MISCELLANY.

HOW HE WAKENED GRANDMA.

Mamma said "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I musn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair and a little
 smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she had told
 me so.
I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on the cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: "Why, pet, I have just now
 dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."
She pointed lovingly at the very place.
I never told her 'twas only me,
I took her hand and went to tea.
—Massachusetts Ploughman.

HIS LAST CRIME.

"PITY my simplicity."

Simple enough words, and yet, lisped as they were in infantile accents by a little maid of three, they struck an answering chord somewhere in the heart of the hardened criminal who stood concealed behind the heavy draperies of the window.

He had ground his teeth and muttered hard curses when, some minutes before, his plain of action had been unexpectedly foiled by the entrance of the child and her nurse.

What business had they here? This was my lady's room, and as such should have been perfectly free from now until she retired for the night.

Lady Harrington's jewels had long been eagerly desired by the burgling profession, and now an excellent opportunity had occurred in which to annex them.

Slippery Jim had been selected as the very man to bring the job to a successful issue.

Under cover of a dull November night, he had fixed his ladder to the window, climbed up, and effected an entrance.

My lady was at dinner, and as Jim turned up a jet of gas over the dressing table, he had congratulated himself on his adroitness.

Then had come a sound of hurrying footsteps, and quick as thought the gas was lowered, and Jim hidden behind the curtains. The nurse entered, carrying her little charge, the spoiled darling of the house.

"Sleep with muvver," she had insisted, when being put to bed in her own little cot, and to pacify her the nurse had brought her thither.

Next, the little tyrant persisted that her mother must put her into bed, and in response to a message from the nurse, Lady Harrington had come hastily into the room.

The young mother looked anxiously at the little flushed face.

"What is it, darling? Do you think she is poorly, nurse?"

"No, my lady, only a bit fractious, and I thought it best to humor her."

"Me wants 'oo to hear my 'pairs.'" Then had followed the repetition of the favorite nursery prayer, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," but it was the third line, "Pity my simplicity," that had struck the answering chord in the burglar's breast.

Where had he heard that before? Pity my simplicity! The words burnt into his brain as he crawled close to the window. He scarcely heeded what was passing in the room, as he grimly wondered at this seeming familiarity with a child's prayer. Precious long time since he had thought of a prayer, not since his poor mother—ah! now he knew.

It was the very prayer he used to say to her as a tiny boy, and he remembered that he always stuck at that particular line, because he could not say "simplicity." How it all came back! It was years and years since——

But Lady Harrington was putting her little daughter into bed.

"Good night, darling; make haste to go to sleep."

"Night—night," murmured the child, sleepily; then, "Oh, pretty, pretty!" and the tiny hands were pulling at the jewels that encircled her mother's throat.

Lady Harrington unclasped the necklace, and put it in the little girl's hand.

"There, Muriel shall have the pretty thing, if only she will go to sleep."

The mother then left the room, charging the nurse to stay and take the necklace from her when she had fallen asleep. The nurse lingered until the little girl was fast asleep, then looking at the necklace still tightly clasped, murmured:

"Poor little dear, she's overtired. I shan't disturb her to take the necklace." Then she, too, left the room.

The coast was now clear for Slippery Jim. He moved quickly towards the safe wherein lay the famous Harrington jewels.

With unusual celerity he applied his tools and forced the lock. The heavy door swung back. Jim's eyes glistened as he saw the numerous cases packed within. He opened one after another, and gloated on the rare gems within.

What a haul! Enough to set the whole gang up for life. Just then a slight sound made him start. He looked round quickly. No, the little girl was still asleep. He began to pack the cases in his capacious bag, when another sound made him pause in his work.

"Hang the child!" he thought, angrily, as he crept towards the bed.

Though she had thrown the clothes back a little, she was sleeping soundly. Something glittered in her hand.

It was the necklace, and much too valuable to be left. He tried to unclasp the rosy fingers that had fastened so tightly on their treasure. Suddenly, the blue eyes opened wide, but Jim held up his hand warningly.

"If yer cries out, little 'un, I'll kill yer! Give me the necklace."

The blue eyes looked wonderingly at Slippery Jim. Their owner had never been addressed in such rough language before.

"Give me the necklace," he repeated, and pulled it from her roughly.

The rosy lips trembled, and big tears gathered and fell. Jim felt a strange qualm as the little face puckered, and the tried to repress her sobs.

"'Oo 'ave taken my muvver's pretty things. 'Ooo naughty bad man! Does 'oo ever say 'oo 'pairs?'"

Jim shook his head, and she jumped up, and kneeling in the bed, raised her piping treble:

"Dear Dod, this is a very bad, wicked man, he doesn't say any 'pairs. Please make him say his 'pairs."

"Look here, young 'un, stow that and get into bed agin, or the bogies'll come arter yer."

"Doesn't mind bogies at all. 'Oo say 'pairs just once, and then me'll go to sleep," she entreated.

The marvel to Jim was her utter fearlessness of him. To pacify her, and in his hurry to be gone, he complied.

It was a strange sight, the pretty, innocent child, clad in her white nightgown, kneeling close to the dark, evil-looking man, who had been "wanted" for many a deed of robbery and violence.

Putting his hands together, as she directed, he repeated after her the verse she had said at her mother's knee; but at the line "Pity my simplicity," Jim's voice stuck. A great lump rose in his throat, and an unwonted moisture dimmed his eyes.

Another scene came vividly before him. A poorly-furnished room, and in it a little lad with his hands joined in prayer at his mother's knee.

Heavens! that little lad was himself. What years and years of sin and misery lay between that sin and this! Who was he to be thus taught by a little child? Hardened, deeply-dyed criminal as he was, a flush of shame rose to his cheek.

"'Oo's crying," said the little girl. "Don't cry, me so sorry," and she laid her soft cheek against his, and patted his hand affectionately. "Oo's a nice man now, and me love 'oo."

"Look 'ere, little 'un, 'ere's yer necklace; you keep it tight, and lie down and go to sleep. Jim won't hurt yer, but ye'll give him a kiss for it."

The little mouth was uplifted; and Slippery Jim took a kiss from those sweet lips.

It sent a thrill through his whole frame, and went far to the softening of his heart.

In after years he was wont to look back to that kiss as the beginning of his salvation.

Then he laid the little girl in her bed, and tucked her up as carefully and gently as her mother had done.

"Good night, little 'un, yer leetle knows wot ye've done for me. Good night, and though it hain't for the likes of me to say it, heaven bless yer!"

Then, quickly replacing the whole of the jewel cases in the safe, Slippery Jim stole out of the window.—Saturday Evening Post.

EFFECT OF NAVAL TRAINING.

Changed the Disposition of the Boy Who Went to Sea.

"So your boy has gone to the war," said the lady with her arms full of packages to her friend who was having an eighth of a yard of ribbon charged.

"He would go," was the tearful response. "I do hope nothing will happen to him."

"There won't," said the elderly lady, optimistically. "I had a boy in the navy once, and it was the making of him. Didn't you know that? It was John, the one that's the mayor of a town in Dakota now. I tell you that John was a wild boy," she continued as they walked out of the store together. "He used to make my heart ache many a time with his capers, and above all he was so utterly shiftless. He was idle, careless in his manners and speech, and so untidy. I declare it took all the rest of the family to pick up things after him and keep him from looking like a tramp.

"He was a dreadful trial, but I was nearly wild when he came home one day and declared that he was going into the navy. There wasn't any war then, but I knew that there was a chance of his getting drowned or killed some way, and then the bad company and all that, and I fairly cried, but father said to let him go, as his morals couldn't be hurt very much, and it was just as well to have him drowned as go to jail. Awful thing to say, wasn't it? But John certainly was a case.

"Well, anyhow he went, and he was gone for a little more than three years. When he came home, my! How he had grown, so big and strong, but it wasn't that surprised me most. I never saw such a change in his ways. He was good-natured and obliging, never wanted anyone to wait on him, and as for neatness—I declare he beat anything I ever saw! We gave him his old room, and, do you know, he wouldn't let me or his sisters touch it. He kept everything in order himself, and the way he packed away things was a caution. And how handy he was! You'd never believe it. Well, I just tell you I was proud of him, and I've blessed the navy from that day to this."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Writing a Well-Known Song.

Sir Arthur Sullivan says that he wrote his "Lost Chord" while watching at the bedside of a sick brother. One night the patient had for a time fallen into a peaceful sleep, and as Sir Arthur was sitting as usual by the bedside, he chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Proctor's with which he had once before been very much impressed. Now, in the stillness of the night, he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their musical equivalent. A stray sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming quite absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song. In a short time it was complete, and not long afterwards in the publisher's hands. It is estimated that not less than a quarter-million copies of this song have been published.

The Bid Was Undersize.

The Washington Post is responsible for this piece of capital gossip: A bright little boy—one of the pages in the senate—sat at one of the senate entrances the other day, when a lady approached him with a visiting card in her hand.

"Will you hand this to Senator Blank?" she said.

"I cannot," replied the boy, "for all cards must be taken to the east lobby."

The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocket book she found a 25-cent piece. With it in her hand she went back to the boy.

"Here, my lad," she said, in a coaxing tone, "here is a quarter to take my card in."

"Madam," said the boy, without a moment's hesitation, "I am paid a larger salary than that to keep cards out."

The intense love of an old toper for liquor goes to prove that familiarity doesn't always breed absolute contempt.

One touch of the milliner's fingers makes the whole feminine world akin.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

A Pathetic Story of the Siege of Saragossa.

Baron Lejeune, who played a conspicuous part at the siege of Saragossa during the Peninsular war, narrates in his "Memoires" a singular story of that terrible time, a story that speaks equally well for the chivalry of the soldiers of France and for the courage of a Spanish girl.

There had been fearful carnage within the walls of the unfortunate city; even the convents and monasteries were reeking with evidences of warfare, and the inhabitants of Saragossa were in a desperate plight.

A band of Polish soldiers, belonging to the French army, had been stationed on guard at a certain point, with orders to fire upon any Spaniard who might pass them. Suddenly a girl of about fifteen years of age appeared among them. A cry of warning was heard on every side as she approached, but the child seemed not to hear. She only continued to utter one ceaseless and piercing wail, "Mia madre! mia madre!" as she hurried from one group of dead and wounded Spaniards to another.

It soon became evident that she was in search of the body of her mother, and the pale, agonized face of the child, whose filial love had made her almost insensible to danger, touched the soldiers' hearts with pity.

A moment later a despairing cry announcing that she had found that for which she had risked her life. The Polish guards watched her movements with something like awe as she stooped and tenderly wrapped the mutilated form of the dead woman in a cloak and began to drag it away. Suddenly the girl paused and seized a heavy cartridge-box that lay in her path, with an energy that seemed almost supernatural. Her frail, delicate form swayed and staggered beneath the weight of her burden, but she did not hesitate.

A thrill of mingled horror and admiration filled the astonished watchers as they perceived that there, before their very faces, she was taking from them an instrument for future vengeance upon them.

The inhabitants of the besieged city were almost destitute of ammunition, and the motherless daughter sought to put into the hands of her countrymen a means by which her wrongs might be in some degree avenged.

But the strain was becoming almost more than she could bear; she stumbled, and a cry of terror broke from her lips. The Polish soldiers glanced from one to another, and then, moved by a chivalrous impulse, they lowered sabre and musket, and as with one accord a hundred voices called out, "Do not be afraid, little one! We will not hurt you."

And the Spanish maiden passed with her gruesome burden between a double line of her country's foes, who made a silent salute as she crossed their boundaries and returned to her desolate home.

ORIGIN OF LACE.

Invented by a European Woman as Late as the Fifteenth Century.

In an interesting article on the subject "Lace," in the Woman's Home Companion, Orlena L. Shackleford, after giving the history of machine-made lace, goes to say:

"Hand-made lace has a history far more fascinating. Some have supposed that it originated in Egypt, the land that gave birth to nearly all the arts; but search diligently as you may and you will never discover in mummy's tomb, on sculptured or painted wall or in any archaeological find whatever the pictorial or actual remains of this poetic tissue; neither is there documentary evidence of its presence there. Gauzes and nets, fine muslins and exquisite embroideries, fringes, knotted and plaited, you may meet with frequently, but this fabric without a foundation, this ethereal textile, named by the Italians punto in aria (stitch in air), you will never chance upon. Why? Because it did not exist before the fifteenth century; because it was invented by the European woman, forming her contribution to the Renaissance, and was unknown to Orientals, who have even now no love for its pale perfection, and do not use it in their costumes nor in household decorations. Its lack of color makes it unlovely in their eyes.

"Fanciful stories have been woven to account for the invention of the art, and the honor has been claimed by both Venice and Flanders. Yet it did not at once spring into being in full perfection, but was rather an evolution and came by degrees.

"In punto tagliato (cut point) we first perceive a groping in its direction, for with the piercings of white embroidery we have a lighter effect. In drawn-work (punto tirato) another step was gained, and in reticulated grounds or network we have a decided advance. Upon this net the pattern was darned in, and in France it was called lacis, the nearest word we have to lace. After these efforts came a total emancipation from all foundations, and the punto in aria was an assured fact.

"The first lace, it is thought, was made with the needle (point), the pattern being traced upon parchment or paper and the outlines marked by a thread caught now and then to the paper to keep it in place. Upon this scaffolding the slight superstructure was built, and the method is still the same. Soon afterward the bobbins came in as a factor, and the needle and the bobbins remain to this day the only means employed to produce hand-made lace. So that all of it resolves itself into the two generic kinds—point, which is made by the needle, and pillow, by the bobbins; or there may be a composite article, made by both."

Not Easily Killed.

Not long since it was found necessary to kill a certain vicious elephant, and two physicians were appointed executioners. They fed the beast on aconite concealed in carrots and arsenic sprinkled on buns, which it swallowed pleasantly and asked for more. Then one medical gentleman conceived the brilliant idea of loading a syringe with prussic acid, inducing the animal to open its mouth, and squirting the poison down its throat. The elephant considered this great sport, but the doctor who was working the syringe, took so much interest in the experiment that he momentarily forgot the deadly properties of prussic acid, inhaled the fumes, and fell unconscious. The other physician saved his colleague's life with great difficulty, the elephant looking on sympathetically. However, after it had taken enough poison to kill 2,000 men, according to the doctors, and three hours had passed since the first dose, it suddenly toppled over and expired quietly.

Lady (in railroad train on windy day)—"Dear me! I can't get this window up." Gentleman (behind)—"I would assist you, madam, but presume the railroad company has glued the windows down to prevent the loss of patrons by pneumonia."—New York Weekly.

New Jersey to the Fore.

The good roads movement appears to have taken a firm hold on public opinion in New Jersey, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The fact was brought out at the hearing before Governor Voorhees recently relative to the road appropriation and wide tire bills recently passed by the Legislature. The latter bill, which is intended to encourage the use of wide tires on road wagons, did not seem to have so many advocates as the bill to make good roads, though there was no opposition to it, but there was a singular unanimity of sentiment among representatives of all sections of the State in demanding road improvements.

It is cheering to those who desire good roads and know their importance in the development of a community to find such evidence that a whole State has been thus aroused to their usefulness and is so united in demanding them. It is said that this gratifying sentiment in New Jersey is the joint work of the farmers and the bicycles. If so, there are hopes that it will extend rapidly to other States, since there are farmers and bicyclers in them all.

Cost of Broken Stone Roads.

The cost of broken stone for building roads is not so great as many suppose. It can be bought at the crushers for 40 cents per solid yard, and the railroads will freight it forty miles, or less, at about 50 cents per cubic yard, making a total of 90 cents; but suppose we call it $1. Then if the roadbed is nine feet wide and the stone is piled on a foot deep, a cubic yard will cover three feet linear, at a cost of $1, making one mile, 1,760 yards, cost as many dollars. But as only about nine inches are necessary, one-fourth of this amount, or $440, should be deducted, making the exact amount only $1,320, which is cheap enough for a first-class road, the material for which must be brought forty miles by rail.—Indiana Farmer.

Plank Roads.

Next to macadamized and gravel roads plank roads are the best and consequently the cheapest. Plank roads may be built where other materials cannot be had. They should be constructed of hard, well-seasoned timber, planks 3 by 8 and 8 feet long laid crosswise on three parallel rows of sleepers 4 by 12 and 18 feet long, laid with "broken joints." With timber at $6 per 1,000 such a road can be built, with "turn outs" every 300 feet, for $2,000 per mile. Many plank roads have been built in New York, Virginia and Michigan, where they have proved highly satisfactory. The average life of such a road is twelve years.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Pulverized vulcanized ruber is being placed inside pneumatic tires to gather around a small drop of cement introduced through the puncture and confine the cement to a small spot around the hole and mend the puncture, the quantity of ruber being large enough to mend a number of punctures.

A handy nail-puller has an ordinary hammer head pivoted on the section of the double-spring shank which carries it, the other section being used to press against the opposite shank and close the jaws which are formed at the ends of the double shank, causing them to grip the nail and draw it when the handle is tilted.

Hiram Maxim, the English gunmaker, has invented an automatic gun, in which the recoil is used to dislodge a fresh cartridge from the magazine and throw it into a carrier, which inserts it in the breech of the gun as the old shell is thrown out, the mechanism being operated by a series of coiled springs, which are all set by the discharge of the gun, and released in turn to operate the mechanism.

Griddle cakes can be quickly turned by a new utensil which consists of a flat blade, provided with two journal boxes to carry both ends of the spring wire handle, one of the boxes being rigid and the other pivoted so that a grip on the handle causes the blade to rotate half way by springing the wires past each other.

The Advantages of Lawn Tennis.

J. Parmly Paret, the noted tennis player, contributes an article to the St. Nicholas on "Lawn Tennis for School Boys." Mr. Paret says: Golf may be more popular with our older relatives, but for boys and younger men in whom the vigor of youth and the love of excitement have not yet faded, it cannot take the place of lawn tennis. Any sport that offers the coveted excitement, and is without the danger of overdoing the exercise through enthusiasm, deserves popularity, and lawn tennis is particularly adapted to young people for this reason. It has proved a wonderful training school for immature organs; for the play develops a keen eye, steady nerves, strong arms, quick judgment, and furnishes plenty of exercise in great variety, without the severity of physical strain that produces the abnormal lungs of the runner, the hollow chest of the bicycle rider, or the enlarged heart of the oarsman.

It is a game, too, that does not call for unusual qualifications in the beginner, and physical capabilities do not argue particularly in his favor. To play the game well—even to become an expert—does not require powerful arms or legs, great height or weight, or even particular speed or agility. Height undoubtedly is an advantage to a good tennis player; but strength is little in his favor, and weight not at all. Tall men and short men, stout men and thin men, strong men and weak men, all have been successful tennis players. I have even known a player with but one arm, one who was badly lame at the hip, and still another who had the use of only one eye, and yet all played the game well.

New Boston Industry.

Mending as an occupation is looking up. The latest repair shop in Boston which promises to emancipate women from the thralldom of putting braids on gown-skirts, etc., also announces in connection: "Buttons sewed on properly, 1 cent each."

Disgraceful.

Briggs—I'm thoroughly ashamed of my town. I wish I could move away from it.

Gray—Why? Did your militia back out when the call came?

Briggs—No, it ain't that. We can't support a base-ball club there any more.

Love is a disease and it is said that only married men are immunes.

Nervous People

Are great sufferers and they deserve sympathy rather than censure. Their blood is poor and thin and their nerves are consequently weak. Such people find relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it purifies and enriches the blood and gives it power to feed, strengthen and sustain the nerves. If you are nervous and cannot sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its nerve strengthening power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

PORTLAND LETTER.

A Pleasant Place to Live In—Good Water, Good Streets and Handsome Homes—The Coming Exposition.

Portland, Sept. 19.—(To the Editor.)—When Joe Meek and Lishe Applegate and Christopher Columbus predicted that the Northwest was going to develop into a rich and productive region and that cities and towns were going to spring up all over it, they earned medals for veracity that were never awarded to them. But the people who came after them are enjoying the fruits of their predictions, and will throw flowers on the graves of those prophets.

For the Northwest has developed and is developing, and Portland is one of the prettiest places on the coast. It was wise forethought on the part of her pioneer people to plant shade trees along the sides of the streets, for now they add beauty to the landscape, and in no city of the world do they show to better advantage. Portland's streets are well shaded by day and well lighted by night, for the wonderful electric current is everywhere and ever ready to aid humanity.

Portland's business streets are well paved and full of life, and her business houses contain everything needed for the use of man. Her homes are neat and tasteful and in many cases elegant, and stand in spots where not many years ago flourished the fir forest.

Portalnd people are enterprising, and invite the people of the whole Northwest to come and visit them this fall, and to entertain their guests they have arranged to hold the Oregon Industrial Exposition from September 22 to October 22. Portland people have subscribed $12,000 in hard cash to pay the expense of this exposition, and it will be one of the grandest events that ever occurred in the Northwest.

It will contain everything to make it attractive, interesting and instructive. There will be the band concerts every afternoon and evening by Bennett's full military band of 32 pieces, and it will be the finest music ever heard in the Northwest. The wonderful Hegelmans have been engaged, and they will amaze the audience with their great aerial acrobatic feats. All sorts of new and attractive amusements will be given in connection with the exposition, and there will be a representation of Southern plantation life, and free cooking lectures, and a baby show and children's carnival and a lady's department, and a school exhibit and a manual training scohol in operation every day. Everything will be on a magnificent scale throughout, and every person who visits the exposition will find something new and novel, to interest, instruct or amuse them. One of the special features will be the wedding in public, which is open free to all couples, and the newly-married ones are generously remembered with wedding presents.

Your correspondent was at the Exposition building today and saw the arrangements being made for the great fair, and noted that there was going to be a big display of all the fruits, grains, grasses, vegetables and commercial timber produced in the Northwest, and good, solid gold medals costing $20 each are going to be awarded for the best exhibits.

The exposition building is an immense structure 200x400 feet, suitably divided off. The grand music hall is 100x200 feet and three stories high, with an arched glass roof. The building cost $150,000, and it is conveniently located being within easy walking distance of the hotels and business part of the city, or reached from any part on a five-cent fare on street-cars that pass its doors.

All the railroad and steamboat lines are going to make special low rates to the exposition from all parts of the Northwest, and the admission fee is only going to be 25 cents, children 10 cents. People who attend will remember it as one of the pleasant events of their lives. R.

Conductivity of Lightning Rods.

Some interesting experiments bearing on the conductivity of lightning conductors have been made by Professor Koch, as reported in Industries and Iron. He formed a chain several yards long with links of iron oxide, and placed it in circuit with the accumulator cells and a galvanometer, the chain being in a room 230 yards from the galvanometer. When a spark was discharged in the vicinity of the chain, the deviation of the galvanometer showed that the resistence of the circuit was reduced to one-thousandth of its normal value, and in a second experiment the resistance fell to one ten-thousandth of the normal. From these experiments Professor Koch finds an explanation why lightning conductors with poor conductivity are nevertheless effective in thunderstorms. The oscillations produced provoke an enormous reduction of resistance at the proper instant to facilitate the flow of the current through the conductor.

Tin is one of the oldest known metals. The Chinese have used it in the fabrication of their brasses and bronzes from time immemorial.

The introduction of electric light in the Roman catacombs has been chronicled already. Now it is proposed to light the galleries of the great pyramids of Egypt in like manner.

It is said that rustics who live on a bread and milk diet nearly always have thick hair to an advanced age, while people who lunch and dine on meat rarely have thick hair after 23.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Three more car loads are on the way. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

Under international law warships in distress for lack of coal may purchase enough at a neutral port to carry them back back to the nearest port of their own country.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

A boxful of earth from the Garden of Gethsemane was sprinkled over Mr. Gladstone's coffin.

It was once customary in France when guests had remained too long for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton instead of hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase "to give the cold shoulder."

An Interesting Study.

It has long been an open secret that John Sherman was cut out of McKinley's cabinet because he was alleged to have lost his grasp of details. Recent published statements from the Ohio statesman indicate its old-time incisive power. If Sherman really was failing mentally, hate and a thirst for revenge have worked as a powerful restorative. His case, if it has been correctly reported, will prove an interesting study for the expert psychologist. It sustains a belief long entertained by students of mental disorders that mental vigor must be sustained to some degree by the passions—by ambition, or love, or hate, or rivalry. Great intellects can not safely move in sluggish current. They require action and movement, and lacking these consume themselves.—Spokesman-Review.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.

It is argued by deep thinkers that the growth of socialism is due to the large standing armies of the world, in which men are often made to enlist against their will, and thus become discontented with existing conditions. The growth of a stronger race of people is due to the large sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is the best medicine for costiveness, dyspepsia, fever, ague and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

Cats can swim if they only care to exert themselves sufficiently. The ancient Egyptians used to fish with them on the Nile, according to the representations on walls and so forth that have come down to us.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

All deserts are situated where the winds from the ocean, before reaching them are exhausted of their moisture by passing over mountains or across extensive tracts of land.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

There are 908 registered distilleries in North Carolina, Virginia has 518, and Kentucky 377.

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., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Electric Hemostat.

Lawson Tate of London has been giving successful exhibitions of the virtues of his new electric hemostat, intended for the arrest of bleeding in surgical operations. A platinum wire, arranged to carry a current, is enclosed in the blades of a pair of steel forceps or any other requisite utensil, the wire being insulated by a bed of burnt pipe clay. In practice a current of suitable voltage is turned on, the artery seized and compressed, and in a few seconds the tissues and the arterial walls are so agglutinized that the passage of blood is rendered impossible. The temperature employed is about 180 degrees Fahrenheit, showing a great difference between this and the electric cauterizing instruments, and the necessity for a ligature is removed.

The Oldest Love Letter.

The oldest love letter in the world is in the British museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess, and it was made 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick.

Strange Mode of Suicide.

A favorite mode of suicide among the African tribes who dwell near Lake Nyassa is for a native to wade into the lake and calmly wait for a crocodile to open its mouth and swallow him.

OPEN LETTERS FROM

Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

JENNIE E GREEN, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

MRS. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:

"How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. I was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

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"Because an acquaintance of yours has a set of plate teeth that are giving good satisfaction is not always a guarantee that you can meet with the same results when your teeth are all extracted, for there are a great per cent of mouths that will not tolerate a plate of any kind, and the only way you can determine this fact is by a trial," says Dr. Thomas H. White, at the northeast corner of Morrison and Fourth streets. "When your natural teeth have been all taken out the plate is the only recourse, and if you are unfortunate enough to have a mouth that will not retain a plate, misery the rest of your life will be the ultimate result. Therefore it is of vital importance to keep your natural teeth as long as possible. It is not always necessary to have your teeth extracted because they are decayed even to the gum margin, or because they pain you and you can not use them in such condition, for 95 per cent of such teeth can be restored to a good, healthy and serviceable condition. The progress of dental science has made it easy for an up-to-date dentist to reproduce the lost parts of those organs, making them thoroughly reliable in every sense.

"When there are but few teeth or old roots remaining in the mouth do not have them extracted because some dentist that is not in possession of the late methods of crown and bridge work advises extraction and plate. Try to find some one wearing bridge work, and reason for yourself. You will not regret your investigation, and will, I feel sure, always remember this suggestion."

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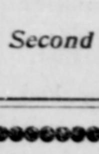

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