$4200 Reward! For Those Who Tell

The Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., will pay $4,200 in cash prizes, ranging from $160 to $800 each, to those who will tell in writing some unusual experience, thrilling adventure, or fascinating freak of the imagination in a style that will interest the hundreds of thousands of readers of THE BLACK CAT, the unique shortstory magazine which has won the title of "The story-telling hit of the century." This Prize competition is open to all, and each story will be judged solely upon its merits without regard to the name or reputation of its writer; *but no story will be considered at all unless it is sent strictly in accordance with the printed conditions*, which will be mailed free, postage paid, to any one, together with 5 complete specimen stories, and many of the names and addresses, as references, of the men and women in all parts of America who have received over $30,000 cash for BLACK CAT stories, also information of real value to all who are interested in earning money at home. Send address at once, as the contest closes March 31st. The Shortstory Publishing Co., 64 High-Hartford St., Boston, Mass.

Appreciated the Play.

The following is from an essay written by a schoolboy, aged ten, on a play he had been to see: "The villun curled his mustarsh and seezing the pure vurgin shreeks ha ha mine or deaths blud is on my head this dagger stabs thee to thy utermost sole ha ha vengunze. But the good hero comes and says O hevins stur won step and thy ded body lies at my door. Lay won parm on the vurgins korpse and it was better if you was drowned with a millstone. Avarnt avarnt from the sweet korpses presunz."

His Terms Were Accepted.

General Joubert, when he was in New York city a few years ago as the guest of Henry George, told with modesty of his negotiations with the British at Majuba hill and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander-in-chief. "It does not comport with these," said the British general, pointing to the decorations on his breast, "to accede to your terms." To which said Joubert, pointing to his riflemen: "And it does not comport with those to offer any others."

The Nome Gold Fields

The first map folder or circular respecting the Klondike gold strike of 1898 was issued by the Northern Pacific railway. It is more than a coincidence that the first map folder or phamphlet of the Nome mining district comes from the same source. The present folder not only contains a good map of the Nome district, but is embellished with several cuts of views at Nome City and the beach where the method of mining is clearly shown. All information obtainable regarding sailing dates from Seattle and Tacoma, through rates, etc., is given in this book and the public cautioned to go to the agents of the N. P. Ry., who are supplied with diagrams of the Alaska steamers, and arrange in advance for their accommodations rather than to put off this very important business until they reach Puget Sound. There is no doubt but what there will be a very considerable passenger business from the middle and eastern states and a very heavy business from the Pacific coast states to the Nome district next spring.

For folders, rates, etc., call on A. D. Charlton, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Or., or send a two cent stamp to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., and he will mail you the Nome folder.

Called for What He Didn't Want.

A New Jersey burglar who was caught and thrashed by his intended victim yelled "Police!" He probably wouldn't have done it, comments the Chicago Times-Herald, if he had thought there was any danger of bringing an officer upon the scene.

Truly Terrible.

"Yes," said the milliner, "the suicide of Mrs. Drestokil is a terrible affair. Why, she did it the very day I sent my bill in, and people will think the bill has something to do with it, and it will ruin me."—Tit-Bits.

The Daughters of the American Revolution in New York city are making a strong effort to save the famous Hamilton trees of St. Nicholas avenue, at 142d street. The trees are the ones left of the original 13 planted by Alexander Hamilton to commemorate the 13 original states. It is likely that the society will buy the lot and have it neatly fenced in. If they cannot raise enough money to buy the place the trees will be cut down and a block will be built thereon. We Americans do not pay enough attention to the reservation of such historical valuables.

James Eads Howe, of St. Louis, who has given his fortune of $1,000,000 to the poor, says he was influenced to do this by the incident of the rich young man related in the tenth chapter of St. Mark's gospel. Mr. Howe is a grandson of James B. Eads, the famous engineer who built the great Mississippi bridge at St. Louis.

The Sioux and Blackfeet Indians will at parting dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term "burying the tomahawk."

The governor of Oklahoma in his annual report, filed in Washington, says that the time is not ripe for the statehood of Oklahoma, and he recommends that it would be best to wait a while. He believes that the best plan is to join Oklahoma and the Indian territory and make one state of them. Such a state, he says, would be a pride and gratification to its people and to the people of the nation.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 322

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS CONSUMPTION

ASLEEP ON THE CARS.

"THAT is provoking!"

The exclamation escaped my lips in spite of the fact that I was traveling alone.

Yet not alone. For in the seat with me sat a pretty young traveling companion, one whom I had not seen before and who must have come in and occupied the place while I had dozed off.

Yes, I had been five minutes asleep, and in that brief interval there had happened something which caused me to exclaim in the way I did.

When I lay back my head in the fast-whirling train, to think a moment, I held in my hand a photograph. It was in a cabinet envelope, and, strange to say, I had not yet looked at it.

I leaned forward in the seat and tried to search the aisle past my traveling companion, then I looked under the seat, then back of it.

"It must have fallen out of the window," I said to myself.

At this the young lady murmured:

"Have you lost anything?"

"Yes," said I, "and, to make the matter more embarrassing, it was the picture of a young and beautiful girl, the finest of her sex."

"You pique my curiosity," said my companion.

"Well, mine was piqued also," said I, "but, owing to my stupid fashion of falling asleep in a railroad train, I am afraid it will never be gratified unless I am fortunate enough to see the original some day."

"How interesting," said the pretty girl beside me.

Seeing that she was in a mood to allow me, a chance traveling companion, to converse with her, I said: "It is too utterly provoking!" Here I hesitated.

"Tell me about it," said she.

"Well," said I, "as you probably live in the East, and as I live in the far West, and as there is no probability of our ever seeing the people or even of knowing, as far as you are concerned, who they are, I will tell you about it. I think I can do so without impropriety," laughed I, "specially as it is a love affair, and all the world loves a lover."

At this the pretty girl looked intensely eager, and I prepared myself to tell the story of the lost photograph."

"I can best begin," said I, "by reading you a letter."

Taking from my pocket a letter in a man's writing, I read aloud this paragraph:

"She is a beauty, Ned, and no mistake. I am wild for you to come East and meet her. She is a Southern girl, but comes North now and then to see her grandmother or aunts, or something of that sort. Makes her headquarters at Boston.

"But that is not the best part of it, Ned. I could love her for her pretty face and for her good qualities. But, truth to tell, I am loving her just a little also for her money. Think of it! A cool million, all in her own name! Came into it last January. She is very generously inclined. Talks a great deal about charity and all that. But I think her charitable impulses could be curbed. At least, I shall try it.

"My chances are excellent. Her folks, strictest of Bostonians, like me. She is not indifferent; writes to me regularly. Accepts the trifles I send her. And seems to think there may be somebody worth having up here in the North, even if she is a Southern girl.

"Well, Ned, I deserve her. I can make a woman happy, though I am afraid that I should never have fallen so desperately in love with her if she had been poor.

"Good-by. Glad you are coming East soon. I inclose the picture of my beautiful heiress. Send it back to me. I want you to see how she looks. Yours,

"CHARLEY."

"Now, isn't that provoking?" said I. "I read the letter, took out the photo, laid back my head and fell asleep. Now, when I wake up, I find it gone."

"That is really too bad," said the young lady. "I can see how badly it places you. What will your friend—what was his name—Charley, say?"

"Guess he won't worry himself to death," laughed I, easily; "he can ask the young lady for another. Lucky dog, Charley always was."

"Almost too lucky," murmured the young lady sweetly; "one would hardly expect so much."

"Well, Charley deserves it; he deserves all he will get."

"Yes, all he will get," said the young lady; "he seems so frank and—all—that sort of thing."

After this the conversation branched out on general topics, and before long the young lady began to gather up her traveling bag. "I get off at Brookline."

"Allow me."

And with all grace I assisted her off the train, sorry to lose so interesting a traveling companion.

A few days later I received this letter from Charley:

"Dear Ned: The heiress is stone cold on me. I went to call on her the first night of her arrival north, and found her pleasant, but that was all. I could not get into conversation with her, f she kept putting me off and engaged .. a running fire of words with some stupid young cousins of hers. I could not get a minute with her alone. Come, Ned, you are a Beau Brummel and understand girls. What is the matter with her? What have I done? Send me back her photograph. I find I am really in love with her. Yours,

"CHARLEY."

The next day there came this letter by messenger:

"Go with me to-night to call on her. I sent her some flowers this morning early. Half an hour later I saw the children carrying them to school—those stupid little cousins, probably, to give to the teacher. You must go with me to-night. Maybe you can tell what is the trouble. Yours desperately,

"CHARLEY."

That evening, unwillingly, but to oblige my friend, I called for him, and together we went to make a social call at the home of his former friend, the young lady who had suddenly frowned upon his suit.

The house, a very beautiful one, was gayly lighted, and from the inside came sounds of music.

"Looks as though they were having a party," said my friend. "They did not invite me."

"Never mind; we will go anyway."

A butler admitted us, and we were shown into the parlor.

There was a ripple of feminine laughter, a rustle of silk skirts, and the next minute I found myself bowing low to the prettiest girl I ever saw.

Yet her face was strangely familiar, and so was her voice, when she held out her hand and said sweetly: "I believe we have met before."

"Why, why, so we have," I gasped, forgetting my manners.

For the young woman was my traveling companion of the week before.

"I think," said she, later in the evening, when we found a minute to chat alone, "that I have some property belonging to you. I picked up the photograph as it fell off your lap. It had come out of the envelope, and seeing that it was a picture of myself, I kept it."

"You must have been interested in the letter I read you on the cars."

"I was."

I will not try to picture the surprise of my friend Charley, nor will I tell how I won the girl.

But I will mention that the proudest ornament of my library table is a cabinet photo from which the sweet face of my wife looks at me.

OPPOSED BY THEIR OWN SEX.

Reason Why Women Fail of Recognition in Departments.

"Why is it that women are practically debarred from receiving promotions to the higher places in the government service?" asked a government clerk of a quarter of a century's experience. The question was put to several ladies in the Treasury Department. Before any one of them had time to reply the questioner proceeded to answer his own interrogatory.

"It is because they are held back by members of their own sex," he said. "Some time ago a lady in one division I know of was so favorably regarded that she would have been made chief of that division, but as soon as her prospects became known her fellow clerks of the same sex became indignant and united in a protest. They declared that they could never work under her; that they would a thousand times rather have a man than a woman to 'boss' them. They wouldn't allow her to 'lord it over them.'

"That is only a sample of many cases. Women can be depended upon to antagonize women under such circumstances. Not only did they do so in the case I have cited, but they actually gave the marble heart and the icy hand to this woman after they defeated her prospects of promotion. I am satisfied that one of the most influential obstacles to women in their effort to secure equal recognition with men comes from their own sex."

The man who had asked and answered the questions then moved off before his audience of lady clerks had an opportunity to reply to his assertions.—Washington Star.

Vendettas of the Present.

It is through lack of information that the vendetta is referred to to-day as an institution of the past. Vendettas—blood feuds—exist to-day not only in Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, but in Kentucky and other of the southern and western states, and also at times in England, Ireland and France, Italy and the east.

It has happened recently that an Albanian whose relative had been killed by a Turkish vizier shot the vizier's son—which is at least a partial exemplification of the vendetta. In Arabia the system is to-day in full operation, a fact which is so well understood that offenses sufficent to start a train of killings are rarely committed, and a considerable degree of order is thereby preserved.

As it is generally understood the vendetta originated in the following practice: An assassin was never allowed to escape. The responsibility of punishment was assumed by the nearest blood relations of his victim. There must be blood, a death for a death.—New York World.

Objects to Football Hair.

Phineas T. Lounsbury, ex-governor of Connecticut and president of the Merchants' Exchange National bank in New York, is a Yankee of the old school. Some time ago an advertisement was inserted in New York papers that the bank wanted a clerk. Several applicants presented themselves and were ushered into the private office, where sat the doughty president in characteristic attitude, his feet perched on the desk and a big perfecto between his wiskered lips. The cashier had decided on his man, when Mr. Lounsbury stopped him with a gesture. He whispered a few words to him and the clerk was not hired. Later it developed that the reason for the president's action was his antipathy to the applicant's hair, which was of the football variety and parted in the middle. After this discovery it was noticed that the coiffure of several of the bank dandies underwent a change and the Harlem barbers did an immense business.

Cossacks as Horse Traders.

A few months ago a Russian veterinary surgeon was sent into the Ural district by the Government to buy horses for the army. He had been selected by his superiors because he was famous as a shrewd and sharp horse trader, who never had been beaten in a horse trade. But he returned from his experience with the Ural Cossacks in a chastened condition of mind, for they had cheated him frightfully.

He confessed that with all his cunning he had been perfectly helpless in their hands, and he swore by all the saints in the Russian calendar that nothing should tempt him to try again. His grief was made the more poignant by the fact that at the time they were swindling him so cheerfully and successfully a Russian bunko steerer struck their territory, filled them with a firm conviction that the world was coming to an end in short order and sold them tickets for paradise at enormous prices.—New York Press.

Conversion of a Bull Fighter.

Guerrita of Cordova, the most popular of Spanish bull fighters, has experienced religion and withdrawn from the bull ring. He visited the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragossa, became convinced that bull fighting was wicked, went home, and cut off the long lock of hair that marks the torrero. The other members of his band followed his example.

Art.

"Spreader pawned his overcoat to get canvas to paint a picture."

"Did he sell the picture?"

"Yes; what he got for it just enabled him to get his overcoat back."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Unfashionable Creed.

"Uncle Christopher, what was the primitive church?"

"Well, it was a church which valued its poor members as much as it did its rich ones."—Indianapolis Journal.

Some men never get done being mad about Christmas.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"I saw you kissing my daughter. I don't like it, sir." "Then you don't know what's good, sir."—Life.

"What's the difference between foot-ball and war?" "Foot-ball is war without any human object in view.—Ex.

Teacher (angrily)—Why don't you answer my question, Bobby? His brother Tommy (answering for him)—Please, sir, he's got a peppermint in his speech.—Tit-Bits.

Miss Thirty-smith (severely)—A man should never call on a girl after drinking. Jack Swift (cheerfully)—That's a fact. Many a man has become engaged in just that way.—Puck.

Fuddy—You call money "stamps," don't you? Duddy—And money is currency. So I suppose when you speak of an elastic currency you refer to rubber stamps.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't move him: "Well, did the boss give you a raise?" "No." "Not even when you told hm you had grown gray in his service?" "No. Gave me the name of a good hair-dye."—Puck.

Mr. Snell—What are you crying for, Elsie? His little daughter—I've just read that the diamond mines may be exhausted in seven years, and it's eight before my coming out!—Jewelers' Weekly.

"From what I hear, Mr. Earnestly, that son of yours at college is a little fast." "A little fast!" repeated the old man disdainfully. "He holds the amateur record as a 100-yard sprinter."—Detroit Free Press.

Wallace—There is nothing like matrimony to make a man appreciate the value of money. Ferry—That's so. A dollar a man gives to his wife does look bigger to him than any other dollar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Uncle Hiram—What kind er thing is that that woman's got on her neck, Mandy? His niece—That's a chinchilla collar, uncle. Uncle Hiram—Chinchiller, hey? I want to know! Blessed if I didn't think 'twas a chin-warmer. —Bazar.

"How still they are," remarked Mrs Fogg, apropos of the young couple in the next room. "Yes," replied Mr. Fogg, "it reminds me of my army days. It was always wonderfully quiet just previous to an engagement."—Boston Transcript.

Diplomacy: Mrs. Neighbors—I advertised for a plain cook last week, but didn't receive a single reply. Mrs. Nextdoor—Take my advice and advertise for a good-looking kitchen lady, and you'll be overrun with applications.—Chicago News.

"So our friend is going to leave politics?" "He is," answered Senator Sorghum, "if he knows what's good for him." "It is too bad to lose him; he was such an accomplished wire-puller." "Yes; but he got hold of a live wire.—Washington Star.

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed the bride of six months, "what do you think? Mother says she wants her body cremated." "She does, eh?" said the husband; "well, tell her to get ready, and I'll take her over to the crematory the first thing in the morning."—Ex.

Young lady (to married sister)—Do tell me an appropriate present to give a new baby. Married sister—I know just the thing—these little jeweled safety-pins. Baby, darling, had one given him six months ago and I have worn it ever since.—Harlem Life.

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Washington Sunday school teacher of her class. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land."

Its Beauty Departed: Wife (rushing toward shop window)—Oh, look here! Husband—Well, I declare! There is one of the tete-a-tete lamps you were admiring at Mrs. De Style's. Wife (suddenly stopping) — Horros! It's marked "Only two dollars.'"—New York Weekly.

Grigson—Excuse me, Mitwin, but why is it that people of your name are generally such confounded bores? Mitwin—I don't know. How many persons of my name did you ever know? Grigson—By George! come to think of it, you are the only one I ever knew.—Boston Transcript.

"You see, it was this way: They were all three so dead in love with her and all so eligible that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age." "And did she?" "I don't know. I know that she married the one that guessed the lowest."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Speaking of Cuban uprisings and insurrections," said Wallace, "I shall never forget one that occurred twenty years ago." "Were you present?" asked Ferry. "Very much so. It happened about five minutes after I had lighted one of my father's big black Havana cigars."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Asking too much: American girl—And if I marry you will I live in an old English castle, with turrets and battlements, famed in song and story? English Lord—Yes, you shall. American girl—And will you introduce me to the Prince of Wales' set? English Lord—Um—er—not until I begin to get tired of you.—New York Weekly.

A burst of generosity: "I hear," said the crusty old gentleman, "that there are some violins so valuable that nobody thinks of playing on them." "Yes. I saw one in a museum," replied his wife. "I wonder if I couldn't buy one and trade it to the young man next door for the fiddle that he has been using for the last six months."—Washington Star.

Blotters of Historic Value.

A Philadelphia man owns a most unique assortment of pieces of blotting paper, collected by his father, who was long an official of the White House, each of which bears, reversed, the signature of a President, from General Harrison, who died a month after his election in 1841, to Garfield. On one sheet, the most highly prized of the lot, the last official letter signed by President Lincoln was blotted before he was assassinated by Booth.

How Diamonds Are Cut.

Diamonds are cut in three different forms—the rose, the brilliant and the table, of which the second is the prettiest. It is a double pyramid or cone, of which the top is cut off to form a large plane, and at the bottom directly opposite to a small plane.

Jerusalem's Population Increasing.

The population of Jerusalem has been rapidly increasing of late and is now about 45,000; of these 28,000 are Hebrews.

He (in an argument)—Well, thank goodness, I'm not two-faced. She—You ought to be thankful. One face like yours is enough.—Ex.

HORSES FOR ARMY SERVICE.

They Must Be Strong, for They Have Heavy Loads to Carry.

The study of the question of remounts for English cavalry on Ind.an and colonial service has brought out the unexpected result that of all the breeds of horses supplied to the British cavalry in India the Australian chargers are the least fitted for the conditions of the life. They are difficult to acclimatize and, though fairly satisfactory in cantonment and on peace duties, they break down rapidly under hardships of a campaign and can scarcely stand even a month's outing during the heavy maneuvers in cold weather. The experiment of mounting the cavalry on Arabs was tried some time ago, but their comparatively small size and light make was considered to make them unsuitable for carrying the burden of eighteen stone which the British trooper with his accouterments is supposed to average. This argument has however, been disproved by the experience of the Omdurman campaign, through which the Twenty-first lancers were carried by Syrian Arabs of the same class as those sold in the Indian markets.

Even the ordinary country-bred horse of India would be likely to be a more serviceable animal in actual war than the large-framed and more imposing-looking "waler." Of foreign horses used as remounts for British cavalry abroad those supplied by South America to the troops in South Africa seem to be the most satisfactory. "Coming from a grass country," says a correspondent of the Times on the subject, "where the breeders think nothing of working a horse hard thirty to forty miles a day with sixteen stone on his back, a class of animal has grown up which, while it has the constitution and stamina wanting in the Australian, has also the weight and bone which are lacking in the Arab and which would be essential if our cavalry on foreign service were called upon to meet on equal terms cavalry mounted on European-bred animals."—San Francisco Chronicle.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

A surety who has been obliged to pay the obligation is held, in Pace vs. Pace (Va.), 44 L. R. A. 459, to have the right to prove the entire debt against the insolvent estate of his cosurety and receive dividends upon the entire debt until reimbursed that half of the common burden which belonged to the cosurety.

For the damages caused by the erection of a pesthouse near the residence of a person, it is held, in Clayton vs. Henderson (Ky.), 44 L. R. A. 474, that the city is liable, notwithstanding the fact that it is erected within a mile of the city, in violation of a statute which expressly makes the officers liable, without declaring that the city is liable.

A deed to a son of the grantor and "his own brothers and sisters," is held, in Morris vs. Caudle (Ill.), 44 L. R. A. 489, to give no interest to a child born a short time after the execution of the deed. And, although the deed was not delivered until after the birth and also the death of the child, it was held to give no interest to either the child or those claiming under him.

Permitting a shivered pane of glass to remain in a window above a street where pedestrians are frequently passing, when there is an apparent danger of the pieces falling or being shaken out by the wind, or otherwise, is held, in Detzur vs. B. Stroh Brewing Company (Mich.), 44 L. R. A. 500, to be such negligence as will create a liability to a person who is struck by a piece of the glass while on the sidewalk below the window.

The right of a city to take a bond from a street contractor to keep a street and pavement in repair for five years after performing the contract is denied in Portland vs. Portland Bituminous Paving and Improvement Company (Ore.), 44 L. R. A. 527, when the bond covers in effect all injuries liable to arise from whatever source and is not limited to defects in the performance of his contract. With this case is a note collating the decisions on the power of a city to bind a contractor to repair a pavement which he makes.

Not a General's Egg.

The freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are surpassed in delicacy by those long since in vogue among the British residents of India.

Soon after Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, was appointed a major-general for his great services in India, he happened to stop in Calcutta. At breakfast the hero was served with boiled eggs. He took one, broke the shell, and dropped it with an air of disgust.

"Laurell," he cried to his valet, "what do you mean by giving me a bad egg?"

The valet hurried to his master, and examined the egg with the utmost seriousness.

"I entreat your forgiveness," said he, "but it's all a mistake. The stupid servant has gone and given you an aide-de-camp's egg by mistake."

The Point of View.

"Magnificence" may signify one thing to one person and quite another thing to another person. It is related that a gentleman went to a dentist and asked him to "take a look at his teeth." The dentist did so, and seemed full of admiration.

'What do you think of them?" asked the patient.

"Magnificent! magnificent!" was all the dentist could say.

"Then you don't find anything to do to them?"

"To do to them? Why, there are four to be pulled, six to be filled, and three to be crowned!" said the dentist.

Not the Worst.

As an instance of the sort of things one might wish to have expressed differently, a prominent physician reports a remark made to him by a patient.

The doctor had written a note to the lady, and on his next visit she asked him to tell her what two words in it were, as she had been unable to decipher them.

"It has been said of me that my writing is the worst thing about me," said the physician, laughingly, as he surveyed his own scrawl with doubt.

"Oh, but I'm sure that is not so!" was the hasty disclaimer. "Far from it, doctor, far from it!"

A Sacrilegious Urchin.

An urchin in a country parish of Scotland, having been told by his parents to read a newspaper aloud to them, commenced to do so in the usual drawling manner of the parish school. He had not proceeded far when his mother stopped him short, exclaiming: "You scoundrel! Hoo daur ye read a newspaper wi' the Bible twang!"—Scottish American.

A woman who is a good bluffer can scare a man to death.

Science and Invention

Sir Robert Ball makes the statement that of 30,000,000 suns the existence can be proved scientifically. Around each sun its planets revolve. The electric flash which girdles the earth seven times in less than a second might travel straight ahead for eighteen hundred years and not reach the farthest of these known suns.

The earth's orbit, like those of such other celestial bodies as can be closely studied, is elliptical, but not to such an extent that the variation from a circle could be detected by the eye were the orbit reduced to proportions that the eye could grasp. Its long and short diameters differ only in the ratio of fifty-nine to sixty. The moon's greatest distance from the earth's center is 252,600 miles, its least distance 221,700 miles.

In the Batignolles tunnel, near Paris, incandescent electric lamps, arranged in rows along the tunnel walls, are to be automatically illuminated and extinguished by passing trains, the rims of the car wheels operating the electric switches. The lamps, being each of ten-candle power, and placed at the height of the car windows, will serve to illuminate the interior of the passing coaches, thus superseding the use of lights in the train.

A French scientific journal, L'Electricien, describes an electric substitute for the barber's scissors. It consists of a comb, carrying along one side of its row of teeth a platinum wire through which flows an electric current. As the comb passes through the locks to be shorn, the heated wire instantaneously severs the hairs, leaving them of even length, and sealing the cut ends as in the ordinary process of singeing with a taper. A similar device is a curling iron, kept at an even temperature by an electric wire in the interior.

Prof. E. C. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory suggested a few months ago the desirability of constructing an extremely long telescope for the purpose of photographing stars and planets. He now announces that the money needed has been given by anonymous friends of science, and that a telescope of the desired kind, having an aperture of twelve inches and a length of at least 100 feet, will probably be ready within a few weeks for trial at Cambridge. The instrument is to be placed in a horizontal position, and a movable mirror will reflect the light of the stars into the object glass.

Figures are sometimes impressive simply by being so stupendous that the human mind grasps them with difficulty. An English physicist in a recent lecture, in order to bring to the comprehension of his hearers the idea of ultimate particles of water, said that if he were to empty a tumbler containing half a pint of water, letting out each second a number equal to one thousand times the population of the earth, it would require somewhere between 7,000,000 and 47,000,000 years to empty the tumbler. Lord Kelvin says that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth the particles would be between the size of cricket balls and that of footballs. If that statement is correct, the drops of water in all the oceans are not many times as numerous as the particles, or molecules, in a single drop.

GETS IDEAS WITHOUT MONEY.

How a Story Writer Secures Sequels and Does Not Pay for Them.

"There's a man who has twenty clever fellows working for him; they give him their best brain power, and yet none of them have ever secured a dollar for it!"

It was 2 o'clock in a down-town restaurant and the speaker nodded toward a small, dark man who sat at a table a few feet away. The little man is a writer of short stories of a thrilling and dramatic character. He is as prolific a writer as "Old Sleuth," and makes a big income yearly by his pen. He lives at a hotel down town, and while he has no regular connection with newspapers, his hours are those of a reporter on a morning journal. Twelve o'clock at night finds him in some of the newspaper offices or at the rooms of the Press Club in friendly chat with a bunch of "all-nighters."

He writes his melodramatic stories up to a crisis, lays down his pen and walks over to a city room, where a dozen reporters are throwing the last of a day's writing into the copy basket. Everybody soon begins to spin yarns.

"Curious thing came under my notice a few days ago," begins the writer of melodramatic tales. He sketches the plot of his unfinished story to the difficult point, which has stopped him. "Now, what do you suppose happened next?" he philosophizes, flicking the ashes from the end of his cigar.

"I'll bet so and so," shouts one of the boys.

"Pshaw, that's not likely," interposes a second. "People under such circumstances would have——" and he finishes the story.

In fifteen minutes the romancer has half a dozen plausible sequels suggested to him. He makes mental note of them, strolls out and over to his hotel with the rest of his materials ready made without effort on his part.

"Is that man a vampire or a genius?"

"Neither one; a clever, lazy man."

Can He Do These Things?

Your 18-year-old boy may have a good deal of Latin and cube root, says an exchange, but unless he can do the things enumerated below he is not even ordinarily well equipped as a business man or as a man of the world. Can he do them?

Write a good, legible hand.

Write a good, sensible letter.

Speak and write good English.

Draw an ordinary bank check.

Take it to the proper place in the bank to get it cashed.

Add a column of figures rapidly and accurately.

Make out an ordinary account.

Write an ordinary promissory note.

Measure a pile of lumber in your shed.

Spell all the words he knows how to use.

Write an advertisement for the local paper.

Make neat and correct entries in day-book and ledger.

Tell the number of bushels of wheat in your largest bin and their value at current rates.

Tell something about the great authors and statesmen of the present day.

German Bicycle Trains.

A new sign has been added to the German railway time tables—a picture of a bicycle indicating which express trains carry wheels.

It is a swift age: children think their parents are crazy, and parents think their children are crazy.

A Cat as a Fire-Alarm.

Had it not been for the mewing of a pet cat for two or more hours early the other morning the Kisthardt home would probably have been burned to the ground while members of the family were asleep, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Several pieces of hot coal fell from the kitchen stove on the floor and ignited the carpet. The flames spread slowly, but harassed the cat to the extent that it made itself heard. Members of the family were awakened, and coming downstairs they found the kitchen in smoke. Had the fire spread to the pantry, where some dynamite was stored, the house must have been blown up.

New Cable Lines.

France is dependent upon England for news of the Transvaal war, because the cables are under their control, and she is ready to spend a vast sum of money to free herself. This is like many people who have dyspepsia, spend a fortune seeking deliverance. They should try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It never fails to cure dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

The inhabitants of Winton, England, believe that with the close of the century the world will come to an end.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is not generally known that Rudyard Kiplinng's tull name is Joseph Rudyard Kipling.

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.

A novelty is the cold storage of hops. This is done in several places in England.

Only Safe Medicine for Children.

The tender little insides of children are ruined by violent purges, pills or liquids. Cascarets are pleasant, harmless, effective. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Some naturalists believe that hares never drink, but get enough liquid for their needs in the dew on the grass they eat.

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.

Half a century ago nails were slowly wrought one at a time with hammer and anvil.

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

Henry James, the novelist, does most of his writing at night.

Two bottles of Piso's cure for consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

The quickest wink on record is about one-sixth of a second.

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.

A Syndicate Baby.

At New Brunswick, N. J., a syndicate of foster mothers may adopt Gertrude Davison, of Carman street, and bring her up on the cooperative plan. The syndicate baby is 11 months old. Her mother, Mrs. John Davison, died recently, leaving five children, four of whom have been placed with relatives. Not knowing who would take Gertrude, the father advertised her for adoption. Several charitable women said that it was the first time in the century that a child had been so advertised in New Brunswick, and they began to organize the syndicate.

In Maine there are 17 spool factories, and the white birch trees of that state annually supply the material for 800,-000,000 spools, on which are subsequently wound about 50,000,000,000 yards of thread.

Lovely Book Free.

Only a few copies left, send today. The volume is gorgeously illustrated with numerous engravings of mining scenes and the grandest scenery in the Rocky Mountains, the edition cost $1,000 to publish. It is not an adv. for anyone. Merely to introduce our big illustrated family weekly we will send a copy of the above fine book free to all sending us 9 two-cent stamps for a 13 weeks' trial subscription. Our paper publishes each week stories of adventure, all the latest mining news, and illustrations of scenery. Tenth year. Clubs of 3 for 50c, 7 for $1 bill. Mention this paper and address Western Weekly, Denver, Colo.

CORN WHEAT

Will out-yield corn; will make the same kind of meal; has superior fattening qualities; will solve the problem of fattening Hogs and Cattle in a wheat country; should be sown in the spring the same as wheat and will yield from 50 to 100 bushels per acre; the straw after it is thrashed has an oily substance and it is almost as good as hay.

Price of seed 10c per pound or $5 per hundred. Address M. J. SHIELDS & CO., Moscow, Idaho.

"A Thread Every Day Makes a Skein in a Year."

One small disease germ carried by the blood through the system will convert a healthy human body to a condition of invalidism. Do not wait until you are bed-ridden. Keep your blood pure and life-giving all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes this as nothing else can.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Fishing is the favorite pastime of a Rock Rapids (Ia.) dog. It swims out into the water and catches the fish in its mouth.

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

Fence and Wire Works.

PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS: WIRE and iron fencing; office railing, etc. 334 Alder.

Machinery and Supplies.

CAWSTON & CO.: ENGINES, BOILERS, MACHINERY, supplies. 48-50 First St., Portland, Or.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, plows, belts and windmills. The new steel I X L windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

CARTER'S INK Scientifically made—Therefore THE BEST

INDIAN RELICS WANTED. Cash paid for Stone Arrows, Spears, Pipes, Axes, etc. Write and send outlines to H. P. Hamilton, Two Rivers, Wis.

A Man in OHIO who had barely made expenses with a cheap Well Drilling Outfit took our advice and bought one of our modern and first-class..... Well Machines, and did $7,000 worth of drilling with it last year. There are men who refuse to take good advice when it is offered them on a silver platter! Circulars free. LOOMIS & NYMAN, - TIFFIN, OHIO.

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS ... MANUFACTURED BY ... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. NOTE THE NAME.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness. Do not Gripe or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

CANCER Is Curable Without the Use of Knife. Address DR. NEWKIRK, Mountain Home, Ida.

SOLE AGENCY Worthington Steam Pumps and Water Meters. Pumping Plants of Any Capacity TATUM & BOWEN 29 to 35 First Street, Portland, Or. Machinery—All Kinds.

FERRY'S SEEDS Always cheaper in the end than any seeds that only cost half as much. Tested, true to name, fresh and reliable. Always the best. Ask for Ferry's—take no others. Write for 1900 Seed Annual. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

SURE CURE FOR PILES ITCHING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a jar at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada., Pa.

Weak and Worn-Out People Can secure health and strength—can do it quickly by using *Moore's Revealed Remedy* It contains no dangerous drugs—it has a pleasant taste. $1 a bottle at druggists.

DR. MARTEL'S BOOK, "Relief for Women" Sent free, in plain, sealed envelope. Write to-day for this Book, containing Particulars and Testimonials of DR. MARTEL'S French Female Pills. Praised by thousands of satisfied ladies as safe, always reliable and without an equal. Sold by all druggists in metal box, French flag on top in Blue, White and Red. Take no other. French Drug Co., 381 & 383 Pearl St., New York City.

YOUNG MEN! For Gonorrhoea and Gleet get Pabst's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, $3.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by PABST CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill. Circular mailed on request.

CURE YOURSELF! Big G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

N. P. N. U. No. 3—1900.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

AN APPEAL TO HUMANITY GENERALLY

We need your assistance in announcing to the world the GREATEST REMEDY that Science has ever produced, and you need our assistance to secure relief for yourself and friends through SWANSON'S "5 DROPS."

A REMEDY SUPREME

As surely as the American Navy has conquered and will conquer all that opposes it, so will "5 DROPS" unfailingly conquer all diseases like Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Catarrh of all kinds, ASTHMA, Dyspepsia, Backache, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis, Liver and Kidney Troubles, etc., etc., or any disease for which we recommend it. "5 DROPS" is the name and the dose. "5 DROPS" is perfectly harmless. It does not contain Salicylate of Soda nor Opiates in any form. The Child can use it as well as the Adult.

5 DROPS [TRADE MARK.]

Read carefully what Mr. L. R. Smith, of El Dorado Springs, Mo., writes us under date of Nov. 27, 1899, also Martan Bowers, of Caraghar, Ohio, under date of Dec. 16th, 1899:

Neuralgia! **RHEUMATISM**

I do not know how to express how wonderful I think your "5 DROPS" medicine is. I was suffering intensely with NEURALGIA and thought for a month that I would have to die. One day a lady called to see me and brought me an advertisement of your "5 DROPS." I resolved to try it and sent for a sample bottle. Have been taking it for three weeks and have not had an attack of suffering since I took the first dose. I believe it has saved my life. This statement is positively true. I shall also take pleasure in recommending your "5 DROPS" for the cure of NEURALGIA. L. R. SMITH. El Dorado Springs, Mo., Nov. 27, 1899.

Your "5 DROPS" came to hand on the 11th of last month and was glad to receive it for I was suffering at the time with untold agonies. The first dose helped me out of my pain on short notice. Bless the name of God for it. It will do all you say it will, and more too. I had severe pains all over my body, when night came I could not sleep. The worst pain was in my left leg. I could not put my foot to the floor without suffering great pain. Have used four different kinds of medicine for RHEUMATISM and got no relief until I had got your "5 DROPS," which gave me immediate relief as above stated. MARTAN BOWERS, Box 83, Caraghar, Ohio. Dec. 16, 1899.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a sample bottle, prepaid by mail for 25c. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (300 doses) $1.00, 6 bottles for $5. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. Don't wait! Write now! SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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