



GIRL'S SECRET.

"Aunt Cassie came to visit us and she saw I was nervous, had the fidgets all the time and she asked me many questions, and finally said, 'Why, you dear, sweet girl, it's not your temper that's bad, it's your constitution that's out of kilter. You sit right down now and write a letter to Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., tell him all your symptoms—and so I did. It was long before I had a long reply, carefully going over my case and telling me just what to do. I date my present happiness and little Cupid's return to the very day I sat down to write that letter to Dr. Pierce, for his advice was so good and his Favorite Prescription worked such a complete change in me that now my former cheerfulness and good health—not to say anything of good looks—are restored to me. I have summoned Tom back to my side and we are to be married in June.'"

The proprietors and makers of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Profluvium or Falling of the Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

It is natural that a woman who has been cured of womanly disease by "Favorite Prescription" should believe that it will cure others. It is natural too that she should recommend to other women the medicine which has cured her. It is such commendation which has made the name of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a household word for the past thirty-eight years.

A TERRIBLE PENALTY.

Prisoners Sentenced to Solitary Confinement in France Not Allowed to Speak, Read or Work.

The Law Times makes the following comment on the sentences passed on the Humberts, the notorious French swindlers: "Some of the comments in the press on the sentence passed on Mme. Humbert and her husband (the other pair of culprits came off more lightly) betray a very imperfect appreciation of its nature. Five years' reclusion, or solitary confinement as it is understood in France, is not only a rigorous but a terrible penalty. Our own code offers no parallel to it and it is probable that a life sentence of penal servitude in this country would be far more easily endured. The solitude of the prisoner in reclusion is all but absolute. The strictest silence is enforced. Presumably the consolations of religion—whatever that may amount to in so dreadful a situation—are not entirely withheld; otherwise the prisoner is forbidden to speak, even to his guardian. Books are denied and (which must be almost the worst infliction of all) the most complete idleness is enforced; no employment of any description may mitigate the appalling vacancy of days, weeks and years. Half an hour's exercise is allowed daily, in a hood which covers everything except the eyes. This horrible life in death may end in the tomb, but it is more likely to end in the padded cell of the maniac."

Fever That Seldom Dies Out.

Do you know there is such a thing as "newspaper fever" and that it just worms and burns its way into a fellow's system and remains there as long as life lasts? It is a fact, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Men who work around newspaper offices know it to be true. They know it is true not only to the men who work in the business, but many others who never happen to get into the business at all. There is an old legend to the effect that if a man once takes the Mississippi river water he will keep coming back to the same old river, no matter where he goes. It is the same way in the newspaper business. Taste it once and you have got it in your system for good.

SOME FACTS ABOUT LONDON.

Which Go to Show That the British Capital is a Big City Beyond Question.

A child is born every three minutes, and a death is registered every five minutes.

The city contains over 700 railway stations, nearly 800 miles of railway line, and 11 railway bridges span the Thames. Daily 1,000,000 persons travel on the underground railways, and 2,500,000 in 5,000 omnibuses, 7,000 hansom cabs, 14,000 cabs and 7,000 tram cars. The total population is between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000.

Four thousand postmen deliver 10,000,000 letters weekly, walking a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe. Sixty thousand letters are written a day, consuming 30 gallons of ink.

Ten thousand miles of overhead telegraph wires almost shut out the smoky canopy which spreads above the London streets, and the number of telegraph messages received in London last year was over 5,000,000. Ninety million gallons of water are consumed daily.—London Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

STEAMER GRAVEYARD

New Jersey Town Where Many Old Eastern Vessels Lie.

Well-Known River Craft That Have Become Worn Out Find a Resting Place on the Raritan's Banks.

It appears to have been left for the residents of the little town of Perth Amboy to prove that the Hindoo belief in the transmigration of souls is a reality, at least, as far as boats are concerned, says the St. Louis Republic.

Steam craft which in years gone by made great records in the local waters and later were dragged out of the busy swirl tired of the struggle, are to-day so much a part of the Raritan river town that their names are household words there.

The graveyard of old vessels has had a day of resurrection. The valiant spirit of each has left cold boiler and paralyzed engine to take up its abode in dwellings, decorations and the honored and one thing into which its dismembered but resurrected body has been transformed.

During the last few years many well-known boats have been brought together on the shelving banks of the Raritan river, where the junkman decides their destiny.

The giants of them all is the famous old Albany boat Drew.

Close beside her are the fire-ravaged hulls of the ferryboats Elizabeth and Plainfield. The worn-out ferryboat Central and the ill-fated Northfield are rubbing their noses in a friendly way with the rise and fall of the tide against the Drew's port quarter.

The half-burned Thomas McManus keeps well under water on the river side of the fleet.

The side-wheel steamer Colonia, of Philadelphia, which was condemned as unseaworthy after the last international yacht races, and the famous old ferryboat Chancellor, the only craft to cross the bay during the blizzard of 188, have both settled high up in the sands.

These boats represent more than \$1,000,000 in original cost, and are in all stages of dismantlement.

Probably one of the greatest booms that ever came to Perth Amboy was the steamer Drew.

She was towed to her present berth a little more than a year ago.

From the outside she appeared to be a great unwieldy hulk of little value, but within she has proved to be a veritable treasure ship.

Houses have been built from the well-seasoned planking of her superstructure.

The panel work and rich carvings of her 400 and more staterooms have been used for interior decorations, and the staterooms themselves for storehouses.

There is one stateroom which has been left just where it was when the old river boat made her last trip.

Money cannot buy it from the junkman.

The pleasant memories of his honeymoon still linger with it.

From one end of the craft to the other it is the only spot which will not feel the sharp edge of the wreckers' tools.

With the exception of that part of the Drew which has been used as the junkman himself in the construction of living quarters for his men and a combination office and storehouse, in the heart of the town, all the material has been sold at a good price.

An elderly widow is the proud owner of a comfortable home made entirely from the Drew.

Her dog and chickens are also snugly housed within a portion of the resurrected craft.

So extravagant were the builders of the boat in the selection of materials used for her construction that carpenters and decorators of the town have purchased almost the entire superstructure, although it is as yet not more than half dismantled.

In the building trade there is a demand for "Drew timber" and among decorators a call for "Drew trimmings."

The foregoing is the spirit of the Drew made manifest in Perth Amboy.

It is not confined there alone, however, for all over the country there is a demand for some part of her construction.

The giant parts of her engines have already gone to the steel works of Pennsylvania and Connecticut to be fashioned into car wheels, axles and building material.

NEGRO A SMALL EATER.

When Well and Regularly Fed the Black Man Eats Less Than the White Man.

"There is a very popular, but very erroneous belief that the negro is a heartier eater than the white man," said an observant citizen, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but after some little observation I have come to the conclusion that the negro is really a much smaller eater than a white man. My attention was called to the matter some time ago by Senator James McLaughlin of Mississippi, who asked me if I had noticed the fact that negroes, as a rule, when well fed, and when they could get their meals regularly, ate less than white men. I frankly confessed that I had noticed no such thing, and said further that I did not believe it was so. Of course, my conclusion was merely a hasty generalization, and was due mainly to the popular belief. My interest in the matter was roused by the rather arm statement made by the Mississippi statesman, and so I made a series of observations, the results of which have been a revelation, for they have upset the opinions of a lifetime. I am now in a position to assert that if the negro is well and regularly fed he will eat at least a third less than a white man."

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VENTILATION IN THE HAT.

Good for the Hair and Adds Not a Little to the Comfort of the Head.

"Some customers have nonsensical notions about the proper way to ventilate a hat," said a fashionable hatter, to a New York Times man. "In fact, they are so whimsical about it that we make the hats without a ventilator and try to suit the wishes of the customer after he has handed his money to the salesman. Many customers will not have a hat ventilated at all. Well, they miss a great deal of comfort and take long chances for baldness in old age. The English style, and the only one that some buyers will adopt, is a ring of perforated holes in the crown of the hat. In my opinion, it is just as well to have no ventilator at all as to put it there. The best way is to have two holes, one on each side of the hat, just above the band. Then you get good circulation all the time. There are ways of punching the holes artistically so that they do not detract from the appearance of the hat. But you would be surprised at the number of men who will not have them, some because it is not fashionable, and others because they think the hat will not wear so well."

Gunboat on the Ohio.

Gunboats were common on the Mississippi river forty years ago. In recent years the river has seldom floated ships of the navy. Consequently, when the monitor Arkansas, one of the newest ships of its class, steamed up the river recently on its way to St. Louis, it attracted much attention. It astonished and delighted the people of Evansville, Ind., by making an excursion up the Ohio as far as that city, for not since the civil war had any ship of the navy touched at that port. Both the Mississippi and the Ohio are deep enough to float a much larger vessel than the Arkansas.

MUSCLES IN TENSION.

Are the Ones That Tire Soonest Although Doing No Work at the Time.

The Revue Scientifique has been asking what muscles tire soonest, with the conclusion that it is not the muscles in use, but those under tension, although doing no work. The writer urges us to use the arms and legs less and the back and neck more, for on them comes the greatest strain. He has been asking men of all occupations the same questions:

When you have worked much where do you feel tired?

Before you were trained, did fatigue show itself in the same regions?

All the answers point to the same conclusions. The baker who kneads dough all night complains of fatigue in his legs.

The blacksmith is tired, not in his arms and shoulders, but in his back and loins.

The young soldier after a march, is especially tired in the back of his neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

The oarsman who is in perfect training, after prolonged exercise gets tired in his calves and insteps.

These facts point to the conclusion that in any continued effort we should try to alter the habit of contraction. That is to say, the body, like the mind, needs change of work.

WHAT OLD AGE IS LIKE.

Witty Definition by an Aged Frenchman—Respect in Which It Most Differs from Youth.

The noted French advocate, Maître Labori, who defended Dreyfus and recently the Humberts, is noted in Paris more for his polish and neatness of his speeches than for his eloquence.

An American journalist who heard Labori in court one day says the advocate's address was full of grace, wit, tenderness. He quotes a passage relating to old age, wherein Labori, with a smile, said:

"Old age—we shall none of us quite understand that until we have attained to it—for no one, of us here is old. But the other day I visited my uncle, a very aged man."

"What is it like, uncle?" I said, "to be old?"

"And my uncle answered:

"It's like this: When one is young one's polite attentions to women are taken for declarations of love, but when one is old one's declarations of love are taken for polite attentions."



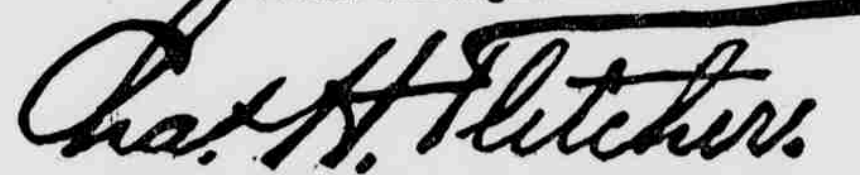
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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The following rates are from Heppner: To Detroit, Mich., and return, \$73.00; to Cincinnati, Ohio, and return, \$71.65; to Atlantic City, N. J., and return, \$85.65; to Boston, Mass., and return, \$86.95; to Louisville, Ky., and return, \$70.65.

For further information as to dates of sale, stopover privileges, etc, call on or address J. B. Huddleston, Local Agent, Heppner, Oregon.

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