# THE CONQUERING HERO.

It was a pretty scene! The trees had the abundance of verdant foliage that belongs to happy June; the grass seemed more than usually rich and green and the wild flowers more abundant than ever before—there was a rural bridge over a deep, rushing stream that fed a mill dam some distance beyond; and roses clambered over the broken rails of the bridge and twined their wild tendrils about an old tree near by, against which was a rustic seat. On the rustic seat was another rose—a very sweet and fresh and lovely rose in white muslin, with a Marie Antoinette fichu across her breast and knotted at the waist, and a wide leghorn hat on her head that shaded her eyes so cleverly that no beholder could guess that tears were rising there from time to time and dropping on the white mull kerchief. And this had happened so often that the rose might very well be said to be washed in dew.

Her name was Kate, and she was very angry with herself because the tears would fall despite all the indignant things she was saying to herself in the effort to stop their flow, till at last she started to her feet in a dreadful pet and began to walk up and down, crushing the wild flowers under her feet. But that could not continue, for she was a very sweet little woman and could not even hurt a flower without regretting it; and presently she bent her graceful figure and pulled the wild anemones and the few late violets, and, having reached the rustic seat, she added a rose or two and sat down.

"It's a perfectly lovely morning!" she murmured, and pinned the flowers among the folds of the mull kerchief. "I wonder where she has taken the child, because——"

She stopped and looked anxiously about till she saw, in the distance, the maid and the little boy rambling among the trees and apparently absorbed in gathering wild flowers and chasing butterflies; and the music of the child's laughter was borne to her on the soft, perfumed summer breeze. It was a heavenly sound—a sound to gladden any mother's heart; but Kate Selden sighed and drew from her belt a closely-crumpled piece of paper, which she had thrust there in fierce impatience; and as she looked at it the tears, which had not retreated very far, again rose to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm just a dreadful fool!" she thought; "a silly, silly little simpleton! And I'm glad he is late, for I wouldn't have him know, for anything in this world, that I cared enough to cry——" And, smoothing out the crumpled paper, she began to read the written words once more, though she already knew them by heart:

"If you will see me on Wednesday we can talk the matter over. I have spoken with my lawyer, and he has consulted with yours, and a separation can be arranged without any public scandal—at least, I hope so. I would call at the house, but I know your mother hates me worse than ever now, and it would only cause a scene. So, if you will come to the old rustic seat close by the bridge—you know where we used to meet in the old, happy days—ah, Kate, if you would only let me tell you everything you would find that I am not so very much to blame—but I won't speak of that. Because, of course, I know you wish to leave me, and I will make no defense. Yes, you shall keep the boy, though I believe the law would give him to me if I chose to fight for my right. But I don't care to call it my right—no, in that I yield to you entirely. I believe a child belongs to his mother first and before all others. Therefore, I give him to you without asking what the law might say about it. But I do ask that you will let me see him as often as I may wish, for I love him, dear—yes, though you may not believe it, Kate, I love him next to his mother, who is still the dearest on earth to me. There, I didn't mean to say that; but it is written, and let it stay so. I will not offend you again; but be there on Wednesday, any time before noon. I won't be later than 11, and we can arrange all the business details—the lawyers will do the rest."

And by this time the tears were brimming over, but she wiped them softly away; and, instead of crushing the paper as before, she folded it very smoothly and slipped it inside her corsage, where she could see it rise and fall beneath the hurried beating of her heart.

"I'm glad he's late," she repeated; "I'm very glad he's late." And then she looked at her watch and found it was not quite 10:30. "O, he isn't late, after

BEGAN TO READ THE WRITTEN WORDS.

all—I must have been very early—I will go and find Annette and the child." And as she rose there was the crackling of a twig under a hasty footstep and Kate Selden stood face to face with her husband. He was very pale, and his lips looked pallid and drawn with the effort to keep from trembling. She had flushed deeply when their eyes met, but now the color ebbed away from her girlish face and she said confusedly:

"I am so glad—I mean not to keep you waiting. You see I am here first."

"You are very good," he said; "but you are always good. You got my letter?"

"O, yes, or I wouldn't have known you were coming here." She moved backward a step and was very glad to drop into the old rustic seat. "It is very generous of you, Sidney, to agree to everything, and particularly about baby."

"It is all I can do, now—to try and please you," he answered, weakly; and the perspiration was like dew on his brow. He took off his hat and stammered something about its being "awfully hot."

"Yes, perhaps you have walked fast—it is very warm and you look tired. Won't you sit down?" She moved a little further away to make room for him, and he dropped into the place beside her.

"We used to say there was just room enough for two," he added with a smile, and she turned her head away—perhaps to pluck a rose, for she snapped one off short and then threw it away.

"Am I to see baby to-day?" he asked after a few minutes of awkward silence. "I haven't seen him, you know, since——"

"Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly, and, looking about, "there they are, he and Annette, yonder in the woods; they are coming this way; oh, Sidney," she cried, suddenly turning toward him, "how could you? I can never, never forgive you."

"I could never dare to ask you."

They were almost the very words of Pauline and Claude. She remembered in a moment that it had been the first play Sidney had taken her to see after

"COURAGE, MA'AM, COURAGE."

they had married; and how often they had laughed at that pair of lovers, each dying to forgive and be forgiven, and neither daring to say the right word. She used to think she could never be so foolish as that, and now—it was getting very awkward, for this was a far more serious matter, and she knew that she could never, never forgive. What woman could?

And then she heard the laughter and shouts of little Sidney, who had just caught sight of his father and was now running wildly to welcome him. It was a fortunate interruption to a scene that was nearing a painful climax, and she was very glad to take a step or two towards the laughing boy, who was already flying across the bridge, followed by his nurse; then there was a crash, a shriek; the side of the bridge was gaping outward; the maid stood wringing her hands; the golden curls that had floated a moment above the running waters, were gone.

It was so sudden, so inexplicable that the frantic mother could not realize at first what had happened. When she did, the air resounded with her agonized cries, and it was the nurse girl who was the first to see that Sidney had already reached his child just in time.

"Courage, ma'am, courage!" the girl whispered, while she supported her mistress. "See—he is safe! His father has him—look, look! The darling has his arms about the master's neck, an' he's huggin' an' kissing of him just as if nothing had happened at all!"

The girl assisted her mistress back to the little rustic seat, and when the father and child had reached the young mother, little Sidney was already laughing with delight; and as he put one dripping arm about her neck, he drew her close till her face touched her husband's face.

"Kate," whispered Sidney, "Kate, may I beg forgiveness now?"

"O, Sidney! I have been so proud and heartless! I was jealous and vain—and—and—selfish and unfair! I wouldn't listen to you, and all the time I knew you never cared for that woman! Can you forgive me, too?"

"Just give me a chance, that's all," and then two pairs of arms met and clasped each other close about the conquering hero, who seemed to find himself quite suddenly an object of secondary importance.

It then occurred to Annette that Master Sidney would have a dreadful cold unless his dripping garments were changed immediately; so she carried him off in pursuit of dry clothing.—Popular Monthly.

### What She Wears.

The famous woman, Annie S. Peck, who has been noted as having scaled the Matterhorn and broke the record on Mount Orizaba, going 8,600 feet into the clouds, wore flannel undergarments, a waist of serge, a woolen sweater, knickerbockers and leggings of sage-green duck canvas, which she made herself. She wore the heaviest kind of winter boots, and a shoemaker in Switzerland put an extra piece of heavy leather over the whole lower part of the shoes, toes and heels, and then nearly covered them with nails. In many of her trips she has worn fur-topped gloves, but for the Matterhorn she wore woolen mittens. A substantial canvas hat, tied on with ribbon, and veil, as well as smoked glasses, complete her outfit. She takes the precaution to put cold cream on her face before facing the severe weather.

### Probably He Found It.

"I saw a big two-fisted fellow this morning who was looking for trouble."

"How was that?"

"He had a girl on his arm and was asking the way to the marriage license office."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## DRIVING OUT OF SPANIARDS.

### Their Expulsion from the Thirteen British Colonies in 1742.

How the Spaniards were last driven from the soil of the original thirteen British colonies forms a pertinent story now.

The causes which led to the first Spanish invasion began with the dawn of the eighteenth century. At that time the farthest point south occupied by the English settlers was Charleston, while the Spanish held domain over the Florida coasts as far north as St. Augustine. Between these two opposing forces, separated by every element which represents dissimilarity, was the territory which now comprises Georgia and the northern portion of Florida.

In England there was a steadily growing conviction that the British should occupy the neutral ground, and thus in 1732, when Oglethorpe, respected as an hereditary loyalist and noted for his philanthropic schemes, appealed to Parliament, King George granted Oglethorpe a charter, by it ceding to him for the period of twenty-one years the country between Savannah and the Altamaha River, and west from the headwaters of these to the Pacific, to be held in trust "for the poor."

In the meantime the Spanish officials at St. Augustine viewed with jealous eye what they considered an encroachment on their boundary rights, and began to threaten war. Oglethorpe dispatched messengers to them in the interest of peace, but they were seized and treated as prisoners of war. On learning this Oglethorpe formed a junction with the Indian tribe of the Uchees, and that of Tormochichi, and prepared for hostilities. But the Spanish were not as ready to fight as they seemed, and peace was patched up and an agreement entered into by which the St. Mary's River became the boundary between the two disputing territories.

Then Oglethorpe made new treaties with the Indians, securing land from Savannah to the Ogechee and along the coasts to the St. John's as far inland as the tide flows.

On July 4, 1742, a bloody encounter occurred between the Spanish fleet of thirty-eight vessels and the batteries on the southern point of St. Simon's Island, resulting in a victory for the invaders. Realizing that his only chance was in a land struggle, Oglethorpe signaled his ships to run up to Frederica, and, spiking the guns on the lower fortifications, followed the fleet to the town. The Spanish, finding themselves unopposed, landed at Glasconis bluff and took possession of the abandoned English camp. From this location a road led to Frederica. On its one side was a dense forest and on the other a morass.

Oglethorpe posted his men along the wooded side of the road, with instructions to attack at a given signal and drive the Spaniards into the morass. The Spanish van was well up to the front of the ambuscade when the signal was sounded. Immediately the attack was taken up by each detail, and before the astounded Spaniards could realize what had happened they were falling before the well-directed volleys of the Highlanders, and being slowly pushed into the morass. Their commanders implored them to stand firm, and reminded the drooping troops that reinforcements were on the way, but a paralysis of fright seemed to have seized the surprised men, and they fell a prey to the impetuosity of their assailants.

So discouraged were the few remaining Spanish officers and privates that a retreat was resolved on, and seven days after the terrible chastisement which they had sustained the remnant of the once invincible force boarded their ships, and, following the example of the armada, and in almost as deplorable plight, sailed out to sea.

Standing southward to Fort William the Spanish commander thought he would have an easy conquest in that point, which had a garrison of fifty men; but they were commanded by Stuart, one of the boldest and most skillful warriors of that day, who never blanched before superior numbers. Forming into a close line the fleet sailed past the fort, each vessel discharging a broadside at the walls and being answered vigorously by the guns of the defenders. The ordnance in the fort, however, was heavier than that on the vessels, and when the Spanish commander discovered that several of his vessels were leaking and about to sink he abandoned the attack and sheered off towards his own waters.

This practically terminated the war, although a few minor engagements occurred on the frontiers.

On July 24 a general thanksgiving was ordered for deliverance from the enemy. Oglethorpe remained in the colony for another year, and then, satisfied that the Spanish would not attempt another invasion, took his final departure for England.

### Paris Secret Police Methods.

I once spent an afternoon in a pleasant little villa on the banks of the river Marne with the former chief of police in the time of Napoleon III., up to the proclamation of the republic. No one could have thought, to look at the peaceful figure of the proprietor, a little man in sabots, with gray beard a la Millet, absorbed in cultivating the magnificent hortensias that covered his terraces, reaching to the water's edge, that his head had been a storehouse for all the machinations and turpitudes of that period of decadence which ended in a disastrous war and a revolution. It was on that afternoon that I learned how the fatal Ollivier ministry was decided upon by M. Thiers and his political friends one evening in the conservatory of a beautiful French woman, living not far from the Opera. Two brothers, well known in the best Paris society, meanwhile distracted the attention of the guests in the salon by sleight-of-hand tricks and gymnastic feats on a Persian rug. And when I asked the old man how he knew all this with such precision, "From a femme de chamber," he answered, tranquilly; "all personages of importance at that time, at their own request, took their servants only from my hand."—Harper's Weekly.

### The Heir to the Austrian Throne.

The heir-apparent to the throne is the nephew of the Emperor, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Este, a weakling in body and mind, whom nobody knows, for whom nobody cares, who has not one single quality to enable him to grasp the reins of the unruly dual team and lead it safely and successfully on its dangerous road. Most likely Ferdinand will find, at his accession to the throne—like his uncle in 1848—the whole country in uproar and revolt, some wiseacres advising him to drive the state carriage as a German-Magyar - Czech troyka; others clamoring for a Czech-Polish-Magyar-German four-in-hand; and the majority of his subjects shouting wildly for a "go-as-you-please" steeplechase.

In well-informed court circles it is whispered already that Ferdinand, who is of delicate health and not able to stand the climate of Vienna, will never sit upon the throne of the Hapsburgs, and, even if he should attempt it, would not occupy it long. Since he is a bachelor, the reins would pass to his younger brother, Archduke Otto. Then good-by, Austria! This imperial prince—if all be true that is currently reported—despised alike by all the people, regardless of nationality, creed or party, for his principles, morals and manners, could not find a score of decent men to unfold his banner. Neither could any other member of the Hapsburg family—most of them afflicted with hereditary predispositions to epilepsy, insanity or debauchery—concentrate upon himself such popular sympathies as would make his accession to the throne a lasting success.—Review of Reviews.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The first municipal lighting by acetylene gas is reported to be that of Totis, a small town of Hungary. Several houses, in addition to the streets and squares, are lighted in this manner, and with excellent results.

A yellow light has been obtained with incandescent gas burners by a German inventor at Krefeld. He alters the burners so that the gas is supplied at a pressure of three and a half atmospheres. A single jet of ordinary size then emits a light of more than 1,000-candle power, by which fine print may be read at a distance of 150 feet from the light.

Truffles will soon be cultivated on scientific principles and are likely to become cheaper. M. Chatin, who discovered that the truffle is a mushroom, has announced to the Academie des Sciences at Paris that the Duc de Lesparre, brother of the Duc de Gramont, has found out how it germinates and on what leaves its spores will become fruitful.

It has long been held that typhoid fever is disseminated by bad water, or germ-infested milk, and not by direct contagion. Recently typhoid fever among soldiers in a small barracks has been directly traced to dust from the floor. On examination the disease-producing bacteria were found in the sweepings, and the locality of the cots carried out the conviction.

Black is known to be severe upon the eyes. It tends to dilate the pupil, which on leaving the black surface has to contract rapidly, thus throwing considerable work upon the muscles of the iris. It is suggested that blackboards be abandoned for schools, that a light-colored board be substituted therefor, and that colored chalks be used instead of the usual white crayons.

Acetylene gas buoys, lighted day and night by the gas, have been experimented with in New York harbor. Cylinders of liquid acetylene are contained in the lower part of the buoy. A lamp is carried on the apex well above the water. Enough gas is contained to supply the lamp for over a month. Liquid acetylene is known to be explosive. Accidental contact of a ship with such a buoy might be equivalent to encountering a torpedo, as the impact might induce explosion of the cylinders containing the acetylene.

An effort has been made to determine the pulling strength of elephants, horses and men. Attached to a dynamometer, Barnum & Bailey's largest elephant registered a pull of two and one-half tons on the second trial, but a smaller and more active elephant gave a record of five and one-half tons—whether as the result of a steady pull or a sudden jerk appears to be uncertain. A pair of powerful horses registered a ton and a fifth, while it required the strength of eighty-three men to equal the pull of the smaller elephant.

Near Dresden, Saxony, a railroad-siding has been installed to ensure the stoppage thereon of trains. It is a siding which starts from the main track and rejoins it father on. It is necessary for the prevention of accidents that the shunting of a train to this siding shall stop it, if the engineer neglects his duty. To effect this end, the rails are covered with some inches of sand, which in dry weather is kept moist. This has brought a twenty-car train to a full stop. Its utility in catching a runaway engine is obvious.

### A Yukon Financier.

"The River Trip to the Klondike," by John Sidney Webb, appears in the Century. Mr. Webb says: The "Napoleon of finance" of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brawny Scotchman known as "Big Aleck" Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim—said to be $90,000—and invested every dollar of it in other claims in the manner I have indicated—part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Every one about the camp knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a multimillionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the clean-ups on the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over "before it was dry." The death of two brothers to whom he owed $40,000 on a claim is said to have been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty-odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1896-'97 money was loaned at 10 per cent. for ten days.

### A Good Reporter Is Made, Not Born.

No one with or without two academic degrees and no experience could write reports of things good enough for a newspaper to publish. Not even William Shakspeare would know what to get or how to put it without some training at reporting. To be sure he might get better things and put them in immortal English, but his copy would not "get by the desk." For this thing reporting is a business involving considerable specialized knowledge, to be learned by experiments and mistakes, like every other job, and there's considerable toil and moil and drudgery at the bottom, just as there is at the bottom of any other business or pursuit.—From "The New Reporter," Scribner's.

### Seemed the Appropriate Kind.

"Joseph is real sick with slow fever."

"Well," and Mrs. Martin smoothed her apron reflectively, "I knew if Joseph had a fever it would be a slow one!"

## THE "PROUD" SPANIARD.

### A Former Captain General of Cuba that Was Not Over-Scrupulous.

As the question of Spanish good faith is prominent in the press these days, this pertinent anecdote of the civil war will be timely. It is told in Bullock's Secret Service of the Confederate States. Capt. Bullock tells of the exciting incidents concerning the freeing of the rebel ram Stonewall from the international complications attendant on her release from the French shipyard where she was built; how she was watched by the agents of the Federal Government; how she was followed to Denmark, whither she went under the Danish flag; how she was again followed to Ferrol, Spain, by the United States ships Niagara and Sacramento; how she eluded them there and sailed for the coast of the United States with the evident intent of attacking the Federal ships, for any one of which she was more than a match, being then the most formidable ironclad afloat.

But when the Stonewall, under the command of Capt. Page, reached Havana in May, 1865, Page learned of the surrender of Gen. Lee, and soon after of the capture of Jefferson Davis. Page's funds were exhausted. The Confederacy had collapsed. The position was perplexing. Capt. Page opened negotiations with the Spanish authorities at Havana for the surrender of the ship to them if they would advance the money to pay off the crew. Capt. Page sent Lieut. Carter to the captain general to make the arrangements. Carter reported that after five minutes' conversation the captain general asked him what sum was required. Carter replied, $16,000. The captain general said: "You had better make it $100,000." Carter replied that his orders were to ask $16,000. The captain general then turned to an official and bade him write a document, and then, turning again to Carter, said: "Shall we not make it $50,000?" But Carter obeyed orders and accepted only $16,000.

It is quite evident that this high official, the captain general of Cuba, was attempting to get the Confederate naval officer to ask for $100,000 to pay off his crew, when he needed only $16,000, the difference to be divided between them. When the Confederate officer absolutely refused to accept either $100,000 or $50,000, but only the exact sum needed, it is evident that the captain general concluded that the American was a fool, and charged up $100,000 to the Spanish Government and put $84,000 in his pocket. This throws a strong light on Spanish financial honor.

## A TRICK OF SCHLEY'S.

### The Young Midshipman Effectually Disposed of the Monkeys.

A good story is told on Commodore Schley, commander of the flying squadron. While yet a midshipman, before the civil war, he was attached to the Niagara, returning from Japan around the Cape of Good Hope. At one point on the coast of Africa, where the Niagara called, a member of the Japanese embassy on board procured a stock of monkeys. The monkeys were allowed to roam about the ship as they pleased. There were all kinds of monkeys, big and little. Several huge ringtails would almost live in the rigging, making flying leaps from footrope to backstay, always catching firmly by their tails. The monkeys were not pleasant creatures about the decks and were a subject of especial aversion to Midshipman Schley, who on his watch was responsible for the decks' whiteness and cleanliness.

One morning Schley had the early watch and with a gang of men was scrubbing down. The monkeys were full of mischief and were making the rigging ring with their chattering mockery.

"Bring me a bucket of slush," said Schley to a captain of a top, and to another he gave orders that two of the big monkeys should be caught.

Schley took the two captive monkeys and carefully greased their tails, then with a savage whoop at them struck both with a rope's end. Both monkeys broke for the fore weather rigging, and made a wild leap for the lower studding sail sheet, which was over the water and thirty feet from the ship's side. Swish went the tails around the quivering sheet. Alas, the tails slipped and two sons of Africa went shrieking into the sea. The Japs ran screaming from their cabins, but the officer of the watch, Lieutenant John Chest, who died some years ago as a rear admiral, told them the ship could not be put about or its sail shortened in time to save the monkeys, so there was mourning in the Japanese cabin that day.—Omaha Bee.

### Inventor of the Portemonnaie.

The organ of the German leather trade, Der Ledermarkt, regrets that last year was not duly observed as the "jubilee of the modern pocket leather purse." The older folk among us will remember some of the predecessors of the "portemonnaie." The most popular of these was a knitted tube or pipe, closed at each end, with an opening on one side, and provided with two metal slip rings. The neat and handy portemonnaie was the invention of a German bookbinder's apprentice in America, Karl Heue by name, and his novel purse first came into the market in the year 1847. The inventor neglected to patent his new leather portemonnaie with a steel clasp, and it was quickly imitated all over the world, otherwise Heue would probably have become a very rich man. Since that date the portemonnaie has undergone a series of evolutions in form, material and completeness, but the young Heue, according to the Ledermarkt, provided the germ out of which all our modern pocket-purses have been developed.

### A Montana Herd of Buffalo.

A. B. Hammond, of the Astoria railroad, has presented the Oregonian with a photograph of a band of buffalo which are the property of a couple of half-breed Indians on the Flathead reservation, near Missoula, Mont. The original herd eleven years ago consisted of a couple of buffalo calves. It now consists of 125 head and is about all that are left of the vast numbers which a few years ago swarmed over the Western plains. These men have gone into the buffalo raising business as a source of profit and are making money.

### Never Seen There.

She—And what business are you in, Mr. le Skullion?

He—I am a poet.

She—Oh, how lovely! But I wonder how it happens that I have never seen any of your poems in print?

He—I write only for the magazines.

### Russia's Rapid Growth.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last 30 years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.


## Appetite--Strength

**Without the First You Cannot Have the Last.**

Without the first you cannot have the last. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives both. It gently tones and strengthens the stomach and gives digestive power, creates an appetite, and invigorates the whole system. It strengthens the nerves and gives sweet, refreshing sleep.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

**Hood's Pills** are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.


### Easy Work for the Iceboat.

A new type of iceboat constructed on a novel principle has just been launched in England. One propeller is arranged aft in the usual manner, and another, though smaller one, is located at the bow of the boat. This propeller, by giving to the water under the ice high sternward velocity, and thus creating a partial vacuum, deprives the ice of its support and reduces its resistance to crushing, so that the advancing bow of the vessel, which is arranged with a suitable overhang, cuts its way into the unsupported ice without experiencing either the shock or resistance to which former types of the ice breakers were constantly exposed. The vessel was constructed for the government of Finland, and will be employed to maintain the port of Hango in navigable condition during the winter season.


TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.


### An Unpopular Cruiser.

The Topeka, originally the Diogenes, of England, is being made into a fighting ship at the Brooklyn navy-yard. She is not very popular with the officers and men, according to The New York Press. Jack's old propensity for naming things himself hasn't let the Topeka go by, and he's dubbed her the "Tapioca," and says she isn't a pudding either! But the Tapioca she's known as at the yard among both men and officers, and is is always called so except when they're speaking of her officially.


FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.


### Electric Exercise.

Electricity has been applied to a new muscular exerciser, an elastic cord being fastened on the wall with a ring in the center to which short rods carrying metal grips are attached, the current being admitted through both rods to the hands, or one wire can be attached to a foot plate to exercise the lower limbs.


JOHN POOLE IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING large invoices of the celebrated Stoughton wagons. These are superior to any ever put upon this market. Before buying a wagon call and examine, or write for catalogue. Address foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.


### Improved Lightering Barge.

A New York man has designed a new lightering barge, which has rigid cranes on the deck, on which carriages are placed to support the hoisting pulleys, which are provided with means for raising merchandise and grain.


I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.


Saw blades are largely used in Norway. The circular saws sold are mostly of English make, but upright (frame) saws, of which great numbers are used yearly, are generally of German make. A large trade could be done in Norway in these saws if of proper quality. The handsaws sold in Norway are mostly of French manufacture.

Punctures in pneumatic tires are effectually mended by a Massachusetts inventor's device, which consists of a rubber cap to be forced through a hole burned out to the right size, the cap having a metal shank with a screw-threaded cavity in the end in which an outer screw plug is inserted to draw the cap tight.

### Prevents Milk From Souring.

To assist in preventing the souring of milk in transportation a new can has a central tube attaced to the cover and extending to the bottom of the can, with a cap over the cover to close the opening after the tube has been filled with ice.

A Canadian has designed a collapsible blind for arched windows, in which the slats are all pivoted on a rod placed at the center of the circumference for the arch, to be drawn upward to the top for the arch from each side by cords.


## THREE HAPPY WOMEN

**Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache.**

"Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was being gradually undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head, and ovarian trouble. The compound entirely cured me.—MRS. GEORGIE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

"For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me.—MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice."—MRS. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

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FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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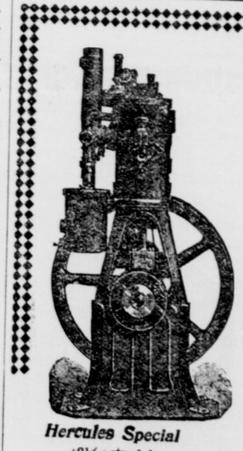

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