

MISCELLANY.

HIS LAST VOYAGE.

There is a sea from whose remotest shore
No vessel ever wanders back to this,
To tell what sands the silent waters kiss,
Or bring a word from sailors gone before—
Whether they landed safe the freight they
love
On some fair life of everlasting bliss,
Or sank with it to some unknown abyss,
We cannot tell—but they return no more.

Each makes the voyage for himself alone;
Or if a line or message there may be,
The written in a tongue to us unknown—
Some language unto which we have no
key.
And like the image with its eyes of stone,
If they return, we have no sight to see?
—Hesperia.

MADAME JAMBE.

OU smile at her name, finding it absurd, perhaps, but I tell you, it is not. Madame Jambé, the name of a French woman, who was for many years a cantinier in a regiment of the line, and in this capacity she was a sort of good angel to the troops. Officers and soldiers alike respected her.

She married when about 30 years of age the Quartermaster General of the regiment. His time was nearly up, but he remained with her in order to help his wife keep the cantinier.

After a year of married life a son was born, and Mme. Jambé and her husband agreed that as soon as he should attain the proper age he, too, should be a soldier. At the age of 15 he passed into the ranks, and, being small and intelligent, he seemed to have a bright future before him.

But the husband and father died suddenly in 1820. It was a terrible shock to poor Mme. Jambé, and she would hardly have survived it but for the thought of her son, and the hope that he would be a comfort to her in her declining years. Sorrow aged her more than her rough life had done, and she left the service and settled in a little cottage left her by her parents in the village of Clusay, near Pontarlier.

A year later war broke out, and this was another sorrow for her to bear. She was a patriot, was Mme. Jambé, but she was a mother also, and a pretty tall man. How tall are you?

"Six feet two."
"I bet you! I am six feet three with my high-heeled boots."
"Pardon me, madame, but I have heard you have been to Illinois where we have been told the only Little Giant," said Kelley.

This was an allusion to Douglas, who had been called the "Little Giant." He was one of the members of the committee which had been formed to assist the French army, and when the handshaking was over, he said:

"Gentlemen, Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you in the adjoining room, where you will find some refreshments."
There Mrs. Lincoln met them pleasantly; but the only visible sign of refreshment was the white earthen pitcher filled with ice water. This was possibly Mr. Lincoln's little joke; for it was after a long and weary journey, and the French army had been in the field for some time.

"Mother, you must hide me," he said. "The General has entrusted me with a letter to the commandant of the fort, but the French have seen us and are in pursuit. They must not find us."
"Give me your order, I cried. 'I will take it while you hide here; no one will suspect a woman—'
"I had no time to finish; we heard a discharge of musketry and a neighbor rushed in crying:

"The Prussians! The Prussians are here!"
"I pushed my son and his friends into a storeroom, at the farther end of which, under some hay, was the hole leading into the cellar, where I kept my little stock of wine and cider."
The Prussians entered in through the open door; I saw them in the road. There must have been about one hundred of them altogether. A young officer was in command.

"He came up to me and said, brutally:—
"Is it you who are Mme. Jambé?"
"Yes, I am she," I answered him.
"Your son has just entered this house."
"My son! He is far away from here, always supposing that he is still alive."
"He is not; I am sure of it. Come, now, where is he?"

"You must seek him, then."
"He made a sign, and I was surrounded by a number of men moving my position. The soldiers searched the house, I asking myself meanwhile who could be the coward who had betrayed my son."
"At last the Prussians found him—him and his friends, and I saw them dragged out covered with the bay in which they had attempted to conceal themselves. And my son! How brave and handsome he looked, with his flashing eyes. Yes! He was my own flesh and blood, and I felt proud of him. They were rigorously searched for the message they were supposed to bear, but as it was a verbal one they could find nothing.

"The officer stamped about the little room, mad with rage. Glancing at the prisoners, he cried:
"Is your son among them?"
"He is not; and if he were I would not confess it."
"He drew his sword on me, and then we were all dragged out into the road-way, the officer shouting:
"Where is the man who gave us the information?"
"One of my companions has just killed him," a Prussian sergeant replied, pointing to a corpse, which I had not seen, hidden as it was behind a bush.

The traitor was a franc-tireur, who, to save his own life, had given up my son to the enemy. His punishment had not been long delayed.
"The murderer will be shot," cried the officer; then, looking fiercely at a group of villagers who were cowering under his men's bayonets, he continued:
"Some one among you knows that man Jambé; point him out to me or I will order my men to fire on you."
"Ah! they were my neighbors. They made me weep."

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

"Then we will soon find out," he gave an order in a low voice. His men plumed me with my back against a wall and placed rifles in the hands of my son and his comrades.

"On the word of command you will fire and kill that woman. If you disobey it will be your turn next."
"A cry of horror ran through the crowd, followed by a dead silence. I, well, I myself said to the son of I, telling myself that I must try to show how a French woman could die if need be, and I waited, watching my son.

"But he did not seem to see me. His eyes were turned to his comrades. They seemed to be making signs to one another."
"Ready! the word of command thundered."
"Present! and they obeyed, covering me with their rifles.

"Fire!" The explosion followed, the right about. An explosion followed, and four Prussians, the officer among the number, fell. And above the roar of the discharge I heard my boy's voice clearly:
"Fire! Yes, but on you, you coward!"

"A general volley on the part of the Prussians followed, and I fell with a bullet in my shoulder. Before I lost consciousness, however, I saw that my son was safe.

"I learned afterward that, just at this moment, the cannon of the Fort de Joux began to play. The commandant had caught the reflection of the sunlight from the Prussians' helmets, and, seeing the Prussians' position, had sent a few shells into the crowd and rapidly dispersed the enemy."

Mme. Jambé died a few years after the events, which I have related as nearly as I can in her own words, took place. Her story was really a true one, and she died in the arms of her son, who had been promoted to the command of the regiment—Ex.

Informal.
In the "Biography of Charles Carroll Coffin" is his own account of accompanying the committee to the home of Mr. Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., to notify him of his nomination for President. They reached Springfield early in the evening, and after supper at the hotel made their call on Lincoln. It was not to be a very formal interview.

They were in the parlor, dressed in a black frock coat. The announcement was made, and his reply seemed brief. He was evidently much constrained, but as soon as the last word had been spoken, he turned to Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, and said, "Judge, you are a pretty tall man. How tall are you?"

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St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sores.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

Rope Measuring Machine.
A machine has been patented for use in measuring rope, consisting of a rope-receiving wheel, having a roughened edge, which catches in the rope and turns as the latter is pulled through slot and a dial wheel, to operate hands on a dial and ring a bell at certain distances.

Dyspepsia
Makes more people miserable than any other disease. It takes the pleasure out of life. The gratitude of those who have been cured of dyspepsia by Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constant source of joy to thousands. They have suffered more than they can tell from this disease, but have felt the relief of a new life.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine. Price, 25c.
HOOD'S PILLS cure biliousness, indigestion, etc.

PHILOSOPHY AND THINGS
In your conversation use short words and not too many of them.

Love may be blind, but lovers are often spectators of other people.
A husband's love is on the wane when he begins to stop kicking his wife's pet dog.
When a man marries a girl for her beauty, he ought not to be surprised or disappointed, either, if he doesn't get much else.

He'd lots of hair upon his chin,
But none upon his head—
He always spoke before he thought,
So many people said.
An Indiana woman was made to pay damages to the extent of \$126 for saying that her neighbor's beauty was artificial.

Foster Brown says that by the year 1950 Great Britain will have used 150,000 tons of its best reserves of coal, and that there will then remain workable coal at a gradually increasing cost, sufficient coal to last 250 years.
"But could you bring yourself to marry a woman who smoked cigarettes?" they asked a young man who had insisted that woman had a right to smoke if they chose. "No! I have enough people begging my cigarettes now."

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have aching feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It restores and comforts; makes feet, blisters and callous spots. Believe in Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a certain cure for corns and bunions of all kinds and a certain cure for itching, sweating, damp feet. It is a certain cure for itching, sweating, damp feet. It is a certain cure for itching, sweating, damp feet.

Improved Car Seat.
An improved seat for railway cars has been patented, consisting of a sliding frame to swing out on either side as the back is turned, the movement of the bottom allowing the back to swing down further and permitting the use of a wider cushion than those now in use.

No household is complete without a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant, recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.
If Cervena needs consolation for the cold welcome he receives in his native land, for which he staked life and honor, let him read Schiller's version of the reception given by Philip II to the Duke of Medina Sidonia on his return with the remnant of the wrecked armada.

An unmanned balloon which started from Paris and dropped in Westphalia, reached a height of about ten miles and recorded a minimum temperature of eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit below zero.
Water turns to steam at 312 degrees, and if it suddenly vaporizes at these high temperatures in the interior of the earth, the pressure that results is nearly equal to that of gunpowder.

The only two animals whose brains are heavier than that of a man are the whale and the elephant.
In Mexico the family of a dead duelist can claim support from the person who shot him.
NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]
A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illigible, unhappy and generally hysterical. The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.
It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medicine and science, a person should still believe that nervous force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough, common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have suffered for over two years with falling enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a wretched condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.
"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is such a kind and willing to aid you."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedy for Women's Ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.
When the king loses he always comes within an ace of winning.
PINKHAM'S CURE FOR
GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, INFLAMMATIONS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT IRON

Were Prevalent in Ancient Times and Still Have Local Existence.
In Egypt iron was nominally accursed, even when people used it all day long and every day. It was "the impure metal"—"the bones of Typhon," father of evil. No man could touch it without sin; he must do penance and make atonement. That was the theory as long as the Egyptian race endured; in practice iron had been handled for years for several thousand years. The only piece of metal found in the great pyramid was an iron bar. The same custom of ancient faith with growing confidence was urged everywhere, no doubt; but the record does not exist. It was lost before the classic time, and so Greek and Roman sages puzzled over old little customs handed down from Egypt. Cleopatra is said to have brought a tool of iron must be brought in to the sacred grove of the Atrium, or if brought by accident, must be explained by the sacrifice of a pig or a lamb; and Plutarch wondered why the Archon of Athens might not touch iron except at the yearly festival commemorating the triumph of Greece. There is no record of such instances. The sacred old Pons Subilius had to be repaired without using iron; so had the ancient temple of Jupiter Liber in Imperial times, when the meaning of such rules was lost, a special law abrogated them.

One may survey mankind from China to Peru and find the same superstition everywhere. Iron tools were forbidden in the building of the temple at Jerusalem. The late Rajah Vizianagaram, a member of the council, was a man of learning and enlightenment, would not allow iron to be used in any building throughout his territory. He believed in an epidemic would follow. Negroes of the Gold Coast must remove any particles of iron on their persons when consulting the fetish. Upon the other hand, a Sikh must always have a piece of steel or iron about him. Burmese tell how the "pious" Moslem stretches out a finger exclaiming, "Iron! oh, thou ill-omened one!" when a dust storm approaches the caravan—believing it to be directed by a Djinn.

In Scotland many traces survive. To use iron in kindling the "neef" was a fearful impiety. When a fisherman swears during bad weather at sea his comrades still grasp the nearest bit of metal, crying "Cauld iron!" It is not so long since people thrust a nail or a knitting-needle through each article of food in the house, to ward off evil spirits, or dipped it in the liquor, when a person died. This is enough—persons interested in the subject will find reams of evidence in books devoted to folklore. We may well think that superstition arose every where at the time when heroes and warriors, armed with iron, overcame the country, massacring the helpless people, and destroying the antique religion. It was the accused metal. Afterward, by a natural process, the evil thing often came to be regarded as a protection against other evil things—witches and demons and charms and death itself. English babies were defended from fairy kidnappers by putting a key, knife, pair of tongs, above all, scissors, in the cradle. In many of these pretty tales dealing with a "swan maiden" the girl cannot recover her plumage because it is locked in a chest with an iron key—sometimes she gets a mortal to open the chest, and flies away upon the instant. In other stories the girl is released by a touch of iron; in some favorite tales by the husband throwing his bride at or to her—the iron bit is fatal.

MOSQUITO KILLER OF MEXICO.
New Official of Railway Who Will Exterminate the Insect.
The Mexican Central Railway Company is engaged in a new experiment which, if it is all that is claimed for it, will be of inestimable value. To show how earnest they are in the matter, they have created a new office—that of mosquito commissioner—and the post office was awarded to Captain George C. Sperry, superintendent of telegraphs for the company.

Experiments in different parts of the United States, and in New Jersey in particular, have demonstrated the fact that the extermination of the mosquito can be accomplished.
An exchange, in discussing the matter, said:
"Scientific investigation has disclosed the fact that a few grains of permanganate of potash will destroy all the embryos of mosquitoes in a very large area of mosquito swamp. At 2 cents an acre the mosquitoes can be killed off for a space of thirty days, and as the breeding time is but two months, a few cents will assure protection for the entire year. This places it within the possibility of a state, and certainly a city, to entirely rid itself of a great nuisance."

April and May are the two months in which mosquitoes breed. They are purely local in their habits, and not migratory, as some suppose, and they seldom move more than a hundred feet from the place of their birth. Hence, to exterminate the breed in a certain locality for that season at least, and the method of extermination is so inexpensive that an entire community may be rid of them at a very small expense.

When Welcome Is Worn Out.
An Ohio host, wearied out of all endurance by the persistence of his guest, chose as his medium the family prayer book after breakfast, and said: "O Lord, bless our visiting brother, who will leave us on the 10 o'clock train this morning." I prefer the subtler and more reverent method of another Ohioan, the father of William Dean Howells, the novelist. His practice was, when a visitor had worn out his welcome, to be called away on business and to say to his guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-by." Excellent, and highly appreciated by the boys was the formula used by Dr. Vaughn, when, as headmaster of Harrow school, he had to entertain the highest form in the school in batches at breakfast. Complimenting the bashfulness of the boys who did not leave and yet wanted to do so, the doctor would say—apropos of nothing: "Must you go? Can't you stay?" This was the signal for departure. I admire very heartily the transposition of a blundering narrator, who, in telling this story, gave the formula as "Can't you go? Must you stay?" A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind of this revised version.

Difficult to Stop.
Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over a distance of two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile to a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress. The violent collisions in some cases during fog may thus be accounted for.

Experience frequently has some slow pupils.
While lightning may be seen and its illumination of the clouds and mist may be recognized when it is even two hundred miles distant, thunder is rarely audible more than ten miles. The thunder from very distant storms, therefore, seldom reaches the ear.

Delay Makes It Harder.
Misses have made the worst trains, but it is no misstep to use St. Jacobs Oil. It makes a cure by strengthening, soothing and conquering the pain. Every hour's delay makes it harder to cure.
An interesting test has just been made by a French woman. With a view to testing the supposed powers of chocolate, she lived upon that alone for 60 days, and lost but 15 pounds in the interval.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn, Ind., 28-32 Third street. American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.
The female brain commences to decline in weight after the age of 30; the male not until ten years later.

If you want the best mill pump, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes, boilers, machinery, etc., write JOHN POOLE, fishery, see street, Portland, Oregon.
A naturalist of eminence says that land birds make their journeys in the daytime and water birds at night.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.
It is a curious circumstance that some of the most important inventions have been discovered by lunatics.

Before having teeth extracted, consult Dr. T. H. White, 2719 Madison street, Portland, Or. Crown and bridge work, the best of satisfaction. Gold filling a specialty.
It is calculated that the men and women of today are nearly two inches taller than their ancestors.

I know that my life was saved by Pilo's Cure for Consumption. John A. Miller, Ayer's, Michigan, April 21, 1895.
Unbreakable mirrors are now made by putting a coating of quicksilver on the back of a very thin plate of cellulose.

FITS Permanently Cured. No more nervousness. Nerve Restorer. Send one of Dr. King's Great Kidney Pills to Dr. H. H. Kinsley, Ltd., 98 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Fran von Tuffel, wife of the physician to the king of Wurtemberg, died in Munich, Germany, was well known in this country as Blanche Sumner. "The Open Door." She was married to Dr. von Tuffel in 1890.

The Spanish War in Spanish.
Hispano, Likafoano,
Raisinello Cubanero,
Americano Gittimadillo,
"Letafano Cubanero,"
Hispano Talkabacko—
"Notifino, Go-to-Blanco!"
Americano Backipio:
Danderup Potipino;
Shushunello Hispano;
Cubanero—Pillipino,
Cubanero—Pillipino,
Deweyfno Sunkalioetto
Intibayalo Manilao,
Samontoso, Shafterallo,
Slyl Schlego, Mashialallo,
Cowanallo Conquero;
Allegonno Hispano,
Thenafino Picinero,
Soldiero Americano;
Hurraralo McKinleyano;
Republican Conquero;
Crownero Lanrolaro,
Althetino—Everywhere
McKiblaro, Gooddittino;
Olepiole Yankeero;
Funkinno, Fraterano—
Hispano, Cubanero,
Americano, Buhawano,
Fizilango, Hippoharano,
McKinleyaro—Unclesallo!

Railroad Trains to Run Slower.
Railroad engineers claim that it is very expensive to run their express trains, and are talking about reducing the speed. It is likewise expensive to the health to men do nowadays. The whole system gives out. For restoring strength Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the proper remedy.

Coal-Dust Firing.
Fine dust of coal or of flour mixed with air forms an agent which has been the cause of many a mine and flourmill disaster. Advantage is taken of this property of combustible dust in a new process of boiler-firing. The fuel reduced to dust is fed by machinery into the furnace in which a fine mist constantly is maintained. The instant the dust falls into the furnace chamber it burns with a flash, almost as if it were a match. The production of smoke is absolutely prevented, and the firing becomes economical as regards consumption of fuel. It would seem that it might lead to the utilization of the enormous mountains of coal slack which cover so many square miles of land in the mining districts—Youth's Companion.

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The female brain commences to decline in weight after the age of 30; the male not until ten years later.

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