

WILL FLY TO EUROPE.

AN AERONAUT CLAIMS TO HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

The Trial Trip of a Small Balloon to Show How Easy it is for Wind and Hot Air to Furnish a Good Motor Power.



from it the owner expects to realize fame and fortune. To-day or tomorrow Mr. Fest expects to start on a voyage of thirty-six hours in what he says is his experimental airship, and upon the success of this first venture will depend the rise or fall of his hopes.

For over fourteen years inventor Fest has been experimenting with all kinds of airships, and in that time he has expended several thousands of dollars. He says, and friends who have watched his progress bear him out in the statement, that he has at last succeeded in rigging a machine that will go to the clouds and remain there long enough to be wafted thousands of miles by an ordinary wind. The chief characteristic of Mr. Fest's invention is what he terms the hot-air principle, and he believes he has at last solved the great problem of aerial navigation. He objects to the gas balloon on account of the limited time it can be kept in suspension, this being due to the loss of gas. This difficulty, it is claimed, does not occur when the hot-air method is made use of.

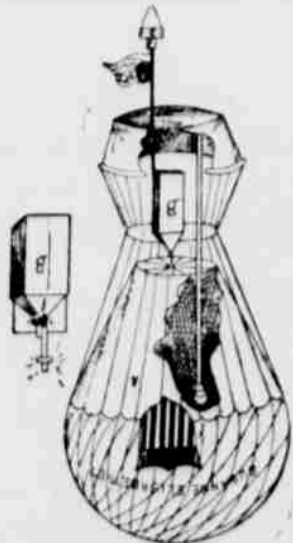
While the trouble caused by the loss of gas can be overcome by the new scheme, there are others which the Germantown man claims to have done away with. After much hard work he has constructed an air heater which seems to be the ordinary man of intelligence to be a very practical idea. This thing is the outgrowth of Mr. Fest's own brain, nothing like it ever having been used before. The heater is light, strong and fireproof, and with three gallons of gasoline it is expected to keep the aerial navigator in midair about forty-eight hours. This much at least, he expects his ship to do, and he thinks that in the course of another year it can be brought to such a state of perfection that one of the balloons can be kept in the clouds four or five days.

The trial trip is to be made with a spherical balloon 22 1/2 feet in diameter, with a cubical volume of 8,245 feet. These dimensions, with a difference of temperature between 180 degrees inside and 70 degrees outside, will enable the balloon to lift 150 pounds. To this air bag is attached the heater, which very much resembles an elongated stove pipe and extends upward through the balloon almost to its equator and projecting several feet below the basket.

The whole thing is very simple with the exception of the interior of the pipe. All the peculiar mechanism of the fireplace is contained in the queer looking pipe, and this is the part which the inventor refuses to allow the public to examine. To feed the pipe gasoline is carried from a convenient tank through very small pipes. It burns quietly and without danger of fire or explosion. This was the most difficult obstacle Mr. Fest had to overcome.

Should this experiment prove satisfactory Fest will certainly have a monster ship to sail across the waters to Europe. This, he says, is what he is living for, and when that is accomplished he will be satisfied. What he wants to do is to effect rapid

- A—Lifter, or hot air bag.
- B—Rectangular tank holding the gasoline.
- C—Pipe containing the mysterious mechanism which generates the hot air.
- D—Buoy to drop off in case the balloon should fall into water.
- E—Postal cards which are to drop off at regular intervals and by which the balloon is to be traced.



being between America and Europe. He claims to have a reason to believe that there is a constant air current blowing eastward that will send his balloon rapidly across the Atlantic ocean. He figures that this current of air will send his balloon to the old world in less than two days, or at a speed of more than a mile a minute. The existence of these currents has been shown many times by the experience of aerial navigators. He reckons that this breeze will carry as large a ship as he can build across the Atlantic in three days at the outside, and thus work a grand revolution in the travel between the two continents. The only difficulty in such a scheme as this is in getting a machine to remain for that length of time in the air. This obstacle he claims to have overcome by the use of hot air, and consequently there will be no gas to escape and send the travelers to a watery grave.

Mr. Fest first saw the light of day fifty years ago in Wartemburg, and he emigrated to this country in 1860. The

following year he enlisted in the union army. After his honorable discharge in 1863 he began business in the city of New York as an engraver of pearl and ivory. In 1870 he removed to Philadelphia, where he is now conducting the same business on a very successful scale on Lena street, Germantown. The ship which is to be sent up on the experimental trip will not carry any passengers, but by the aid of the postal cards dropped off automatically every hour, and a floating flag buoy its exact movements may be traced, thus determining the question as to whether it will cross the Atlantic, and also as to how long it will stay in the air.

OCCULT SCIENCE.

Strange Manifestations by Josephine Lord of Lowell, Mass.

The committee on investigation of the American Psechical Society, formed to test modern spiritualism and prominent on whose roll of membership are the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton of New York and the Rev. Dr. Minot Savage of Boston, has finished a series of three sances with Miss Josephine Lord of Lowell, Mass. She is young, lives with her father and mother, has never known anything of spiritualism, and until recently has been a member and a constant attendant of the First Baptist Church. About two years ago her favorite brother was taken ill. A woman friend who was called for to attend to his death, which, proving correct, impressed Miss Lord and her family very much. Heartbroken, they sought, like many others, consolation in spiritualism, and thus began the mediumistic career of Miss Lord.

The phenomena produced by Miss Lord are of a peculiar character, occurring for the most part in the light. She apparently has command of the occult powers, the unseen force obeying her directions. At the first sance, held under the direction of the Rev. T. Ernest Allen of Providence, R. I., secretary of the American Psechical Society, with six others present, three cases, one of wood, another of glass, and another of steel, were made to stand upon the floor for five minutes in a vertical position. At a command from Miss Lord the cases moved in any direction indicated, but they would not respond to a request made by any other person in the room. She then took one of the sticks in her hand, and although apparently holding it lightly between her fingers, no person present was able to take it from her. This phenomenon is something after the Lulu Hurst order.

The second sance was reinforced by B. O. Flower of Boston, editor of the Arena, Mrs. Flower, and Mr. Garland, all being members of the society. On this occasion the manifestations were far more varied and striking in character. A Sitti in the dim light around the table, shaft y forms were seen playing moving here and there, and covering and breathing some word of comfort in a whisper, than seeming to



ris to the air to be lost in the deepening shadows. There stood at a little distance from the table a large rocking chair, which all at once began to rock. Gradually it slid nearer to the table and pushed itself in between two of the persons sitting there. Then it stopped for a moment and slowly rose a few inches from the floor, falling back again with a loud thud almost instantly. It rose somewhat higher a second time, returning quickly to the floor again. Making a third attempt, as though moved by some superhuman force, it lifted itself squarely on the top of the table and began rocking violently.

A murmur of surprise went through the room. After a little delay Mr. Flower declared himself wonder-struck, and suggested that the chair be returned to the floor, saying as he did so: "Could any one sit in the chair, I wonder, and if so, could both be lifted?"

Instantly three loud raps were heard, which in spookdom is the signal for "yes." Having thus gained the consent of the unseen agents, Mrs. Flower, with much trepidation, seated herself in the chair, the company meantime all joining in singing a familiar hymn. This had continued for a few moments only when the chair, despite all of Mrs. Flower's efforts to prevent it, began slowly to rock backward and forward. In vain did the occupant place her feet upon the floor and protest that the chair should not, could not, dare not move. It continued just the same, gaining gradually in force and velocity.

Every eye was fixed upon the chair and its occupant, which were both plainly visible in the semi-twilight, and an exclamation of fear arose as the chair was lifted with its occupant fully ten inches from the floor and then sunk back again, just as it had done in the first instance.

"Are you afraid?" asked several persons of Mrs. Flower. They saw she looked somewhat pale. "No, no, not very," was the answer hesitatingly given.

The last word had left her lips, when as though with one mighty effort the chair and its occupant were both placed on the center of the table in the presence of the astonished company.

Re-revenge.
Yabley—Timmons has rather cut you out with Miss Hepley, has he not?
Mudge—Guess he has. I'll get even with him, though, and—don't you forget it!
Yabley—How?
Mudge—I owe him \$25. I'll never pay him.

IN A BIG STOCK YARD.

WHERE THERE IS LOTS OF FUN AS WELL AS BUSINESS.

Playing the Wild Steer Joke—A Lesson in Yelling—Transferring Stock from One Pen to Another—Hospital for Injured Cattle.

There's lots of fun as well as business about a stock yard. The old hands, the buyers and commission men, and also the stockmen who come often enough to loke the ropes, enjoy nothing better than a joke on a green visitor, one with kid gloves and boots with a patent leather shirt preferred, but the verdant, with flannel shirt and collar and his pantaloons in his boot tops, if he be the only object at hand. The jokes take various forms, often there are new ones, but there is a standard joke, the use of which is always indorsed. The victim is walking down one of the large passage ways through which the cattle are driven from pen to pen, or to the scale house, looking from side to side to see which way he will turn or through which gateway he will pass to come out where he wants to. Suddenly there is a loud cry:

"Clear the way! Here comes a wild steer!"
"Funny! Yes, very, for the spectators. The cry has been given by some one who is 'on,' away at the other end of the passage, and is taken up by the crowd scattered along the alley. They all know what it is, and though the greenie may be a friend or customer, they as readily join in the cry and sport. The poor victim does not know what it is. He has probably seen, or may be experienced, what it is to be tossed by a wild steer, and as soon as he hears the dread cry he begins to make way, and makes it very rapidly. He plunges ahead by as long strides as possible, and he is lucky if he does not go head first into the mud.

The most interesting thing about a stock yard is the yell. The rich buyer or commission man, as well as the salaried agent or speculator, knows it—or rather they, for the yell is as numerous almost as the people in the yard. The farmer and small stock grower knows the "whoops" or "whoa-a-over" and "skike" used on the range or farm yard, but when it comes to the combinations of letters and sounds used here they are as much as sox as one of the gentlemen using them would be in attempting to convey an intelligent idea of them on paper. The most familiar sound to the countryman is a long one something like this:

"Wia-wioop-on-oo-oo-woop-ere!" and repeated as rapidly as possible, with occasional variations as they suggest themselves.

This is not an exact reproduction, but it is something near it, and if the student patiently twists his vocal organs until he finds the right contour he may produce the sound. If he anticipates going into the business, the "any" will be changed to "must," for this driving sound seems to be the beginning point of all—the one taught in the primary department. A yell following it seems easier, but it is not. It runs:

"Hi-i-yi-yi-kei-ya-ya-ea-ea-hi-yi-yi-yi!" and carried out without limit, until its object is accomplished.

This yell may be made very musical, and then it becomes something more than a yell. Those who are perfect in it run the scale up and down, contravise and every other wise, and a professor of music could better then express it in notes than any one else could represent it in letters.

There's another sound which sounds like an auctioneer repeating "going going!" so rapidly that it soon becomes a sound with something like a "g" as the first letter and he winds up with an abrupt "gone to John Smith," who has almost forgotten that he had bid.

Another musical spur to the live stock's movements is built on the plan of Joe Emmett's warble, which everybody who thinks he's an Emmett tries to imitate. This is becoming slightly popular, but its commercial value in its effect on the cattle has not yet been definitely determined. These, with many more yells, are all told in the sales pen and scale yards. In the unloading and shipping yards another style prevails, something not so sharp. Variety is the rule there, too, but as in the first case there is a common approved yell which may be attempted after a few lessons. To produce it the lips must be fixed just so. Then comes:

"Err-r-r-r-haw-haw-ho-ha-ha-ha!"

In producing the last part of this sound the student will profit and progress more rapidly in this work if he carefully studies the peculiarities of the heavy villain's stage laugh in a second class variety show. He will soon discover the peculiarities which he may wish to imitate, and will have little difficulty in sandwiching it properly between some other sounds. The last lessons must be taken with the aid of an eight foot pole, weighing about twenty pounds, with which the student will prod a bag of sand, if nothing more convenient answers, giving more emphasis with each prod. After a couple of dozen prods the voice will have toned down until the last sound is like the ending of the despairing cry of an emotional actress.

So far as the Stock Yards company is concerned, it takes a few risks in its responsibilities. It stands good for the stock from the time they leave the car until they are loaded in again or are driven away by the buyer, speculator or butcher. As soon as the stock is loaded into the pen the gate is closed and locked and the pen watched. The market is open from 8 to 2 o'clock, during which time the gates opening into the passageways are unlocked. Promptly at 2 o'clock the gates are all again locked, and to get anything out of a pen it would be necessary to lift it over, a rather difficult matter. Under this arrangement such a thing as transferring stock from one pen to another, taking out a choice animal and substituting an inferior one, is impossible. The stock is counted into the pen, then into the scale house, and then out again, and that reshipped counted again into the cars. Every car and every bunch is kept separate.

In a few cattle or other animals are injured in the yards, but for the benefit of those falling victims to overcrowding or rough traveling, hospitals are provided in each division. To these all injured animals are taken, though first sold to speculators. In the hospitals the animals are given dry, sheltered places to sleep, and good food to eat, and water to drink. They become the care of the speculators then, and the profits of the latter depend upon their skill as veterinarians. An animal with a broken leg is never taken to the hospital; there must be some show for its getting on its feet, and if it don't do this in a week or ten days the job is given up as a leg one and the animal shot. A broken rib is the ordinary injury, if the animal is not so bruised and cramped that it can stand on its feet. If it can't rest with its forehead under it and hold up its head, in which position cattle rest better, it is regarded as in a bad fix, and its head is tied from either side so that it can't fall down. In exceptional cases a pillow of hay is provided, a sure sign that the animal has been purchased for a song, and, if saved, will pay a big profit.—Globe-Democrat.

Marion Harland says that the coming woman will have her own bank account.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

Should any one ask your opinion about the Hystogenetic system of medicine, just answer boldly that it is no good. Should he ask you the reason why it is no good, tell him—just because. If this answer does not confound him by its profundity and he still persists, tell him that it is a new fangled idea. This will probably prove effective, as it bankrupted the first iron plow establishment. Should you fall in that, too, don't give up, but insist with the powerful argument that your grandmother never heard of it; that you can't see how mercury, arsenic, strychnine, etc., can be improved upon, and that the old schools of medicine must necessarily have exhausted all the stock of wisdom, and that there cannot possibly be anything left to learn. And if all your powerful arguments have failed to convince him of the reasonableness of your position—you have still one Parthian shot—tell him that you are simply astonished; that you thought him an intelligent man.

And still there are men—and women, too—who whom such arguments have no effect, but they are thinking people who are willing to investigate before they form an opinion.

PHOENIX, A. T., July 30, 1891.
Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—Dear Sir: Having used your medicine in my family for more than two years with wonderful success, I feel that no other remedies can give satisfaction, and I enclose symptoms of my nephew's case for your consideration.
FRANCIS A. CURTIS.

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Send for free book explaining the Hystogenetic system.

Cautions.—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.

It's a mistake to suppose that the social lion is the kind of beast.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That dyspepsia comes from torpid liver and costiveness.

That you cannot digest your food well unless your bowels and liver act properly.

That your bowels require thorough cleansing when they do not do their duty by your digestion.

That your torpid liver needs stimulating in order that it may act as nature intended it should.

That BRADRETH'S PILLS taken in doses of no cure, no pay, and no return until cured. They will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver, improve the digestion and drive away dyspepsia.

That BRADRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

That they can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The air of condensation never yet ventilated a poor tenement house.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief.

It takes an unusually good swimmer nowadays to float a log.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.
We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay, and no return until cured. Address for pamphlet Dr. Porterfield & Lacey 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Women are not always deep thinkers, but they are generally cloth's observers.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, stays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and \$1 per box. WILLIAMS' MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

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THE Chas. A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co. doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for or on and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, 1888.
[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold for medicinal purposes by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists.

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Sore cure for blind, bleeding and itching piles. Our box has cured the worst case of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.
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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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Tis plain that a charm is added to things cleaned by
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It is a solid cake of scouring soap—Try it in your next house-cleaning.

Even the little pig in the picture is a more agreeable companion than a man with a dirty collar or a woman who presides over a tawdry house. But nobody wants the reputation of being a pig under any circumstances.

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