

1816 HAD NO SUMMER.

SURPASSED 1902 FOR UNSEASONABLE WEATHER.

Thick Ice Formed During Every Month and December Was Most Agreeable Part of Year—Food Stuffs Sold at Unheard-of Prices.

The recent phenomenal weather has caused an old friend to send to the Washington Post an extract from a scrap-book preserved in his family of the remarkable summer of 1816. It is known in history as the "cold summer of 1816." The sun seemed to be devoid of heat and all Nature was clad in gloom.

The winters of 1815 and 1816 were very cold in Europe, but opened comparatively mild in our country, and in no way indicated the severe weather that soon prevailed. January was very mild, so much so, indeed, that fires rendered homes uncomfortably warm; this was broken, however, in February for a few days, and the warm condition which existed nearly all of that month gave no indication of the coming wintry aspect which succeeded, and which rendered the remaining months of the year unlike any summer that had preceded it within the memory of the than "oldest inhabitants."

March came in with its usual icy winds, but moderated greatly toward the end. April began with warm and bright sunshine, but as the month drew to a close the cold increased and it ended in ice and snow and a very windy temperature. May, which is usually looked for with its welcome flowers, proved a bitter disappointment; the early buds were soon blackened by the frost, and in one night during the first two days of May vegetation was made a blackened waste; the corn was killed and fields had to be made ready for another planting, but that was prevented by the extreme cold. Ice formed to the thickness of half an inch through all the fields.

June was a month of ice and desolation, with thermometer sunk very far below the freezing point, even in the southern latitude, and all renewal of nature was abandoned. Frost, ice and snow were common throughout the country, every green thing which had availed itself during the few days of sunshine to develop perished in the frost, and all kinds of fruit were destroyed.

In Vermont snow fell to the depth of ten inches during that month; seven inches of snow in Maine and three inches throughout Massachusetts and Central New York.

July was accompanied by frost and ice, and on the glorious Fourth an abundance of ice was found in the streams and pools as far south as Virginia. That month the Indian corn was entirely destroyed in all but the far southern portion of the country, and even there but a small quantity, compared to the usual crop, escaped.

August, which it was hoped would end the cold weather, soon dispelled that hope; it was even more cheerless than the months which had preceded it. Ice formed even thicker than in the preceding month, and the corn was so badly frozen that it was cut for fodder, and almost every green plant was destroyed. The news received from Europe contained the intelligence that like conditions existed there in many parts.

The papers received from England stated that the year 1816 would be remembered for a generation as the year in which there was no summer. What little corn ripened in the unexposed States was almost worth its weight in gold. Farmers were compelled to use the corn grown in 1815 for planting in the spring of 1817. Seed never cost so much; it was obtained with great difficulty and at a cost of \$5 a bushel. The last month of summer opened bright and warm and was the mildest of the year; but the expectation of returning summer was soon dispelled.

On August 16 ice formed everywhere, and winter clothing, which had been laid aside a few days before, was again brought forth to protect the people from the wintry weather. October kept up the reputation of its predecessor, as there was scarcely a day during the whole month that the thermometer rose higher than 30 degrees. November was extremely cold, but, strange to say, December was the mildest and most comfortable month of the entire year.

Of course the cold spell caused bread-stuffs to rise to an unheard-of price, and it was impossible to obtain the ordinary vegetables for table use, as what were on sale were required for seed. Flour sold in 1817 in the cities for \$13 per barrel, and the average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.

In the Days of Witchcraft. Few incidents connected with courts of law are more fully charged with interest than the following, in which the honesty and courage of the judge concerned can scarcely fail to command a good meed of admiration: When Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the King's Bench, a poor, decrepit old creature was brought before him, accused as a criminal on whom the full severity of the law ought to be visited with exemplary effect.

"She has a powerful spell." "Let me see it." The spell was handed to the bench. It appeared to be a small ball of variously colored rags of silk with threads of as many different hues. These were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment on which were written certain cabalistic characters then nearly illegible from much use.

The judge, after looking at this paper charm for a few minutes, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner: "Prisoner, how came you by this?" "A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me to cure my child's ague." "How long since?" "Thirty years, my lord." "And did it cure her?" "Oh, yes, and many others."

The judge paused a few moments, and then addressed himself to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury" he said, "thirty years ago I and some companions, as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's inn, and, after enjoying ourselves, found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. Observing a child ill of ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the cryptic characters you see on that scrap of parchment, and in gratitude the poor woman permitted us to depart, and took this supposed 'spell' in discharge of all demands. I am the criminal, if one there be. What do you say, gentlemen?"

What the gentlemen said was tantamount to the acquittal of the accused woman.

Ye Happy Farmer's Life. Of all ye Lives I wot of Ye farmer's is most Blest, He tills ye Soil with sturdy Toil And wastes no Time in Rest. He rises in ye Morning When half-past Two has struck, At Tenne he lites ye Bedde again, If yet he has good Luck.

He Journeys to ye Stable And milks two dozen kine, At half-past Four he hungers sore, And for ye Food does Pine. Of fried Pork Chops and Coffee He gladly does partake, And to complete ye Meal does eat Ye luscious Buckwheat cake.

He rises from ye Table And Follows forth ye Plow, But leaves his Place full soon to chase Back home ye straying Cowe, Returning to ye Meadow He labors hard till noon, And then does munch a Bite of Lunch, Which he dispatches soon.

All day he gaily labors In the Field and Stable-Yard, Nor weary grows as on he goes, Nor finds his Work is hard, He beds down all ye Cattle, When roosts ye tired Lark, A sickly Glim he takes with him To light him after dark.

From one Year to another He Harvest sows and reaps, He lives and thinks and works and drinks And also eats and sleeps. What work he has not Time for Is managed by his Wyfe, All must concede 'tis good to lead Ye happy Farmer's life, —Portland Oregonian.

Dietetic Difficulties. Readers of Don Quixote will recall the meal at which Sancho Panza, while Governor of Barataria, found that everything he desired was whisked away at the bidding of the physician's wand, until the table was cleared of all that was eatable. Doctor Martin, in his book, "A Cycle of Cathay," tells of an experience he had in a Chinese hotel; it was singularly similar to that which befell Sancho. The Doctor says: "Many of the inns are kept by Mohammedans, as I learned to my cost. One day when my servant had set the table, and I was about to begin my breakfast with a slice of ham, the innkeeper appeared, and implored me by all that was sacred to abstain from pork, for his sake is not for my own."

"Sending it away, I addressed myself to a piece of corned beef. To this the host also objected, saying that the cow was a sacred beast. To spare his feelings, I said I would break my fast on bread and butter. "Not on butter, I beseech you," he exclaimed; "butter, too, is forbidden. My dishes have not been greased with it for five years."

"Swallowing my dry morsel with a cup of tea, I left the place, resolving the next time to steer clear of an innkeeper encumbered by such a combination of prejudices.

Wide Awake. A lot of saloons and cheap restaurants surround the station at Savannah. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons, says a traveler, I saw the sign—"Open all night." Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend—"We never close." Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble-down hotel, and upon the front of this building was the sign in great, scrawling letters—"We waken too."

Not His Size. "Just think of it! That fellow came in and actually stole the clock off the mantelpiece." "And you say your dog was in the very same room?" "Yes, but he couldn't Go anything. Fido is only a watch-dog you know."

The manner in which a girl works herself to death getting ready to marry is enough to make a conscientious man ashamed that he ever became engaged.

After a woman has chased a man about so long, she must catch him or be talked about the rest of her life.

A man likes to be told that he has earned a vacation, even if some old loafer makes the remark.

Politics. Mississippi Congressman — What kind of an election did you have up your way? New Jersey Congressman—Quiet; very quiet. Half a dozen voters killed; I presume. How was it with you? "Dull as mud. The troops were out."

People buy Hamlin's Wizard Oil because they have learned by experience that it cures pain of every kind.

Too Familiar. He—Hello, dere, Miss Smiff! She—Doan yo' flag me dat sudden, man. I ain't never seen yo' in all my life befo, an' ef yo' do it ag'in a lot o' peop'le'll be walkin' slow behin' yo' toniorer — Baltimore World.

Expensive Samples. If we did not know that when you try a sample tin of Monopole spices you would continue to ask your grocer for them, we wouldn't offer to send you a full weight 2-oz. tin for two 2-cent stamps and your grocer's name. It costs us from 10 to 15 cents for each sample we send, but we believe the investment a good one. One trial is all that is needed to make a friend for Monopole. All goods packed under the Monopole brand are of the highest quality obtainable. You can bank on that. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., packers, Portland, Or.

Man owes his feet a mighty debt, But little interest do they get, Or ordinary care; Till corns and bunions come anace, Than which there's naught torments our race That's worse for us to bear; But they may painless walk who use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in their shoes.

Decidedly Plain. "Did you notice with what lofty airs that homely Miss Upmann carried herself?" "Yes. It was what you might call 'plain sailing.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Wives. Visitor—Lady Evelyn tells me, Dan'l, that you've had four wives. Dan'l (proudly)—Ees, sur, I 'ave, an', what's more, two of 'em was good uns.—Punch.

Going to Meet. As it is talked nowadays: She—Are you going to go? Another She—Yes. Are you going to come for me?—Indianapolis News.

CANCEROUS ULCERS

Are in many respects like other ulcers or sores, and this resemblance often proves fatal. Valuable time is lost in fruitless efforts to heal the sore with washes and salves, because the germs of Cancer that are multiplying in the blood and the new Cancer cells which are constantly developing keep up the irritation and discharge, and at last sharp shooting pains announce the approach of the eating and sloughing stage, and a hideous, sickening cancerous sore begins its destructive work.

In February, 1899, I noticed a small lump on my lower lip. The doctor cauterized it but another came and broke out into an open sore. I began to take S. S. S. and after I had taken seven bottles the place healed entirely and no signs of the disease have been seen since. W. P. Brown, Hollands, S. C.

S. S. S. cleanses the blood of all decaying effete matter. It has great antidotal and purifying properties that soon destroy the germs and poisons and restore the blood to its natural condition. And when pure blood is carried to the ulcer or sore the healing process begins, the discharge ceases and the place heals over and new skin forms. S. S. S. is a strictly vegetable blood purifier containing no mercury or minerals of any description.

If you have an ulcer or chronic sore of any kind, write us about it, medical advice will cost you nothing. Books on Cancer and other diseases of the blood will be sent free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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If your druggist cannot supply you, send a one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of our nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Summer Angling. He—Indeed there's jolly good fishing about here. Miss Swift made a great catch when she was here last summer. She—Yes; that old man was worth at least a million.—Pittsburg Press.

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

Speculation. Bizzer—Could you lend me \$100 or so until tomorrow? Buzzer—Going to play the races? Bizzer—Worse, than that; I am going to a church fair with my wife.—Ohio State Journal.

Perhaps It Was. Mrs. Richmond—What lovely antique furniture! Mrs. Bronxborough—Yes, and do you know, we got it almost as cheap as if it had been new.

Putting it Gently. "But is she pretty?" "Well, I don't believe in talking about a girl's looks behind her back. Her father's worth about \$20,000,000, and they've taken her to Europe twice without bringing back any titles, so you can form your own opinion.—Chicago Record-Herald.

On the Move. "They have two servants." "Huh! That's nothing. We usually have two in our house. One coming and one going."—Philadelphia Press.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. Williams' Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and booklet. DR. J. H. KLINE, L.L.D., 201 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Noah's Troubles. "Confound that dinosaurs!" exclaimed Noah, as the ark gave such a lurch to starboard that the waves dashed against the roof. "I wish it would learn to stay on its own side of the boat!"

Then Noah seized a handspike and started below deck to shift the cargo.—Ohio State Journal.

Alarm That Worked. First Office Boy—What's Johnny hurrying fer? Looks like he heard a fire alarm. Second Office Boy—He did. De boss said if he wasn't back from that errand in 10 minutes he'd lose his job!

An Armorial Opportunity. Sidney—Then you believe in a coat-of-arms? Rodney—Yes. Almost any newly-rich American girl can be benefited by adopting a good Latin motto to live up to.—Puck.

Summer Rest. Mrs. Jones—You didn't stay long over at Mrs. Brown's. Mr. Jones—No; the Brown family were all lying in their hammocks, and when I got tired of sitting I came home.—Detroit Free Press.

KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY! THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. PROTECTS BOTH RIDER AND SADDLE IN THE HARDEST STORM. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. 39

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Better Pies Than Mother Made. Fond Mother—Well, how do you like married life by this time? Son—O, first rate. "Is your wife amiable?" "Extremely so." "Economical?" "Very." "And does her cooking equal mine?" "Mother, I cannot tell a lie. When it comes to the culinary art, she's got you beat a block.—Chicago News.

Labor Saving. They tell me as how Deacon Smithers hez brung a labor savin' device hum." "Yep," replied Zeke, "that's so. He larned t' cuss up in New York, and when he got t' conversin' with the mule out in th' field it shocked th' wheat."—Baltimore News.

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