PUZZLES IN THE MAIL.

Some of the Tangles Uncle Sam's Officials Have to Tackle.

Uncle Sam is the most faithful servant in the world, and, moreover, he is the cheapest. You give him 2 cents and a letter and he will deliver it from New York to San Francisco, from Maine to Florida or from Buffalo to New Orleans. He will carry your business communication or your love letter 3,000 miles and deliver it safely to its destination for less than it would cost you to send a district messenger boy around the corner for a couple of cigars. While it is true that thousands of letters yearly find their way to the dead letter office, there to remain buried for all time, it is equally true that many thousands of others that should go to the dead letter office because of insufficient and improper addresses are delivered by the intelligent carrier. Letters from foreign countries to people only a short time in America cause the most trouble to Uncle Sam. Very few foreigners have any idea of the geographical divisions of the United States, and some of the addresses are amusing. One letter from a German city was addressed to a father or brother in America at "Michigan, Ohio." It went to the dead letter office. A letter was recently received at the New York postoffice from Italy addressed to "Giuseppe Fernandio, United States." One of the carriers in the Italian district remembered that he had a family named Fernandio on his route. They were, moreover, of the more intelligent class of Italians, who frequently received mail, and he took the letter to them. Antonio Fernandio remembered that he had a cousin Giuseppe, who had recently moved to this country. He also remembered that this cousin had gone on to Buffalo. To the Queen City of the Lakes, then, the letter was forwarded and eventually found its way to the addressee, who was living in that city with a well known Italian family.

Instances in which peculiar addresses have been deciphered and almost impossible directions followed might be quoted without number. A letter was received at the postoffice in a large city—we will say Boston—which was addressed as follows:

John Harris,
Around the Corner,
Depot,
Boston.

The letter carrier found a John Harris around the corner from the Union station, and the letter was for him.

When Pop Anson was leading the Chicago baseball Colts to victory some years ago a friend mailed him a letter, but instead of putting any address on the envelope pasted a picture of the popular leader on the envelope. The communication was delivered to him in Providence, R. I.—Buffalo Times.

He Did Not See Them.

A story is told of a certain politician whose education was somewhat defective and who in particular was not a "born speller." He became prominent, and his correspondence therefore took on a certain importance.

One day a particular friend came to him and said, "Look here, William, you must have a secretary write your letters and never undertake to write any yourself."

"Why?" asked the public man.

"Because people are laughing at your letters, and they will do you harm."

"Why do they laugh at them?" in astonishment.

"Because you make so many mistakes in spelling."

"Mistakes in spelling!" exclaimed the great man. "Nonsense! I read my letters all over after I write them, and I never find a misspelled word."

He had not yet learned that, although to a certain extent a man may safely be "a law unto himself," no one can be a dictionary unto himself.

Took Something.

Mrs. Brown, living in the country, had five trunks carried up from the station, some three miles away, by an old man. The day was very rainy, and the old fellow was soaked through when he drove up to the house.

Mrs. Brown (with sympathy)—Why, Hamilton, you must be wet.

Hamilton (shivering)—Ye-es, ma'am.

Mrs. Brown—Aren't you afraid you'll take cold, Hamilton?

Hamilton—Ye-es, ma'am. Rheumatiz pretty bad, ma'am.

Mrs. Brown—Don't you ever take something when you get soaked through, Hamilton?

Hamilton (eagerly)—Ye-es, ma'am. (Rubs the back of his hand across his mouth.)

Mrs. Brown—Well, here are four two grain quinine pills, Hamilton. Take them as soon as you get home. —London Scraps.

COPPER POISONING.

The Chronic and Acute Phases, Their Symptoms and Treatment.

Workers in copper—miners, smelters, molders and coppersmiths—are more fortunate than those who have to do with other metals—lead, for example—in that copper—metallic copper, that is to say—is not a very dangerous metal. Instances of poisoning by it are comparatively rare. There have indeed been cases of copper poisoning, both acute and chronic, but they are infrequent, and the symptoms are mild as compared with those of poisoning by lead, zinc or arsenic.

The symptoms of acute copper poisoning, by sulphate of copper, are those of an irritant of the digestive tract—a metallic taste in the mouth, nausea and vomiting, colic and purging, followed by fainting spells, perhaps delirium and convulsions.

The best antidotes for copper poisoning are milk and eggs, either separately or beaten up together. If these cannot be obtained at once, soap may be given. It should be dissolved in water, but not given in the form of frothy suds, the air in which would unduly inflate the stomach.

In chronic poisoning occurring as an industrial disease the symptoms are mild, consisting chiefly in a metallic taste in the mouth, a blue line on the edge of the gums, sometimes ulceration and recession of the gums, leading to exposure and decay of the teeth. The teeth are often of a green color.

"Brass founders' ague" is probably due more to the poisonous action of the zinc than to the copper. The symptoms consist of a chill, with clammy sweating, followed by nausea and vomiting. The workers also suffer from more or less bronchitis and asthma.

Milk is the accepted remedy for this condition, but the use of inspirators by the workmen, ventilation of the shops and strict attention to personal cleanliness are imperative in the prevention of further attacks and of chronic poisoning.

The fumes in smelting works and emanations from the ashes removed from the furnaces are dangerous, as they are charged with oxide of copper and may in time cause symptoms of chronic poisoning.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Ruse.

"Faithful Rooney," the servant of Mr. McDonogh, an eminent Dublin barrister of the last century, was almost as well known as his master.

During the long vacation Mr. McDonogh, who was a great dandy and very vain of his personal appearance, promenaded daily on the parade at Brighton, umbrella expanded to keep off the sun's rays, the faithful Rooney following at a respectful distance in his wake. Poor Rooney at length grew tired of the promenading and taxed his wits to get a holiday. Opportunity ere long arose. His master inquired what the people said of him—were they not struck by his distingue appearance, etc? Rooney hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Your honor might be vexed if I tould."

"Not at all. I command you to tell me," said the lordly Frank.

"Well, sir," said Rooney, with pretended diffidence, "when they see me following your honor they say that you are a lunatic and that I'm your keeper."

"Rooney," said Mr. McDonogh in awful accents, "I must go without you in future."

Where Woman Rules.

The Khasis of India, numbering over 176,000, are completely surrounded by a great population with widely different customs. Yet they have preserved, it is said, one of the most perfect examples still surviving of the matriarchate. The mother is the head and only bond of union in the family. In the most primitive part of the community she is the only owner of real property, and through her alone is inheritance transmitted. On marriage the man leaves his father and mother and cleaves to his wife, as seems to have been the custom when the book of Genesis was written, living with her in his mother-in-law's house. The sun is feminine and the moon masculine, and feminine nouns predominate in the language. —Chicago Journal.

It Struck 1.

An Irishman on his way home late at night asked a pedestrian the time. The latter, thinking he was a dangerous tramp waiting for an opportunity to snatch his watch, swung his heavy stick and knocked the Irishman down. He remarked to the prostrate man, "It's 1 o'clock, and that's how I strike one."

The poor Irishman scrambled to his feet and rubbed his smarting head, saying, "Bedad, it's a mighty fine thing Oi didn't ax you the toime an hour earlier!"—Dundee Advertiser.

WASPS AS PAPER MAKERS.

Wonders of a Nest—Havoc Wrought by the Insects.

It is the last loving act of the common wasps in every colony to elect a certain number of their lady fellows and go through the process of "feeding them up," for a wasp queen earns that title simply by reason of her size and not because of any claim to aristocratic descent. This feeding lasts the queen wasps all the winter through, during which time they hibernate in some warm corner out of the way of frost and snow, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

About March they come forth once more and proceed to look about for a nesting place. Having chosen a site for this—generally in a hollow tree or in some sheltered and sunny corner among dry rubbish—the queen forms a cocoon of "wasp paper," wherein she constructs about a dozen cells and lays an egg in each. In due time the eggs become grubs, and these are fed assiduously by the queen mother until they completely fill the cell. The latter is then sealed up, and in a few days each grub, which meanwhile has developed wings and legs and changed from white to yellow and black, emerges as a full grown wasp.

The real work of nest building now begins, and the whole party go off together in search of a convenient hole in the ground for the permanent headquarters. This at least is what the common wasp does. There are several varieties in Great Britain, and some of them build on the branch of a tree or in the grass of a bank. The little family works very hard to manufacture the material of which the nest is made—a wonderful substance of the texture of paper pulped up from the bark of trees in the wasps' mouths. The wasp was making paper from wood pulp for centuries before man thought of it. This nest proper contains a large amount of comb, and in each cell the queen lays an egg.

Things now proceed apace, the feeding of the grubs and sealing them up in their cells going on as before, but the queen is now assisted in her labors by her dozen or so original subjects, and the others join in the work as they hatch out. As the summer advances the nest gets stronger in numbers until the very end of the season, and even then some of the grubs never see the light. A wasps' nest may contain as many as 10,000 wasps, but an average nest would be about half that number.

Wasps are such hardworking little creatures that it seems a sin to destroy their wonderful labor, for the nest is a triumph of architectural skill. At the same time they commit such havoc in orchards and are so troublesome everywhere where food or drink is to be found that every man's hand is against them. They seldom sting unless molested or touched by accident.

A certain amount of good is done by wasps in killing noxious insects, especially house flies, but this one good act is quite overbalanced by their many deeds of evil. All sorts of methods are adopted, therefore, to destroy them at nighttime in their nests, but the very best plan of all is to procure some cyanide of potassium, a deadly poison, from a chemist and place a teaspoonful within the hole that leads to the nest, afterward sealing the entrance with a sod of turf. Next morning every wasp will be dead, and the nest may be dug out and destroyed, brood, comb and all.

No Precedent.

"One of the queer characters of Independence some years ago," said an old resident of that town the other day, "was an old fellow whose most treasured possession was a six pounder cannon. On all festive occasions he hauled this forth to the town square and celebrated noisily as long as the powder lasted. One Fourth of July he was feeling unusually patriotic and crammed the ancient piece of ordnance with such a heavy charge that it burst. The old fellow was for a time overwhelmed by this disaster and sat down with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands and stared gloomily at the fragments. After awhile he shook his head as if the matter were beyond his comprehension and muttered:

"Well, it's derned funny! The thing never did that before!"—Kansas City Times.

National Airs.

The national airs of great countries are short, while those of smaller ones are long. "God Save the King" is fourteen bars; the Russian national hymn is sixteen bars. "Hail, Columbia!" has twenty-eight bars. Siam's national hymn has seventy-eight bars, that of Uruguay seventy, and Chile's national hymn has forty-six. San Marino has the longest national hymn except China's, which is so long that people take half a day off to listen to it.—Boston Transcript.

THE USE OF SALT.

Importance of the Mineral Compound to the Human Body.

"Salt assumes the most prominent place in the list of our food accessories," writes Dr. Andrew Wilson. "From the most ancient times man has valued salt as apparently a needful item in his dietetic substances, and even lower animals exhibit an instinct for salt such as represents an inborn craving arising from a dictate of nature herself. The history of salt in relation to the body is itself interesting. It seems to be a mineral compound universally distributed throughout our tissues. It occurs universally in the living unless salt be specially supplied. Even the freshest of our meats contains salt as part and parcel of its composition. Equally notable is the fact that salt is found in the excretions of the body. It is given off in very appreciable quantity in the perspiration and in other forms of waste resulting from our bodily wear and tear. So important a constituent of the blood is salt that in cases of loss of blood the surgeon injects into the circulation a solution of salt and water and thus contrives to replenish in a certain fashion the depleted supply.

"In some way or other, as yet imperfectly understood, salt appears to be necessary for maintaining what we may call the chemical equilibrium of the blood. It is also not yet clear to us why salt should be so freely excreted, but even the tears contain it, and 'the salt, salt tears' is a phrase for once at least showing harmony betwixt science and poesy. Leaving the reason why aside, it is clear that we demand salt not only for the maintenance of the body's normal constituents, but likewise for the perfect discharge of many of the functions.

"I believe one of the punishments inflicted under the old laws of Holland and one regarded as in severity next to that of death was the keeping of a prisoner for a certain length of time on a diet from which all salt was excluded. The result was emaciation and death if the deprivation was long persisted in—a barbarous punishment truly, but one which reflected credit, in a sense, on the physiological knowledge of the framers of the Dutch penal code."—Chicago News.

Hope For Rufus.

Uncle Erastus had been polishing his musket for half an hour. At last he gave it a final love pat and turned to his grandson. "Chile," he said, "does you see dat bottle about thirty yards over dere?"

"Shore I does," Rufus agreed.

The old man threw up the musket and balanced it rather shakily. "Whang!" it bellowed. "Now does you see dat bottle?" the old man demanded.

"Yes, I does, granddad."

"I's powerful glad to hear dat, Rufe," the old man said calmly. "I's been afeard from de way you sorted taters lately dat your eyesight was failing, but hit ain't. You's good fo' several yeahs yit, Rufe."—Youth's Companion.

Spiders Set a Style In Lace Making.

Some 200 years ago missionaries taught the natives of Paraguay to make lace by hand. The art has been handed down from generation to generation, and in some of the towns lace making is the chief occupation. Almost all the women and children and many of the men are engaged in it. A singular fact about Paraguayan laces is that the designs are borrowed from the curious webs spun by the semitropical spiders that abound in that country. For this reason the lace is called by the natives nanduti, an Indian word that means spider web. —St. Louis Republic.

The Rifled Gun.

The great advantage gained by the rifled gun is that the bullet discharged from it, by having a rotatory action imparted to its axis coincident with its line of flight, is preserved in its direct path without being subject to the aberrations that injure the precision of aim in firing with the smooth bore gun. As a necessary consequence of the projectile being carried more directly in its line of aim, its length of range as well as its certainty in hitting the mark is materially increased. The first rifled gun was made by Augustin Koster of Nuremburg in 1520.

The Sponge.

It has been proved beyond doubt that the sponge is an animal with a complete digestive organism. As a matter of fact, the sponge as prepared for toilet and other uses is but the dry, flexible skeleton of the creature. Chemically its fibrous material would appear to be closely allied to the substance spun by the silkworm. When first removed from its stronghold on the bottom of the sea and observed in a living state the sponge bears not the faintest possible resemblance to the domestic article.—Wide World Magazine.

"Oregon, My Oregon."

The chief of subjects, small and great,
To me is my adopted state.
I'll sing her praises loud and long,
In this, mine humble, halting song.

Of all the states in this great land,
Old Oregon will lead the band.
Her climate seems to me just right,
While other places are a fright.

Her scenery, too, inspiring seems,
Like misty vistas of our dreams.
Her towering mountains rise sublime,
(Mt. Hood resembles "Father Time.")

In many things she takes the lead,
And progress seems to be her creed;
And people coming find content,
Call life elsewhere but illy spent.

For heat we have just lots of wood,
We wouldn't change it if we could.
In summer we've old ocean's breeze,
Which we enjoy in perfect ease.

We've fruit and other things galore—
How can a mortal wish for more?
And all along her mountains steep,
Are wandering herds of goats and sheep.

Along her fertile valleys wide
The farmers dwell in joy and pride.
Her mines have furnished wealth in store,
And yet they'll furnish millions more.

And in the education line,
We've colleges and schools divine,
And if you travel the whole world over,
No better place will you discover.

To people in less favored climes:
Come out and share in our good times,
And we will say to great and small.
"Dear friends, come on, there's room for all."

[The above excellent story in rhyme is contributed to the GAZETTE by Clara De Lay, a little girl of the Corvallis grammar school. The effort shows decided liteary ability on the part of the little lady.—Editor.]

WATCH YOUR TONGUE.

If Furred and Coated, it is a Warning of Trouble to Come.

When it is the morning after the night before, you do not have to look at your tongue to know that the stonach is upset, the head is aching with a dull rhythm, and that all the world looks black and dreary.

It may have been lobster Newburgh, Welsh rarebit or some other tasty dish that looked much better at night than the morning after. There is no need to look at the tongue thermometer then for symptoms of trouble. You naturally go to your box of Mi-o-na stomach tablets, and with one of the little relievers bring joy and gladness to the physical system.

The real time to watch the tongue is all of the time. If it is coated with a white fur, or possibly with dark trimmings, even though the stomach does not tell you by the acute pains of indigestion that it needs help, yet the coating shows that you are getting into a bad way and that there is need of Mi-o-na.

Mi-o-na is so positive, so sure, so reliable in its curative action upon the stomach that Graham & Wells, the local agents, give an absolute guarantee with every 50-cent box they sell to refund the money unless the remedy gives absolute and complete satisfaction.

Why

Should your baby suffer? When he is fretful and restless, don't experiment on him and use any old thing your neighbor recommends. Buy a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, greatest known worm medicine and cure for all children's diseases. It is mild in its action, builds up the system, makes thin puny babies fat. Mrs. J. C. Smith, Tampa, Fla., writes: "My baby was thin and sickly, could not retain its food and cried all night. I used one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and in a few days baby was laughing happy and well." Sold by Graham & Wortham.

Carrie Nation

Certainly smashed a hole in the barrooms of Kansas, but Ballard's Horehound Syrup has smashed all records as a cure for coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Pulmonary diseases. T. C. H—, Horton, Kansas, writes: "I have never found a medicine that would cure a cough so quickly as Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it for years." Sold by Graham & Wortham.

The Joy

Of living is to have good health. Use Herbine and you will have bushels of joy. You need not be blue, fretful and have that bad taste in your mouth. Try a bottle of Herbine, a positive cure for all liver complaints. E. Harrell, Austin, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for over a year, and find it a fine regulator. I gladly recommend it as a fine medicine for Dyspepsia." Sold by Graham & Wortham.

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