cannibals. Fearful, huge, red, distorted gashes of mouths, knobby, black cheeks, terribly staring white eyes, altogether diabolical faces had these two giants, stalking stiffly out of the clearing. Scarcely less terrifying were the bepainted creatures with moose horns rising above their heads, who leaped and danced along before the giants.

Away, with loud shrieks, the children rushed toward the fort. The Indians halted amazed. The giants and their attendants halted too. They had just discovered the Indians. They had thought the firing of the cannon a salute in honor of the day.

The Indians hesitated, and the Mumbo Jumbos hesitated.

But one cannot stand still on stilts. The tallest of the Mumbo Jumbos staggered forward and one of the Indians turned and fled. The other giant advanced, the attendants struck their drums again, and again the horrid Ansgari war song pealed forth, and the second Indian followed the first. The third Indian dropped on one knee, and before the Mumbo Jumbos could turn he drew a bead and sent a bullet crashing through the wooden forehead of Sam Quashee's mask.

The giant neither fell nor faltered, and with a cry of terror the last Indian rushed after his companions down the river edge.

Slowly, as befitting their brave conquests and the softness of the ground, the procession of Mumbo Jumbos passed across the field and through the gate of the fort where the children had just preceded them. The idols of Africa had overcome the redskins. The rising generation of Clarks, Tennys, Sanborns and Marsdens would never doubt that fact.

Meantime the white coated body of a French officer went floating down the river, and two canoes rapidly disappeared up the river. The attack upon Fort Clark had been repulsed. The war with France had begun.

CONJUGAL LIFE.

Interesting Statistics Which Have Just Been Given Out by the Government.

The first data on conjugal life in the United States ever gathered by the government are given in a census bulletin. It shows that of a total population of 62,652,250 in 1890 almost three-fifths were single, a little more than one-third married, and not quite one-twentieth were widowed. The divorces constituted a small fraction of 1 per cent. The actual numbers of the classes are as follows: Single, 37,129,564; widowed, 2,970,052; unknown, 70,214; married, 22,331,424; divorced, 120,996.

The males constituted over 51 per cent of the total population. Of 32,067,880 males in the country, 19,945,576 were single, 11,205,228 married, 815,487 widowed, 49,101 divorced. Of the females, 17,183,988 were single, 11,126,196 married, 2,154,615 widowed, 71,895 divorced.

The proportion of widows, says the report, was nearly three times as great as of widowers, indicating that a greater portion of widowers remarry than widows, while figures show that divorced men have remarried to a greater extent than divorced women.

Of the married males, there were 23 out of 11,290,608 under 15 years of age, 585,748 out of 3,104,893 between 20 and 24 years, 1,728,930 out of 2,425,664 between 30 and 34 years, 869,925 out of 1,233,719 65 years and over. Of married females, there were 1,411 out of 10,952,192 under 15 years, 313,983 out of 3,385,085 from 15 to 19 years, 1,444,712 out of 3,091,783 from 20 to 24 years, 1,805,064 out of 2,520,466 from 25 to 29 years, 1,717,204 out of 2,152,966 from 30 to 34 years, 2,568,266 out of 3,346,031 from 35 to 44 years, 1,796,979 out of 2,430,876 from 45 to 54 years, 905,627 out of 1,499,997 from 55 to 64 years, 418,899 out of 1,183,569 65 years and over.

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL,

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

Came from Cuba to Vote.

The last vote deposited in Rhode Island at the recent election was the vote of Eugene McAuliffe, of Providence. The gentleman was in Cuba when he received a cablegram telling him of the urgent necessity for every vote. Consulting the shipping register, he found that by taking a steamer which sailed that night he might with good weather reach Boston the day before election. Two hours later found him aboard the ship. Adverse weather delayed the vessel, and at the dawn of election day the steamer was still out in the Atlantic. Port was reached late in the afternoon, and McAuliffe was just in time to take a train to Providence due just ten minutes before the time for closing the polls.

The train was four minutes late. Hurling himself into a hack he bribed the driver to get to the wardroom in six minutes or kill the horses. The clock was about to strike the hour as Mr. McAuliffe bounded into the booth. His cross marks were made with lightning rapidity, and he got in his ballot right on the last stroke. He will return to Cuba to complete the business he dropped to come back to vote. And yet there were some thousands of people in Providence who, I have no doubt, forgot to go to the polls or were "too busy" to give the time required for walking to the wardroom.—Cor. Boston Globe.

Mother of Twenty-four Children at Thirty.

Near Yankton is the most remarkable family on this continent, perhaps in the world. It consists of father, mother and 24 children, and the mother of the brood is not yet 30 years old. She is a Norwegian woman, and her husband is a Hoosier. The children were born triplets, and the oldest of the lot is under 12 years of age. All of them are boys but three, one set of triplets being girls.—Bridgewater Democrat.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Usually involves sea sickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, mariners, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weaky travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious against fever and ague, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

Freddy (lighting a cigarette)—You—ah—don't mind my smoking, do you? Stranger—Not at all, sir; I work in a glue factory.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in coughs, colds and the various throat troubles to which singers and public speakers are liable. *Sold only in boxes.*

He—Oh, you may laugh; but I am not so big a fool as you think. She—Goodness! I hope not.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

A COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPER.

No one is better qualified to speak in regard to what is useful in family life than Marion Harland. In her popular and valuable book, "Eve's Daughters or Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," on pages 103 and 445 she says:

"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an Allcock's Porous Plaster is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight.

"For *pain in the back* wear an Allcock's Porous Plaster constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

Brandreth's Pills are safe to take at any time.

Will Mington—Don't you think she has a peaky complexion? Bob Ware—Yes; it's a failure.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA.

Why is it that to-day in America we step from our institutions of learning to be denied an honest opportunity of earning a living? Is it possible we have no field for our intelligent efforts? Must we go down to our graves ending an unsuccessful life? Are our parents and instructors to blame? We must unite in a determination not to fall the victims of foreign greater and American traitors. A small book, dedicated to the boys and girls of America, entitled "Of What is Uncle Sam Thinking?" pictures faithfully what we are contending with. You will never regret ordering a copy through your nearest bookseller or sending 25 cents for same by return mail to the author and publisher, CORLISS MERRITT, fourth floor of Sherlock block, third and oak streets, Portland, Or.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Try Grimes for breakfast.