

A BROKEN PROVERB.

"YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS."

A Writer Disproves the Dictum—"Old Dogs" Who Are Constantly Adding to Their Stock of Knowledge—The Behind-the-Scenes People.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks." That's what you say at the age of 45 or 50, or 55, when you think that the bloom is about all off the eye of life, that it's nearly all up with you, and that about all the object you have in living is to prepare for dying, and shuffle in your old shoes out of life as quietly as possible—possibly to the content and satisfaction of your nearest of kin, who love you well, and the dollars you will leave them letter.

But, sir, you have no business to call yourself "an old dog" of any sex or persuasion. You should be ashamed to term yourself a "dog." You are a man, or a fragment of one, and being a man, you are, of course, but little lower than an angel, or at least little lower, we will say, than a second hand angel; worse luck to you!

You are saying now to yourself, and you are saying it every day, that the time is over for you to learn anything new or do anything new, and for that matter think or enjoy anything new, save the last neighborhood or village tattle and gossip, which you do enjoy as well as any other old woman. Your boundaries of your own life in your mind is to huddle down every morning to the town or village tattle center, and in summer sun yourself on a dry good box, and in winter warm yourself by the grocery stove, or somebody's stove, and there take and scrape over and gnaw at all the old bones of conversation and gossip that you have gnawed over for the last five, ten or twenty years, dating from the time when you thought it the proper thing to commence becoming an old man, and make it your principal business to sniff and sniff and find fault with the new fangled ways of the rising generation, who are learning new tricks and don't suit you at all, because they do not dress or dance or travel in all respects in the same rut you did when you were what you called yourself a young man, although then you had commenced to fizzle, as so many men and women do whose bodies are 25 years old, if, indeed, they were not partially fossils and remnants of, say the Miocene period, when they were born.

OLD DOGS STILL LEARNING.

Sir, you are a dog (if you insist on calling yourself such) who can learn new tricks. Gladstone is over 70, and rules En land because he is always learning tricks. Bismarck is over 70, and rules Germany, and today is learning new tricks. De Lesseps, who bosses the canal of this planet, is over 50, and never lets up in devices for cutting through rock or sand from ocean to ocean. Ericsson is 80, if not over, and is by no means through with new ways and means for making little ships overcome big ones, on the principle that a wisp may sting an ox nearly to death, and two wisp, or iron snows, freighted with guns powder enough and having their shot sent to the right place, can sink the biggest ox of a ship in the world overloaded with men and overweighed with eleven inch iron armor. Beecher, sir, never let up until over 70, and he might have been in Plymouth church pulpit yet had he learned a few new tricks in the art of keeping young, which then and are in the future to learn.

You see, sir, that some old dogs can learn new tricks, and keep on learning them, so long as they recognize the fact that, to keep the mind young is to keep the body young, and as a proof of this fact you may see any fine afternoon on Broadway men of 50 or 60 who look as young and are as young, fresh, active and vigorous in body and mind, and even more so, than you were at 44, when you really commenced to grow old, because you thought you were at or near the down hill side of life; and being of what the world calls "middle age," it was about time to commence preparations for sliding down the vale of years and tobogganing your coffin into the grave.

It's not the young dogs, sir, who always learn new tricks. Indeed it's the young ones who are generally inclined to learn the old tricks practiced by the old dogs and learned by these old dogs from dogs still older belonging to a generation before you were contracted for, planned out and manufactured.

A CHANGE OF CROPS.

Like your old farmer, who farms just as his father farmed before him, only because his father farmed that way and thereby left him as a legacy an over worked, farmed out, over tilled soil, which obstinately and in a righteous sort of way would not raise wheat, and will raise only weeds, because nature needs what you call "weeds," or a change of crops for a time in order to restore to the soil what it needs to raise wheat.

Or, like your unimproved, unimproved, lag behind the times old dog doctor, who insists on hanging on to the blue pill, forty horse power "heroic treatment," kill or cure stomach cleansing, bowel straining process common forty years ago, when men and women thought an energetic cleansing of the digestive apparatus as necessary every spring as their rough and tumble spring house cleaning—your old dog doctor who scorns the milder methods of the new schools, which about every fifteen years gives new names to old complaints, and administers for the same inexpensive and harmless broad pills with even better results and also higher charges per visit, provided the breed pill is accompanied by a stylish doctor's bag, with a black box in buttons to hold the reins while the doctor with new tricks is prescribing, if not flirting with the sick lady inside, who imagines she is sick if there's a young and good looking medicine man within a mile of her house, and who manages to live and endure life by means of his assistance, added to that of the handsome and recently called young bachelor minister, who with spiritual consolation alternates with the wheaten materia medica in keeping her alive.

Sir, these are some new tricks. These are the advantages of learning and practicing them, and all the new ones are not yet exhausted. There are but more coming. —Frederic Malford in San Francisco Chronicle.

Criticizing Performers by Vote.

Not satisfied with the usual signs of applause or disapproval of the performers by the patrons of the new theatre at Constantinople, Turkey, the director of the French opera company now playing there has conferred upon the public the right of voting upon the merits of the members of the company, and maintains that he is entitled to cancel any contract if the votes of the public show a majority against the fulfillment of his obligations. If he wants to get rid of any actor or other employe to whom he is bound by contract, he has the public informed beforehand as to the nature of the response he expects, and the voting takes place between the acts. Those visitors only are conceded the right to vote who have reserved seats or boxes, as they are more easily influenced than the promiscuous and paying public of the lower priced seats. Each critic has ten votes. A songstress and a foreign singer were voted out by majorities of about 50 to 1.—Foreign Letter.

Appetites of Hired Girls.

"Talk about the appetite of girls," said a portly matron at a domestic aid agency, with a smile. "Whatever may be the matter with that of our native born girls there is certainly no fault to be found with the digestion of the foreign help hiring out in private families. Why, it's often been a wonder to me what ravenous appetites a good many of these girls develop. Now there was a 17-year-old English girl, a small but plump creature, who went to work in a family of two near Lincoln park. She was a good girl, quick, neat and conscientious, but after a fortnight the lady came to me and told me she couldn't keep Nellie any longer; she'd ruin them; she ate too much. Would you believe it, sir, that small girl ate three pounds of sirloin beef stake at one breakfast. A couple of pounds of rare roast beef, together with bread, potatoes and pie enough to feed a starving family for a week, was a regular thing with her. The first two or three days it amused that young married couple to whom she had hired out. They used to sit and watch her operations at the table with bulging eyes. They thought she had been starving and had to fill out again. But no—it was the same every day. They had to give it up. That girl was actually bankrupting them. The grocer's and butcher's bills at the end of the week were as high as they would have been for boarding house."

"Then there was another girl, a German. She was an old maid of 35 or thereabouts. She was as thin as a rail and so pale she looked as if she had consumption. But the way she punished the eatables! My sakes! And with that she very soon gained any flesh. She was a good servant, efficient, faithful and exceedingly methodical. But she came to me every week for a new place. Nobody could afford to keep her—that's the fact. And, generally speaking, my experience of many years with these foreign hired girls is that they glory in an enormous appetite and enjoy their meals immensely. Some people think they just do it on purpose to 'bust' the family. But no; it's natural with them."—Chicago Herald.

Why the Sioux Take Scalps.

When asked why the Sioux scalp these slain in battle Red Shirt gave the following reasons: In former times the Sioux cut off the heads of their victims, but when they began to fight the white men they took to scalping, the same as they saw the white men do. The scalp is taken as indisputable evidence that a man has been killed, and whenever an Indian warrior recounts his bloody deeds he must produce the scalp to prove that what he says is true. If he fails to do this he is not believed. The scalps are usually kept for a time and then thrown away. Some of the old men wear scalps on their shirts or leggings and have them buried with their bodies when they die. In concluding his remarks on scalps Red Shirt said, with a touch of sadness in his expression: "I don't like to keep scalps or look at them, for they always make me think of fights in which some of my friends have been killed." In reply to the question, "Are you sorry that you will have no opportunity to increase the number of your scalps?" he said: "No, I am glad that war is at an end. There are too many white men. The Indian must do as they say. I do not want to see any more of my people killed. It is useless to shed their blood, for in the end they must lose."

Why do you have scalp dances?" was asked.

"When we come back from a big fight with many scalps we make a big feast. Each man tells what he has done in the war and we rejoice. If we take no scalps and have some of our people killed we come back sad and have no dance."

"In the 'Omaha' or war dance what does each man say in his song?"

"He says: 'I have killed a man. I am very glad. I have taken another scalp. I have — scalps now (mentioning the number), and I am going to get some more.'"

"Does an Indian feel bad when he kills a woman or child?"

"No, not when he does it in war. Our enemies kill our wives and children and we do the same. If an Indian kills one of his own people he feels very bad, because it is wrong. It is not wrong to kill an enemy."—New York World.

The Transportation of Petroleum.

To what extent is the competition of Russia to affect the sale of American petroleum in Europe? It has already nearly driven it from the Austrian empire, though the effect is not yet very apparent in western Europe. The transportation of petroleum on the Mediterranean in summer presents dangers that render it almost impossible. When the temperature of the air about the vessel has reached a certain point the volatile elements of the oil escape and form a sort of element about it so combustible that it is impossible even to light a match without it taking fire. Life on a steamer under these conditions becomes horrible. In the summer of 1889 a steamer bound from Batoum to England went to Gibraltar from the Dardanelles to the whole distance from the point of inflammability had been passed. The fires under the engines had to be extinguished and she went under sail. It was impossible to have a fire even in the galley. The sufferings of the officers and crew during this period can hardly be conceived. Perfect safety was not obtained till the cargo was removed in an English port.

The question of Russian competition really depends on the permanent supply of oil from the Baku wells, and there are doubts even among the engineers of the Russian companies upon the subject. It is thought that oil will be found elsewhere in the Caucasus. There are deposits under the Caspian, as shown by oil on the surface and in some of the islands also in Turkestan. It remains to be shown to what extent these resources will prove available. —San Francisco Chronicle.

English and American Advertising.

"It is a mistake," said a well known advertising agent to me recently, "but a common one to suppose that Americans spend more in advertising than do the business men of other nations. I think Americans spend more wisely and get more display for their money, but the actual sums expended by English advertisers exceed those expended by Americans. One English firm alone spent last year at least \$500,000 in advertising one commodity. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars of this money was disbursed in England and \$150,000 of it in this country, the balance elsewhere. They get more display out of the \$150,000 spent here than out of the \$275,000 spent in England. No American firm can equal this record of expenditures, which is not a solitary instance, but will be repeated by the same firm this year, and may be for years to come."—The Epoch.

FOOD AND DRINK.

A BOSTON PHYSICIAN GIVES ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

A Mixed Diet is Best for the Omnivorous Animal, Man—Water During the Heated Term—Concerning "Appetizers"—Berries—Soup—Cold Meats.

While undeniably a mixed diet is the best for man, there is a mistaken notion, which prevails to a great extent, that meat should largely enter into the same. As a consequence, much more is eaten than is needed or can properly be disposed of in the system. Never eat meat oftener than once a day, and very sparingly in summer. Men of sedentary habits might with safety for several days at a time during that season live on vegetables, fruits, milk, breadstuffs, and foods of like character, which are easy of digestion. For those who have good reason to believe that their "kidneys are weak," a diet largely made up of meat is ill advised. Those organs are intimately concerned in its disposal in the system, and hence are overtasked if it is taken in too great a quantity.

Some drink too freely of water, especially during the heated term. There is, however, a class largely made up of women who do not at any time drink less freely of that element essential to health. As a rule they suffer from constipation. Every one ought to drink about two quarts of water daily to meet the needs of the system. "Water is fattening" is an expression of some truth. Very fleshy people are proverbially thirsty, and when they attempt a reduction in weight, to lessen as much as possible the quantity of fluids habitually taken is one of the recognized rules of treatment. But a rigid adherence to it is dangerous for many, if not all. It is less advised by a physician to do differently, they should drink all they crave, within reason, excepting during the hot hour and the hour after meals. With the food only the smallest quantity of fluids possible is allowable.

ICE WATER IN MODERATION.

Much has been written for and against ice water. It is not only agreeable and refreshing, but harmless when used in moderation. In certain forms of dyspepsia characterized by flatulence—bloating, as it is popularly called—very cold water acts as an agreeable tonic, and quickens gastric and intestinal activity in many cases if taken when the stomach is comparatively empty. If taken on a full stomach it, as a rule, intensifies the trouble. Over indulgence is always harmful, and it is especially so at meal times. For a robust person in hot weather to reduce one-half the quantity of food he is habituated to eating would be a most salutary custom, for he would then not only suffer infinitely less from the heat, but be stronger and more active, both mentally and physically. Those especially who are wedded to their "appetizers" would do well to forego them at least until cooler weather comes, and leave nature, unimpaired by the seductive cocktail, to direct the quantity of food necessary for the body's support.

That berries are healthy food can in truth be said, and yet some kinds should be denied people who have certain forms of digestive disturbance. Blackberries, for instance, which contain small seeds, to some extent irritate the intestinal canal. It is in that way that they are useful in constipation; they stimulate and quicken activity of the bowels. But if the stomach and bowels are what is generally termed weak, then in such a case they are likely to do harm. Very young children should, of course, be denied them.

The average farmer knows as little of dietetics as an infant. He dilates on his wholesome food, which largely consists of substances which require for digestion the stomach of an ostrich. Plain living is all right, but that does not mean that a man should make a meal essentially on one course, varied only by "soups on the stomach," and hence should be forbidden dyspeptics, for whom only clear soup is allowable.

TROUBLE WITH FATTY FOODS.

The digestive organs find an admixture of several fatty foods difficult to dispose of. The man who has fried fish, bacon, steak, eggs and dry toast for breakfast is made uncomfortable, and feels dull and heavy for several hours afterward unless he eats very sparingly. With the butter, which is, of course, an essential, there are in such a meal as generally prepared five different kinds of fat. And they are still more indigestible when taken hot.

In this country there is a most decided prejudice against cold meats. Of course some foods should be served warm, but not hot. Americans are scarcely satisfied with tea or coffee unless it is near the boiling point; potatoes, also, must be steaming hot. Dyspepsia is the natural consequence. The English in this respect are a delightful contrast. People who are forced to be early in the morning at their labors would be much better did they eat cold meats for breakfast, and how much such a custom would lessen the burden of their poor, overworked wives.

The question what shall we eat may be best answered by simply quoting the fact that man is an omnivorous animal. Why and how much we shall eat can be set forth tolerably well by saying that it is impossible for an engine to make steam without coal or water and that no competent engineer would make his machine carry 100 pounds of steam when fifty pounds would do the work in hand. An important duty of those who work with engines is to see that the fire is freed from clinker and ash. So waste must be regularly eliminated from the human system. The skin, the kidneys and the bowels are the main channels for the escape of this, and when these avenues fail to act, the state of affairs in the body is very parallel to what would occur should a fireman fail to clean the grate, and presently the fire will cease to burn. —Boston Globe.

A Natural Mistake.

"Aunt," said a little New Jersey boy who was on a visit, "I thought you said you didn't have any mosquitoes in this part of the country."

"But I can hear them singing just as they do at home."

"No, Tommy; that is a saw mill you hear."—Harper's Bazar.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

And History, Seldom Erring, Will Record a Wise or Savage.

On the one side you have the old schools of medicine, born in obscurity and reared in ignorance, with whom mediocrity ranks as genius and fossilized conservatism is the acme of wisdom. They are the product of a parched imagination and a stunted intellect. They are the result of the dark ages and the thimblebricks of myth and mystery, of astrology and alchemy. Their great boast is antiquity—but the title is disputed by Hahnemann's ass.

On the other side stands the Hystogenetic system of medicine. It is the offspring of modern thought, of modern investigation, of modern experience. It is the result of research, the triumph of reason. Like Minerva, it sprang from the brain of modern Jupiter—science. Its challenge is investigation; its passport is truth. Which side will win?

SEATTLE, Wash., June 9, 1891.

Our baby was very sick, and we tried several physicians in turn. None of them seemed to know what the matter was. She couldn't stand; couldn't play; it was difficult for her to get her breath; she had choking spells from the time she was 4 months old; would choke every five minutes during the night, and was subject to convulsions and muscular contraction. We had about given up hope of getting her well, when we took her to Dr. Jordan, and in a very short time she commenced to improve, until all these symptoms have disappeared entirely, and she has not had a sign of them for some time.

It gives me great pleasure to make this statement, so that others who have children that are ill may know where to take them for treatment.

Mrs. CHARIS R. BRYEMAN, Third street, between Bell and Blanchard.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

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CAUTION.—The Hystogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Hystogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

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We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet: Drs. Porterfield & Lowry, 833 Market street, San Francisco.

You can't tell how much religion people have by the size of their family Bible.

In 1830 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success in relieving coughs and bronchial troubles has been unparalleled.

Perhaps it is because history repeats itself that none of it gets so very dry.

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Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

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"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr. Woodbury, N.J.

John Franklin Jones.

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