Bridge of the Three Americas.

The Bridge of the Three Americas is one of the contributions the city of Buffalo has made to the Pan-American Exposition. It spans the narrow passage in the beautiful lake in Delaware park, which is included within the exposition grounds, and has three arches typifying the union of the three Americas.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

To Prevent Accidents.

A Russian engineer has invented an electrical apparatus manipulated from the stage of a theater by which at one touch all doors and exits are opened toward the outside.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Iron Visiting Cards.

Iron visiting cards are popular in Germany. The name is printed in silver, and 40 of the sheets only measure one-tenth of an inch in thickness.

AFTER AN ATTACK OF LA GRIPPE.

If you have had la grippe, a few doses of Garfield Tea will be benificial, as it will cleanse the system of all impurities.

Fountain Display at Buffalo.

For the fountain display at the Pan-American Exposition 35,000 gallons of water per minute will be required.

Chronic Constipation Cured.

The most important discovery of recent years is the positive remedy for constipation, Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Cure Guaranteed. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Sample Room in Constantinople.

Consul Schuman, of Maintz, notes that a German sample room has been opened at Constantinople.

LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Complete life of Queen Victoria. Best book, best terms. Outfit mailed free. Address S. C. Miller & Co., Portland, Or.

Ohio's School Expense.

The state of Ohio expends $14,000,000 annually on its 1,200,000 school children. Of this fund Cincinnati pays $1,000,000.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Automobiles at the Pan-American.

The automobile fad or fashion, whichever you please to term it, has come to stay, and visitors at the Pan-American Exposition will see some exhibits in this line which will open their eyes, as to the extent and character of the automobile industry at the present day.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Concession to Superstition.

On the big steamer Oceanic there is no seat at the table marked No. 13, nor any cabin bearing that number. This is a concession to superstition.

Uncle Sam Aims

to buy the best of everything which is why he uses Carter's Ink. He knows what's good.

Traveling Libraries in Wisconsin.

There are 238 traveling libraries in Wisconsin, and the number is constantly increasing.

PREVENT AN ATTACK OF GRIPPE.

As a safeguard against la grippe it is well to cleanse the system with Garfield Tea, the Wonderful Herb Medicine.

Will be as Light as Day.

More than 200,000 electric lights will be used to illuminate the Pan-American exposition.

MONEY FOR SOLDIERS' -HEIRS-

Heirs of Union Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874 (no matter if abandoned), should address

HENRY N. COPP, Washington, D. C.

POULTRY NETTING.

Buy from the manufacturer. Price in full rolls

2 feet wide, 150 feet long	$1.65
3 " " " " "	2.47
4 " " " " "	3.30
5 " " " " "	4.12
6 " " " " "	4.95

All Kinds of Wire and Iron Work.

PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS

149 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR RANCH

List it with us. We are constantly increasing our number of Eastern and Alaska buyers. Address ALASKA-YUKON PROPERTY EXCHANGE CO., Tacoma, Wash.

CUTLER'S CARBOLATE of IODINE

A guaranteed Cure for Catarrh and Consumption. $1.00. D Lock Box 145.

W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N. Y., Prop's.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

from 15 to 25 lbs. per month by a harmless treatment. Thousands cured. Mrs. M. A. MacCrone, 431 Hawley St., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Four years ago I was reduced 48 pounds by your valuable treatment. My experience as Trained Nurse has taught me the dangers of Fatty Degeneration. Have not gained." Patients treated by mail confidentially. For particulars address, with stamp, DR. P. C. SNYDER, 1314 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

OUR STORY TELLER

THE OTHER MAN.

I.

HE stood on the brink of the precipice and looked over. Three hundred feet below him the sea broke on the somber rocks.

The man's muscles tensioned and he drew a deep breath. What an easy way to end it all! Just one little step—those rocks below were no bunglers; they would make no mistake over their work, and the sea would tell no tales—and then—then he would be away from it all, and would never have to bear the agony of hearing that she was married to Everett.

Married to Everett—married to Everett! The words clanged in his ears.

He groaned aloud and bent hastily over the edge.

A mist came before his eyes and his breath rose in a choking heave to his throat; the ground rocked sickeningly beneath him, and for one dizzy second he thought he was falling—falling down that interminable space.

Then the mist passed, the ground stopped rocking and he gasped with relief to find himself still standing safe and sound on firm earth.

He turned away with a scornful laugh at his own weakness.

Home again, he flung himself into an easy-chair and lit his pipe, resolved to give way no longer to morbid imaginings.

He picked up a magazine, but his thoughts flew off at a tangent to the dance which was to take place that very evening, to which he had been invited.

He had vowed not to see her again till he could settle once for all the demon of unrest within him, and a crowded ballroom was the last place for impassioned avowals.

He thought how cool and beautiful she would look in her white muslin, with her fluffy golden hair framing her sweet little flower-like face. Perhaps he would go, after all. Then a second figure rose up to spoil the picture—handsome, happy-go-lucky Everett, with a merry word for everyone, dancing untiring attendance on the fascinating hostess and never leaving her side for a moment.

How dared he take possession of her in that way! And how could she put up with it, unless——

His pipe—mankind's universal baby-bottle—for once failed utterly in its mission of soothing. He tossed it angrily across the table and buried his face in his hands, lost in a whirl of miserable conjectures.

His thoughts flew back to that dance one week ago—one week so crowded with hopes and fears that it seemed a lifetime.

He remembered those two dances, the music, the scent of flowers in the conservatory, and, more distinctly than all, the laughing face of Dolly.

Then those few overheard words rushed through his brain. He clinched his fists and his face flushed at the recollection. He had drifted from the ballroom to the conservatory. Would she consent? That was the question that throbbed in his brain. Should he say the words that would decide his future life and hers? He had puffed at a cigarette, and stared at the thin wisps of blue smoke. Would his hopes fade into nothingness as that fragrant smoke faded and vanished into air? And then he heard people talking. He recognized the voice of Everett, and then Dolly's. They were seated on the opposite side of the conservatory, and had not seen him as he sat almost concealed behind a tangle of palm leaves.

"Dolly," Everett was saying, "you must say 'Yes.' My whole life depends upon it. We have been chums so long. Say you will and make me the happiest man in England not to speak of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Say 'Yes!' I know what you want to say—that we ought to be getting back to 'in. And there are all those loathsome people who want dances. Confound 'em. You will? I knew you would——"

Fraser had sat there, almost unable to move. He did not know how long. The music from the ballroom floated out into the conservatory, mingling with the laughter and chatter of the guests. All hope, all interest in life was gone—snatched from him by those few overheard words. People were asking for him. What did it matter; nothing mattered now. A voice aroused him. He looked up, and saw Everett before him—Everett, who was his friend; who was now his rival—his eenmy!

"Hallo, Fraser, old man, you seem to be ten fathoms deep in the blue dumps! What's the matter now? Come and have a smoke with me. I've been looking for you half the evening."

And that all happened a week ago! A week—the most miserable in his life. And now he was trying to forget her. What a fool he was!

II.

The thought of that steep drop down to the sea kept recurring to his mind again and again with a fatal fascination put it away from his as he would. Through all his broodings his somber invitation stood out clear and distinct. He could see even now the jagged rocks lurking below, dripping with spray, looking for their prey.

At last he got up. It was no good staying in. Inaction was torture to him in his present frame of mind. He would try and walk it off.

He started off rapidly, without any definite aim or intention, but unconsciously his steps turned toward the coast, and presently he found himself once more ascending the steep little path he had traversed that morning.

As he neared the summit he perceived that there was a man's figure before him, stooping perilously over the dangerous edge, evidently gathering some plant from the cliff below.

It was a foolhardy thing to do, and evidently bespoke a strong brain.

A little nearer, and he stopped short abruptly. The stooping figure was Everett.

All his love and hate surged up within him. Everett, the man who had stolen his love from him—the man who had made his life a blank and barren waste. A thousand devils seemed let loose within him. How very near that stooping figure was to death—so near that one touch—just one little motion of the foot—and he would lose his balance and go speeding, speeding down those smiling cliffs and be hurled to pieces on those cruel rocks beneath!

His breath came quickly.

Suppose it had happened accidentally? Even as he thought he knew he was a coward. Even then he was thinking of his own skin. Suppose a sudden noise made the man start? Almost unconsciously he opened his lips, and a harsh "Hallo!" broke from him.

Everett's nerves were steel. He turned his sunny face and smiled over his shoulder.

"Hallo, old man!" he responded amiably.

Fraser came and stood dumbly beside him, holding his hands tightly together behind him to hide their shaking. He had forgotten Everett was a sailor.

He watched him furtively leaning down further and further, till it seemed impossible he could retain his balance; and the waves below reached up hungry white arms to catch him, and fell back again with a murmuring thunder of anger at their failure.

A little further. Fraser caught his breath.

"You'll be over in a minute!" he said gruffly.

Everett laughed easily.

"Not I!" he said confidently. "But, I say, old chap, you might just hang on to my legs for a minute, will you? I want to reach that great bit just there, and it's just beyond me."

The waving pink bloom nodded impudently up at them just out of reach. Fraser stood motionless, moistening his dry lips.

Everett looked around.

"D'you mind, old man?" he said.

And mechanically the other stretched out his hand and obeyed.

Now—now! one movement of his fingers—just the opening of his hand——

He fought the thought back, gasping for breath.

Everett leaned still farther. He half glanced back.

"They're for Dolly, you know," he said, "to wear this evening."

The fingers opened as if by some suddenly pressed spring. There was a sudden cry, and then—then something went rolling, rolling, striking and bounding sickeningly down that steep side.

For an instant the white face was upturned.

"All right, old chap—I know—accident!" floated up brokenly, and then there was a last hideous thud, and the waves clutched greedily at their unrecognizable prey and drew it under. And the swooping seagulls shrieked wildly and circled upward.

Fraser stood as if turned to stone, gazing with distended eyeballs at the gurgling eddies where that—that thing had disappeared.

Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! The waves lashed it at him, the seagulls shrieked it, the whole living and inanimate world flung the awful word at him.

He stood paralyzed. Had he done it—he? What had he done? He held his hands vaguely and piteously out before him, asking them mutely. Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! Yes, it was true—true! His hands told him—his hands that he had opened. God! They were blood-red—stained with blood! The grass was red—the sky—the very sea was blood!

He flung up his hands with an awful cry and sprang blindly over that fatal edge. * * *

"I say, old fellow, do wake up and stop having the horrors! You don't know how beastly awful you look!"

Fraser opened his eyes slowly and stared in blank terror at the handsome tanned face looking down at him. He wondered vaguely whether he was dreaming now or had just awoke from a red nightmare. The voice went on:

"I only looked in to say ta-ta. I've had a telegram calling me back to Ireland immediately. Old Chris Murdoch has relented and consented to our being publicly engaged. And all through Dolly, too—bless her little heart! She's Meg's dearest friend, you know, and she's been moving heaven and earth to soften the old chap's heart." He waived an airy good-by. "Ta-ta!" he said merrily.

Fraser gazed speechlessly at him, the tears still standing thick on his white face.

Everett turned back, half-laughing.

"I wish you wouldn't look at me as though I were a ghost!" he protested. "So long!"

OVERCOME BY GOOD LUCK.

French Peasant Who Drew a Prize of $100,000 and Fainted.

Before the closing of the Paris exposition the last great lottery connected with this stupendous show was drawn for, the winner of which, a poor peasant, found himself the richer by half a million francs—that is, $100,000.

The drawing for this great prize was fixed for 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock the great hall was densely packed with a mixed but anxious crowd. Dukes, duchesses, counts, countesses, officers, business men of all descriptions, workmen in their holiday attire, workmen in their working clothes—all went to make up a vivid and sensational picture.

One peasant told the writer that he had traveled 200 miles in order to be in Paris in time to see the "draw" for the great fortune, and to make sure that all was fairly done.

At the tick of half-past 2 o'clock the committee, composed of men of irreproachable character—men of the highest standing—filed in. The general secretary of the bank, M. Rouxel, presided.

Before the "drawing" he explained to the people that the first would win 500,000 francs, the second and third 10,000 francs, the five following 1,000 francs, and 100 others 100 francs each.

The supreme moment has arrived. Two boys are each placed before a wheel, the boy on the right giving the series, the one on the left giving the number. There are 325 series of 10,000 numbers each.

The silence is painful. The faces of the people in the hall are all anxious, and in many cases quite drawn.

The wheels are turned. The boys each take a number. The prize—the fortune—is decided.

No. 2530 of the sixteenth series has won, and the owner of this comes into possession of 500,000 francs.

"No. 2530, winner of the first prize!" is called out. A cry from the center of the hall—a weird, unnatural cry—and the possessor of ticket No. 2530 falls back, staggers, and is carried away senseless. He is a poor peasant, who for years has never earned more than 20 francs a week. Now? * * *

It is interesting to learn that the winner of the great prize for 1898—a woman—has not yet been paid. This lady won the 500,000-franc prize, but had cut off a small portion of her ticket.

Now the law regulating these lotteries is that the ticket must be presented intact. Should it be mutilated in the slightest the winner is barred from receiving the prize until thirty years have elapsed.

Revised Solomon's Judgment.

The Independence Belge says a magistrate recently found himself in an embarrassing situation. Two young women each claimed to be the mother of an infant of six months. The magistrate, who had not forgotten his scriptural teaching, called for a butcher's knife, and, placing the child on the table in front of him, declared his intention of dividing it and giving a half to each of the vociferous claimants. "Don't do that!" they shrieked; "keep the baby yourself," and immediately fled from the courthouse. The magistrate, it is said, has solved the difficulty in which he was placed by provisionally adopting the child.

It is not the correct thing in polite society to return the visits of a physician.

SHEAR NONSENSE

A Phenomenal Success: Cahill—Was the shtrike a success? Cassidy—It was. Afther being out six weeks we succaded in gittin' back our jobs.—Puck.

Mistress (severely)—If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant. Norah—I wish yer would; there's easily enough work fer two of us.—Tit-Bits.

She—Have you read that continued story in the paper? He—Not all of it. She—How far did you get? He—I finished the "synopsis of preceding chapters."—Brooklyn Life.

Golf and chess: Foozle—I suppose you are willing to admit that golf is an intellectual pastime? Bunker—Yes, in about the same sense that chess is an athletic game.—Boston Transcript.

"What kind of a man is this John Smith?" "Oh, he's the kind that thinks he can hold on to his umbrella by having his name engraved on the handle."—New York Evening World.

Sportsman (to Smith, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—Do you know Lord Peckham Smith—Oh, dear, yes; I've often shot at his house. Sportsman—Ever hit it?—Fun.

Lucky Bingles: "Bingles is a lucky man; his time goes right on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well." "What is Bingle's business?" "Watchmaker."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

A scientist at work: "How did you come to be a professional beggar?" "I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to git up statistics on how many heartless people they is in this town."—Chicago Record.

Home-grown lustre: "Then you don't bank much on ancestral pride?" "No; it is more to a man's credit to start from nowhere and be somebody than to start from somewhere and be nobody."—Indianapolis Journal.

The exact truth exacted: Caller—"You look like a good and truthful girl; tell me—is your mistress really out? Domestic—She is, ma'am. Caller—Where? Domestic—At the elbows, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

"Well, Borus," said Naggus, the eminent literary critic, "I see you began the new century right." "How's that?" asked Borus, the struggling author. "I don't understand." "You didn't write any poem about it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Subsidy Defined: "I see so much in the newspapers about subsidies. What does a subsidy mean, John?" "A subsidy, Mary, is where I give you twenty dollars for going to see your mother instead of having her come to see you."—Denver News.

So Consoling: Lady (whose mare has just kicked a member of the hunt, who was following too closely)—Oh, I'm so sorry! I do hope it didn't hurt you! She's such a gentle thing, and could only have done it in the merest play, you know.—Punch.

Towne—"That boy of Jones' is older that he looks, isn't he? Browne—I don't think so. Why? Towne—I saw him out skating to-day, and he never once tried to see how near he could go to the danger sign without falling in.—Philadelphia Press.

Useless: "You didn't submit quietly to their gagging you, did you?" asked the officers who had hurried to the scene as soon as the robbery was over. "No!" gasped the victim; "I chewed the rag, of course, but what good did that do?"—Chicago Tribune.

"What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple. "I was just looking at the money market," he answered. "Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?"—Indianapolis Press.

Mr. Sophtie—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present; what do you think of that? Willie—Huh! That's what she done fur Mr. Brown last year, an' he gev her back before Easter; I bet you'll do the same.—Philadelphia Record.

"Man," said the up-to-date maiden, "is but a mixture of arrogance, tobacco, and foot-ball statistics." "Woman," answered the end-of-the-century man, "is no more than a compound of vanity, cosmetics, and golf poses." And then they were married.—Detroit Free Press.

Walker—The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she? Watkinson—Yes, indeed; the Evening Sacrificer sent its sporting man to report it; he printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading "Among Those Who Also Ran."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Prima Donna (after the first act)—I won't go on again unless that box party makes less noise! I nearly had hysterics! The Manager (in surprise)—I didn't hear any noise. The Prima Donna—You didn't? Why, they encored that upstart of a contralto four times!—Puck.