A PATENT ELOPEMENT.

"A VISITOR, Jabez."

Old Farmer Smith rose from the dinner-table and picked up his hat from the side of the chair.

"Who is it, wife?" he asked.

"A young man," she replied.

The farmer's lip set tight as he witnessed a glance which passed between his wife and his daughter.

"I understand," he said, severely, with a determined look at the anxious face of the girl. "That London chap, Leslie Austin."

"Yes, father," she replied.

"I'll settle his business for him," and Farmer Smith strode into the parlor, his heavy boots sounding a death-knell to the faint hopes in the sinking heart of pretty, winsome Alice Smith. "So you're here again, eh?"

The brusque interrogatory did not seem to crush the courteous, handsome young man, who arose and faced the farmer.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," was his reply.

"And on the same old errand, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I came to ask your consent——"

"You can't have it!" interrupted Farmer Smith, savagely. "Alice ain't going to marry you or anybody else, just yet."

"But time——"

"You've heard me, Mr. Leslie Austin. You can't have my daughter."

"I love her, Mr. Smith."

"Nonsense! She's too young to know her own mind. I have said my say, and the harvest hands are waiting. Good-day, sir!"

Under such determined resistance, Leslie Austin retreated. He bit his lips angrily, as he walked rapidly down the road to the village hotel.

"It's a shame," decided his friend Bob Townsend, as he heard the disappointed lover's story.

"We think so much of each other," murmured Leslie, mournfully.

"You ain't going to give up this way, are you?" asked Bob.

Leslie looked up inquiringly.

"What else can I do?" he asked.

"Marry her," said Bob.

"Her father won't consent."

"Suppose he don't."

Leslie started, but shook his head slowly.

"I know what you're hitting at, Bob—an elopement."

"You're right."

"But it could not be."

"Why not?"

"Because Alice is bound to obey her father, and I am, too, for that matter."

Bob scowled impatiently.

"Nonsense!" he aspirated, angrily. "See here, Leslie. If you were the irresponsible chap old Smith thinks you, I'd hesitate; but you ain't—you're an honest, well-to-do lawyer, respectably connected, and only laboring under a prejudice on the farmer's part, that because neighbor Jones' girl married a worthless man from the metropolis all such matches must end similarly."

"Granted."

"Therefore, being in the right, and the old farmer being in one of his mad moods, I'd outwit him."

"How?"

The query was encouraging.

"Run away with Alice," said Bob.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Her father watches her too closely."

"That's the only reason, is it?"

"I believe so."

"She's willing?"

"Presumably."

"And you?"

"O, Bob, you're talking nonsense! I might as well go back to London and wait until Mr. Smith changes his mind."

"And let some other fellow have Alice. You're a brave lover!"

Leslie was despondent.

"I have a plan, if you're plucky enough to follow it out," suggested Bob.

Leslie's face grew expectant at the hint.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Listen!"

What Bob told the discouraged lover need not be repeated. The subsequent acts of the conspirators afford a sufficient explanation.

It was the next day that faithful Bob reconnoitered the ground, and found that Farmer Smith had indeed taken due precaution to prevent his daughter meeting or running away with Leslie.

But Bob managed to get a letter to the fair prisoner—a letter after reading which secretly she manifested her acquiescence to its contents by an intelligent nod to the messenger.

It was the afternoon of the day following, just as Farmer Smith had sent his boys to the town with a load of potatoes, and was seated, resting for an hour or two, on the front porch, with Alice industriously sewing by his side, that a vehicle driven by a single occupant came down the road.

Old Jabez looked in profound amazement as the vehicle came to a stop. It was a kind of skeleton wagon, with a double seat, and behind it was attached a small rubber hose, with several wheels distributed here and there, near the axle.

"In the name of wonder, what have we here?" he said, as he walked to the gate.

The driver sprang down.

"Jabez Smith?" he asked.

The farmer nodded a dignified assent, little dreaming that the bearded stranger was Bob Townsend in disguise.

"I learn from inquires in the village that you are quite a scientist, Mr. Smith."

Science, of which old Jabez knew nothing, but affected much, was his salient point. Flattered by the stranger's words, he replied pompously:

"I reckon I know something about it."

"I have come, Mr. Smith," said the stranger, "to show you a new motive power for hay rakes."

The farmer's face fell.

"A patent right!" he muttered. "I don't want to buy one," he said, aloud, turning to re-enter the house.

"Buy one!" replied the stranger. "This is not for sale, sir," declared Bob, with quiet dignity. "I desire your opinion as a scientist in regard to the principles involved in its construction and operations."

The farmer's face grew pleased gain.

"Happy to give it, sir. If I can be of any use to the world at large by my knowledge of science——"

"Or make your fellow beings happy, you're ready to sacrifice your valuable time—eh, Mr. Smith?" insinuated Bob.

"Certainly, sir."

"You can—you can, believe me, sir," asseverated the wicked conspirator, earnestly and truthfully. "Have you a rake?"

"Yes."

"I'll help you bring it out here, and we'll make a trial trip of this wonderful machine."

A few minutes later the farmer's hay-rake was brought out. Bob made much ado of fastening it by a rope to the rear of the vehicle, and the farmer watched him curiously, as he turned the wheels and adjusted the hose to what he called position.

"This hose is an air brake, sir. The idea is, if we can make it do so, to have the rake operate as usual. The air brake might offer a resistance to the ground, push forward the front vehicle, and ventilate the hay. Man and brute creation demand air—why not vehicles?"

"Quite true," replied Jabez, somewhat dubious and perplexed over the apparent uselessness of the machine.

"Utility and nonrefragibility, Mr. Smith," rattled on Bob, recklessly. "The hypothenuse of the curve of the diameter of the axle, you perceive, has a circumferential effect upon the spheroid concavity of the brake. You will understand these terms, Mr. Smith, as a mathematician and scientist. All ready?"

Farmer Smith, overcome by the lofty words, obeyed mutely, as Bob requested him to get into the rake seat.

"I'll drive the preliminary vehicle," explained Bob, with a serene chuckle at the fun of his oratory, "and you will watch the effect of the air brake—if the friction of the wheels generates air—over yonder stretch of meadow. By the way, is one of your hands around?"

"They've gone to town," replied Jabez, blumly.

He had a vague consciousness that the stranger was a charlatan, for he could not for the life of him see what possible use the clumsy combination of wheels and hose could be.

"Ah, there's a young lady! Your daughter, Mr. Smith, I presume?" said Bob, raising his hat politely. "There must be more weight on the seat of the front vehicle. If you'll let her take her seat beside me, in the interests of science, Mr. Smith?"

He almost lost his dignified gravity as he saw the suspicious look on the old farmer's face.

The last words, "in the interests of science," however, decided Mr. Smith.

"Jump in, Alice," he said, desperately.

The stranger whipped up the horse. Old Jabez, in the rake-seat behind, clung on wildly as the horse was driven briskly. He almost fell forward as there was a break caused by the rope parting. Bob had deftly cut it with a knife.

"Hold on—hold on!" cried old Jabez, as the new motor-power vehicle dashed forward.

He stared blankly as it traversed the field, made a sharp turn to the road, and, gracefully rounded a curve in the highway, disappeared from view.

What did it mean? The boys had taken the horses to town, and he could not start in pursuit; but he grew white as he discerned a fact:

He had been tricked!

He had cooled down considerably when, at nightfall, a carriage drew up before the gate.

He looked grimly up from beneath his shaggy eyebrows as Leslie Austin and pretty, blushing Alice came forward.

Bob, following them, was the first to speak.

"The new motor power took up a new passenger down the road, Farmer Smith," he said, shly. "You wanted to make mankind happy, neighbor—you've done it."

Jabez made a feint to declare hostilities, then and there, against the conspirators, but he sank back disarmed in his chair as the gentle voice of his wife said, pleadingly:

"Forgive them, father—they are so happy!"

And Farmer Smith had not the heart to say nay.

Reasonable.

The reasons for orthography are among the things which pass man's understanding. Some explanations, however, have a plausible sound.

A minister was recently called upon to marry a couple in private, and had occasion to ask how the name of one of the witnesses was spelled.

"M-c-H-u-g-h," replied the man.

"Haven't you a sister Margaret?" inquired the clergyman.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the minister, "she spells her name, 'M-c-C-u-e.'"

"That," said the witness, "is because my sister and me, we went to different schools."

Jowett's Extinguisher.

The late master of Balliol was so well known as a resourceful antagonist that it is a matter for wonder that any woman, however youthful and sure of herself, should have had the temerity to take liberties with him.

The Hon. Lionel Tollemache tells in the Spectator of a young woman who had the effrontery to say to him:

"I want to know, master, what you think of God."

"I am more concerned to know what God thinks of me," was Jowett's felicitous reply.

Soldiers' Handkerchiefs.

Russian soldiers are supplied with handkerchiefs at the expense of the Government.

In every newspaper society department conducted by women there appears once a week, and sometimes twice, the following item: "A man never realizes what a prize he willfully threw away until some other fellow gets her."

When a small boy wants a match with which to light a cigarette, he prefixes his request for one with the word "please." He then goes home and says: "Pass the butter."

LIFE ON ST. HELENA.

LITTLE ISLAND WHERE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE DIED.

Its Inhabitants at the Present Day Are Happy and Contented, and Crime Is Almost Unknown on the Island—Industries of the People.

Few people ever think of St. Helena except as a rock in the sea on which Napoleon lived a while miserably and then more miserably died. That the greatest of anti-climaxes was not the end of the little island's history is hard to realize, possibly because a poet or romancer would have made it the end, and a continuation is therefore more or less unnatural and absurd. Be that as it may, St. Helena has remained the abiding place of ordinary human beings who concern themselves very little about the colossal ghost generally supposed to be the island's only inhabitant, and the report to the English government just made by their governor shows that they have joys and sorrows exactly like those of the folks dwelling in places less tragically famous. For instance, the revenues of the island last year were £9,152, a decidedly comfortable sum, but alas! the expenditures amounted to £12,349, and that is an excess of outgo not comfortable at all. The governor says, however, that the bad balance was due to some extraordinary drains upon the island's resources, and that he anticipates a substantial surplus for the current year. A recent increase of the garrison and extensive improvements now making by the colonial and imperial authorities assure the immediate prosperity of the islanders.

St. Helena has no public debt, but is paying off by small annual installments a non-interest-bearing grant of £5,000 made by Parliament in 1871. The imports, chiefly foodstuffs and building materials, amounted last year to £62,985, and the exports, almost wholly potatoes, to £4,391. Lacemaking has been introduced among the girls of the island with great success, and the Governor is experimenting with the manufacture of brick and tile. The whalers have now entirely deserted St. Helena, the few ships engaged in that industry keeping far to the north or south. The total population of the island is 4,543.

The governor hopes that winter visitors from England may be tempted by the salubrity of the climate to try St. Helena, which is superior, he says, in some respects to that of Madeira and the Canary Islands. He says the people as a whole compare favorably with the English agricultural population; with few exceptions, all can read and write, and the language is spoken with greater purity than in many districts at home. As a rule, the people are happy and contented, with little crime among them and much kindness in helping each other. Strangers are greatly impressed with the general civility shown to them by old and young.—New York Times.

LOCATION OF SOLOMON'S MINES

Supposed to Be Near Where Transvaal War Will Occur.

The present prominence of the Transvaal from a political aspect makes everything connected with that region of special interest. The country, though it has only in comparatively recent times attracted the attention of our present civilization, has had a past, a very remote past, civilization of which all records and even traditions have disappeared, but which has left its mark on the landscape in the shape of a number of stone ruins of peculiar structure, the purpose and probable history of which is now puzzling archaeologists.

These buildings are scattered over the plateau of southern Mashonaland and Matabeleland, from its mountainous edge on the east to the neighborhood of Tati on the west. They consist of fragments of walls built of small blocks of granite resembling paving stones, about a foot long by six inches high, chipped or trimmed to a uniform size. They are built without mortar or cement, but the stones are neatly adjusted, and the walls, which taper from the base toward the top, are so thick that stability is insured. The only ornamentation consists in placing some of the stones at an acute angle to the other layers above and below, so as to produce a herring-bone pattern.

The group of ruins which have attracted the most attention are situated seventeen miles from Fort Victoria, in southern Mashonaland. They are known by the name of the Great Zimbabnye. This Bantu word is said to denote a stone building, but has often been used to describe the residence of a great chief. It is a common noun and not the name of any particular place. It has, however, been applied by Europeans to these ruins, which consist of two buildings, one on the top of a hill, the other in a valley.

Simple and rude these structures undoubtedly are, but for what purpose were they built and by whom?

An explanation of a historical character has been suggested. The Egyptian monuments teach us that in very remote times there was a trade from southeast Africa into the Red Sea. In the book of Kings we find that Solomon and Hiram of Tyre entered into a trade venture from the Red Sea port of Ezion-geber to a country named Ophir, which produced gold and diamonds. Other historical facts are confirmatory of these and indicate at some very remote time this region was visited by a people in search of gold, who were much more civilized than the Kaffirs, but the mystery is not yet solved. Are they the lost diamond mines of King Solomon?

Rare Books.

The free library of Philadelphia has in one of its collections of books a remarkable and precious possession. The collection is the result of twenty years' labor by one of the foremost experts of Europe, and consists of 500 works out of 21,000 said to have been published between the discovery of printing and the year 1500.

It is not only that 500 books of the earliest age of printing have been here brought together, but also that specimens of the work of 314 different presses and types are shown, and that the development of the art of printing is illustrated from its very earliest stages. It is claimed that more than fifty of these volumes were printed prior to any issued by Caxton's press, and many are from presses which never issued more than one or two books. So says the Public Ledger. In some cases specimens of the work of that particular press are not known to exist elsewhere.

It is a gratifying feature of the collection that a large proportion of the books are in their original bindings.

Among other books of exceptional rarity are the first Bible Concordance, issued probably about 1466; the first octavo edition of the Bible, by Froude, printed in 1491, and known as the Poor Man's Bible; two of the five books printed in Greek capital letters in the fifteenth century; a Latin Bible printed in Lyons in 1479, and regarded as the rarest of all the Latin Bible editions. It is so scarce that noted bibliographers doubted its existence. This copy is the only known specimen of the work of the press that issued it.

It is said of twenty of the works that copies are not to be found even in the British Museum.

Cities Wear Out the Horses.

Horses wear out much faster in the large cities than they do in country districts. Immense numbers of these animals annually succumb to hard usage, combined with the inevitable labor of hauling heavy loads over granite-paved streets. As fast as the city supply becomes exhausted it must be replenished by horses from the country or from foreign ports. It is stated that in the suburbs of London alone there are 750,000 horses in use, and that 100,000 horses must every year be sent into these suburbs to take the place of those worn out. The city of Berlin takes 100,000 new horses every year. A large number of the horses used in omnibuses and on tram lines both in England and on the continent are imported from the United States. The horses from the United States are shipped from the ports of New York and Boston to the ports of London, Liverpool and Glasgow, and quite a large number are transshipped at London for the ports of Antwerp and Havre. The ocean rates on horses from New York and Boston are from $25 to $30 per head, including feed and attendance, insurance for the voyage and for ten days after landing and dock charges.—Chicago Chronicle.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The Department of Agriculture reports the discovery that a dangerous European scale insect, not hitherto reported on this side of the Atlantic, has recently established itself among fruit trees in New York and Ohio, and perhaps in other parts of the country. Its entomological name is Aspidiotus ostreoformis, and it is well known in Europe. It attacks apples, pears, cherries and other fruits. How it got across the ocean is not yet known.

Dr. Moreno, the director of the La Plata Museum, during a recent visit to London gave a lecture on Patagonia, in which he declared that that country does not deserve its bad reputation. Although its present population is small and scattered, it has, he avers, a healthy soil capable of supporting a large population, and it presents a vast field for human industry. In Dr. Moreno's opinion, Patagonia is a remnant of an ancient Antarctic continent.

Trees, and, indeed, all terrestrial vegetation, will live for months in winter when their roots and stems are wholly under water, but are killed in a few days if a sudden overflow keeps the roots under water in the growing season. The roots, needing air at that season, are suffocated. The practical cultivator, of an observant turn of mind, makes admirable use of this knowledge in many gardening operations. Plants desired in low situations, where they would not under usual conditions survive, should not be set deeply.

T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Cal., the founder of the Lowe Observatory, suggests that some storms in which electricity plays a leading part, like tornadoes, might be dissipated on the lightning rod principle by bonding the rails of railroads with copper, as in electric railroads for return currents, and at intervals sinking large conductors into the ground until they reach the water. Railroads running north and south, he suggests, would be especially available because the tracks of tornadoes are almost invariably from west to southwest toward east or northeast.

The marvelous effects that are sometimes produced by music may eventually receive a scientific explanation. In a recent lecture at Oxford University Prof. McKendrick said that, while the intricate connections of the auditory nerves are only just being unraveled it is probable that the roots of those nerves are more widely distributed and have more extensive connections than those of any other nerves in the human body. Researches on the auditory nerves indicate that there is scarcely a function of the body which may not be affected by the pulsations and harmonic combinations of musical tones.

If the sponge as brought up fresh from the sea-bottom were a familiar object, says Dr. Lydekker, few would be in doubt as to its being an animal. When fresh, it is a fleshy-looking substance covered with a firm skin, and if cut it presents somewhat the appearance of raw meat. Its cavities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges, and those of all other parts of the world, are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup-shaped. The American sponge most nearly approaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.

Age and Marriage.

A woman's prospect of marriage is distinctly affected by age. The statistics of all countries show that the great majority of women marry between the ages of 20 and 30. Before reaching 20 a woman has, of course, a chance of matrimony, but the objections raised by parents or friends to marriage at a tender age frequently outweigh the desire of the young woman to acquire a husband, and lead her to defer the wedding day.

All the statistics that have been gathered bear out the statement that a woman's best chance to marry is at the age of 25, that over six-tenths of the marriages take place between 20 and 30, and consequently that a woman's chance increases up to 25, and steadily decreases after that age until it reaches the vanishing point somewhere about 60.

Out of 1,000 married women 140 marry before the age of 20, 680 between 20 and 30, 111 between 30 and 40, the woman in the thirties having not so good a chance as the girl in her teens; between the ages of 40 and 50 the falling off is enormous, only 41 in 1,000 contracting an alliance in that decade, while past 50 the chances still further diminish, for the woman who has celebrated the semi-centennial of her birth has only nineteen chances in a thousand.

The men are gradually, by their inventions, making all work easier for the women, except the catching of them for husbands, which they are making harder.

Don't slander the dead; if you do justice to the living you will be kept busy.

"Do It and Stick to It."

If you are sick and discouraged with impure blood, catarrh or rheumatism, take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, and you will soon have a cure. This medicine has cured thousands of others and it will do the same for you. Faithfully taken,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

In Canada the Grand Trunk is reported to have called in several of its traveling freight agents owing to the fact that they cannot secure cars for the tremendous rush of business offering.

The 50 factories of Kokomo, Ind., now using natural gas as fuel are filling up their cellars and sheds with wood and coal for use in case the gas gives out. There has been no coal in that town for 12 years until a few days ago.

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

An hour of careful thinking is worth more than ten of careless talking.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE $1. Trial Bottle containing 2 Weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline's Institute, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

True education never induces contempt of the ignorant.

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.

Live as though life were earnest and life will be so.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A striking eivdence of the scarcity of workingmen is a great placard which has been hung out in front of the post-office, Ottawa, Canada, by one of the lumber companies asking for 1,000 laborers and 300 shantymen.

When hat is wet with rain it should be dried with a silk handkerchief, brushed with a soft brush and when it is nearly dry with a harder brush.

The Waiter Knew 'Em.

A downtown restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Care-worn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Waiters balanced steaming platers on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everythig seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern-jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled to the cook: "Two soups and a Ham-omelet!"—Detroit Free Press.

Electricity for Brain.

A scientist has discovered an apparatus which will stimulate the brain. It consists of an electric band. While scientists have been inventing unnatural ways of making the brain work, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has for fifty years been doing it naturally. It cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles and builds up the system.

Out of 1,100,000 in Massachusetts engaged in gainful occupations, only 37,000 are employed on Sundays.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The wages of every employe of the United Salt Company, of Cleveland, have been increased voluntarily.

Town Farthest Removed From Sea.

Kuldja, which is said to be the center of Asia, is claimed to be the farthest removed town from the sea in the world. This town, which formed part of the ancient kingdom of Dzoungaria, is between 1,800 and 1,900 miles from the sea. Kuldja is the point from which numerous races have migrated to the low and arid steppes of the Aralo Caspian depression, and the still more distant and better favored regions of the west. On the fertile banks of the Ili and Irtish, the migrating hordes lingered for a time, loth, as it were, to venture out into the unknown plain before them, stretching far away into sandy deserts that separate Europe from Asia, until a new tide of popular migration forced them at last to strike their tents and depart westward from their mountainous halting ground.

Los Angeles, Cal., is distinguished for the number of pretrolium oil wells it possesses. The output for 1898 approximated 1,100,000 barrels, and that for 1899 is estimated to be about the same.

SALT LAKE CITY.

An Important Factor in Transcontinental Travel.

No one crossing the continent can afford to cut Salt Lake City from his route. The attractions of the place, including the Mormon Temple, Tabernacle and Church institutions, the Great Salt Lake—deader and denser than the Dead Sea in the Holy Land—the picturesque environment and the warm sulphur and hot springs, are greater to the square yard than any locality on the American continent.

The Rio Grande Western Railway, connecting on the East with the Denver & Rio Grande and Colorado Midland Railways and on the West with the Southern Pacific (Central Route) and Oregon Short Line, is the only transcontinetnal line passing directly through Salt Lake City. The route through Salt Lake City via the Rio Grande Western Railway is famous all the year round. On account of the equable climate of Utah and Colorado it is just as popular in winter as in summer. Send 2c to J. D. Mansfield, 253 Washington St., Portland, or Geo. W. Heintz, Acting General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City, for a copy of "Salt Lake City—the City of the Saints."

Climate, Scenery and Nature's Sanitarium.

Scenery, altitude, sunshine and air, constitute the factors which are rapidly making Colorado the health and pleasure grounds of the world.

Here the sun shines 357 days of the average year, and it blends with the crisp, electric mountain air to produce a climate matchless in the known world. No pen can portray, no brush can picture the majestic grandeur of the scenery along the line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado. Parties going East should travel via this line which is known all over the world as the Scenic Line of the world. For any information regarding rates, time tables, etc., call on or address R. C. Nichol, general agent, 251 Washington street, Portland, Or., or any agent of the O. R. & N. Co., or Southern Pacific Company.

Are You Going East?

Great Rock Island Route

If so, you should see that your ticket reads via the Great Rock Island route, and you will get the best. Pullman palace sleeping cars, elegant reclining chair cars "free," and library buffet cars on all through trains. Best dining car service in the world. Popular personally conducted excursions once a week to all points East. For full particulars call on or address any ticket agent, or A. E. COOPER, G. A. P. D., C. R. I. & P. Ry., 246 Washington street, Portland, Or.

For the turn of the stairs, that ugly place in the old city houses, tall silver taper holders of Russian workmanship or the old Dutch candlesticks four feet high will be found effective adjuncts.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

Improved Train Equipment.

The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connection made at Granger with Union Pacific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Hurlburt, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

Before putting away linen take care that it is thoroughly dried and well aired. Nothing collects dampness quite as quickly as linen. Should linen show signs of turning yellow wring out in lukewarm soap and water, then dry and store again.

Southerners affirm that the people of the North spoil watermelons by too much chilling, which renders them indigestible.

Babies

Hush! Don't you hear your baby cry? Babies often grow peevish, fretful, restless and feel bad, poor little things, without being able to tell you why. How much the little innocents suffer, unable to tell the cause of their distress! It is almost always some trouble in their little insides, sour curd on the stomach, indigestion, wind-colic, bowel complaints, that start the ills of childhood. CASCARETS make mother's milk mildly purgative, and increase the flow of milk in nursing mothers. Mamma takes a Cascaret, baby gets the benefit.

In this way, Cascarets afford the only safe laxative for babes in arms.

son.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Mr. Beerbohm, a London grain trade authority, is of the opinion that Europe will this season require 85 per cent of the American surplus supply of wheat, in which event the reserves at the end of the present crop year may be even smaller than they were at the beginning of the harvest in 1898.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, has received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Cambridge, England, in recognition of his achievements as a Shakesperean scholar and editor.

Henry Timrod was one of the sweet singers of the South, who died more than 30 years ago. His poems have great beauty in form and expression, but they have long been out of print, and even in his lifetime had little vogue. "The Timrod Memorial Association of South Carolina" has been organized to promote the publication of a volume of his poems.

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, is suave, cultured, and, unlike Kruger, is careful of his personal appearance.

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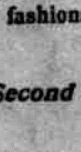

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