

Rheumatism
It is a disease peculiar to this season, owing to the overworked condition of the liver and kidneys, which are unable to expel the impurities from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in purifying the blood. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and permanently cures the aches and pains which other medicine fails to relieve. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine for Rheumatism. Hood's Pills are for sick headache. 25 cents.

Rheumatism
A rather ingenious method of replacing the end of a stamper was resorted to recently by the water works department at Naples, Italy. Some time ago, in a violent wind storm, the roof was blown off, together with the upper part of the ladder, leading to the top. Since then several plans for making the repairs have been considered, but the following was decided upon as the most feasible. The water was withdrawn from the standpipe and a raft was built inside. When the water was turned on, the raft, laden with men and their tools, was gradually lowered at the rate of 25 feet per hour. It required five hours to make the repair. Hooks and pulleys were then attached to the pipe and material was lowered up on the outside, while the men performed their work, using the raft for a platform.

See Cause for Thankfulness.
Mr. Jackson (indignantly)—"You say you haven't got anything to be thankful for? Why, look at Abso Johnson. He has just lost his wife by consumption and four children by diphtheria."

Mr. Jackson—But don't do me any good! Johnson ain't me!—Judge.

Under Two Flags.
He was a soldier of fortune and a prisoner of war.

"Come," they said, "sign the paper!" But he only shook his head.

"Never!" he said, proudly, "but I've no objections to signing the paper!"

No, he wasn't in the war business for sanitary reasons.—N. Y. Journal.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, water, gas, electric, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

Everyone who gets up an amateur entertainment says that he will never get up another. He has a harder time than the man who gets up a picnic that is rained on.—Atholton Globe.

When coming to San Francisco go to Broadway Hotel, 238-239 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

A Yarmouth (England) man was smoking a pipe when a spark dropped from the end of his trousers and burned a hole. He made a claim for loss under his life insurance policy, and the company paid the damage.

Consulting a Woman.
Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a trial to a delicately organized woman.

"I put it off as long as I dare, and it is only driven to by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ailment."

How frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression more or less of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham, no hesitation need be felt. The story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—Miss John Foreman, 26 N. Woodbury Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The letter from Mrs. Foreman is one of thousands.

A QUEER OLD WORLD.
If virtue would allure like sin
How easily might goodness win.

If right went laughing by like wrong
The devil would lose half his throng.

If day sought pleasure like the night
Dawn need not blush to face the light.

But virtue seems so cold and proud
That merry sin attracts the crowd.

And right has such a solemn air
Men follow wrong, the debonaire.

And care so eats the daytime up
At night they seize mad folly's cup.

And drink forgetfulness till dawn.
And so the queer old world goes on.—Critic.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.
THAT Miss Foster was different from and more charming than all the rest of her sex might have been proved from any of the fifteen men to whom she had been engaged in two years since she had come back from school, beginning with Cadet Yerris and ending with Cady.

That Captain Foster was exactly like all the rest of mankind, and little deserved the blessing he had in his daughter, was manifested by his drawing from his pocket a letter, and saying as he gave it to her, "By the by, Kitty, this came for you yesterday while you were riding with Cady, and I forgot to give it to you."

Miss Foster looked at the postmark and at the almost feminine cursive, and knew that the letter was from Port Folio, and from Gloucester. She laid it beside her plate and finished her breakfast. Afterward she took it up to her own room and read it. Then she sat with folded hands and looked, unseeing, at the photographs of the fifteen upon the wall before her. She was very white.

The most astute woman will frequently stake everything and play all her game upon honor in man. When that chance to fall, her calculations are set at naught, and the bottom falls out of her universe.

And Gloucester's honor had failed. He wrote—Kitty read it again—"So you tell me you are engaged to Cady. That means little to you. But it may mean much to him. Therefore, to prevent his being made the fool that I have been, I have taken the liberty of sending him by this mail the letters you have written to me within the last month—four in number—that he may know with what manner of woman he has to deal."

Now, fourteen times before, Miss Foster had not been in earnest. But this time she was. Unfortunately, the fact that she cared greatly for Cady had not prevented her from writing to Gloucester more affectionately than prudently, in order to keep him—other dear charmer who was away—upon her string, so long as it would hold him without snapping. And the letters, sent while she was actually engaged to Cady, were going to fall into his hands. It was a desperate situation. But, when her blue eyes, and curls, and bewildering ways, Miss Foster was the woman to meet it.

After a time she rose to her feet and set her lips. It is a peculiarity of Cupid's bow-lips that they can set, upon occasions. She knew that Cady had not yet received those letters. And she determined that he never should. She would rob the stage.

Guard-mounting was just over, and the stage was not due until noon. Kitty set a big hat a-tipting upon her curls and walked down to the postoffice. Fate, with her partiality for the brave and fair, willed that the postmaster should have left his desk. Miss Foster picked open the gate and went behind the rail. The keys to the mail-bag hung upon their hook. She put them in her pocket. When the postmaster came back she was placidly marking his clean blotter with the letter stamp.

"If you please, Mr. Jones," she said, "I want this letter registered."

An hour later Miss Foster reigned upon her horse on the top of a rise and looked across the flat stretch of grass-wood, and cactus, and sage. Far away a tiny speck was crawling toward her along the white road. It was the stage. She had been born upon the plains, and she had an unfeeling eye for its distance. There would be full half an hour to wait. She cast about for some way of killing time, and found a deep, wide fissure in the parched earth. It appeared to her daring. She put her horse to a run and jumped it time and again until he was winded. Then she rode again to the crest of the slope. The stage was near. She dismounted, felt of the girthing, and sat down, hugging the tiny noon-day shade of a mesquite bush, for the sun was burning down from a hard, blue sky. A big red ant was carrying a beetle's wing many times larger than itself. Kitty watched it until she heard the rattle of traces as the stage climbed the other side of the slope. The she commended her soul to heaven and brought her quirt down upon the horse's black flanks.

The stage-driver drew up his stock, and the one passenger put out his head and shoulders and gazed at the slender gray figure rising alone in the midst of the prairie.

"What ever, Miss Kitty—" the driver stopped short. He saw the horse grazing off a bunch of stumpy grass, a hundred yards away. Kitty went a step nearer and laid her hand on the wheel. She had seen that there was no woman in the stage. A woman would have upset all her calculations. She raised her big blue eyes. The men who could have related them were few. Those in the stage listened now to a tale calculated to melt a heart of stone.

"I was just out for a little ride," said Kitty, "and my girthing was loose, so I dismounted to cinch up, and that horrid Dandy got away. If you had not come, I don't know whatever I should have done."

Miss Foster would not have been the woman she was if it were not for the lamp of fair femininity—had not risen at her will. The driver looked again at the horse and back at Miss Foster. He had known her from the day of her birth. When he was in his first enlistment, long before he had returned to civil life, he had been her father's striker. He had held her upon a burro and taught her to ride before she could walk. Therefore, he was justly amazed. For the dearest con- spirator is apt to overlook a detail, and Kitty had forgotten that the horse of a good rider, which has broken away, should have the bridle over its head.

"I'm sure, Miss Kitty," he said, "that it weren't me learned you to leave the reins hooked over the pommel when you dismounted—and I should have thought you could have mounted alone anywhere."

Kitty flushed. Of all things, she was proudest of her horsemanship.

"Do you think, O'Rourke, that you could catch Dandy for me?"

"I dunno," said O'Rourke, "taint so easy to catch a horse when the reins is over the pommel."

But he wound the lines around the brake and jumped down. The passenger was not to be outdone. He jumped down, too, and together they went trotting across the plain.

Kitty had seen others try to catch Dandy. She climbed leisurely into the stage, and dragged the mail-pouch from under the seat. She was frightened now, and cold and trembling, and she threw quick glances to where O'Rourke and the passenger were advancing, and retreating, and deploying—never within arm's reach of Dandy. When she had stowed away in the crown of her cap a small package postmarked Bowie and addressed to Cady in a pointed, sprawling, almost feminine hand, she snatched the lock. She had left the keys in the bag. For she knew that the postmaster had duplicates. Then she steadied herself with a long-drawn breath, and, gathering her riding-skirts about her, walked toward Dandy, holding out her hand. Dandy had been brought up to believe that this meant sugar or nutmegs. He came, with neck outstretched, and nuzzled in the little gloved palm.

"He is sorry he was naughty," said Miss Foster, scratching the back of his ear, "and he is going to be good, and never, never run away from his mistress again."

And then she rewarded O'Rourke by putting her booted foot in his great palm and springing to her seat in a manner that did his training credit. She smiled on the passenger and thanked him sweetly.

"I hope the postmaster will not be angry with me for delaying the transportation of the government mails," and she cantered away.

Cady sat himself upon the step of the porch of Captain Foster's quarters. Miss Foster did the same. Cady's face was stern and set. Miss Foster's was white and scared. There was a silence. Then Cady drew from his pocket a package of letters. They were in Kitty's writing. Kitty drew from her pocket another package. They were in Cady's hand. Cady spoke first.

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"Here," he said, "is a bundle of letters—four in number. They came to me in to-day's mail. They were accom- panied by this note from Gloucester. I need not assure you that I have not read them, but I gather from what he says that they are of an exceedingly personal nature, and of very recent date. You may guess my opinion of Gloucester. But," he bent upon her a look of withering scorn, "you cannot guess my opinion of you."

He held the bundle out to her. She pushed it away. Then she held up before his eyes a package of much the same size. He reached out for them quickly.

"Not yet!" said Kitty. "Here," she continued, "is a bundle of letters—six in number. They came in to-day's mail. They were accompanied by a note from Miss Fowler, of Bowie. I need not assure you that I have read them. They are of an exceedingly personal—I mean of an affectionate—nature and of very recent date. They were written by you to Miss Fowler. I read, too, the note with which she returned them. Here it is. You may find it of interest—I did it."

Cady took the package she held out to him. Miss Foster took the one Cady held out to her. And again there was a silence.

Then the lieutenant spoke. "To whom, may I ask, were the letters from Miss Fowler addressed?"

"To you."

"And may I also ask how, in that event, they came into your possession?"

Miss Foster considered. "No."

Cady put his package in his pocket and fastened his blouse over them. Then he sat looking over the parade-ground. After a time he put his hands on his knees and turned and faced Miss Foster.

"Well," he said, Kitty's eyes had been cast down, so that her long lashes lay upon her cheeks. She raised them. He looked down steadily into their blue and twinkling depths.

"Well?" echoed Kitty. And then he smiled.

Miss Foster gave a huge sigh of relief. "Isn't it curious," she said, "how exactly alike Miss Fowler and Mr. Gloucester write? Any one might have been deceived."

Which was not very relevant; but Cady did not ask what she meant. Irrelevance was one of Miss Foster's many charms.—The Argonaut.

Ancient Bibles.
There is in possession of the Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, an ancient Bible that is a mute refutation of the theory that the German people were without a Bible in the vernacular until introduced by Martin Luther. The old book was published in Low German at Cologne, in the year 1468, fifteen years before the father of Protestantism was born. The book was the property of Rev. Edward Timothy Collins, who was pastor at the Cathedral for many years. He died Aug. 27, 1865, bequeathing the precious volume, together with a valuable library, to the seminary.

Craving for Starch.
A writer in the Woman's Signal (London) says: "I have been credibly informed that during a holiday at the coast a servant girl consumed eight pounds of starch, and she said the habit was common. She also stated that the craving for starch when acquired became so strong as to be almost irresistible. I should be inter- ested to know what starch contains to excite such a craving. The girl I refer to was quite well aware of the bad effects of the habit, and yet felt almost unable to give it up."

When a man gives his wife a sewing machine, it is a kind of delicate hint that life is earnest, and that there is a lot of sewing to be done.

Don't Delay.
In securing the COLUMBIA AGENCY for 1900, may day's delay result in your competitor getting it. We are the only bicycle house having a delivery point in the Northwest. Prompt delivery of orders. Dealers who handle the COLUMBIA and HARTFORD line will have a double advantage over others who do not. We have improved the quality of our products, while our increased output enables us to reduce our prices, as follows:

Columbia Chainless	\$75.00
Columbia Models 25-27	\$50.00
Columbia Models 28-29	\$50.00
Columbia Models 30-31	\$50.00
Columbia Models 32-33	\$50.00
Columbia Models 34-35	\$50.00
Columbia Models 36-37	\$50.00
Columbia Models 38-39	\$50.00
Columbia Models 40-41	\$50.00
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