Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

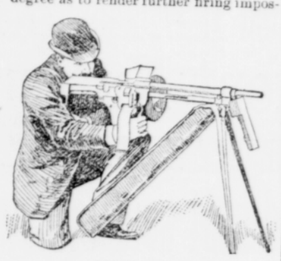
TEN SHOTS A SECOND.

MARVELOUS WORK OF CAPTAIN ODKOLCK'S MACHINE GUN.

It Is Claimed That This Weapon Has Been Fired at the Rate of Six Hundred Shots a Minute For the Space of Three Hours Without Heating.

It is easy to say that the new Hotchkiss machine gun will fire ten shots a second, or 600 a minute, provided it is furnished with the necessary ammunition, but it is not easy to comprehend what that means. It is easy to understand, however, that the introduction of such a weapon into modern warfare means nothing less than a revolution in fighting, and there are those who claim that this gun and other improved killing machines are like to do away with war altogether, since men cannot be found to enlist as soldiers and stand up against such terrible weapons. It is perfectly clear that one man armed with one of the new guns could sweep everything before him within the arc of a half circle by simply keeping the machine in operation and swinging around from side to side. The execution would be terrible, and it is hard to see anything wrong in the statement that one such man would be equal to at least 100 armed with the old guns.

Unlike most other machine guns, this new weapon has but one barrel, and all the bullets pass through it and all the explosions take place in the same powder chamber. At first thought it would seem impossible to operate such a gun without causing the chamber and barrel to heat in a very short time to such a degree as to render further firing impossible, but this trouble has been overcome by an ingenious yet extremely simple arrangement, the essential features of which are that the barrel is permanently fixed in the breach and that none of the moving parts is subjected to the heat developed by the power gas.



GUN IN ACTION.

In France the gun has been fired rapidly for three hours, during which time 100,000 cartridges were discharged, without any inconvenience because of expanded parts.

The total weight of a gun that will fire 30 caliber cartridges is 20 pounds. It can be mounted on any type of naval or military carriage or on a tripod like that shown in the cut for use by cavalry. It can also be attached to a ship's rail or mounted in the tops of armored masts. One man can handle it readily, but the services of another would be required to supply ammunition. Inasmuch as 600 shots a minute means 36,000 an hour, the cartridge passer would naturally be kept reasonably busy during any extended time of continuous rapid firing. The mechanism of the piece is extremely simple. Exclusive of the sights, but including barrel, shoulder piece, etc., there are only 38 separate parts and only four springs—the main spring, the sear spring, the extractor and the pawl spring. All the parts are made to fit together without the use of screws, and no tools are necessary to completely dismount or to assemble the gun excepting a small monkey wrench.

The most novel element of the gun is its automatic feature. Beneath and parallel to the barrel is a cylinder, which is the largest part of the mechanism. Communication between the barrel and the cylinder is established through a small port or hole through the lower side of the barrel. At the rear end of the cylinder is an exhaust port opening to the air. When the gun is fired, as the bullet passes the forward port, the gas of the exploded powder passes from the barrel into the cylinder and quickly forces a long piston of small diameter toward the rear with extreme rapidity and force. As the piston rushes backward it comes in contact with mechanism which throws out the empty shell, places a new one in the bore and discharges it, all with the most incredible rapidity. Of course this operation is repeated when the second shot is fired and so on indefinitely, as long as ammunition is furnished. When it is desired to begin firing, the gunner pulls the trigger. If he desires to fire but one shot, he releases it instantly, but if he desires to fire rapidly he simply holds the trigger back, and the automatic mechanism above described keeps at work. Releasing the trigger throws out of position the sear spring, so that the piston, after its impetuous backward rush, remains at the back of the cylinder. In order to insure rapid firing the cartridges are packed into metallic clips, each containing 30 rounds. These clips are carried in pasteboard boxes from which they can be fed regularly through the guns, and when placed in position are moved forward automatically by mechanism connected with the piston. It is possible to fire as much slower than 600 times a minute as may be desired, and it is claimed by the Hotchkiss company that as accurate aim may be taken for single shots as with any ordinary gun.

This gun is not the invention of an American, Captain Adolphe Odkolck of the Austrian cavalry having produced it after long and careful experiments. It should be said, however, that in its present form it is the result of several improvements made by the Hotchkiss company after that corporation purchased it from Captain Odkolck. The new gun is soon to be thoroughly tested by the United States authorities along with other machine guns at Indian Head.

Large Lamp Shades on the Wane.

The mania for exaggerated lamp shades seems to be on the wane. The newest lamps show fine globes made to harmonize with the foundation, and dealers report a revived sale of tinted porcelain shades. The silk, however, is yet made into frills and furbelows that suggest nothing short of ball gowns refurnished to serve a new end, but the tulle that is made to copy a ballet dancer's skirts and the paper monstrosities are both ugly and dangerous. The only wonder in regard to them is that the insurance companies have not been aroused, and that a reform campaign has not been organized before this.

A MARVEL OF LONDON.

The Admirable Manner In Which Its Street Traffic Is Handled.

It has long been a marvel that, although foreigners sojourning in London have accustomed themselves to praise the skill with which the street traffic of this world city is handled, yet none of them has carried the lesson home and put it into practice in his own town. There is no secret in the matter. The information can be had for the asking, and they that dwell in towns will be the gainers by it. Well, then, how did it come about?

Go to Hyde park corner any day in the season and watch the streams of traffic as they flow in and out of the open space around the Wellington statue—thousands of cabs, omnibuses, drays, private carriages, hand barrows, dogcarts, bicycles—every sort of thing that can go on wheels. Chaos would come again if it were not for a policeman here, another there and one at the opposite corner.

Hamilton place, at the bottom of Park lane, pours a strong current into Piccadilly. Two policemen get you through it without so much as a sneeze, a wink or a loss of breath! Without the two policemen there would be no getting through. One of them controls the traffic entering Hamilton place; the other controls the traffic leaving it. A motion of the hand stops the stream in Piccadilly and lets the stream from Hamilton place flow in, or vice versa. No matter who you are, or what you are driving in, or in how great a hurry you may be—cabman or costermonger, duke driving a four-in-hand, coachman of a prince, with his royal highness impatiently waiting in his red lined carriage—you must stop when the policeman's hand is raised, and you may not go on again until it is lowered.

Break the rule, and you shall see what happens—a summons to the police court and a fine, whether you are coster, cabman, duke or his high mightiness himself. Is this autocracy or democracy? Call it what you choose, it is good management. Without it London would be impossible, because it would be impassable.

There is no "slanging," no "sassing back," no picturesque objurgation of any sort. If you make a disturbance, so much the worse for you, not for your bones, or for your flesh, but for your convenience and your pocketbook, and peradventure your reputation as a peaceable subject. The policeman does not flourish a "billy." He does not carry one. He does not abuse you or lay hands upon you. He is imperturbable, and he produces a notebook and takes down your name and address, wishes you good morning, and the next day you are summoned to the police court. There is no shilly shally. The whole thing is done on the principle of paying the piper if you choose to dance.—Boston Herald.

Attacked by a Rhinoceros.

The author of "Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie" had shot a zebra, and his men were making ready to cut it up, when two rhinoceroses appeared in the distance. Apparently the firing of the gun had disturbed their nap and made them thoroughly angry.

Though more than 400 paces off, the rhinoceroses swerved aside when they saw us and then dashed upon us with the speed of race horses. As usual, my black companions took to their heels, making for a solitary tree some distance off. It was hopeless for me to think of reaching it, and there was not so much as a blade of straw for cover anywhere. And behind the dead zebra, which would have been better than nothing, three of my men were already crouching.

There was nothing for it but to brave the situation out, so I knelt on one knee, the better to take aim, and with my elephant gun in hand waited to fire till I could hope to kill. It seemed a long time before I could cover the shoulder of either of the huge beasts, and I knew any other shot would be useless. The result was that I did not pull the trigger till one of the animals was only some eight or ten paces off.

It staggered and fell, but the next moment was on its feet again. It was not killed, but its ardor was cooled, for it turned away, followed by its companion. Twice it seemed about to fall, and I did not think a second shot would be necessary, but it got away with undiminished speed, and though we followed it for some distance we lost it.

Plea For Second Class Cars.

William Gates, the veteran ticket agent, is of the opinion that America could profit by adopting at least one feature of European railway service. "I believe that we would secure a large amount of travel which we do not now secure by adopting the second class feature," said he. "The luxurious manner in which our large sleepers and chair cars are constructed involves an enormous expense. The fellows who do not use these cars are obliged to pay for the luxuries enjoyed by wealthier travelers. The companies are obliged to charge a uniformly high rate of mileage in order to furnish swell service. I advocate having a strictly second class train between here and New York. Put the price at $10. I am positive that it would greatly increase travel. Put it on a slow schedule. The people who patronize it would not expect 'flier' service, and as long as it carried them over the ground they would be satisfied. The train would be well patronized from this station. Then the first class trains could be made strictly first class, and each fellow would pay for the service he required. I would like to see it tried."—Toledo Blade.

A Blood Sucking Earthworm.

South Africa is the home of a species of earthworm, a creature closely related to our common angleworm, who is not only a giant among the denizens of the soil, but which is reputed to have a taste for human blood. There are two species of this uncanny wiggler—one of a dark red color and the other almost black. They are larger than one's finger and from three to four inches in length.—St. Louis Republic.

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady lambent light, are luminous, not sparkling.—Longfellow.

At the end of life we discover that we have passed nearly one-half of it in being happy without realizing it, and the other in imagining that we were miserable.

Dr Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

AD DOROTHEAM.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine,
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad.
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro.
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover.
All youths are rovers, I assure thee, miss.
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

—W. E. Gladstone.

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Although the time was long past midnight, lights were still gleaming from behind the shutters of the little blind alehouse hard by the Reading road, not far from Winchester, and Captain Jacobus, riding gently up, judged it prudent to enter by the back door in consequence. The inn was a house of call for the captain and the landlord a creature of his own, but at a time when detachments of Cromwell's soldiers were rough riding the country it behooved a gentleman of the road to use caution. Indeed, in the estimation of Captain Jacobus, it was no insignificant item in the long score held by him against the commonwealth that a king's gentleman should sometimes be compelled to sneak into his inn by a menial entrance. After stabling his horse the captain entered the kitchen, where the landlord, a little dark remnant of a man, with a short pipe between his teeth, was going to and fro busying himself amid a litter of empty bottles and greasy plates. Stopping short in his employment, the landlord nodded to his patron without a word, at the same time jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the half door, above which a square of the paneled wall of the inn parlor was visible. Captain Jacobus, without further hesitation, walked promptly into the parlor.

The long, low, red curtained room was brilliantly lit with a wasteful profusion of candles, a huge fire of wood roared in the ingle, and standing side by side, with their backs to the blaze, were two very tall, loosely hung men, dressed in the decent black garb and falling white collar affected by the Presbyterian ministers of the day. Save that the elder man had white hair and wore a beard, while the younger was clean shaven and almost bald, so that his great head glistened like a moist egg in the firelight, the two resembled each other in every particular.

Captain Jacobus took off his hat with a sweeping gesture and began, with some show of deliberation, to unbuckle and to lay upon the table his sword and pistols. The two parsons returned the salute with a grave inclination, the younger bowing just a fraction of time behind the elder, after a momentary glance at him, as if (thought the captain) the junior had so lively a habit of subservience to the senior that he manifested it unconsciously, even in the most trivial actions. Captain Jacobus disposed himself comfortably upon the settle against the wall and called for wine. Opposite to him, upon the high backed settle in the ingle nook, the travelers' saddles were piled together with their riding cloaks and great slouched hats.

"You travel late for gentlemen of the cassock," remarked the captain. "Have you no fear of highwaymen?"

"We put our trust in the sword of the Lord," replied the elder clergyman piously.

"And of Gideon," echoed the younger in a thin, high voice, extremely out of keeping with his bulk.

"Spoken very godly, and a mighty pretty sentiment!" observed the captain, rolling his liquor on his tongue. "And yet it seems to me you run something of a risk notwithstanding."

"My son and I," returned the old man, with much tranquillity, "shoulder to shoulder have bested the devil these many years past."

"Yea, even when he traveleth abroad in the guise of a robber!" the other chimed in cheerfully.

"Ah," said the captain, "but perhaps you never met Captain Jacobus, the cavalier who rules this very road from Reading to Winchester. They say he hath a very deadly spite against Puritans. The parliament dispossessed him of all estate, I've heard, and he vowed the pragmatical rebels should pay for it among them." Pausing to sip his wine, the speaker eyed the two parsons over the edge of his glass. They returned his gaze in silence, with a watchful attention. "He has a mighty pleasant way with him, so I'm told, that Captain Jacobus," pursued the captain, "none of your common stand and deliver methods for him, but all manner of pretty knacks and strange devices. Why, now, just to give you an example: Suppose he was sitting where I sit now." The speaker paused a moment, but the two big clergymen did not move so much as an eyelid. "It's likely he would propose a game at the cards to you two gentlemen. Down you would have to sit with him, willy nilly, you see, and inside of an hour I'll wager he would have won the very coat off your backs, all by pure skill, you understand. No violence at all. And, talking of cards," said the captain briskly, with a sudden change of tone, "what do you say to a turn? Come, landlord, a clean pack!"

The highwayman rose, moved an elbow chair to the table, and looking at the two parsons with a very eloquent expression of countenance sat absently fingering his pistols.

"I am exceeding sorry, sir. It is impossible that I should pleasure you in so carnal a diversion," said the old man mildly, "and, setting aside the claims of my holy office, I know not one painted toy from t'other. I will ask you to pardon me. We have ridden far today," and with a courteous gesture he sat down upon the settle in the chimney corner, and leaning back upon the bundle of cloaks and saddles closed his eyes and folded his hands.

"And you, sir? Come, doff the priesthood for an hour. Unchain the old Adam and give him a run! Trust me, you will be a world the better for so self denying an exercise. What, 'tis not so long since you were in college that your fingers have forgot the feel of the cards, so glossy and ticklish, I'll warrant. Sit down, young man, and cut for the deal, like a saint of sense!"

The momentary silence that followed was broken by a tiny click as the captain cocked a pistol.

The bald young man started slightly at the sound, the recumbent figure on the settle opened its eyes, and the two exchanged a glance so rapid as to be scarcely perceptible.

"Sir," answered the young man earnestly, "you touch me nearer than you know. I am naturally eager for social divertisements, and, I own, it seems hard that a single traveler like yourself must sit and twiddle his thumbs because his fellow guests chance to be clergymen. Yet see how it is. Before I was a man grown I gave my word to my father never again to touch the cards."

"Johnny," broke in the old gentleman, "I give you back your word. Do as your conscience bids you and call to remembrance the house of Rimmon, sonny."

"Nay," said the captain pleasantly, "say no more, say no more. I would not be an occasion of stumbling to any. It would be a thousand pities to risk a sojourn in hell for the sake of a trumpery game of cards," and cocking the other pistol, he laid one on either side of him.

The bald young man, a good deal flustered, drew up a chair and sat down, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead with his coat cuff.

"It becomes my turn to entreat the pleasure, although, I fear, you will find me but a dull opponent," he said, with a ghastly attempt at urbanity. "Come, sir, let us to't. I am heartily glad of the opportunity."

"No, no," said the captain, shuffling the cards. "Y'are forcing yourself out of sheer good nature. I see it. I will have no man blacken his record in heaven for me!"

"Not a jot, not a tittle," returned the other, with an obsequious alacrity, "and I take it greatly as a favor you should play with so rusty an amateur."

"Well, have it as you will, then," said the captain, "and what shall we call the stakes?"

"Shall we say Jacobuses?" said the bald young man smoothly.

A doubt crossed the mind of Captain Jacobus, and he looked up sharply at the speaker. But the bald young man was laboriously dealing the cards, his white face creased in a fatuous smile, and the captain could make nothing of his expression.

"Why, yes, with all my heart," returned the captain. "Jacobuses, certainly," and the two men settled to the game, the clergyman conning his play with the most arduous attention, often clutching his jaw and pausing to consider, and the captain, with scarcely a glance at his hand, nonchalantly tossing his cards on the table.

They played without exchanging a word. At intervals a smoldering log broke and fell upon the hearth, disengaging a shower of sparks, the old clergyman snored in the chimney corner, and the night wind rustled in the trees outside. At first the game went evenly, but as the night wore on a little heap of gold began to accumulate at the elbow of the bald young man in a manner to the captain quite unaccountable. The doubt in his mind grew and pricked him. He began to watch the other narrowly and presently detected a piece of very deft manipulation. The highwayman said nothing, but twisting his mustache looked the other full in the eyes. The cheat blinked, went very white and glanced swiftly round at the sleeper, who continued to snore placidly, but the captain, at the moment of choosing a card and without turning his head, saw the old man's eyes open wide and shoot an answering look of meaning at his son. The incident passed so quickly that to an onlooker the pause in the game would have been barely noticeable. Captain Jacobus, under cover of the table, unsheathed a short dirk and laid it naked on his knee.

Soon the pile of goldpieces began to dwindle and change sides upon the table, when suddenly, as the bald young man laid down a card, the captain, with an oath, drove his dagger through the back of his opponent's hand deep into the oak.

"Not again, my cully," he cried.

The man screamed and fell back in a swoon, and at the sound the other parson leaped to his feet with a cry, whipping a great horse pistol from his pocket, but the captain was too quick for him. Before he could bring the ponderous engine to bear the highwayman had caught his wrist with one hand and thrust the muzzle of a pistol into his face with the other. The clergyman's weapon exploded harmlessly, the bullet striking the ceiling.

"Now," said Captain Jacobus, releasing him, "it's my turn. Obey orders!" he thundered. "Hand up those saddles!"

The old man, with shaking fingers and a very wry face, heaved up the baggage and dumped it on the table, where the litter of cards was afloat in widening pools of blood.

"Empty out the saddlebags! Give me but the shadow of disobedience, and I'll put a bullet in you! What's here? Now, what are a couple of rascal parsons doing with a fortune of gold? Won it at the cards, I suppose! And what kind of gear is this for a clergyman?"

For among a miscellany of personal effects were two bulky leathern bags full to the throat with broad pieces, a great jeweled watch and a handful of ladies' rings and trinkets. The sham clergyman, biting his fingers and looking haggardly at the spoil, stood in a sullen silence. At the other end of the board the bald young man was moaning and writhing in his chair, his hand pinned fast. The captain, vigilant as a bird, but thoroughly at his ease and enjoying himself hugely, leaned against the paneling eying the pair by turns.

"Come," he said, "speak up, parson. Make a clean confession, my evangelist! You may tie up your little boy, if you care to, while you talk."

The old man cast a venomous glance of contempt upon his abject offspring. "Serve him right!" he broke out savagely. "The clumsy fool!"

"I begin to perceive you are something of a precisian," remarked the captain. "Let me make your son's excuses. To get the better of Captain Jacobus is a highly temerious enterprise for a young man, though I say it. But I must ask you to take my dagger out of him and to clean it. I thank you. Now, add your purse to the blunt and pack it all carefully up again. It's time for me to go, as the song says."

"Come," returned the other roughly, "let's talk sense, captain. The crop was fairly nimmed on the road, as you might have done yourself. You can't mean to whiddle your fellows?"

"On the road? You surprise me! And yet I had some kind of an inkling that it wasn't entirely parson beneath those beautiful black clothes, too," said the captain genially.

"Why, of course, gentlemen of the road, like yourself," said the old man, brightening somewhat at the friendliness of the other's tone. "But parsons we've been for the last six months, just to implant a little confidence."

"And how did it all come about?" inquired Captain Jacobus.

"Parsons we were for six months," repeated the impostor, "in Kingsclere yonder." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Did you never try the lay, captain? You have to live mighty strict while it lasts, but it's a good lay—a good lay!" The speaker smiled sourly at the recollection. "Highly respected by rich and poor. There was nothing good enough for such a brace of saints as Johnny and me. Fat collections every Sabbath, and the poultry and butter and cheeses—why, we lived like a couple of kings, except for the liquor. Your parson must be cruel sparing of the bene bowse. That was where the shoe pinched. But at last our chance came along, for a girl of the place was going to be married to some bloated cit in Winchester. Her men folk were out o' the way, and who so fit to escort her and her mother—and her dowry—as the two tall parsons? So, one on each side, all for fear of you, captain, we jogged along till nightfall. And here we are, and I offering you a third of the swag, and what could be fairer?"

Captain Jacobus stood erect and cleared his throat. The highwayman loved a striking situation, like an actor, and delighted much more in the series of histrionic opportunities continually presented by the incidents of his profession than in the profits it afforded him. If need should so require, he would even sacrifice all plunder for the sake of sheer effect. Thus the difficulty was to preserve dramatic propriety with a minimum loss out of pocket, and in its solution lay the very marrow of the enterprise. For the first time that night the captain saw his way clearly to a satisfactory achievement. The taxing of two Presbyterian ministers had at first appeared to him merely as a duty, necessary, but dull, to the discharge of which a little novelty might be imparted by the use of the cards. It was an agreeable shock to him to discover that he was dealing with scoundrels, and that the occasion would require all his quickness and resource to save him from being hoist with his own petard. Having accomplished this so far and succeeded in inducing the elder rascal to condemn himself out of his own mouth, the psychological moment had arrived for an appropriate closing scene.

"You dogs of Egypt!" began Captain Jacobus in a voice that made the glasses ring, "would you make terms with me? By the heavens, you blaspheme! You shall strip yourself of every doit! 'Tis you and your like bring disgrace upon the names of the king's gentlemen. Are we to keep the road with curs like you snapping at our heels? What! You would decoy two poor ladies upon the king's highway and drag the very rings from their fingers. You would poach on the manor of Captain Jacobus, take possession of his inn, sharp him at the cards and shoot him through the head afterward, if he hadn't been a match for the hulking pair of you rum clapper dogeons! All that you would do, and when he gets upsides with you you have the devil's own bravado to inform him of it to his face and to offer him a share! A share! To me!" and the orator interpolated some highly stimulating oaths. "A share! You shall see now! Empty your pockets on the table. Take off that ring—off with it—that, or the finger. Search the other rascal. Now, strip, the pair of you. Quick about it! Am I to dance attendance upon you while you make a toilet? Put the clothes on the fire. So!"

The two men, constrained by the brace of grinning pistol muzzles, stripped to their shirts and obeyed in silence. The face of the elder was flushed to a dusky red. His eyes shone in his head. A trickle of blood from his bitten lip streaked his white beard, and the younger tottered to and fro with a dead white face, hugging his wounded hand.

"Now," said Captain Jacobus, "you shall lead my horse for me, by thunder!"

Keeping his eye upon the two, he moved to the door, opened it and whistled. Instantly there was a clatter of hoofs, and his black mare came trotting round the corner and trampled into the room. The captain stood by the horse's head, rating the shivering wretches like dogs while they strapped on the baggage, and when they had done he led the animal into the road.

"Hold my stirrup, Gideon!" said the captain to the hapless Johnny and including them both in a final exhortation. "The landlord takes your nags for the reckoning. But if ever I meet you out on the pad I'll shoot you down like vermin, so sure as my name is Captain Jacobus. Stand clear!"

And with a bound he was gone, leaving the two half clad rascals a prey to the humiliation of impotent fury and the most deadly discomfiture of body amid the scene of the dismalest disorder, the last sparks of their clothes flying up the chimney in the icy draft, and the gray light of the winter's dawn paling the candles.

It is upon record that Captain Jacobus took it upon himself to restore all the trinkets, and, according to his rule in such cases, one-half the money to the rightful owners thereof, and that the other half went into the bottomless pocket of King Charles II, then living very privately in the city of Cologne.—L. Cope Cornford in Pall Mall Budget.

Mackay's Trick.

Millionaire Mackay tells a story of a contest he had with one of his foremen. The foreman was something of a naturalist and trained one of the enormous grasshoppers of the west, as Mark Twain trained his frog, until he could jump about ten feet. Then he interested Mr. Mackay in the insect. Mr. Mackay went out and caught some hoppers and backed them against the record breaker, with the result that he was beaten every time. Then he became determined to win and sent several of the hands out to hunt for the strongest jumpers they could find. But all to no purpose until one day he discovered a wet spot on the table near where the foreman's hopper had sat. Investigating the matter, he found that the spot was very strong ammonia, that the foreman had a vial of ammonia with a dropper in his sleeve, and that a drop of the ammonia made a grasshopper jump hard enough to beat the record every time. So Mr. Mackay provided himself with a dropper and then went to another battle. The same morning he managed to get hold of the foreman's dropper, emptied it and filled it with chloroform, instead of ammonia, and then kept the foreman with him until the last minute. The grasshoppers were brought forth, and Mr. Mackay's flew through space, while the foreman's only heaved and heaved, finally rolling over and going to sleep. It was not until the third contest that the foreman found out the trick.

Kissing Hygienically Unhealthy.

In Hungary it used to be customary for children to kiss the hands of their teachers on arriving and on leaving school. This practice has, however, recently been forbidden by the board of education, because it is held by the sanitary council that kissing is a dangerous proceeding from a hygienic point of view, and should only be resorted to when absolutely necessary.

That it is unnecessary in this particular case will be granted by most people, but still it is to be feared that whatever terrors in the way of infection and disease may lurk in a kiss, where Cupid holds sway, boards of education and even acts of parliament will be powerless to abolish it.—Home Notes.

A VETERAN EDITOR.

R. B. AVERY WAS A NEWSPAPER MAN BEFORE THE WAR.

Health Shattered by Hardship—Suffered all That Man Could Stand, and Finally Won the Fight.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

At the opening of the civil war Richard B. Avery, now residing at 345 Thirteenth street, San Francisco, was an associate editor on the Chicago Times. Chicago was not then the great commercial and industrial center that she is today, nor had the Times even begun to be the great representative journal of the inland metropolis, as it has become in late years under the control and direction of the late Carter Harrison. At that time Mr. Avery was a man 30 years of age, and had come to his position as an editorial writer after twenty years of service in various branches of the newspaper business, having begun his apprenticeship as a compositor at 10 years of age. When President Lincoln issued the first call for volunteers, Mr. Avery threw aside all the bright prospects which lay before him in the journalistic field and joined his fortunes with those of the North. He enlisted as a volunteer and fought with the Union army until the close of the war. He took part in some of the fiercest battles of the war, and when he received his discharge was considerably broken down in health. By continued exposure to the severe weather that prevailed during many of the campaigns, Mr. Avery contracted an acute form of neuralgia in the head. He suffered excruciating pain, and passed many sleepless nights on account of the disease. He came to California several years ago, but the change of climate did not afford him much relief, for the neuralgic attacks recurred at stated periods, and the pain was so intense at times that he was driven almost to desperation.

"It was while I was suffering from one of the most violent of these attacks," said Mr. Avery, "that I was persuaded to try Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, after having used several other remedies without relief. I was glad to accept anything that would even temporarily ease my suffering. Why, for three months during one winter I did not pass one restful night. There was not a moment during all that time in which I was free from the awful neuralgic pains. When you consider that I am 64 years old, you must know how rapidly my system was being undermined through the mental distress that I endured. I had not taken more than half a box of Williams' Pills before I felt a decided relief. The neuralgia was not so painful, and I was enabled to sleep during the night in comparative comfort. Having felt the initial results of the pills, I continued to take, and just as steadily did I continue experiencing a relief from the neuralgia. I did not stop until I had taken seven boxes of the pills, although the neuralgia had entirely left me long before that time. The pills certainly possess wonderful curative properties, and I feel perfectly free in recommending them to anyone who is afflicted with neuralgia. My faith in the pills is increased by the fact that my relief has been permanent. I have never felt the least indication of a return of the neuralgia to my head, so I know that the relief I have received through using the pills has been effective. I have already advised several of my friends to use the pills, and I think that a number of them have done so, with good results."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache the after-effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Bicycle and the Corset.

The Paris correspondent of the London Truth says that the long vexed question of the corset is in a way to be settled once and for all. Neither doctors nor rational dress reformers will earn the credit of the change, thanks being due to the cycle only. Cycle tailors and trainers in Paris are dead set against the corset.

"There's no answering for your safety, madame," says the trainer, "if you must go on keeping your conventional figure. You need every muscle in your body and every muscle free. A ceinture just deep enough to sustain the waistband of your knicks (knickerbockers, pronounced "knecks") is all I can allow you. Indeed the knicks should be so light as hardly to weigh on the hips. The cycling dress should be so light and elastic that in wearing it one should scarcely feel dressed were it not for the warmth."

We look in Paris on a gown wearing woman on a cycle as a sprawling caricatural creature, with no sense of fitness.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St Louis, East and South. Rock ballast track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Diners; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

Try Germea for breakfast.

Catarrh caused hoarseness and difficulty in speaking. I also had a great extent lost hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'ney-at-Law, Monmouth, Ill.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail.

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56 Warren Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

POTS AND STOVES.

The fires of energy are lighted very soon in life and the struggle begins, as the saying "to keep the pot boiling." But speaking literally, fires are still kindled with kerosene, and many a pot boils over or is overturned. Frightful burns and scalds result in spite of warning and suffering. The thing is then not to preach but to practice, and the practice is for a sure cure, to use St. Jacobs Oil according to directions.

In case of doubt in a Kentucky poker game always draw both guns.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS!!

Think of it! Yet this sum has been expended this year in purchasing a late, up-to-date typewriting machine, that only weighs six pounds. No ribbon, type changeable instantly, perfect alignment, does beautiful manifold work, is equal to the highest priced machine in quality of work and excels them in convenience. These are only a few of the reasons why the public have spent a million dollars for them. The Western Union Telegraph Company have contracted for 4,000 of them for use in their offices. This typewriter is known as the "Blickensderfer," the "Blick" for short. It is the only thoroughly practical and reliable medium-priced machine in the market. Price $35 net. Live agents with experience wanted for every town and county in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Address, C. S. Jackson & Co., Pendleton, Or., Northwest agents.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is a least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It Will Pay

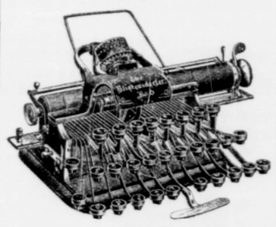
To make some provision for your physical health at this season, because a cold or cough, an attack of pneumonia or typhoid fever now may make you an invalid all winter. First of all be sure that your blood is pure, for health depends upon pure blood. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will be a paying investment now. It will give you pure, rich blood and invigorate your whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

At Last



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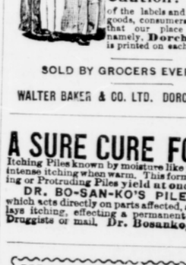

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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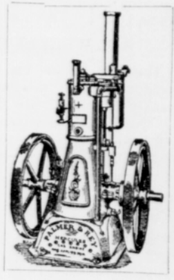

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These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high-grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horse power, and run without an Electric Spark Battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable.

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