

ODDS OF INFORMATION

Water power in the Philippine islands is said to be plentiful. The average longevity in the United States is 35.2 in 1900. The number of acres in Australia today is given as about 87,000,000. San Francisco has one saloon for every 22 adult male inhabitants. Over 1000 bunches of grapes have appeared on a vine now growing near Boren, in the Tyrol. The new Ameer of Afghanistan has declared against the admission of missionaries to his country. Modern inks only date from 1798, at which date the researches of Dr Lewis in the chemistry of ink began. The largest loaves of bread in the world are those baked in France and Italy. They are often as much as six feet long.

AUCTION GOVERNORSHIP.

Three millionaires are in competition for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in Vermont. Reports are that they are distributing not a little of the "root of all evil" among the people who will be mainly instrumental in selecting the nominee. With the facility with which the millionaire gets nominations these times would it not be well to put the so-called "honorable" offices up at auction and let the highest bidder take it, the proceeds to go into the state treasury?

Those who fought "mit Siegel" from 1861 to 1865 are comparatively few in number nowadays, and the weight of years are upon them. And the old general lies dead at his home in New York in his 78th year.

Up to March 1st Great Britain was in \$1,100,000,000 on the Boer war. Rather expensive for a small piece of territory, and that requiring further large financial outlay to pacify the burghers in the bitterness of defeat.

King Edward, who is an enthusiastic fisherman, is often accompanied along the stream by Queen Alexandra or one of the princesses. This certainly precludes full enjoyment of the occasion, as with a witness right there against him when he gets home he cannot lie about the big "bites" he got, without anything to show for them, or the big fish that got away. And it is always the big fish that get away.

Somebody—and it will be the poor, of course—will be shivering in the bleak, inhospitable Atlantic coast climate next winter. There is certain to be a big shortage in the coal supply on account of the strike. The mineowners did not lose any coal by the strike, but they will take advantage of the situation to boost the price far skyward. They will use the strike as an excuse when really the general result will be to their advantage.

The village of Wilbur, out in Douglas county, has a sensation in the death of a two-months old babe, which the mother says fell to the floor to its death from her breast while a strange man was attempting an assault upon her. But tell-tale finger prints show upon the little throat. Those finger prints cannot but be responsible for a horrible suspicion, although the mother is said to bear the best of reputation.

The final reports of the result of the examinations held at Princeton university last May and June have just been made public. Fifty-three students failed to gain coveted advancement, twelve of whom at least are athletes. And, of the latter half, the number are conspicuous figures in football, baseball and track activities. A rather poor showing for university athletes, at least so far as New Jersey's leading university is concerned.

Walla Walla county shipped a big lot of small the other day—eight carloads of onions.

The Shah of Persia, now touring Europe, does not care for expenses. He gave a fifteen thousand dollar luncheon yesterday.

People will travel. The Portland Journal says twenty-five different states were represented on the hotel registers of that city yesterday.

The deceased Charles Fair and his wife made fast time to death in their automobile. Their relatives, although wealthy, made fast time to the probate court.

A noted band-leader, Samuel Proyer, is dead in St. Louis. He thoroughly believed in his own music, the members of his band as his request playing some of his own compositions while he was passing away.

Phil Rogaway of Portland has gone away. There is no special interest in his absence except that he was license collector of the city and forgot to leave several hundred dollars of official collections with the city treasurer.

A negro murdered his white wife in the Whitehall district at Portland yesterday, though she had been supporting the brute with the wages of sin he got "jealous" of her. The sheriff should get the rope ready.

The face of the town clock cannot be seen from the street square at the Loan and Savings Bank building for the top of a maple tree which stands at the corner of the city hall. The top of the tree should be trimmed out.

An automobilist made a record of one thousand yards near London yesterday in twenty eight and one-fifth seconds. This speed would cover a mile in fifty seconds—seventy two miles an hour. Of course he had a perfect track to run on.

Decreased receipts, and increased expenditures—a hard condition of affairs in national as well as with the individual—are responsible for another deficit in the German imperial treasury. This time it reaches the comfortable sum of \$12,125,000.

The presidents of the railroad and coal mines say they want to deal direct with the striking miners instead of their representatives. The miners might retort that they would prefer negotiating with the railroad stockholders instead of their hired men.

It will be only a year on the fourteenth of September next that the nation was horrified by the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo. How many people would recall the exciting events of that day if left to their own thoughts? Only a year, but McKinley is practically forgotten in the busy, everyday work of our people. How soon are we forgotten!

The strike in the anthracite coal district in Pennsylvania has cost the coal company that controls the supply nearly two million dollars for the employment of five thousand special officers to guard their properties. And the miners go idle and manufacturing establishments close down, putting their people on the idle list. A very expensive strike to all concerned and not a few who are not directly concerned.

A remarkable coincidence! In the same issue of the Oregonian with the staff correspondent's letter describing the combined harvester, used in the Walla Walla wheat-fields—partly republished in the GUARD today—and directly under the letter, was a telegraphic dispatch from Lancaster, Pa, telling of the death of the inventor of the grain cradle at the age of eighty-three. The world has been moving quite rapidly this last half century.

THE U. S. STANDARD.

No Man Is Stronger Than His Stomach.

The man who seeks to enlist in the U. S. Army must be physically sound. There is a minimum standard of height and men under that standard, no matter how healthy, will not be accepted. But aside from height the requirement is a sound physical condition, and this condition depends in chief upon the health of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Many a man has been rejected by the medical examiner who appeared externally to possess all the physical requirements of a good soldier. But the examiner looks below the surface. He knows when the stomach is weak, and he knows also that no man is stronger than his stomach. Most people look upon indigestion as a discomfort rather than a disease. But



in reality indigestion or dyspepsia is the disease of all diseases. It makes other diseases possible. It involves the blood and the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys—every organ of the body. WEAK STOMACH WEAK MAN. That a "weak" stomach causes general physical weakness may easily be understood. Food is the staff of life. The source of all physical strength is food. But before the body can receive strength from what is eaten the food must be digested and assimilated. To convert the food eaten into nutrition is the office of the stomach and the other organs of digestion and nutrition. When the stomach is "weak" the food received into it is only partly digested and assimilated; the body lacks its proper supply of nutrition and grows proportionately weak. The capacity of the stomach in its normal health and use equals the nutritive demands of the body. State that normal capacity as equal to 100. When the stomach is "weak" its capacity is reduced proportionately. It may be that ten or twenty per cent. of the nutritive values of the food eaten are lost or wasted. That ten or twenty per cent. of lost nutrition must then represent a ten or twenty per cent. loss of physical strength.

WHERE STRENGTH COMES FROM. Physical strength comes from food and from food alone. If a man has enough to eat and eats enough, there's no reason why he should not have a perfectly nourished and healthy body. If he is not well nourished, if he is losing weight, if his stomach is weak or diseased, whether he knows it or not, if he knows he has stomach "trouble," then he may be sure that the trouble will not stop with the stomach, but will reach out to other organs of the body dependent on the stomach for nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and nutrition, because it cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutri-

tion, and restores the strength up of the body in the only way—by the assimilation of the nutrition extracted from food. "Golden Medical Discovery" makes the "weak" stomach strong, and so makes the weak man strong by perfect nutrition.

"I had been suffering from indigestion so badly that I could not work more than half the time," writes Mr. L. Hayden, of Blackstone, Nottoway Co., Va. "But now I can work every day and eat anything I want. Why? Because I took Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has put new life and energy in me, restored my health and made a man of me once more. I used to weigh 170 but had gotten down to 144, now am back to 150 and will soon be back at my old weight if nothing happens. Your medicine has done it all. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and think if it had not been for your medicine I would not have been here many years."

A CORNFIELD LESSON. The average person seems entirely unaware of the dependence of the several organs of the body upon the stomach for their health and strength. But if a "weak" stomach makes a weak man that weakness must be distributed among all the parts and organs which, taken as a whole, make up the physical man. The relation of the stomach to the physical organs is like the relation of the corn to the soil in which it grows. If the soil abounds in the nutrition which makes corn, then the stalk is tall, the leaves broad, the ears heavy. If the soil is poor or weak then the corn is weak and it is weak all over, in stalk, leaf and ear. Every part of the corn shares in the lack of nutritive elements in the soil. It's so with the stomach. When it is "weak" and there is loss of nutrition, every organ shares that loss—heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, etc.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of organs remote from the stomach when these diseases have their origin in disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. In numerous cases men and women who have taken "Golden Medical Discovery" to cure disease of the stomach have been astonished to find themselves cured of diseases of heart, lungs, liver, kidneys or other organs.

"Words fail to express what I suffered for three years with cold chills, palpitation of heart, shortness of breath and low spirits," writes Mrs. A. C. Jones, of Waltherboro, Colleton Co., S. C. "I could not sleep, and really thought I would soon die. Had a peculiar running through my head all the time. Was so emaciated and weak I could not feed myself. My aunt induced me to try Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, only to please her, and six bottles cured me. To-day am sound and well. During the three years I was sick I had five different physicians."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery." Don't be fooled into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are curing behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which is "just as good" medicine can show.

A GUIDE TO HEALTH. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice is a safe guide to sound health. It treats of health and disease in a common sense manner and in plain English. It explains how health may be established and how it is preserved. This great work, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expenses of mailing only. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only twenty-one stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

County Allowances.

Table listing county allowances for various officials in Douglas County, Oregon, including sheriff, judges, clerks, and other officers, with their respective salaries and allowances.

Emigrants From Bohemia

By EPES W. SARGENT

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Jack Thurston gazed curiously across the little table at the young woman that Carl, the presiding genius of the Skye Terrier, with a muttered apology, had seated opposite him. Time was when the Skye Terrier could afford a table to every guest. Now it was difficult to get even a seat. It was the first time that Thurston had ever seen a really pretty woman at the Terrier. It was a novelty. His soup grew cold as he watched and admired. She was clearly timid, but bore herself so well that even with the license afforded by the supposed Bohemian tendencies of the place she was well on toward the quarter section of ice cream and he had lit his third cigarette before he spoke.

She regarded him with absolute terror for a moment when he made some trivial remark, flipping the ashes from his cigarette as he did so to cover his own confusion, but Thurston had a face to inspire confidence, and falling into the spirit of the thing a community of interest soon ripened the acquaintance.

Both had come from small country newspapers to engage in a "journalistic career," in Thurston's case represented by a fifteen dollar a week job as a reporter on one of the minor papers. She ran a children's page for a "patent inside" for twelve.



SHE REGARDED HIM WISTFULLY FOR AWHILE.

Both had decided to become Bohemians, and as all the newspaper articles they had ever read located Bohemia in the cheap table d'hotes they had picked out the Terrier, which just at that moment was affording free food to the space writers who gave their attention to establishing reputations for tenth rate cafes. This was located on the east side and was sufficiently dirty to commend it to the seeker after the novel.

Her name, she told him, was Mabel Evaline Manton, but she signed M. E. Manton in a mannish hand to the tales she submitted to the magazines and sought to be mannish, as all bachelor girls should be. She fairly hungered for companionship, and each evening (Thurston worked on an evening paper and was off the early shift at 4 o'clock) found them at the same table in the Terrier. Here she brought her manuscript for revision, here he told his hopes and fears. When the influx of novelty seeking society grew oppressive, they moved on to the Blue Ostrich, in Thompson street, conducted by an old black mammy, who gave them Maryland chicken instead of goulash and corn pone instead of bread sticks.

They were going home one night about six months after their first meeting when Thurston proposed. His salary had been raised \$5 a week, and in the pride of wealth he told her that he thought that with economy he could undertake the support of a family, if only she would consent. He was a manly, straightforward fellow, and his avowal of love was the sort that would appeal to any good woman. They had been walking uptown and were resting on one of the benches in Washington square.

She regarded him wistfully for awhile. Her face went first white, then red. Thurston, eagerly studying her expression, was torn between exultation and fear. A tremendous upheaval was going on within. Love was struggling with some intruder, and the conflict was sharp. When at last she spoke, there were tears in her eyes. "I'm so sorry, Jack," she said softly. "I do love you; I really do, but it would kill my career. I have come here to work and win. Marriage would spoil all my chances."

Thurston mentally consigned careers to a place where they would be very apt to shrivel up and gave voice to many arguments, but all in vain. Mabel's head was filled with all the nonsense written about Bohemia and the necessity for being a bachelor girl if one would succeed in literature. Her mind was set upon success, and she never realized that she was starving soul and brain by living in a makeshift apartment and eating with the Bohemians, where the feast of reason was supposed to atone for a lack of food.

Against this fixed idea even the argument of her own heart was unavailing, and when they resumed their

stroll homeward the best problem Thurston could get from her was that when fortune came to both she would marry him.

Beyond a warmer handshake when they met and parted no attention was made to the incident for several weeks. Jack was polite and saw that a campaign was necessary. A coup would not avail. The forces were too evenly matched. According to military strategy, a siege was necessary. He induced her to change their restaurant. The society people and those who constitute the under crust had followed the space writers to the Ostrich. The mammy had grown rich, and with her increased position came the belief that she was losing money, running accounts which never would be paid by those who had virtually created the place.

The new Bohemia was located in Bleecker street. The proprietor had an Italian name, and they drank leg-worm Chianti at 10 cents a pint and tried to like it. At the Ostrich the cooking at least was clean, if not nothing was. The hot summer days had come. Luigi was fighting the best trust at the expense of his patrons, who accounted themselves fortunate if half the dinner was eatable.

Mabel wanted to change, but the Bohemians had not yet moved on. Thurston noted the fact with satisfaction and encouraged Luigi to persevere, even going to the extent of writing up the place while he paid his bill.

One August evening the revolt came. The soup was thinner than a cotton water. The fish fairly appealed to the board of health for investigation. The entree was worse, the roast but little better, while the inevitable ice cream was half melted and utterly without flavor. Mabel's best story had come back that afternoon. She was sick and discouraged.

Their table was in a little nook free from observation. She let her head drop forward on her hand. Thurston's hand stole softly toward her own. It was convulsively clasped as a tear dropped on it. "Mabel," he urged, "don't you think it about time you gave this sort of thing up? You have lived eight months in Bohemia. You see what an empty farce it all is. Let's go out and get married and start housekeeping in the morning. In place of coffee and rolls we will have a real breakfast. We will have a real home, and we won't get indigestion from churning the nationality of our stomach. Every time the leading Bohemians exhaust their credit. We aren't real Bohemians, dear. Let's go back home."

An energetic nod of the head answered the question, and Mabel looked up, smiling through her tears. "I wanted to when you first asked me," she said; "now I'm sorry I didn't say 'yes' then." Thurston called the waiter, "Carlo," he said impressively, "you take this bill. Go up to the saloon on the corner and get a bottle of red wine—the real thing, you understand, not the stuff we get here. We want to drink to our last night in Bohemia."

The virtues of saffron, whose volumes have been devoted, references to some of the more important of which are given in Canon Elcombe's "Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare," where there is a leaf article on the subject. The plant was chiefly used for dyes of the henna, whence came its title of *Anima pomum*; for assisting the eruption of measles, smallpox, etc. It causes it to be occasionally prescribed; as a cardiac and general stimulant, and as a digestive and strengthener of the stomach. To this last (supposed) virtue its use in "meats" is due. Lyte says that so taken it "comforts the stomach and causes good digestion and reddens in wine it preserveth from drunkenness." It was also used as a love philter and still enters largely into some popular recipes for "making up" horses.

The most extravagant notions of its powers were formerly held, and some old writers went so far as to term it the king of vegetables. Even so late as the middle of the last century it held a prominent place in our official dispensaries, but it has now come to be used only as a coloring and flavoring agent, being medicinally almost inert, its property such as to be being mildly stimulative. —Nesos and Queries.

What Pipe Smokers Have to Fear.

Those who use the pipe have to fear epithelioma, otherwise called the cancer of the lips and of the tongue. The first of these is particularly common among those who smoke short clay pipes. The cancer of smokers shows itself generally at the point where the stem of the heated pipe is carried upon the lower lip. That of the tongue appears on the side where a stream of smoke is likely to strike the tongue at each inhalation. These two forms of a horrible disease are without doubt the most serious that smokers can meet with. It is the fear of these formidable accidents that has converted many. The frequency of them, however, should not be overrated. Statistics alone can give us an idea of a truth. Those of the city of Paris show that there are 155 cases each year of deaths caused by cancer of the mouth, while the number of smokers in Paris itself I estimate to be at least 355,000. Admitting that half of these make use of the pipe and that all of the cases of cancer can be attributed to them, there is but one victim to every thousand pipe smokers.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

No Hon to Her.

Mrs. Muggins—That woman's husband is quite a Herry B. Muggins. Mrs. Muggins—Why should he be was a perfect bear.—Philadelphia Record.