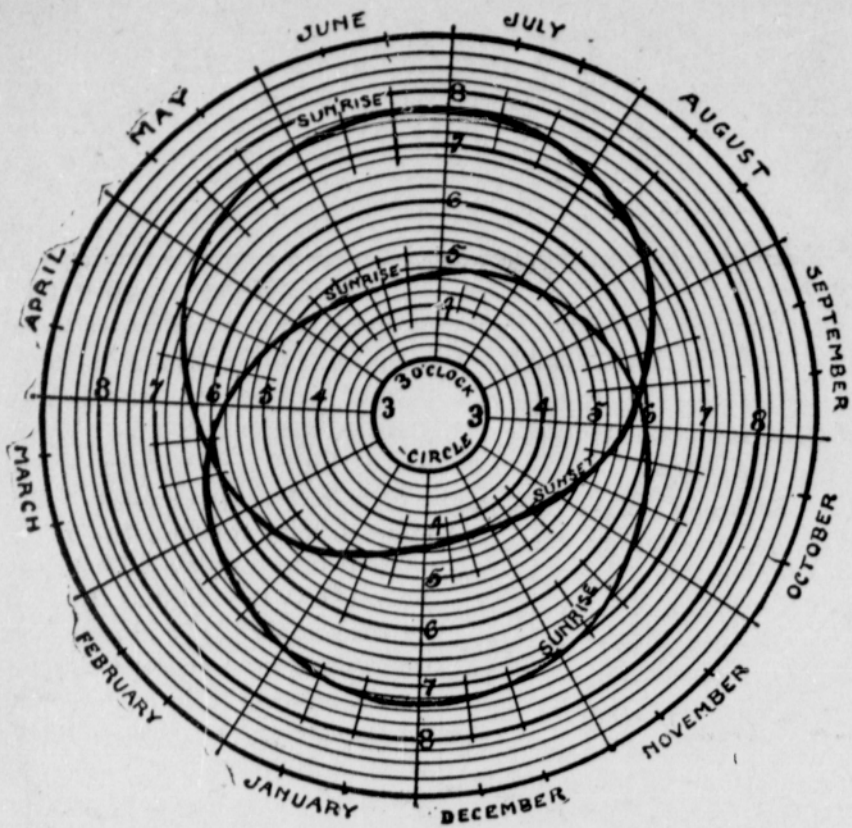


SUNRISE AND SUNSET CHART.



The accompanying chart, by which, at a glance, the time of sunrise or of sunset for any day in the year can be quickly ascertained, is of interest. Those who understand the use of diagrams in general will appreciate its handiness, while an explanation will serve a double purpose with those who are not fully cognizant of the usefulness of such diagrams, showing not only how to use this particular chart, but illustrating one of the simplest methods of representing to the eye the rate and manner of change of a varying quantity.

Suppose it is desired to know at what time the sun will rise on the 10th of May. First find the slice of the chart marked May. The line dividing the April slice from the May slice is the last day of April. The 10th of May will, therefore, be one-third of the way over the May slice—reckoning thirty days to the month. The sunrise curve is marked "Sunrise"; concentric circles struck from the center of the chart are marked 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8; these represent hours; the space between every adjacent pair, as between the 4 o'clock circle and the 5 o'clock circle, is divided into four equal parts, each small space representing a quarter of an hour, or fifteen minutes. That is all there is to the chart itself. On the 10th of May, that is, one-third of the way over the May slice, a radial line will intersect the sunrise curve at a point just beyond the third quarter past the 4 o'clock circle, indicating that on that day the sun will rise at about 4:47 a. m. The short radial lines every third part of a slice help to locate any intermediate date.

DESCENDED FROM A KING.

Wisconsin Man Whose Ancestry Goes Back to the Pokanoket Indians.

An American citizen descended from a king is something of an anomaly, but the town of Chilton, Wis., boasts of such a character in the person of Stephen Nicholas. He is descended from the famous Indian King Phillip of the Pokanoket tribe of Massachusetts, the warrior who gained such fame among the early settlers of the country, and the traits of his ancestors showed in the young man when he was in his prime.

Stephen was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Moses Stanton when he was 5 years old, and was brought to Wisconsin. He grew up a sturdy lad, and when 21 years of age he was as perfect a specimen of manhood as there could be found in the country. His occupations and sports were such as to make him an athlete, and his endurance, tried in long tramps through the forests with little to eat on the way, was superhuman. He was fearless and bold as a lion, shrewd and quick to act, and the cause which "Steve Nick" championed

pavement and the wheel was tumbled off and thrown to one side of the car. Miss Cahill clutched the iron frame of the fender and bravely kept her position. The skirt of her dress, which fell over the side of the fender, caught on obstructions, and several times, as pieces of the garment were torn away, the strength of the young woman was tested severely, but she held on.

The car, with Miss Cahill on the fender, ran a distance equal to an ordinary half block, when it stopped. Miss Cahill didn't wait to be lifted from her seat. She wasn't hurt, and her bicycle was only slightly damaged.

Couldn't Run Away.

There are times in war when one active brain is equivalent to a great many guns. Witness this incident of the German revolution of 1848, told to the Tribune by a German-American citizen of New York:

We were short of men, and had a large number of prisoners to look after. That did not worry us as long as we were not moving, but one day we had to make a forced march.

The country through which we were



DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

NICHOLAS AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY.

was sure to win if power, determination and bravery were factors in the fight. He was a crack shot with rifle and pistol and an expert swordsman.

When the civil war broke out he joined Company D of the First Wisconsin Cavalry and served creditably during the struggle in the capacity of a scout.

Saved by a Fender.

A stirring account of a picturesque street accident in Buffalo, N. Y., is furnished by the Courier of that city.

As a trolley car ran at high speed down the hill from High street and dashed past North street it struck Miss Nellie Cahill, who had attempted to cross the track in front of it on a bicycle. The bicycle ran on the fender and struck the front of the car with terrific force.

Miss Cahill fell from her wheel and landed on the fender. Her bicycle was by her side for a distance of forty or fifty feet, when its rear wheel was caught by some obstruction on the

toppass was hostile, and extreme watchfulness was necessary. We had few enough men as it was, and we knew that our prisoners were ready to run at the first opening.

Finally a young officer made a brilliant suggestion, and it was promptly carried out. We ripped the suspender buttons from the prisoners' trousers, took away their belts, and knew we had them. Their hands were busy after that, and fast running was out of the question.

We made the march safely, and I do not believe that even Yankee ingenuity could have invented a simpler solution.

Sex Equality in Iceland.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which numbers 70,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by men and women together.

Occasionally a woman manages a husband successfully by letting him think he is doing it himself.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Wisdom in Looking After Your Scattered Pictures.

"My first act upon hearing of Mrs. Blank's death," remarked one girl to another, "was to sit right down and write that friend of hers who has been living with her for some years to send me back all of my sister's photographs and mine. You see, Mrs. Blank left no immediate family; her heirs and all those who would have anything to do with her possessions, were utter strangers to us, and I didn't propose to have our personal likenesses pass into any such hands."

"Why, there is no knowing where those photographs might have turned up, nor who might have got hold of them, and I didn't care if it did seem cold-blooded in me. I meant to have them. My sister and I were very fond of Mrs. Blank; we had sent her pictures about every time we had one taken, but it wasn't a pleasant thought that anything so intimately belonging to us should become common property."

"Girls who sow their photographs broadcast among men as well as women would do well to ponder upon the possibilities that so general a bestowal can hardly fail to entail. One's likeness, no less than one's self, is sure to suffer by being made too public. My advice to all girls is, first, to be careful about giving away your pictures, and, second, to make no bones about having them returned to you when the particular friend to whom you gave them is no longer alive."

It was an astute photographer who realized the force of the above argument to a very profitable extent recently. The photographer had taken an ordinary cabinet photograph of a young girl in her bridal costume, which was, however, extraordinary both as a likeness and as a piece of photographic art. The family of the girl were each and all delighted with the picture, a large number of copies were ordered and were distributed, though with characteristic discrimination, to many admiring friends the country over. All this last spring.

This pleasant Christmas season the photographer saw fit to send the father of the girl a picture "upon approval." It was an enormous thing, measuring over so many feet, and upon being opened proved to be the enlarged likeness done in crayon of the cabinet photograph. The work was excellent; the charm of the original was, if anything, enhanced, but there was no getting away from the fact that never, never would the family have ordered just such a picture as that on their own account.

Still, they decided to buy it, and for a very natural reason—the knowledge that if they did not do so it would be sure to grace the walls of the photographer's place of business, where all might see. It would be a wonder, indeed, if he didn't use it as a street advertisement for the front of the shop. "Still," said the mother of the girl in telling the story, "it is to be hoped that he doesn't proceed to enlarge the photographs of all of us in the same way, for sooner than expose ourselves to publicity we should feel compelled to buy them, and before long I'm afraid it would bankrupt us."—New York Sun.



A whale's weight has been estimated by Nilson at 100 tons, equal to that of thirty-eight elephants.

Incandescent lamps for special purposes are made as small as one-sixth of an inch in diameter.

The beautiful colors seen in the soap bubble arise from the fact that the bubble, being very thin, reflects light from both the outer and inner surface of the film.

The fleeting hues of the soap bubble are given by a French chemist to paper by coating the surface with a thin turpentine damar varnish, which forms a transparent glaze breaking up the light rays.

In experiments with the compressed air pipes of Westphalian coal mines, H. Schwab has found that the greatest distance to which the sound of the voice could be conveyed in a straight pipe was between 1,500 and 1,700 feet. For moderate distances a pipe of about twenty inches in diameter gave the best results, a slightly larger one being better for long distances.

Salt made from aquatic plants and used by natives of the Congo State has been found by M. Leon Fredericq to consist of chloride and sulphate of potassium. This is taken as disproving Bunge's idea that we use salt—or chloride of sodium—to counteract the effects of the potassium salts of vegetables, and as indicating that salt is taken with food for its flavor, is being without special action.

In one of the recently published volumes of the Smithsonian Institution James Mooney explains that the underlying principle of the Sioux ghost dance is the doctrine that at some time the whole Indian race, living or dead, will be reunited in life upon this earth, un-

troubled by death, hunger or disease; The object of the dancers is to fall into a kind of trance, in which they can see and converse with their dead relatives. The medicine-man plays the part of a mesmerist, keeping the sun full in the face of the dancers, making passes before their eyes, and twirling sticks and feathers until they become entranced. Such warlike outbreaks as that of 1890 are due to the attempts of ambitious chiefs or medicine-men to anticipate the Indian millennium through the annihilation of the white man.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sang the praises of the "burly, dozing humbee," which he described as an "animated torrid zone." But according to recent investigations by entomologists, Dr. Holmes' "yellow-breasted philosopher" is extraordinarily fond of cold climates, for it appears to be the only kind of bee native to Alaska. Trevor Kincaid made a special search for bees among the Alaskan wild flowers last summer, and found only bumblebees. Dr. W. H. Dall, when in Alaska, also failed to find bees of any other genera. This recalls a picturesque incident attending Colonel Fremont's ascent of the great peak bearing his name in the Rocky Mountains. He thought he had left everything pertaining to the lower world far beneath him, when suddenly a bumblebee buzzed through the chilly air, and to his astonishment settled on his knee. Peary saw a bumblebee at the northern end of Greenland, and bumblebees are also common in Siberia.

A LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

It Is Understood by All Central American Indians.

Mexico is a land of many tongues; but above the Indian dialects and Spanish there is one universal language—the language of the signs. It is the most expressive of all, says Modern Mexico; the Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variation; its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation. But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a significance well understood by every nation and every tribe from Guatemala to Texas.

A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted, and palms outspread, varies in meaning from "I don't know and I don't care" to a most respectful "Really, sir, I do not understand you."

The index finger moved rapidly from right to left, generally before the face, means "No more," or simply "No." To move the right hand palm outward from the body toward another person means "Just wait, I'll be even with you yet."

The index finger on the temple, moved with a boring twist, means, "He's drunk."

The right hand held to the lips, three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from "He drinks" to "Have one on me."

To move the open hand over the cheek in imitation of a razor has reference to the idiom "playing the barber," and means "to flatter."

All four fingers and thumb held points together and moved toward the mouth means "to eat."

The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation.

DUMAS OUTDONE.

Chinese Novels Are Said to Reach the Limit of Elaboration.

It is a proof of the high degree of elaboration to which fiction literature in China has been carried that most of their novels are thickly interspersed with poems of all orders of merit. No stronger evidence could be afforded of the fact that whatever they lack it is not literary finish. If anything, they have this in excess. These poems are introduced in a variety of ways. The hero sends one in a billet doux to the heroine, or he overhears her singing one, or perhaps a poetic contest is struck up, the fine on defeat being generally the compulsory drinking of so many extra flagons of wine. Wine drinking and versification almost invariably go together in Chinese novels, though whether they do so in real life we are unable to say. Above all things, every man who sets up to be anything in the way of a hero in Chinese fiction must be prepared to extemporize by the ream in inimitable poetry.

An Idiotic Practice.

Duels between the students of Heidelberg University have always been carried on almost without intermission, and one of the sights of the town is made up of many naturally handsome men who are rendered hideous by much-prized slashes. Fatal injuries are seldom inflicted, for the reason that the combatants are securely padded everywhere except upon their faces, which alone receive the sword cuts. The German Emperor, although not so strictly opposed to legitimate—if the word is permissible—dueling, has always set his face against the idiotic practices at Heidelberg, and at last the senators of the university—who, themselves, in many instances, are decorated with cross cuts—have requested eight corps students, accused of challenging duels, to absent themselves from the university for four terms.

She Didn't Make Them.

"The pies that mother used to—" She fixed him with a flashing eye, and he wisely paused.

"Your father," she said, "had an income sufficient to enable your mother to keep a first-class cook."

Still, he was a resourceful man, and not easily disconcerted. "The pies that mother used to have made never did amount to much, anyway," he asserted; but there was a lack of enthusiasm in his manner and tone that told her she had won a great victory.—Chicago Post.

There was a young man from Lenore, Who boldly went off to the war; The "beef" made him sick, He recovered quite quick By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Somehow we always expect the fellow who gets mad first to come out of the argument second best.

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

Naming a battleship George Washington is all right, but could a ship with that name lie at anchor?

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., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Under Henry V, an act of parliament ordered all the geese in England to be counted, and the sheriffs of the counties were required to furnish six arrow-feathers from each goose.

"I DO MY OWN WORK."

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochlette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop."

"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued."

"After a time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, in despair, I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by its use."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me. I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more, I am sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine."

"I shall use my influence with any one suffering as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the sympathetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her your ills.



Phunder's OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. HEALTH RESTORER. USE IT!

SURE CURE FOR PILES PILES produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding, Prolapsing Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. See a Jar of druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada., Pa.

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