Write It Down.

Write it down in a book, so you can see it every day, that St. Jacobs Oil is as sure to cure Lame Back or Lumbago as you write it down. It does its best with it and leaves behind a cure that stays.

A Prank of Lightning.

A stroke of lightning has been the means of an extraordinary archaelogical discovery in Voltara. The lightning struck an old pine tree which crowned the summit of a hill, and the owner of the property ordered the tree cut down. When the workmen began to dig at the roots they unearthed a magnificent Ehruscan grave. It consisted of a spacious vault supported by four immense pillars. All around the grave were large marble tablets, and above them were urns placed in niches. This unique necropolis measured 50 feet in length and 40 feet in width.

Good Money

Should Buy Good Medicine That Will Bring Good Health.

The best medicine money can buy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine brings good health, because it makes good blood. It cures salt rheum, scrofula, rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh and other diseases that have their origin in bad blood. It prevents colds, fevers, pneumonia and the grip.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

New Ornamental Panel.

A new form of ornamental panel designed for interior or exterior decoration or utility, is placed upon a base of wire network, on which the panel is built up in relief in whatever design may be desired.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is reported that there is a current order in the Pittsburg market for about 13,0000 tons of steel rails for East India.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board $1.00 to $1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to $1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

Great Britain, Ireland not included, has, according to the latest returns, 6,500,000 cattle and 26,314,000 sheep.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

It is announced that an extensive copper field has been discovered in the colony of Natal, South Africa.

Elevators for Rapid Transit.

The new iron elevators just installed in Chicago's Rapid Transit Electric railway system, are models of invention and mechanical construction. Two of them, capable of hoisting passengers to the platforms of the "L" road, at the rate of 100 a minute, have just been placed. These elevators are nine feet square; are provided with automatic sliding doors, and are operated by hydraulic power. They will be used to transfer from the platform of the surface road to the third floor of the new station, which in turn connects direct with the elevated platform by an ornamental iron bridge nine feet wide.

New "Greek Fire."

A new and what is considered a highly important invention was tested in the German Navy recently. It consists of a sort of chemical combustible or "Greek fire," invented by a Berlin engineer. It ignites on contact with the air and water, and cannot be quenched by either water or earth. It burns with a brilliant flame, exceeding the big searchlights, and it can be sunk under water or beneath the ground, and when brought to the surface instantly bursts into flames at any desired point. It was tested at night evolutions of the navy and proved most efficient in detecting the presence of an opposing force.

Two towns in Kansas—Lost Springs and Romana—have not an idle man or boy, or an unoccupied house, or a dog. Each town has a population of about 200.

Australian savages eat green ants raw. They stamp upon an ant hill until the ants run up their legs, when they scrape them off and transfer them to their mouths.

From cork chippings, once thrown away, thousands of yards of linoleum are now made at Delmenhorst, Germany.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhœa. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

TAKEN FOR A LEPER.

MAN KEPT IN CONFINEMENT FOR SEVEN YEARS.

John Anderson Taken from His Home and Imprisoned Alone on the Belief that He Had Leprosy—Story of His Unique Case.

After being buried for seven years from the eyes of the world, consigned to a hovel in solitary confinement, fed from a trough into which his meals were dumped, and seldom spoken to by a human being, John Anderson, the leper of Lima, Pa., has at last been given his freedom. It has taken seven years to discover that the so-called leper was not a sufferer from that dread scourge, and the grand jury, after investigating the case, recommended that Anderson be sent back to his home in Sweden.

ANDERSON.

While the hearts of all Americans have been wrung with sympathy for the barbarous treatment of Dreyfus and his isolation on Devil's Island, there has been within a few miles of Philadelphia a human being deprived of his liberty, of association with his fellow men, treated like a wild beast, and buried in a living tomb.

In all these years he has not touched the hand of a human being nor heard a voice save the occasional shout of the person passing his prison. As a consequence of his isolation, he has grown to be more of a savage than a human being.

Anderson, who is about 40 years of age, is a mechanic. For years he was employed in Roach's shipyard, at Chester. About seven years ago he was taken ill in his boarding house with a peculiar malady, which the attendant physician was at a loss to diagnose. Another physician was called in, who, in turn, summoned others, and after a consultation pronounced Anderson a leper. The authorities were notified and immediate steps taken to place him in solitary confinement. He was taken to Media, consigned to the care of the authorities of the poor-house, and a house was erected for his safe keeping. Situated in the center of a fenced-in field, the nearest building to it being the barn of the poorhouse, a half mile away, with a big bare room, the furniture of which consists of a rude couch, an old stove, and a trough into which his meals are dumped. Anderson for seven long years has lived alone.

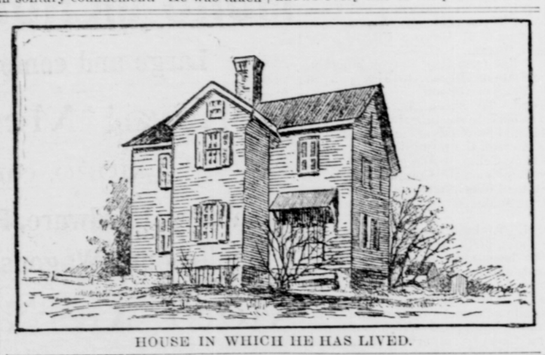
Fed from a Trough.

Since the day Anderson took up his abode in this house no other human being has crossed its threshold. Even the pathway that formerly ran by the door has disappeared from lack of use, and no one has gone inside the fence, save the keepers, who carry the pail of food and dumped it into the trough. The house is desolation itself, the grass around it grows high and the small tree at the foot of the steps leading to the main door spread out its branches as if in token of warning to keep away. The front door was never open. Whenever the alleged leper had occasion to seek the fresh air he went out by the rear door, which is reached by nine high steps, at the top of which is a small porch, the favorite spot of Anderson.

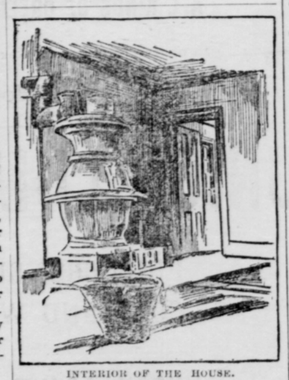
So fearful have the authorities and attendants been of the dreaded disease that the ashes from the stove created by the fuel burned by Anderson have never been moved from alongside the house in the seven years he has been under their charge, and to-day form a mound many feet high. Neither the house nor the porch nor the steps have been swept or cleaned in all this length of time.

Afraid of a Human Voice.

The other day a reporter called upon Anderson to tell him that he was to be released. As he opened the door he was greeted with a gust of air which for foulness beggars description. Entering the room, which was in semi-darkness, he opened a shutter to admit the light, and the scene that met his gaze was more revolting than the air that met his nostrils. The room was unoccupied. The floor was greasy, covered with dirt and filth. In one corner of the room an old comfortable stuffed with cotton, almost torn into shreds, marked the place where the alleged leper spent his nights. The crude wooden table, on which were some rust-covered tin dishes; an old chair, and an old iron barrel stove completed the furnishing of the room. The visitor entered another room and as the sound of his footsteps broke the silence he heard a startled movement in the far end, and the next minute a voice exclaimed: "Go away! Go away, in God's name. What do you want with me? Leave me alone to die." Assured that no harm was to come to him, Anderson was persuaded to come into the next room.



HOUSE IN WHICH HE HAS LIVED.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.

Aside from a pallor acquired by long confinement there is no unusual discoloring of the skin. There are no botches or scales, which are the pronounced symptoms of leprosy, on his hands, face or neck, nor are the finger nails discolored or decayed. When informed that the grand jury had decided that he was not a victim of leprosy and that the State contemplated sending him back to Sweden, Anderson said: "I have no desire to go anywhere. For years I have been hounded and persecuted like a wild beast. I was taken forcibly from my home, brought here, chained to the floor. I became convinced there was no hope, no future—nothing but death before me. For seven years I have lived here alone until the sight of man, the sound of the human voice and the customs of the people with whom I was formerly associated are so entirely unfamiliar to me now that it would be like beginning life anew. I have been branded as a leper, whom all my fellow beings have been warned to shun. My name has become a byword, my alleged affliction so well know that it would be impossible to cultivate acquaintances anew. If I were given my liberty I would be without home, without friends and unable to secure employment. It is best that I stay where I am until my end comes."

ENGLAND'S NEXT QUEEN.

Stories Bearing on the Personality of the Priness of Wales.

Queen Victoria recently admitted that of all the members of her royal family, excepting only her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrix, she has most love for her probable successor, the beautiful Princess of Wales.

Alexandra, the next Queen of England, will enjoy in a way all the power wielded by her husband and will have the full social prestige now belonging to her mother-in-law. For this reason and perhaps because she likes to keep herself young enough to enjoy this the Princess of Wales devotes a portion of her time to athletics. She exercises constantly, and one room at Marlborough House is filled with automatic side saddles, stationary bicycles and all sorts of athletic aids. She rides horseback—indoors and outdoors—two hours every day, and weighs herself frequently to be sure that she is not gaining.

The Princess of Wales has never concerned herself with state matters, although she must know what is going on. She has always been absolutely indifferent to such things, unless swerved to one side or the other by personal favoritism. The Queen, who knows every line of the possibilities of her statesmen, has ever been a politician, looking for improved service, civil and military, but Alexandra has never worked along political lines, and never will; she is not that kind of a woman.

Alexandra has her little weaknesses—all womanly ones. She is fond of novels, a thing the Queen despises, unless of the classic sort. She dislikes famous people, such as authors and artists, for she is timid in the face of genius, while the Queen will have nothing to do with any other. Alexandra loves fancy work and can outline a worsted dog to perfection, while the Queen never takes a stitch. Alexandra notes the hang of the skirt and the cut of the sleeve. Victoria is calmly oblivious to everything except court dress.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Britishers will have something to do to get used to their new Queen, for they will have to reconstruct all their ideas of royalty. Court dresses and jewels will shine in the dull old rooms and music and laughter will be heard where now only the echoes startle the shadowy figures of former gaiety. Alexandra has been preserving herself to have her royal "fling," and she is woman enough to insist upon it.

Aptly Criticised.

One of the best criticisms of Scott's novels was given by an Irish cobbler, as related in the biography of "William Stokes."

Doctor Stokes had often loaned the cobbler odd volumes of Scott to read. Walking beside him one day on the road, the doctor said:

"Well, Denny, what did you think of the last book I lent you?"

"It's a great book, intirely, docther, an' Sir Walter Scott's a thrue historian."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," replied Doctor Stokes. "But what do you mean exactly by calling him a true historian?"

"I mane, your honor, he's a thrue historian because he makes you love your kind."

Golden Silence.

A man who once met Ralph Waldo Emerson at the house of a friend tells of the characteristic way in which the Concord philosopher blunted the edge of a compliment.

"Oh, Mr. Emerson," said a young woman of the party, "it must be so delightful to know that people all over the country are grateful for the things you have said!"

"Thank you," said Emerson, slowly; "but it is for some of the things I have not said that I feel most grateful."

To every woman there comes the time when she tries to prove her love for her husband by watching the gas meter to catch it at wrong doing.

Parson Goodman—"See here! Don't you know where little boys go who play foot-ball on Sunday?" Small Boy—"Yazzir; dey goes to Yale, when dey gets big 'nough!"—Puck.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Rose—"Was he on his knees when he proposed?" Mary—"No; but I was."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"It's very astonishing!" exclaimed the campaign figurer. "What's astonishing?" "The singularity of this plurality."—Washington Star.

"Wonders will never cease. I just saw a stone walk." "Pooh! That's nothing. I have often seen a brick building."—Philadelphia Times.

Miss Totling—"Miss Sincoe was born with a silver spoon in her mouth." Miss Dimling (after a glance at the mouth)—"Tablespoon?"—Harlem Life.

First doctor—I've got to make a trip out of town to-morrow. Second doctor—Business or pleasure? First doctor—Both. I'm going to operate on a wealthy patient.—Life.

"This," said Mr. Flitter, "is a picture of the only girl I ever loved." "How cleverly," said Miss Wyse, as she looked at the portrait, "they do get up these composite photographs!"

Stranger—Is your society here very select? Arizona Al—See them graves over thar? They was all filled by fellers who came to our dances without invitashuns.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"You look dreadfully battered; how is that?" "Wife has been pelting me with flowers." "Why, that wouldn't mark you in that fashion." "Oh, they were in the pots."—London Judy.

"What became of Hyller, who made so much money manipulating stocks last year?" "He's still manipulating stock. He's currying horses in a West Side barn."—Chicago Tribune.

Mistress (angrily)—"See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust on this mantel-piece." Bridget (admiringly)—"There's nothin' like eddication, after all, is there, mum?"—Roxbury Gazette.

Mistress—"Sarah, how was it that I saw you entertaining friends in the kitchen again last night?" Sarah—"I'm sure I don't know, unless you looked through the keyhole."—The Windsor Magazine.

Mills—I have great admiration for the colors in the Spanish flag. Brills—Why so? Mills—Because they are the only things in the Spanish army that didn't run when our boys soaked 'em.—New York Journal.

Jill—You puckered up your lips so then that I thought you were going to kiss me. Jack—No; I got some sand in my mouth. Jill—Well, for heaven's sake, swallow it! You need it in your system.—Troy Times.

"Your mother seemed very much amused at the little story I told last night," he said, self-approvingly. "Yes," she replied, "ever since I can remember, mother has laughed whenever she has heard that story."

"Did you find the snakes pretty thick down there?" "Not very thick, but some of them were pretty long." "Oh, you know what I mean! Were there many round?" "'Cylindrical' would be a better word."—Boston Transcript.

First swell (pretending to mistake for a waiter a rival whom he sees standing in dress clothes at the cloak-room of the theater)—Ah! have you a program? Second swell (up to snuff)—Thanks, my man; I got one from the other fellow.—Tit-Bits.

Cumso—Well, Cawker, did you name your new baby George Dewey? Cawker—No. Cumso—You told me that was your intention. Cawker—Yes. Cumso—Then why didn't you? Cawker—We decided, upon second thoughts, to name her Elizabeth.—Bazar.

Customer (severely)—"Do you sell diseased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us! How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidentially)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir." Customer (sheepishly)—"Oh!"—Tid-Bits.

"Plugger's dramatic school is making a winning, I hear." "I should rather guess. It is the most complete plant for the manufacture of actors ever installed. Why, he even has a hundred feet of genuine railroad tracks to teach them the true dramatic stride."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, pa," queried Willie, the other morning while preparing his geography lesson, "how many motions has the earth?" "I don't know, Willie," replied the fond parent, as he bound a towel soaked in icewater about his throbbing brow; "but they're numerous, quite numerous."—Chicago News.

"Say," said the bookkeeper, addressing the cashier, and winking knowingly at the office boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp-tax?" "Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?" "Suppose," continued the bookkeeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion, would I have to stamp the express receipt?" "Undoubtedly," answered the cashier; "but if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinions by mail." "And why by mail?" asked the autocrat of the ledger. "Because," replied the cashier, "as they have no weight, it would be much cheaper."—Chicago News.

"This is Mr. Pneer, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "You have rented a house fronting on Mulberry square, I believe?" "I have." "Well, my name is Ferguson. I have rented the house next to yours, and by a queer mistake the man I sent to clean it up so I could move into it went to the wrong place and cleaned up yours. His bill, which I settled, is quite moderate—only $1.50—and I thought that if the work proved satisfactory on inspection perhaps you would not object to assuming the payment of that amount." "Not at all, sir, but I shall charge you $1.50 for one day's occupancy of my house. That, I think, makes us even, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Spiders Help Make Balloons.

In the professional school at Chalis-Meudon, the Industrie Textile states that spiders have now to spin for the benefit of the balloons which are used for scientific and military researches. The spiders are grouped in dozens before a reel, which withdraws the delicate threads. One spider can give a thread from twenty to forty yards in length, after which performance it is released. The threads are of pinkish hue, and are washed to remove the sticky surface layer. Eight threads have to be combined. The resulting texture is much lighter than ordinary silk of the same bulk, and strong cords for military balloons can no doubt be obtained in this way.

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

All a woman's prayers to reform a man will do no good if she lets him know that she thinks he is bad enough be prayed for.

A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

Host Continues a Dinner Party While His House Burns.

There is a familiar saying that a lady should be mistress of herself, although china fall, but to be master of himself and his dinner-table while his house is in flames is a degree of self-control granted to few. Grace Ellery Channing, in her book, "The Sisters of a Saint," tells of a certain gentleman of colonial times who appears to have been endowed with even that measure of Puritan self-repression.

The Royal Commissioners, then in Boston, were bidden to a dinner on Christmas eve at the stately Bristol residence of John Wentworth, a man of great natural parts and of a noble and lofty bearing. The table, set forth with old plate and damask, was loaded with good cheer of all kinds. The host gave the customary signal for the dinner to be served in the words:

"Friends, you see your dinner!"

As the visitors' lips opened to make the response demanded by etiquette, a servant rushed in with the announcement that the house was on fire. Sternly bidding the startled guests to sit down, John Wentworth commanded the servants to take out the tables and set them upon the lawn; then the chairs were also removed.

"The air will be keen outside. Bring hither the wraps," said John Wentworth. But the flames had already consumed them. "Bring whatever you can find, then!" and the slaves returned with their arms heaped with curtains and table-cloths, and these strange wraps were hastily donned by the company.

"To the tables," commanded Wentworth, and at the word the panic-stricken guests trooped forth from the now blazing house and seated themselves about the table upon the wintry lawn. The host repeated the greeting.

"And a very good dinner we see!" was the tremulous response.

In vain the guests essayed nervously to eat and drink; fitful attempts at gayety died away in the ever-increasing roar of flames; but Wentworth kept up an easy flow of conversation, pressing upon his guests the various dainties with all the concern of a man who had naught weightier upon his mind.

Now and again the sound of a falling beam would be echoed by a falling glass from some shaking hand. As the last glass shivered to the ground it was answered by a dull crash; the last wall of the house sank and fell.

Wentworth did not turn his head.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 1,200 feet above the ocean level.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder on exploding expands about 9,000 times, that is, fills a space this much larger as a gas than when in a solid form.

In the American Museum of Natural History, in Central Park, New York, the skeleton of an ancient American rhinoceros, found in an old river bed in Phillips County, Kansas, has been mounted. It measures 10 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet 1 inch in height.

The rare element, gallium, which was discovered in 1875, in rock from the Pyrenees Mountains, and which takes its name from Gallia, the old Roman appellation for France, has recently been added to the list of substances occurring in the sun. Prof. Hartley and Mr. Ramage, of Dublin, have recognized its spectral lines in sunlight.

According to the results of an inquiry among the beekeepers of Germany, human beings may acquire immunity from the effects of bee stings simply by being stung a sufficient number of times. In some cases thirty stings suffice to impart the desirable immunity; in other cases as many as 100 stings must be endured before the victim ceases to suffer serious inconvenience from the attack of bees. Occasionally a person is found who is naturally immune to the effects of bee stings, while others are not able to acquire immunity by any amount of heroic experience.

The experiments to be tried with liquefied air in the treatment of yellow fever will be observed with deep interest by the scientific world. The yellow fever bacillus succumbs to cold weather. It will not survive the freezing point, and when the South is scourged with the disease the prayer is for a frost. By the use of liquefied air the temperature may be reduced to any degree desired, even to 200 or 300 below zero. The cost of the operation is not excessive, and the machinery is not complicated. All that would be needed, aside from the apparatus, would be a well insulated room to keep the heat out.

The recent gift to the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of the famous "Calaveras skull," reawakens interest in that remarkable relic of antique man. The skull was found in 1866, imbedded in gold-bearing gravel in Calaveras County, California, at a depth of 127 feet. Above it were four beds of lava that had flowed from a now extinct volcanic vent. The late Prof. J. D. Whitney (whose sister, Miss Maria Whitney, made the gift to the museum) was convinced of the genuineness of the discovery. The owner of the skull is supposed to have lived in the Pliocene epoch, a period so remote that the most ancient dates of history seem quite recent in comparison.

Avalanche's Roar Heard Sixty Miles.

An immense avalanche came tearing and roaring down the side of Mount Ranier, near Tacoma, Wash., recently. It struck the base of the mountain with a report like that of a tremendous clap of thunder, being heard distinctly in Tacoma, sixty miles away. People there thought an earthquaake had occurred.

The supposed earthquake was an avalanche, which came down the backbone of a "cleaver" lying between the two branches of Mowitch Glacier. The top of this "cleaver" has an elevation of ten thousand feet. It extends several thousand feet down the mountain side, terminating where two glacial branches come together. The avalanche started near the top of this cleaver and swept the rocky surface to Mowitch Glacier proper. Down this it sped to where the glacier terminates with precipitous icy walls, over which it leaped into a great chasm below. A large part of this glacier was carried down with it. Driver says millions of tons of rock, ice and snow tumbled down.

Settlers about the mountain thought a terrific earthquake had occurred when they heard the report and felt the jar which followed. Some watched Mount Ranier to see if there was to be an eruption. But the great snow field which had existed where the avalanche started had fallen down, and the path of the avalanche and broken glacier was plainly seen.

THE PRODUCTS FROM WOOD.

Sixty per Cent of Wood Is Liquid and Can Be Converted Into Alcohol.

It is not generally known that over 60 per cent. of wood may be converted into liquid. The strongest hydraulic pressure would not squeeze one-half of one per cent. of moisture from dry wood, but by putting the same material into an iron retort and converting it into charcoal by means of heat, the gases and smoke, to the extent of fully 65 per cent. of the weight of the wood, may be condensed into liquid called pyroligneous acid, and from it are obtaned wood alcohol, acetate of lime and wood tars. A cord of wood weighing 4,000 pounds produced about 2,650 pounds of pyroligneous acid and 700 pounds of charcoal. The pyroligenous acid from one cord of wood produces nine gallons of 82 per cent. crude wood alcohol, 200 pounds of acetate of lime and about twenty-five gallons of tar, besides thirty-five bushels of charcoal. After the pyroligneous acid is neutralized with lime the wood alcohol is distilled off, the lime holding the active acid in solution. After the separation of the wood spirit the remaining liquid is boiled down in open pans to a sugar, which is dried and becomes the acetate of lime of commerce. Acetate of lime is used for making acetic acid. Fully three-fifths of all the wood alcohol and acetate of lime produced in the world are made in the United States. Fully 15,000 acres per year are cleared for this purpose. Wood alcohol affords a perfect substitute for grain alcohol for manufacturing and mechanical purposes, and at less than one-third the cost. It is used principally as a solvent in the making of shellac varnish, in making celluloid, photographic paper, etc. It makes many beautiful dye tints. It is antiseptic and much used for liniments and for skin rubbing in bathhouses.—Boston Transcript.

Delicious Papaws.

Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the papaw, which grows so luxuriantly along the river bottoms of the great Middle West, do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a "natural custard," its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to acquire a liking for it.

A man from the far Northeast, who was visiting a cousin in Ohio in early October, was shown one day a fine, large specimen of the fruit.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Break it open and see," was the reply.

He broke it in two, inspected it, and smelt of it.

"Well?" he said.

"Taste it."

He did so.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed. "What kind of game are you trying to play on me?"

"I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world," rejoined the cousin.

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it, but that was all.

"You'll be eating them by the hatful before you go back East," said the cousin.

As having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a half bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that, on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting-room, "What Is Home Without a Mother?" a similar, but smaller one: "What Is Home Without a Papaw?"

Where Missing Laundry Goes To.

"Dishonest household servants cause the laundries no end of trouble," remarked an employe of a down-town concern. "It's a common thing for them to annex a few shirts or collars, and now and then a stray handkerchief from the supply of their employer, and when the shortage is discovered it is generally charged to the laundry. Lots of times we know perfectly well that the things claimed were never sent in, but pay for them rather than have a row and lose a good customer. A lady of this city lost several fine lace handkerchiefs about a year ago, and insisted that they were sent to the shop but never returned. She was perfectly sincere, and the bill was paid. Last week the handkerchiefs turned up. They were sent in with a bundle of things from another part of the town, and when we came to trace them we found they had passed through four different hands. The original thief was a mulatto maid servant who had disappeared. On another ocasion a gentleman lost several collars, and was very angry. He said he was continually losing articles that way, and brought his negro porter along to prove that they had been sent in. The manager was about to hand over the value of the linen when he happened to notice that the darky was wearing a very handsome collar, and told him to take it off. He protested vigorously, but it was secured, and proved to be one of the lot. The rest were found in his trunk.

The First Typewriter.

The first typewriter was a machine with raised letters, invented by Henry Mill of England, in 1714, for the use of the blind; but beyond marking the era of mechanical writing machines it was of no value, and for nearly 140 years no step forward was made. Nearly all the improvements, and certainly the credit for the general introduction of the typewriter, belongs to America. To-day there is one firm in this country which manufactures more than fifty styles of machines, in all languages and even in business ciphers. In these last the keyboard is lettered as usual, but the characters are printed in cipher.

His Prospect.

"What strange questions children sometimes ask!" exclaimed the gentle-faced man.

"Humph!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Your trouble hasn't fairly begun. Wait till they come home and ask you what the weight of the whole fish is if x, y and z equal a lot of things that you've forgotten years ago."—Washington Star.

Slightly Inconsistent.

Some of the cheap novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type:

"I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, as my mother died when my eldest brother was born."

ARE DR. DARRIN'S CURES LASTING?

This Question Is Often Asked by the Skeptic—Overwhelming Proof of Their Permanency.

To the Editor: Say in your paper that Dr. Darrin cured me six years ago of sciatic rheumatism of years' standing, and I wish that others should know it. Electricity cured me, and it has never returned. My address is 894 Minnesota avenue, Albina. F. W. GODFREY.

Discharging Ears and Deafness Cured.

Dr. Darrin: Seven years ago you treated me for discharging ears and deafness of 19 years' standing. I was totally deaf. You cured me in a short time. I am glad to see you back to Portland again. Refer people to me at 890 Cleveland avenue, Albina.

MRS. SAMUEL ETTER.

Another Soul Made Happy.

To the Editor: For about one year prior to going under Dr. Darrin's electrical treatment, I had been troubled with kidney and liver complaint, had great pain in my back so I could not work during that time. Dr. Darrin cured me in less than one month. Refer any one to me at 234 Second street, Portland.

A. V. GODWIN.

Dr. Darrin's Place of Business.

Dr. Darrin can be consulted at 265 Morrison street, Portland, from 10 to 12; 2 to 5; 7 to 8. He treats all curable chronic, acute and private diseases, with electricity, and scientific medical treatment, such as Eye, Rheumatism, Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Scrofula, Female Weakness, Deafness, Sexual Diseases, Lost Manhood, Malaria, Urinary Troubles, Piles or any other curable disease. Low charges, within the reach of all, combined with the best medical skill. A friendly talk may save you thousands of dollars or years of suffering and perhaps your life. Young, middle-aged or old men suffering from the effects of follies and excesses restored to perfect health, manhood and vigor. Each visitor seen privately, and all communications received in sacred confidence. Out-of-town patients can write for question blanks and circulars free. By that means many may be saved the expense of a trip to Portland.

The "Custer Boys."

"Tom" Custer, 19-year-old lieutenant in the Sixth Michigan cavalry, was every whit as brave as his elder brother, the general. Twice he captured colors from the enemy; on the second occasion at Sailor's creek, only three days before Lee's surrender. Dashing up to the Confederate line in a perfect hail of bullets he fell back upon his horse, a ball having passed through his head from his cheek to his ear. Never checking his horse, he dashed on over the rifle pits from which the enemy had been driven, and, just as the Confederate color-bearer reeled back from a well-aimed shot, Tom grasped the flag and made off with it at full gallop. When he reached his own line he was so full of fight that he insisted on going back into action, but General Custer ordered hm under arrest and sent him to a surgeon.—"Fighting for Honor."

Didn't Mean To.

Little Bessie, having been punishhed for misbehavior, walked to the other end of the room, crying.

When her sobs had subsided, her mother turned to view her repentance, but found her engaged in making faces at her.

"Why, Bessie," said her mother, "how can you do so?"

"Oh, mamma," answered the girl quickly, "I was trying to smile at you, but my face slipped!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ah! If our youthful ideas could but be realized!"

"If they could we would be circus actors, truck drivers or pirates, the most us."—Indianapolis Journal.

Carbide of calcium can be made, according to French authority, by the use of pure oxygen with ordinary carbon as a fuel, for the heat produced is sufficient.

An international exhibition of motor cars is to be held in London next June, and it is hoped that trials and contests for prizes and medals will be arranged.

Britain makes $20,000,000 a year profit out of its postoffices.

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 smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Jewish year book estimates that there are in the world about 11,000,000 of that race, more than half being under Russian jurisdiction.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Late Australian advices report a wild "rush" to the new diamond mines discovered at Nulligane, in the Northwestern part of Western Australia.

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.

A Spanish newspaper announces that the last two descendants of Christopher Columbus are now occupants of a poor-house at Cadiz.

Taken Hold.

We can wake up from sleep and find that soreness and stiffness have taken hold of us. We can use St. Jacobs Oil and go to sleep and wake up and find ourselves completely cured.

There are 100 roads of one kind or another over the Pyrenees between France and Spain, but only three of these are passable for carriages.

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.

A statue of the noted violinist, Ole Bull, desinged by Herr Sinding, of Copenhagen, is about to be erected at Bergen.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8 '95.

For a number of years Great Britain's imports of butter have shown an annual gain of some 200,000 hundred weights.

THEY ALL WANT

THE '99 AGENCY FOR Rambler and IDEAL BICYCLES

$40, $30, $25, $22.50, $20.

If you want a paying agency write at once before all territory is taken.

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO., PORTLAND, OR.

SPOKANE. TACOMA. SEATTLE.

Kicked All Around.

A correspondence is being published in the Times on the subject of "French Feeling Toward Englishmen." A Mr. Jackson has written to that paper to repeat that at Caen recently a student went out of his way to publicly insult Great Britain. As a boy I was first for some years at school in Paris. I was then kicked for being an Englishman; after I was transferred to a school in England, where I was kicked for being a Frenchman. Comment is unnecessary.—London Truth.

In the Electrical World.

A press dispatch from Little Rock, Ark., says that an extraordinary long-distance telephone test has been made by Charles J. Glidden, president of the Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company. Mr. Glidden held a distinct and clear conversation over the wire with Frederick F. Farrar, of the firm of Poor & Greenough, Boston. The distance from Little Rock is 1,900 miles. Mr. Glidden says this is the longest circuit in the world.

Shall Porto Rico Be a State.

Our public men are trying to decide what action should be taken regarding the status of Porto Rico. We have never before had to deal with a similar condition where nearly a million people of a foreign tongue have been annexed. Neither have we ever had before such a reliable medicine for malaria, fever and ague as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It drives the poison out of the system and establishes strength to resist future attacks.

Japanese economy is one of the chief causes of Japanese prosperity. Even the charcoal dust is saved and moulded into balls with chaff or straw for fuel.

Easy Chances.

A slip may sprain, a thump may bruise; easy chances for pain and trouble. An easy way to cure right off is to use St. Jacobs Oil. It takes no chances and knows what it can do.

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays, and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at about 600 miles. Two hundred miles are planted with trees.

He Wasn't Perfect.

Giles—I just heard that Hawkins referred to me as a perfect idiot.

Smiles—Oh, don't mind what Hawkins says; he always does exaggerate more or less. I'm sure no one believes your are perfect.—Chicago Evening News.

Cuban Railways.

Two leading Cuban railways are owned and controlled by British enterprise. A few years ago, at least, no Spaniard or Cuban was in control of an engine. The building and management of machinery is yet but vaguely understood by the Latin races.

Schilling's Best

Japan Ceylon English Breakfast Oolong Ideal Blend

Tea

How England Gets Recruits.

The English have always been enterprising in their methods of recruiting and keep themselves up to-date. Captain Eardley Wilmot, of the British navy, is giving lectures on the development of that service. They are popular lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, and the object evidently is to present the navy to the public in an attractive and honorable light. In his lecture Captain Wilmot dealt with the seamen and marines, explaining their duties and manner of living on board ship. Together these two lectures have been a great success. A similar