THE PIGEONS IN WAR.

Carriers Now Being Utilized in South Africa.

Post Established by the British Doing Good Service—One Thousand Birds in the Navy.

The pigeon post established at Ladysmith and Durban for carrying war messages has been such a success that special appropriations for increasing the service will be recommended by the war office. A good deal of this success of the pigeon service is due to the skill and energy of Col. Hassard, of the Royal engineers, who has spent years in pigeon culture for just this sort of an emergency, and he has demonstrated the fitness of the birds for war purposes. Col. Hassard, who was stationed at the Cape before hostilities broke out, systematically trained his pigeons for carrying messages across the rough, mountainous land, and his various pigeon posts were of the greatest value in keeping the home office apprised of the exact condition of the army.

Nearly every civilized government now has carrier pigeons connected with both their war and navy departments. France has entered into pigeon culture more extensively than any other European power, and it is roughly estimated that there are 250,000 pigeons in that country trained for war emergencies. The main pigeon loft or training station is at Chalons, where several thousand birds are kept all the time. Every frontier post and fortress has smaller lofts, and three times a week regular communication is kept up between these places by means of pigeons. This pigeon post in constant practice in times of peace would be of immediate service in times of war. The state protects the carriers, and anyone caught shooting a pigeon of any kind in France is heavily fined. The pigeon service has been established in France since 1870.

The German war department owns about 10,000 pigeons, but they have a system of reserves which they can call into service in times of war. The owners of private lofts have to register their carrier pigeons, and the war department knows exactly how many of the birds it can obtain at a moment's notice.

The Austrian government also relies largely upon private owners' pigeons for service in times of war. Every bird in the country has to be registered, and not one can be sold or sent out of the country without permission. Since 1875 a few thousand pigeons have been in regular service at the fortresses and frontier posts. Russia has a military pigeon system, which is maintained by the officers in the corps of engineers. Little is known about her system, except that lofts are scattered throughout the empire, including bleak Siberia. The intense cold of the winter months in the latter place seriously interferes with the success of the pigeon post and partly neutralizes the good effect of it. Italy's pigeon post was established in 1872, and Spain and Portugal inaugurated similar systems a few years later.

There are 1,000 homing pigeons on the books of the British navy, and several times this number on the books of the army. In the past ten years the United States army and navy departments have been interested in the carrier pigeons, and we have posts established at different points throughout the country. Their services have been useful chiefly in the navy, and experiments are being made constantly in communicating by this means between the shore and the ships. There is no system of registering homing pigeons in private lofts, and in emergency the government in need of more pigeons would have to depend upon the patriotism of the private owners for increasing its supply. That there would be plenty of volunteers no one doubts for a moment.—Collier's Weekly.

Chances in War.

War is not such a dangerous game as people think. In spite of all efforts to annihilate each other, enemies do comparatively slight damage. During the Franco-German war, with its scores of battles on a vast scale, only 19½ men in each 1,000 were killed and 108 wounded, while 4½ per 1,000 were missing. Thus any soldier engaged had about nine chances to one that he would not get a scratch, and over fifty chances to one that he would not be killed. Most of the wounds received were slight—that is to say, one-fourth of all the wounds were severe, and three-fourths were slight. But it is surprising how small a wound disables a man and knocks him out of the ranks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Boer Sharpshooter at Spytfontein.

One of the Seaforth Highlanders told us that while he lay wounded he saw a Boer, faultlessly dressed with polished top boots and a silk-faced shirt, walking about among the ant hills with a cigar in his mouth, picking off the troops. He was quite alone, and it was very apparent from his frequent use of field glasses that officers were his objective. My informant, whose smashed arm prevented him using his rifle, says this sharpshooter never missed.—South African News.

Smoke Shells Suggested.

The great loss of life incurred by the English troops is mainly attributable to the charges they have had to make across open spaces in order to dislodge the enemy from the sheltering kopje. In order to minimize the death roll it has been suggested that just before a charge takes place smoke shells should be fired, which would temporarily hide the English soldiers.—Chicago Chronicle.

THIS MAN SAW RED RATS.

The Awkward Position in Which Such a Sight Is Apt to Place a Man.

"It was a most peculiar dilemma," said the young man who told the story to a Times-Democrat reporter, "one of those situations in which a fellow can't explain himself for fear of being misunderstood.

"A couple of weeks ago I rented a suite of rooms in an old building not far from the Hotel Royal, one of those ramshackle barracks that were once handsome mansions, and precisely adapted to the picturesque semibohemian snuggery I had been longing for several years to establish on that side of town. Well, I moved in, and everything went all right until the afternoon of the second day, when I was smoking a corncob pipe in the rear room, which overlooks a very quaint bricked courtyard, and happened to notice a red rat on top of the cistern—"

"A red rat!" exclaimed his listeners, in astonished chorus. "Did you say red rat or dead rat?"

"I said red rat and meant red rat," replied the narrator. "The rat I saw was abnormally large in size and bright vermillion in color. Naturally I was somewhat startled. In fact, I got such a move on me that I fell over backward, and when I picked myself up the rat was gone. I tried to argue that the thing was an optical illusion, probably some scrap of red paper which the wind had carried to the cistern top and blown off again, but it was no go. I remember the beast too distinctly. Three or four days had elapsed. I was beginning to think it was all a dream, when I again saw the red rat—this time with a companion equally large and equally red. The two creatures were sunning themselves at the end of my own back gallery, and I saw them through a window not 20 feet away. There was no earthly chance for a mistake, they were large, live rats, the exact shade of old-fashioned red flannel. I glared at them perhaps a minute, and then a door slammed somewhere and they both suddenly vanished down a drain pipe. That visitation determined me to solve the mystery or perish in the attempt, and I rushed bareheaded down to a little store on the same block. 'Excuse me,' I said to the proprietor, 'but did you ever see any red rats around here?' I must have looked pretty wild; anyhow he burst out laughing. 'Only once,' he said. 'They wore little tin caps and carried blue parasols.' 'Oh, but seriously!' I insisted. 'You'll find it serious,' said he, 'unless you quit drinking.'

"That discouraged me. Do what I would, those infernal red rats galloped through my brain morning, noon and night. I went into a store to get a cigar and paralyzed the clerk by asking him for an imported red rat not too dry, and a correspondent wired to know what the dickens I meant by writing him that red rats were certain to drop five points before the close of Monday's trading.

"Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and although I had seen nothing more of the rats, I decided to quit the rooms. That was last Thursday, and when I told the landlord I wanted to go he was astonished, and pressed me hard for a reason. 'Well, to tell you the truth,' I said at last, 'I don't like the color of the rats in that house. They don't match the furniture.' 'Oh, the red rats!' he said, laughing. 'Are there still some of them left?' 'Yes,' I fairly yelled, 'and for goodness sake tell me quick what you know about 'em.' 'Why, there were two German feather dyers on the third floor last spring,' he said, 'and just for fun they caught a lot of rats and dyed them red. It killed most of the lot, but three or four seemed to get fat on it, and I've seen 'em running around lots of times. Surely, they haven't scared you out, have they?' Then I lied abjectly, and told him no; that it was something else, and let him talk me into staying.

"The red rats don't bother me now. In fact, I find them rather decorative. Come down and take a look at them some time."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Returned as Good as He Sent.

A former commodore captain of a famous trans-Atlantic line, while friendly and polite to his passengers when below, was very much the reverse if approached when on duty. As he happened to be on deck one fine afternoon, a lady, quite unaware of this peculiarity, accosting him with some trifling query as to the probable duration of the favorable weather, was both surprised and indignant to get curtly answered:

"Don't know, ma'am—don't know. Better go and ask the cook."

The lady, though taken somewhat aback, was quite equal to the occasion, and rejoined:

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. Excuse me, pray. I thought I was addressing the cook!"—Collier's Weekly.

Whitening the Teeth.

The best preparation for whitening the teeth is a combination of good bristles and an ivory handle, with a little pure water added. Any chemical substance that will whiten the teeth will destroy them. Precipitated chalk is the only preparation that is needed to scour the teeth. If one eats only clean foods, after the teeth are once thoroughly polished they can easily be kept clean.—Good Health.

Chocolate Cream Mints.

Take one cupful of granulated sugar, one-quarter cupful of water, and two drops oil or essence of peppermint. Boil until it "hairs," then pour on a cold platter and beat until it "creams." Drop on buttered paper and it will form into little cakes. Melt one-quarter of a cake of chocolate, sweeten a little, and when the cream mints are cold and hard, dip into the melted chocolate.—Good Housekeeping.

BULLS FIGHT JAGUAR

Stirring Encounter on a Texas Cattle Ranch.

The Jaguar Whips Two Bulls, But Is Put to Rout by a Third and Finally Lassoed by Five Cowboys.

"I was riding over the plain west of San Bautista in the Pelos country a few days ago trying to look up a strayed horse," writes A. G. Gillespie, a Texas ranchman, to his brother in this city. "There are always plenty of cattle on the plain, especially in the winter when the stock drifts south before the northers. They were all there to-day, but instead of being scattered over the prairie as usual most of them were bunched together near the middle of the plain and all the others in sight were running to join them. The herd was a good two miles away, but I had the curiosity to ride over to see what was happening. I expected to see a fight between two bulls, but when I got to where I could look over the heads of the cattle I saw that a jaguar had come out on the plain and knocked over a yearling heifer. The cows and steers had gathered and formed a half circle about him, and they were bellowing and pawing the ground at a great rate, but they stayed at a safe distance from the jaguar, who was tearing the heifer's throat, now and then lifting his head to snarl at the cattle.

"So far it was a game of bluff on both sides. The arrival of a two-year-old half-grade Texas bull changed the situation. He passed to the front of the herd and advanced alone toward the jaguar. At this the jaguar left off tearing at the heifer and leaping over her body faced the bull. He was a handsome, fierce looking fellow, with his sleek skin of black and yellow, as he crouched to the ground with his white teeth showing and the tip of his tail curving in and out like a snake. The bull came on, roaring, stopped to paw the ground and shake his head at four or five yards away, then lowered his head as he charged upon the jaguar. Just as the horns seemed about to touch him the jaguar rose, curving, from the ground, overleaped head and horns and landed square upon the bull's shoulders. In an instant he had shifted position and, clinging to the bull's side and shoulders with his claws, was biting savagely into the back of his neck. The bull bellowed and shook himself, but could not shake the jaguar off, and at last ran, circling back to the herd. Just before he got among the other cattle the beast leaped to the ground and crept back to the heifer where he stood again, facing the herd.

"The young bull had got more than enough of fighting, and he took up his position among the non-combatants in the rear of the herd, but a new champion appeared in the form of a polled angus bull, a big one, as black as midnight. He ran straight for the jaguar, with perfect confidence; then, as he lowered his hornless head to butt, the jaguar following the same tactics as before, rose above it with an easy leap, landed at the bull's shoulders, and in a second more was biting at his neck. The polled angus thrashed around and made a longer struggle than the two-year-old had, but the jaguar hung on and the big bull at last ran back to the herd while the jagular dropped off and went back to the heifer as before.

"He scarcely had taken his position behind the carcass when he was called once more to defend it and this time I saw that it meant serious business for him. The newcomer was an old Texas bull of the wild cattle variety, with long horns pointing forward; he had arrived late, but was full of fight. As he came on the jaguar, who perhaps was tired of fighting, did not attempt to spring upon him, but at the last moment jumped away. The bull followed him up, darting at him with his horns and showing an agility astonishing in so heavy an animal. For a minute or so the jaguar dodged his rushes, then turned and broke on the jump for the wooden bank of Alamosa creek, a mile away. The bull chased him a short distance, stopped to bellow and gaze after him, then turned back to the herd and promptly tried to start a fight with the polled angus and with the young bull, but neither wanted anything to do with him.

"Once safe away from the bull the jaguar slowed his pace and trotted along toward the timber, making good time with his long, smooth, cat-footed stride. He had got half way there when out from the creek bottom directly in front of him five cowboys rode up over the bank upon the plain. At once they spread out and rode to head him off from the timber. The jaguar made a few bounds in the effort to get pass them, then as they surrounded him stopped on his defense. There was not a firearm in the party and it was not easy for them to force their horses near enough the jaguar to use their lassos. At last one of them, a Mexican named Juan Ribera, letting the loop of his lasso lie on the ground, caught the noose and setting spurs to his horse rolled the beast upon his back and dragged him. Other lassos quickly caught the jaquar's neck and one hind leg, and then with the three ropes pulled taut the animal lay helpless. The question was debated of trying to preserve him alive, but was settled by one of the cowboys killing him with a knife. I measured the jaguar and he was just eight feet long. When I rode away the cowboys were skinning him."—N. Y. Sun.

An Irish Prerogative.

Cassidy (reading) — Th' divil! Rooshia, France, Germiny, Austria and Italy are going to pitch in and lick England!

Costigan—They hod better attind to their own dom business and let the Oirish attind to theirs!—Puck.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired and aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

An iron mine on Bell island, N. F., which was in 1893 bought for $120,000, was sold last year for $1,000,000.

From the Maine shipbuilding yards last year were launched new vessels aggregating more than 50,000 tons in net register tonnage, and worth about $3,000,000.

Asbestos six feet in length has been found on the Orange river banks. It is coarser than the Canadian product, but is more valuable on account of its length.

"Within the next five years Missouri will startle the world," prophesies State Geologist Gallagher, "with the great amount of lead, zinc, copper, nickel, cobalt and coal mined in the state."

Chemical examinations made in the laboratory of the University of Urbana, Ill., have shown that soil in which for 24 years Indian corn has been annually raised showed 50 per cent. more exhaustion than soil on which for the same length of time there had been a rotation of crops.

The Chinese hand-made papers are made mostly of rice straw, and are colored or stained on one side by hand. The visiting cards, which are thin octavo sheets, are colored crimson; pale red is used for bills, yellow sprinkled with gold or green for wrapping goods, orange for weddings, and so on through the list.

It is estimated that Great Britain, the United States and Germany have from two-thirds to three-fourths of the world's business in metals, shipping, finance, imports, exports, etc. These countries produce 77 per cent. of the world's make of pig iron; 80 per cent. of the steel; they take 73.2 per cent. of the world's consumption of lead; 72.1 per cent. of the copper; 17.5 per cent. of the spelter, and 67.2 per cent. of the tin.

ENGLAND'S HARD LESSON.

Observations of "One of the Most Celebrated and Experienced Observers of War."

The characteristic weakness in the present campaign is the old, vicious evil of insular arrogance and habitual contempt of others, of which it sometimes seems that Englishmen will never be cured until they have received a permanently sobering lesson at the hands of some European adversary. We have been demoralized by victories over colored races, forgetting that war is like music, where bad practice is worse than none. Which of those who are attacking the war office and giving generals the benefit of all the obvious ideas of the armchair were in favor of the government sending out more than 40,000 men to South Africa six months ago? The Boers had to be dealt with, but they were not for that reason to be despised. I have hardly ever known an Englishman from South Africa who was not confident that the Boers were "stinking cowards," and the rest of it, who would never stand up against British troops in the field.

We had exactly the same opinion of the American colonists, and when George III. thought that a few regiments would be enough to bring them to subjection he only showed that he was a most typical Briton. Before the Boer war nothing would induce British officers to believe that these unkempt, frowsy farmers could fight trained troops in uniform, and that loose shirts and patched breeches might have a good account of pipe-clay. The most formidable British forces ever put into the field, blocked or surrounded in every direction by a rough colonial militia—there has never been anything like it in history! It is nearly certain that the forces with which the enemy is holding us in check are far smaller than we have recently tried to believe.

This is a situation that ought to cure us of the complaint of blind national egoism. But I fear that even yet the tendency of public opinion is to believe that everything would have been easy if the war office had only gone right. "Wellington did not make those mountains," said Massena at Torres Vedras. The war office did not sow South Africa with the kopjes which are the almost infernal feature of that country. With the quality of our opponents and the immense difficulty of the ground, we shall be fortunate if we escape a further and a final awakening.—N. Y. World.

Last of the Order of the Coif.

With the death of Mr. Sergeant Spinks, Q. C., the Ancient Order of the Coif ceases to exist, so far as the bar is concerned. Indeed, of the members of Serjeant's Inn two only now remain, the master of the rolls and Lord Field; and as a sergeant ceases to retain any of the privileges of his position when raised to the bench, it may be said that the Order of the Coif (the judges who have been serjeants wear a little black patch on the top of their wigs) is now extinct. Mr. Serjeant Spinks, who was chosen a serjeant in 1862, when he had reached his forty-sixth year, was conservative member for Oldham from 1874 to 1880. He was an able lawyer, and in his day gained a great reputation as a cross-examiner.—London Globe.

Childless Soldiers.

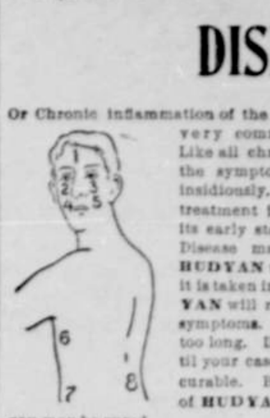
The curious lack of heirs among the generals concerned in the present war is a matter worthy of note. Gen. Symons was childless, and now it comes to light that Gen. Wauchope was the same. Lord Roberts also has now no son, and Gen. Buller, like Lord Wolseley, but one child—a daughter. Lord Kitchener is unmarried. Gen. Wauchope's estates will pass, after Mrs. Wauchope's death, to her nephew, Mr. de Moleyns, a son of Lord Ventry. The name of de Moleyns was for a long time allowed to lapse into the British-sounding and unaristocratic appellation of Mullins, but it was at length rescued by an aesthetic head of the house.—Troy Times.

Education in a Normal.

The Southern Oregon Normal, at Ashland, gives a training of three and four years in branches of study above the eighth grade. One year of practice teaching in the training school is afforded to students preparing to teach. Many young people leave out the training and have the advantage of the academic work as a preparation for college. Not all students, by any means, attending a Normal school, make teachers of themselves.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Or Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys is a very common ailment. Like all chronic diseases the symptoms come on insidiously. If proper treatment is obtained in its early stages, Bright's Disease may be cured. **HUDYAN** will cure it if it is taken in time. **HUDYAN** will relieve all the symptoms. Do not delay too long. Don't wait until your case becomes incurable. Begin the use of **HUDYAN** now, while you may be cured.



THE EARLY SYMPTOMS ARE:

1. CHRONIC SICK OR NAUSEOUS HEADACHE. **HUDYAN** taken as directed will relieve the headache instantly.

2-3. PUFFINESS OF THE SKIN UNDER THE EYES, due to a collection of fluid—in other words, DROPSY. **HUDYAN** will cause the extra amount of fluid to be taken up by the blood and be eliminated by the Kidneys.

4-5. PALE, DOUGHY COMPLEXION. **HUDYAN** will restore the circulation to its normal condition and cause the cheeks to become red and rosy.

6. WEAKNESS OF THE HEART. **HUDYAN** will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart and make it strong and regular in its beatings.

7-8. WEAKNESS AND PAIN IN THE REGION OF THE KIDNEYS. **HUDYAN** will cause the kidneys to perform their functions properly, thereby relieving the pain and weakness.

Get **HUDYAN** at once and take it regularly. **HUDYAN** is sold by all druggists for 50c. per package, or 6 packages for $2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to the **HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY**, San Francisco, Cal. Remember that you can call and consult the **HUDYAN DOCTORS FREE**. Call and see them. If you cannot call, write to the doctors and they will advise you. The advice will be given free. Address

HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY.
Cor. Stockton, Market and Ellis Sts.,
San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT TWO WOMEN SAW.

Two New York women stood in front of a Broadway window watching a Persian weaver laboriously weaving upon a frame, the pattern of a beautiful rug. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, thread by thread the pattern grew beneath his hand, until what had seemed a meaningless crossing of dull threads gradually took on form and beauty. Suddenly one of the two women began to repeat the lines:

> Weaving, weaving threads of faith
> Pattern of a woman's heart,
> Who can ere anticipate
> The hues of life in every part?
> Will the colors warmly glow—
> All traced in love and happiness;
> Or will they fade in somber woe?
> A woman's future who can guess?

There is infinite pathos in the way that women ponder over and try to trace out

the purpose and meaning of their lives. To young and happy women it seems as if destiny was weaving their future in all the colors of the rainbow like a merry dance of cupids weaving garlands about a May pole in the spring-time of life. But to thousands of women life looks to be all "a warp of sorrow in a woof of pain."

WHAT LIFE REALLY IS.

A woman's life pattern is really woven by herself. A great philosopher has said "Life is neither pain, nor pleasure; it is serious business." If a woman would make it her serious business to understand herself mentally, morally and physically, using the common sense that God has given her, there would be far less misery and suffering woven into the pattern of her life. She can make it almost anything she chooses.

Every woman who wants to derive the full share of happiness, which nature intended her to find as a woman, wife and mother, ought to read that great and wise book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. Several hundred of its thousand pages are devoted to the subject of woman's special physiology, telling in plain and refined language how a woman may build up her physical self to meet the emergencies of her developing career.

The author of this great book is among the most successful of living physicians. His "Favorite Prescription" is known in every corner of the civilized globe as the most remarkable supportive tonic and health creator ever devised for weak and ailing women. It imparts direct strength and healthful vitality to woman's delicate, special structure, and increases the vigor, endurance and recuperative force of her entire system.

A Pennsylvania lady, Mrs. Alonzo Rathmell, living at the corner of Meade and Almond Sts., in Williamsport, in a recent letter, says: "My life is a story of misery. Until the birth of my boy I had health that I often boasted of. I married in my twenty-fifth year, and two years afterward my boy was born. Then the health I boasted of was suddenly gone. Pen or tongue can never describe the awful suffering I endured for a year and a half. I was so miserable I longed for death to relieve me, when a kind neighbor came in and asked me to try a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I said, despairingly; 'Oh, its of no use, I can't ever be any better.' She insisted, and my husband, who was in despair, got a bottle, and I took it just to please him. I had not taken half a bottle when I was able to walk across the room without feeling faint or having any palpitation of the heart. Oh what a God-send your medicine is to suffering humanity. We had spent two hundred dollars with the leading doctors without any benefit whatever.

"Last December I had a baby, and, thanks to your 'Favorite Prescription,' I stood the confinement well and have a fourteen pound baby girl. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

For thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N.Y., assisted by a staff of nearly a score of skilled specialists in the different branches of medical practice. Any woman consulting him by mail will receive, free of charge, the best professional advice anywhere obtainable. All correspondence is regarded as *sacredly* confidential.

The magnificently illustrated "Common Sense Medical Adviser" is now published in a paper-covered edition which will be sent *absolutely free* for the bare cost of mailing; 21 one-cent stamps which should be sent to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Or 31 stamps should be sent if a durable heavy cloth-bound volume is preferred.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

CHEAP HYDROGEN GAS.

Under New Process It Is Obtained for Nothing as a By-Product from Acetylene.

Almost the only demand for hydrogen gas, except in small quantities for laboratory use, is for filling balloons, and these are now of such value in military service that the question of the cost of the gas is an important one. Until recently the favorite method of producing it was to resolve water into its constituent elements by electricity. If both the oxygen and the hydrogen could be utilized, the cost of the latter would be about 54 centimes, or ten cents, a cubic meter. But a French mining engineer, M. Hubou, has found a much more economical means of procuring the gas.

The new plan is to manufacture lampblack from acetylene gas, an operation that yields hydrogen as a by-product, and inasmuch as the lampblack can be sold for more than the cost of the materials needed to make it, the hydrogen can be had for practically nothing. Acetylene, it is hardly necessary to say, is derived most cheaply from calcium carbide. This substance having been immersed in water, gives off an abundance of the gas. M. Hubou incloses a certain amount in a stout steel cylinder, under a pressure of two atmospheres. By means of a filament like that of an incandescent lamp he ignites the acetylene. It is decomposed abruptly, though without violence. Nevertheless, the operator is advised to stand at a distance from his apparatus when he turns on the electric current. When the acetylene is broken up, it gives rise to lampblack, which is deposited on the walls of the cylinder, and to free hydrogen. So much of the latter is produced that the pressure in the cylinder rises during the process to about 25 atmospheres, or nearly 400 pounds to the inch. On opening a valve the operator allows the hydrogen to flow off into a separate reservoir.

A kilogram of acetylene costs about a franc. It produces 75 grammes of hydrogen, or more than a cubic meter, and 925 grammes of lampblack. It is asserted that the amount of lampblack has a higher value than the carbide needed to make it. It is a rather curious aspect of this discovery that acetylene is about as heavy a gas as air, but it is used to make the lightest gas yet known.—N. Y. Tribune.

SUMMONS.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Josephine county.

Melven B. Murphy, Plaintiff.
-vs-
Cora Murphy, Defendant.

To Cora Murphy, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled Court and answer the complaint filed against you therein, on or before the last day prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, said first date of publication being on the 1st day of March, 1900, and the last date of publication being the 12th day of Aprial, 1900; and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for, to-wit: that the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant be forever dissolved and set aside, and that plaintiff have the care and custody of the minor child, Clara May Murphy, and for such other relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is published by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna, Judge of said court, made at Chambers at Jacksonville, Oregon, on February 21, A. D., 1900.

H. D. NORTON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Dr. Shilohs Cough and Consumption Cure

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine ever known to science; a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a *test* which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough, we earnestly ask you to try it. In United States and Canada 25c., 50c. and $1.00, and in England 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
S. C. WELLS & CO.
LEROY, N.Y.
TORONTO, CAN.

FOR SALE BY W. F. KREMER.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
318 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Order Through the Courier Office.

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S GREAT
MUSEUM OF ANATOMY
1051 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The Largest Anatomical Museum in the World. Weaknesses or any contracted disease positively cured by the oldest Specialist on the Coast. Est. 36 years.
DR. JORDAN—DISEASES OF MEN
SYPHILIS thoroughly eradicated from system without the use of Mercury.
Trusses fitted by an Expert. Radical cure for Rupture. A quick and radical cure for Piles, Fissure and Fistulae, by Dr. Jordan's special painless methods.
Consultation free and strictly private. Treatment personally or by letter. A Positive Cure in every case undertaken. Write for Book, PHILOSOPHY of MARRIAGE, MAILED FREE. (A valuable book for men.) Call or write
DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St., S. F.

A Good Thing.

Our Great Grandmother's garrets contained the same herbs of all healing found in Karl's Clover Root Tea. They gave our ancestors strength, kept the blood pure, and will do the same for you if you say so. Price 25c and 50c.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills For Pale People Save Many Lives

Lives are saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mr. G. H. Snyder, 1310 Louisiana St., Lawrence, Kansas, tells how he was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He says:

"I am now seventy years of age. About three years ago I experienced a coldness or numbness in the feet, then creeping up my legs until it reached my body. I grew very thin in flesh, my appetite was very poor and I did not relish my food. At last I became so bad I was unable to move about. I consulted several distinguished physicians, one telling me that I had locomotor ataxia, another that I had creeping paralysis. I took their medicines but they did me no good and I continued to grow worse.

"One day nearly a year ago, a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I immediately commenced their use, throwing all other medicines away. Before I had finished my first box I found that they were benefiting me. I used twelve boxes in all and was perfectly cured. Although it is over six months since I used my last pill there has been no recurrence of the disease. My appetite is now good and my general health is better than it has been for many years."

To save a life when medical science fails is a miracle. To restore good health when hope has been abandoned is a miracle. To conquer disease long supposed incurable is a miracle. All this, and more, is accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If everybody understood the potent power of this wonderful remedy, much needless suffering would be prevented, many lives would be saved.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists. Prepared only by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful halftones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head,—quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a-half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL
5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.
Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON. CHAS. F. JENKINS. Address, **FARM JOURNAL**, PHILADELPHIA

Southern Oregon State Normal School.

This School is Now Under State Control.
Is the Largest and Most Progressive School in Southern Oregon.

New buildings, new apparatus and fixtures, fine campus, healthful location, delightful climate, excellent influences for students.

Course of study the same as at other Normals of the state.

Best advantages in Vocal and Instrumental music to be found in Southern Oregon.

Training school fully equipped and in charge of a thorough critic teacher.

Tuition $6.25 per term; music $5 and $10 per term; board at hall $1.75, and lodging per week, students furnishing bed clothing; family board $2.50 and $3.

$125 pays all expenses for one year's schooling, including books.

The shortest and most thorough route to a state certificate, is the normal course. Review classes for teachers throughout the year.

For catalogue or information, address

W. T. VAN SCOY, President, Ashland, Oregon.

Five Cameras in One...

Do not buy a camera until you have examined the

"Al Vista" Panoramic Cameras.

With the patent long and short negative attachment you can take a 4x4, 4x6, 4x8, 4x10 and a 4x12 picture, as desired. Consequently you have five cameras in one. And the "AL VISTA" is made for time and snap-shot work, too. Uses the ordinary 4x5 daylight loading film on spools. Drop us a postal and get our 1900 catalogue.

Multiscope & Film co.,
BURLINGTON, WIS.

Grants Pass & Crescent City Stage Line.

Carries U. S. Mails, Passengers and stage Express.

Stages run both ways daily between Grants Pass, Oregon, and Crescent City, Cal., passing through the following interior points: Wilderville, Love's, Anderson, Kerby, Waldo, Shelly Creek, Patrick's Creek, Gasquets.

TIME TABLE.

WESTBOUND		EASTBOUND	
Leave Grants Pass	8 a. m.	Leave Crescent City	6 a. m.
Arrive at Waldo	6 p. m.	Arrive at Waldo	8 p. m.
Leave Waldo	4 a. m.	Leave Waldo	6:30 a. m.
Arrive at Crescent City	6 p. m.	Arrive at Grants Pass	4:30 p. m.

The scenery through which this line passes is beautiful. A delightful mountain road from Gasquet to Crescent City. Excursion rates during summer season.

J. C. HARPER, Grants Pass, Or., Manager.

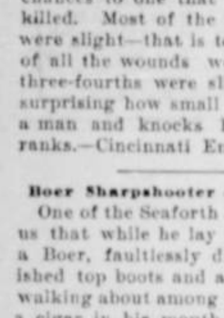
Cordova Wax Candles

Nothing else adds so much to the charm of the drawing room or boudoir as the softly radiant light from CORDOVA Candles. Nothing will contribute more to the artistic success of the luncheon, tea or dinner. The best decorative candles for the simplest or the most elaborate function—for cottage or mansion. Made in all colors and the most delicate tints by

STANDARD OIL CO.
and sold everywhere.

Our Cuts Talk
THE WILLIAMSON HAFFNER ENGRAVING CO.
DENVER.

BLOOD POISON.



Mercury and Potash Make Wrecks, Not Cures

In some cases the external signs of Contagious Blood Poison are so slight that the victim is firmly within the grasp of the monster before the true nature of the disease is known. In other cases the blood is quickly filled with this poisonous virus and the swollen glands, mucus patches in the mouth, sores on scalp, ulcers on tongue, sore throat, eruptions on skin, copper colored splotches, and falling hair and eyebrows leave no room for doubt, as these are all unmistakable signs of Contagious Blood Poison.

Doctors still prescribe mercury and potash as the only cure for Blood Poison. These poisonous minerals never yet made a complete and permanent cure of Contagious Blood Poison. They drive the disease back into the system, cover it up for a while, but it breaks out again in worse form. These powerful minerals produce mercurial rheumatism and the most offensive sores and ulcers, causing the joints to stiffen and finger nails to drop off. **Mercury and potash make wrecks, not cures,** and those who have been dosed with these drugs are never after free from aches and pain.

S. S. S. acts in an entirely different manner, being a purely vegetable remedy; it forces the poison out of the system, and instead of tearing down, builds up and invigorates the general health. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this specific virus, and therefore the only cure for Contagious Blood Poison. No matter in what stage or how hopeless the case may appear, even though pronounced incurable by the doctors, S. S. S. can be relied upon to make a rapid, permanent cure. S. S. S. is not a new, untried remedy; an experience of nearly fifty years has proven it a sure and unfailing cure for this disease. It is the only purely vegetable blood medicine known.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with a terrible blood disease, which was in spots at first, but afterwards spread all over my body. These soon broke out into sores, and it is easy to imagine the suffering I endured. Before I became convinced that the doctors could do me no good I had spent a hundred dollars, which was really thrown away. I then tried various patent medicines, but they did not reach the disease. When I had finished my first bottle of S. S. S. I was greatly improved, and was delighted with the result. The large, red splotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I regained my lost weight, became stronger, and my appetite improved. I was soon entirely well, and my skin as clear as a piece of glass."

SSS

Send for our Home Treatment Book, which contains valuable information about this disease, with complete directions for self treatment. Our medical department is in charge of physicians who have made a lifetime study of blood diseases. Don't hesitate to write for any information or advice wanted. We make no charge whatever for this. All correspondence is held in the most sacred confidence. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.