



Fainting.

If one may judge from the fiction of one's grandparents, the act of fainting, or becoming unconscious, almost took rank as a social accomplishment.

Now although it is true that emotional shocks will cause fainting spells in certain persons, still one cannot resist the impression that many of these otherwise excellent young persons were either giving themselves a treat, or at least weakly yielding to an unfortunate social taste.

The corset of sixty years ago was a cruel and unyielding instrument of torture, exercising its pressure in such a way as to interfere with the breathing apparatus; athletics for girls were almost unheard of, and few rooms were properly ventilated—especially bedrooms—all of which causes may have conducted to that condition of cerebral anemia which is the underlying reason for a fainting fit.

Cerebral anemia means an insufficient supply of blood to the brain, and may be brought about in various ways. When a person faints from a sudden shock, caused by an accident or from some unnerving sight or sound, it means that the feeding of the brain with blood has been sharply interfered with, resulting in a temporary loss of consciousness.

A hemorrhage from any part of the body will act mechanically to produce the same result.

Persons with weak or disordered hearts often faint readily, because any sudden demand upon the heart may cause it to send out a hurry call for more blood than the system is able to supply. The same thing is often seen when a person convalescing from an acute illness faints from a slight exertion, sometimes even from a too abrupt change of posture.

For a simple fainting spell but little treatment is needed. The patient should be placed in a horizontal position in order to equalize the circulation, and should be allowed plenty of fresh air. A whiff of ammonia cautiously given acts as a quick stimulant. In a case of prolonged faint, cold water may be sprinkled over the face and chest, or a mustard plaster placed over the region of the heart.—Youth's Companion.

MANY CANDIED VEGETABLES.

Pumpkins, Beets, Carrots and Turnips Among Mexican Sweets.

"I was surprised at the Mexican sweetmeats," said a man just back from Mexico. "I do not think there can be any fruit or vegetable which they do not candy, preserve in syrup or convert into jam."

"In a queer little pueblo in the state of Zacatecas I heard a woman calling monotonously, 'Cimarrones, calabasas.' Now these words in English mean sweet potatoes and pumpkins. She had a small tray, held in place by a leather thong that went around her neck.

"I crossed the plaza and asked her for five cents' worth of calabasas. She placed several pieces of a sugary yellow substance in a paper bag and I realized that I was going to have the experience of tasting candied pumpkin.

"If you can imagine pumpkin pie frozen hard and saturated with sugar you can get an idea of the flavor of the queer confection. One grows to like it after one has lived in Mexico for a while.

"The cimarrones were also rather nice. The sweet potatoes are boiled in water until they are soft. They are then soaked in hot syrup and candied. A final coating of powdered white sugar is added and gives them the appearance of large Easter eggs.

"Beets, carrots, turnips and artichokes are some of the vegetables made into sweetmeats in Mexico. Tropical fruits of every description are also used for this purpose, and candied watermelon peel is a great favorite.

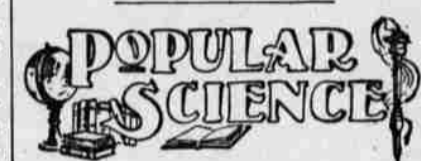
"The regular stand of the sweet-

meat vendors is on the plaza, but at night they turn out in force around the doors of the theaters. A Mexican senorita would not enjoy the show unless she had a good supply of her native confections to munch. It is her substitute for the chocolate creams that we buy for our matinee girls.

"Last New Year's eve I was in Nogales, a pueblo on the international line between Arizona and the Mexican state of Sonora. A vaudeville entertainment was being given at the little theater, and about 8 o'clock I strolled over to take in an act or two. It was almost impossible to make my way to the box office through the crowd of peddlers that blocked the street and sidewalks.

"Pumpkins, carrots, sweet potatoes, senor!' they shouted in Spanish, while the light from many oil lamps flickered over their wares. 'Very cheap. Only 10 cents for as much as you can eat.'

"It was a strange scene, full of color and racy of the soil. Indeed it is the sweetmeat vendors that will always recur to my mind when I think of my visit to Mexico."



The difficulty of welding the new tool steels to cheaper grades has led to the invention of a new process, by which the welds are successfully accomplished. It consists in placing a thin sheet of copper between the surfaces to be welded, which are coated with a reducing substance. At a temperature of 1,200 centigrade the copper is rendered completely fluid by the gas or vapor given off by the reducing substance, and in this state it penetrates into the steel on both sides of the junction, producing a cohesion of the molecules so strong that if the welded piece is afterward broken, the fracture tends to pass through the steel on one side or the other, instead of following the weld.

The recognition of the important part played by certain insects in the spread of disease has led to the organization of the African Entomological Research Committee. Two trained entomologists are to be dispatched to Africa, one on the east and the other on the west coast, to study the noxious insects, interest residents in the problems which they present, and promote scientific knowledge of the best ways of exterminating them. The Natural History Department of the British Museum, the London and Liverpool Schools of Tropical Medicine and the leading English universities have offered to take part in the work. The committee will co-operate with work done by other organizations in Egypt, the Sudan and South Africa.

Near Dax, in southwestern France, exists a very remarkable oak, which is an object of veneration for the inhabitants of the surrounding regions. Its short trunk is encircled with gigantic raised roots, giving it, at the level of the ground, a circumference of 82 feet. The massive branches spread over a circle so broad that 500 persons can find room beneath them. The age of the tree is estimated to be not less than 2,000 years, yet it shows few signs of decrepitude, although the interior of the trunk is hollow. It is the first tree in the neighborhood to cover itself with leaves, and the last to be deprived of them. At the junction of the immense branches are two cavities, which are always full of water, and the peasants ascribe miraculous properties to this water. Once every year there is a pilgrimage to the sacred oak of Quillaq, and at midnight between June 23 and 24 the pilgrims begin their devotions around the foot of the tree.

Speculation as to the origin of the meteoric stones and irons that occasionally fall from the sky has a peculiar charm for the imagination. The density of these bodies and the great size of some of them constitute arguments in favor of the view that they must have been ejected from some massive body in space, such as the sun or a star. In discussing the peculiar meteorites which fell some years ago at Brenham, Kan., Dr. O. W. Huntington suggests that we may infer, from their composition, from what part of the heavenly body that ejected them, they came. The heavy metallic meteorites, called siderites, may plausibly be supposed to have come from the deeper parts of a star; the light, stony ones, called aerolites, from the superficial layers; and the rare "pallasites," like the Brenham meteorites, which are intermediate in composition, from the transitional zone between the outer crust and the dense interior nucleus.

Wary.

Thompson—Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do? Jones (hesitatingly)—What sized man?—Jewish Ledger.

Anyway, the gossip isn't forever handing you advice

COULDN'T GIVE 'EM AWAY.

Difficulty Experienced by Man in Disposing of Theater Tickets.

The man who made an unsuccessful attempt to give away new sovereigns on London bridge had two sympathizers in this city a day or two ago, the New York Sun says. A young man was waiting for a local in a subway station the other evening when a stranger approached him and said:

"I have been waiting for half an hour for a friend to go to the theater with me. Apparently she isn't coming, and I don't want to go alone." He produced a pair of tickets and continued, "I should be very glad to have you take these and use them yourself." The young man drew out two tickets of his own.

"Sorry," he said, "but I've already made arrangements to go." He was conscious of an unreasonable aversion to taking those proffered tickets. But the stranger was insistent.

"You're going downtown anyway," he said. "Give them to somebody at the theater. I don't like to see them wasted." A train came in at that moment and the young man took them.

Outside the theater he lived over the experience of that stranger. He approached four pairs of men and offered them the tickets. In each case he was surveyed critically and his gift was refused.

"What's the matter with this town anyhow?" he asked himself, and then he remembered that he, too, had thought there must be something wrong with a voluntary offer of that sort. But he made up his mind not to be outdone by the success that the other man had had with him. He consulted the doorman and assured himself that the tickets were good for that night. Then he went out on the sidewalk and stopped two newsboys.

"Want to go to the show?" he asked them. "G'wan wid yer kiddin'," was the answer. But he was determined by this time. For five minutes he stood there and argued with those urchins and finally convinced them that he was not kiddin'. He told them to insist on getting their rights, and they called into the house in jubilant spirits.

"Well, thank heaven, I could convince somebody that I wasn't a faker just because I offered something for nothing in this town," he remarked to himself as he hurried off to his own play.

A HUMILIATED MONKEY.

The leading male of a troop of monkeys is the patriarch, commander-in-chief and effective fighting force. The natives of India call him Maharaja—and properly so, for he is the type of savage despotism. He uses his large canine teeth to maintain his power and to secure the lion's share of everything, and is easily moved to a paroxysm of rage. But the tyrant has his tragedies, one of which is described by J. L. Kipling, in his "Man and Beast in India."

One morning there came a monkey chieftain, weak and limping, having evidently been worsted in a severe fight with another of his own kind. One hand hung powerless, his face and eyes bore terrible traces of battle, and he hopped slowly along with a pathetic air of suffering, supporting himself on the shoulder of a female—a wife, the only member of his clan that had remained faithful to him after his defeat.

We threw them bread and raisins, and the wounded warrior carefully stowed the greater part away in his cheek pouch. The faithful wife, seeing her opportunity, holding fast his one sound hand and opening his mouth, dextrously scooped out the store of raisins.

Then she sat and ate them very calmly at a safe distance, while he mowed and chattered in impotent rage. He knew that without her help he could not reach home, and was fain to wait with what patience he might till the raisins were finished. This was probably her first chance of disobedience or of self-assertion in her whole life, and I am afraid she thoroughly enjoyed it. She led him away at last—possibly to teach him more salutary lessons of this sort.

Observations.

"Did you observe anything peculiar about that explorer's observations?" asked one arctic expert.

"Yes," replied the other. "Most of them were personal and somewhat profane."—Washington Star.

His Opportunity.

"Oh, Tom, you mean old thing! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

"Then I shall be only too glad to make you my wife!"—Boston Herald.

Title of a new serio-comic song: "Prices Are So High, and I'm So Poor."

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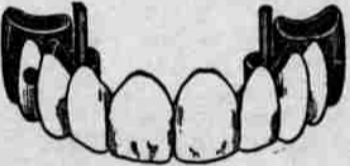
Righteously Indignant.

"Half the crime in this town," said Mrs. Lapsling, "is caused by the saloons that keep open all night. When a saloon-keeper refuses to close his place of business at 1 o'clock I think the mayor ought to provoke his license!"—Chicago Tribune.



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sign grace departed. "You brainless cad!" exclaimed the man with the lofty dome of thought. "Ha!" retorted the man with the pale, scholarly cast of countenance, regarding him with immeasurable scorn; "You colossal ignoramus, if I am 'brainless,' where do my sensory nerves register their impressions?" "Exclusively in your spinal cord!" was the crushing rejoinder.

Troubles of the Ancients. Hercules had killed the Erymanthean bear. "It was a case of necessity," he pleaded. "I was absolutely out of meat." "For, even in those days, the cost of living became sometimes almost prohibitive.

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