

RECKONING TIME.

Uncle Sam Governs His Clocks by Observing One of the Fixed Stars.

The United States government does not make use of the sun in reckoning time, but instead, one of the "fixed stars" as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer, with a big telescope, looks at certain of these stars and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the 75th meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits or sends out the signal that keeps standard time. This clock is set and regulated by the star-time, and then every day at three minutes and 15 seconds before 12, a switch is turned on and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at 10 seconds before 12, as a notice that the next tick will be the noon signal, and so as to give the operators time to connect their clocks. There are time balls in a great many cities, usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the state, war and navy department building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop at the instant the signal comes over the wires. In the government offices at Washington, and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the 12 o'clock signal is flashed over the wires the hands of each one of these clocks spring to 12, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the 75th meridian the telegraph instruments give a signal tick, the time balls drop, the clocks begin to strike and everybody in the district knows it is 12 o'clock.

MUCH RENOVATED BUTTER.

Government Official Reports 70 Factories Making the Product for American Consumers.

The business of renovating butter has become one of the enormous institutions of the food manufacturers in the United States. Last year the government officials reported that about 70 renovating factories were in operation. The largest one manufactured and sold in one year 4,500,000 pounds of renovated butter. Another recently started, has an output of 40,000 pounds daily. Estimating the concerns at 1,000,000 pounds each for the year, one may guess how much of the factory-made product is consumed by the working people who purchase renovated butter, often represented to be just as good as creamery.

Major Lewis Wells, government inspector of renovated butter, says: "The foundation stock is in the main, a low grade of butter usually unfit for the table. It largely comes from the country stores in districts where dairying is not carried on. While kept at the points of receipt its surroundings are, as a rule, not such as to guard against its contamination from foreign substances and obnoxious odors. Formerly this was a drug on the market, but now it is bought up eagerly and goes to the renovating establishments, and often is put in cold storage to await cold weather and higher prices."

OUR OLD COFFEE POT.

I want to hear the simmer
Of the old coffee pot;
I want to hear it hummin'
When it's gettin' good and hot;
I want to see the vapor rise
Like incense in the room,
And float about a-filin'
Every corner with perfume.

O, it isn't very often
That a feller gets the best;
But when he does it's like a whiff
A-comin' from the West;
It's like a rush of springtime
Across a growin' field,
A-filin' you with a dream of what
The harvest time'll yield.

I love the smell of roses
Along about in June;
And I'd hang around and listen
To almost any tune;
But the fragrance and the music
That nothin' else has got
Are the odor and the simmer
Of the old coffee pot.
—John W. Fellow, in Dillon Double-Jack.

Brought 21,865 Feet of Letters.

An immense amount of mail was brought over by the White Star liner Teutonic, which has just arrived at New York. There were 22,270 letters alone. Allowing five inches as the average letter of each envelope, this connected would make a single string end to end 21,865 feet, or more than four miles.

The 870 bags of second-class mail matter would make a column exactly 870 feet high, allowing one foot as the thickness of each bag. It required exactly 30 minutes for the 20 men engaged in discharging this mail to put it all aboard the mail boat Postmaster General, of the upper quarantine station.

WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Information has been received by Colonel J. A. Ockerson, chief of the department of liberal arts at the World's Fair, St. Louis, that engineering exhibits from the Argentine Republic have been shipped to the Argentine consul-general at New York city and will be forwarded to St. Louis.

Husband—I should like to have one good, long smoke without your interference. Wife—You'll have plenty of time for that after you are dead. William.—Judge.

"Does he interest himself in books?" "No," sniffed Mrs. Newrich; "my husband has clerks to do that for him."—Detroit Free Press.

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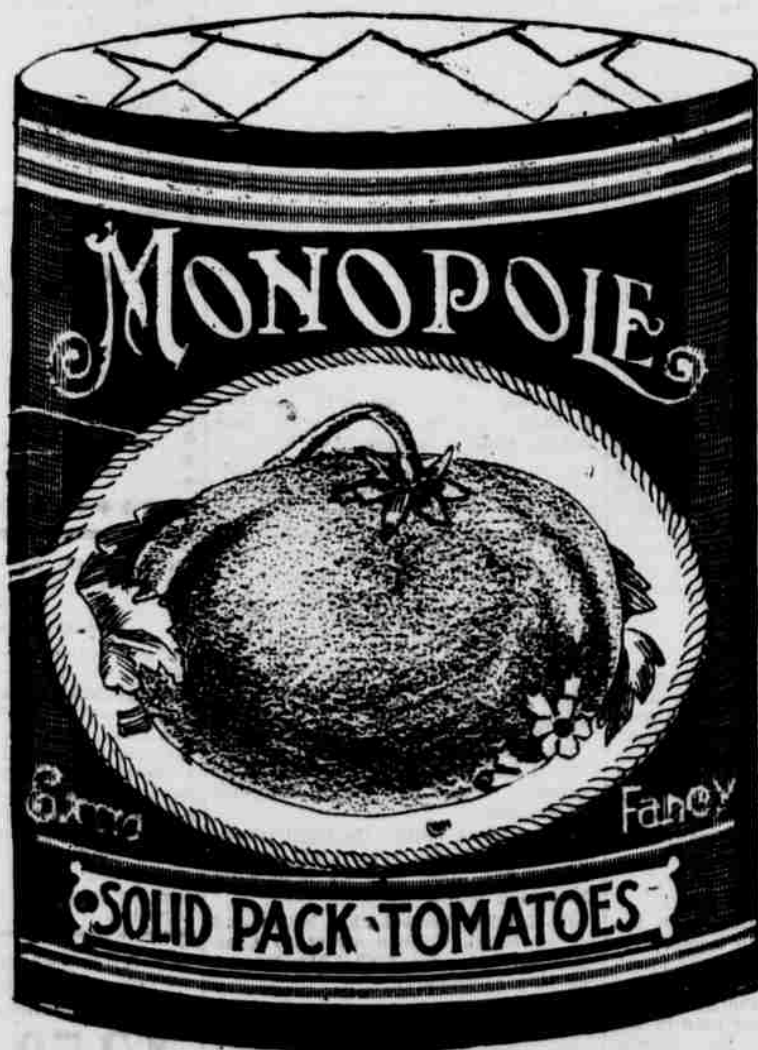
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