WHEN SHE CALLED AGAIN.

MATTHEW ELDER, editor of the Inner Circle, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnies, reigned temporarily in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at a restaurant opposite), or was away on a two-months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnies reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard-working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that. Elder thought of things to do—Champnies did them.

A clerk had just laid on Champnies' desk the form which a visitor had filled up:

* * * * * * * * * * *
* NAME. Miss Cynthia Page. *
* TO SEE. The Editor. *
* BUSINESS. Private. *
* DATE. 3.5.99. *
* * * * * * * * * * *

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnies. He had seen the name Cynthia Page in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased, when the clerk showed her in, to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes, and the lingering glance of her gray eyes, seemed to say: "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnies found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt.

"Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose——"

"Oh, it's not that! In fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But, even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's such a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper, and what our public wants. I say

MISS PAGE WAS A LITTLE DOUBTFUL.

it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun, for this reason and also because I know and admire your work."

"Oh, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly, it's full enough of faults; some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting all the same. You see, it's original."

"Oh, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said. "Possibly, I shall understand it when I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with his business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?"

"Not as well. You'd do better—infinitely better. Oh, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-byed, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?"

Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnies by the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnies shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a tin pot. Plugged up with ads, and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took this paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasms, and my wretched memory, I shall get myself into trouble. Listen. I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written in this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked up myself about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnies, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnies stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea Cup; a journal conducted by ladies for ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnies, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearlettes—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of * * *?"—Black and White.

ONE OLD SCAMP

That Colonel Titus Bark Supported for Many Years.

They were speaking of successful business men and somebody mentioned old Colonel Titus Bark (which isn't his name, although it ought to be). "There is a man who has made a great deal of money," commented one of the party, "but he has been absolutely no value to the world except as an illustration of the vice of avarice. I doubt seriously whether he has ever spent one penny on anybody, except the members of his immediate family, whom he couldn't avoid supporting." "I think you do Bark an injustice," replied another in the group. "Men of his stamp are often strangely generous in secret and take the greatest pains to hide their good deeds from the world. They seem to find a bitter pleasure in being misunderstood. In this particular case I could cite you to an old man in New Orleans whom Colonel Bark has quietly supported for a number of years, and I feel pretty certain that he has never mentioned the matter to a living soul. It's an old fellow who used to know his father, and what makes his action all the more praiseworthy is the fact that the recipient of this bounty is anything but an engaging character. He is crabbed, coarse, illiterate, snarling and as ugly as a mud fence. He has a breath like a buzzard and a nose like a tomato, and I'm persuaded he tipples a good deal in private. The Colonel must be perfectly familiar with his shortcomings, but he never chides him and never permits anybody to speak ill of him in his presence. In fact, I've known him to tell more than one deliberate lie to shield him from the consequence of his pure cussedness. Everybody hates the old rascal. I doubt whether he has another friend in the whole city." "You astonish me!" exclaimed the first speaker. "How long has this been going on?" "Four years. He has no other source of revenue and if it wasn't for the Colonel he'd certainly be dead. I saw him hobbling into his office only this morning." "Well, well, that strikes me as being rather pathetic. Who is the old scamp, anyhow?" "Titus Bark, of course."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Sergeant's Tribute.

A very great military authority said, "There are no bad regiments, but only bad colonels." There is abundant proof that Napoleon's belief is shared by the rank and file of soldiers, but this fact could not be more happily illustrated than by the following story, taken from the London Illustrated News, of a quaint compliment paid to the German Crown Prince, afterward Emperor Frederick:

After the battles of Weissenburg and Woerth, which he had won, the Crown Prince was sauntering alone one evening past a barn occupied by a party of Wuertemberg troops. Hearing something like stump oratory going on, the Prince opened the door and looked in. Every one rose.

"Oh, sit down! I'm sorry to disturb. I dare say there's room for me to do the same," said the Prince. "Pray, who was making a speech?"

All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief asked:

"And what were you talking about?"

Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed:

"Well, of course, we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we would have made short work of those confounded Prussians!"

Corrected in Rhyme.

Thackeray was much pestered by the autograph-hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album, and often refused those who asked him to do so, and sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an album, a young lady, was fortunate. Thackeray took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page he found these lines:

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.
—Albert Smith.

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote:

A Humble Suggestion.

I know that Albert wrote in hurry;
To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray,
Instead of "who," had written whom.
—W. M. Thackeray.

Comparison of Salaries.

Admiral Dewey's salary amounts to $37.50 a day, President McKinley's is equal to $131 a day, Cabinet officers, the Vice President and the Speaker of the House get $22.22 a day, Senators and Congressmen $13.90, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court $29 a day.

World's Coal Fields.

The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,800 square miles.

HE IS RICH, YET POOR.

JAMES HEALEY, THE CATTLE KING OF NEW MEXICO.

Is Worth $1,000,000, and Has $100,000 in Yearly Income, Yet He Lives the Simple and Arduous Life of a Mexican Cattle Herder.

A man who doesn't know what to do with his money is somewhat of an anomaly, but James Healey, of New Mexico, who is worth $1,000,000 and whose annual income is $100,000, is such a person. Healey is an extraordinary man, whose counterpart can scarcely be found anywhere. He possesses land, cattle and copper properties well worth far above a million any day in the week, yet he lives in a rude board shanty that could be duplicated for $60. Out of his annual income of $100,000 he spends less than $600 of it on himself. He owns thousands of acres of land in the fertile spots of New Mexico, and still he lives no better—not even so well—than a good part of the ignorant Mexicans he employs to help herd his cattle.

JAMES HEALEY.

James Healey went to New Mexico from Texas. He was born in Sedalia, Mo., in 1838, and with his parents went to Austin, Texas., in 1850. He has always lived on the plains and has no knowledge of any other life. He never went to school but three years and that was on the plains of Texas. But he was born with rare sagacity, a peculiar border shrewdness that reads men at a glance and knows a schemer instinctively. His chief stock in trade is an iron constitution and a bravado nerve that made him well known on the frontier before he was 20. He became a vaquero in Texas when he was 17 years old. His associates have been Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, hardened characters on the border and half-breed Indians.

MILLIONAIRE HEALEY'S SUMMER HOME.

Start of the Healey Fortune.

When the Navajoes were moved by the government to Southern New Mexico in the latter '60s, Jim Healey and other vaqueros went northward with little bands of cattle and settled on tracts of land close to the Arizona territorial line. That was the beginning of the Healey fortune. In a few years he had several hundred head of steers. Then he had several thousand. He spoke the Spanish tongue as well as his own, and no American knew the border and its rude ways so well as Jim Healey did. With further sales of cattle he bought more land. So he has kept on buying land, trading for cattle and water rights, occasionally dabbling in sheep and wool until he has become more than a millionaire.

Up to twenty-five years ago Healey's sole unnecessary expense was gambling. There are still tales in ancient Santa Fe of the times when Jim Healey returning from a cattle drive to Trinidad and Fort Dodge, used to sit in a faro game for forty-eight hours at a stretch and lose or win $7,000 or $8,000 at a sitting. One night he saw the faro dealer give a significant wink to a professional player alongside Healey and from that moment he quit the tables. He has had his ups and downs in cattle, the same as all other cattlemen. In the great freeze of 1878 he lost the greater part of a herd that represented some $125,000. At another time he lost over $60,000 worth of cattle by reason of a lung plague and the Texas cattle fever.

The fearful depreciation in cattle and ranges, which set in at about 1890 and culminated in 1896, ruined many a cattleman, but Healey not only hung to his herds and sold his cattle at little or no profit for six or seven successive years, but he added to his range by purchase of land from discouraged men who abandoned the industry. For three years he has been selling his steers at topnotch prices, and he is the foremost cattleman in New Mexico.

Rich in Copper Property.

The present marvelous boom in copper has also added to Healey's riches. Twenty years ago when he was in El Paso, Texas, with a herd of cattle he met an old companion of his youth on the Texas border. The old friend had turned prospector and had been among the Dragoon mountains in Southern Arizona. Among the mineral properties he had located was a copper claim, the Ranger by name. Healey is seldom touched by the sentimentality of friendship, but this time his friend told such a tale of distress that Healey gave him outright $800 for two-thirds of the copper claim. At different times Healey was persuaded to put $200 and $300 more to hold his share of the property legally intact. In 1892 the mine began to pay, and when Healey got $7,000 for one-third the mine, he thought his remaining third was worth holding. When copper rose to 12 cents a pound in 1897 Healey got some $1,600 a month from the Ranger, and since copper has risen to 18 and 19 cents, he has had between $3,000 and $3,500 a month profit from it.

His vaqueros say they believe the millionaire must be made of steel. He has been a physiological steam engine for over thirty-five years. He literally knows no rest. He usually sleeps less than five out of the twenty-four hours, and is often in the saddle or in the corral for two days and nights at a time. In these later years, when he has become so rich, he has several vaqueros about him always at night in the lonely mountains, where it would no trick at all for bandits to perpetrate some criminal design upon the wealthy cattleman. Frequently the old man will roll in a blanket alongside the camp fire on the range for the night, and with a supper on crackers and cheese or boiled beans will go to sleep until the earliest streaks of daylight, when he will get up and go to work again.

He is by no means a miser, for he has several times made gifts of $1,000 and $2,000 to his vaqueros, whom he likes. Last Christmas he deeded to a man on his range a bunch of prime 4-year-old steers that were worth $1,800, and he gave all in his employ a ten or a twenty-dollar gold piece. He makes his headquarters and home in a pine shanty on the southern end of his great range, about thirty-five miles northwest from Cerillos station, on the Santa Fe route. There he sleeps in a rude bunk built against the wall and above are two other bunks, where a friend or a trusted vaquero sleeps occasionally.

Frugal in His Expenditures.

Healey cooks his own food, but sometimes he has a cowboy help him at cooking. A lot of burned black kettles, a burned skillet, and a grimy old coffee pot and a few battered pans, chipped dishes, and decrepit knives and forks on a greasy table near the stove all tell what sort of meals this unusual millionaire partakes of.

He has never seen a drama, heard a concert, or anything theatrical or operatic since 1870, and then in El Paso. About once a month, when there is no work Jim Healey can busy himself at, and he feels in the mood, then the cattle king will get out a three-gallon jug of claret (which he buys from the half-breed Indians) and produce several yellow paper packages of cheap tobacco, and he and several associates will sit and tell stories either about a camp fire or in the cabin for a few hours. But that's the end of the cattleman's dissipation. No one can induce him to have another taste of it in less than three or four weeks.

King of Stowaways.

The steamship Lackawanna brought into Philadelphia recently a boy who is probably the most famous stowaway on the Atlantic. The fact that the captain of the Lackawanna had involuntarily carried him thrice across the sea is a fair test of his ability to secrete himself, as on each occasion the vessel has been thorough searched before leaving Liverpool. Edward Murphy is only 15 years old. He hails from Birkenhead, England, and has never had a home other than the gutters of the world's largest city can afford. He began the stowaway business some years ago, when less than 10, and has made a great success of it. He has visited most of the shipping ports of the Atlantic, and many South American and African countries besides. During the past year he has traveled from Liverpool to New York, to Santos, to Rosario, to Argentine Republic, to the Barbadoes, to Southampton, to Liverpool, to Philadelphia. He is known to every skipper who sails from London, and as a rule is a favorite with officers and men. Captain Wytte, of the Lackawanna, thinks so much of him that he has offered to adopt him, but Murphy cannot give up his roving life. If he can escape from the Lackawanna—on board which ship, in accordance with the law which requires every sea captain to pay a fine for foreigners brought to America without money, he is closely confined—he will probably beat his way across America and "ship" on some Pacific collier, as he has always expressed a desire to go to the Klondike.

Whence Gutta Percha Comes.

The tree from which gutta percha is obtained grows in Borneo, and in other islands of the Indian Archipelago, says the Philadelphia Times. It is very large, but the wood is spongy, and of little use as timber. The leaves grow on long stalks, and are green above and of a bright yellow beneath. The flowers are small and grow in pretty tufts in the axils of the leaves, each on a separate stalk or stem.

To obtain the gutta percha of commerce, the finest trees are cut down, and incisions are made in the bark; a milky juice exudes from the incisions, and is reserved by little troughs made for that purpose. When the juice has hardened to a certain extent it is kneaded into cakes and exported. The cakes are of a reddish brown color and are full of irregular pores.

Before, however, the cakes are ready for use they have to undergo some preparation. They are first sliced into very thin shavings and then placed in a "tearing" machine, which revolves in a trough of hot water. The machines tears the shavings into small pieces, and the hot water washes them thoroughly. These pieces are then made into cakes and the cakes are rolled several times between heated cylinders to free them from any air or water that they may contain, and to make them uniform in texture. Again they are rolled between heated rollers and thus made into sheets of various thicknesses for use, or formed into rods, water pipes or any other shapes which may be desired.

Holmes Humor.

The late John Holmes, whose reputation for wit was not as wide as that of his celebrated elder brother, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was yet known among his intimates as a man of ready repartee and characteristic humor.

Mr. Holmes never married, but lived by himself in a little house in Cambridge, and once a friend rallied him on his lonely life.

"You ought to marry, John," said he, "and have a larger house."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Holmes, with a quiet smile, "if I should take a better half I would have to improve my quarters."

Crowded London.

At this time in London there are living 400,000 people in one-roomed homes. Of that number 3,000 are living eight or more in one room, 9,000 are living seven or more in one room, and 26,000 six or more in one room. In Scotland one-third of the entire population live in one-room homes. Seventy nabobs own one-half of the whole land of Scotland and obtained it by fraud. "No Room to Live" is the title of a book on the subject.

Every one has a right to be a little foolish; it is the inheritance of everyone. But curb the disposition all you can.

A Contributory Cause.

Sagebrush Sam—Yer say Bill died of a lame arm. How could that be?

Cactus Charlie—Why, yer see, his arm wuz so stiff that he could'nt draw his gun quick, an' the other feller got the drop on him.—N. Y. Journal.

The New Torpedo.

A Swede has invented one operated by invisible rays of light, which enables it to explode at will. In like manner Hostetter's Stomach Bitters conquers all stomach troubles. When a sufferer from constipation, dyspepsia or liver complaint take the Bitters he is sure of a cure. A private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

At Washington, R. I., the Livingstone woolen mill is running night and day.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, aching feet. We have 30,000 testimonials. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In the South within the past five months $17,000,000 in new capital has been invested in cotton mills.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

The Dougherty County Manufacturing Company may soon be incorporated to build a cotton mill at Albany, Ga.

Remember that you can buy Jesse Moore A A. Whiskey for the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey. For sale by all first-class dealers and druggists.

Philadelphia collected $102,000 as taxes on trolley company dividends last year.

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, Ld., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pulls With His Might.

A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his mane.—Chicago Daily News.

In 1850 it was estimated that the consumption of pure alcohol in France equaled 1½ liters per head of the population. In 1896 it had increased to 4.19 liters, apart from the use of wines, beers and ciders.

The Westminster Presbyterian church of Jersey City closes its doors at the beginning of the service, and they are opened but once again during the service to admit late comers. It is stated that this is done to correct the habit of tardiness.

A friendly wrestling match between brothers, John and Frederick Singer, in Webster City, Ia., resulted in the death of the former.

The twelfth annual census will be taken next year, and it is estimated that it will show a population of over 77,000,000 in the United States.

A novel way of pairing guests at stylish dinners has come in vogue in New York. The guests are masked, and each gentleman chooses a lady and escorts her to the dining room. When the soup is served the guests unmask.

"Honor is Purchased by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

In a Bad Way.

The Approached—Why don't you go to work?

The Tramp—Alas! kind sir, I never learned anything but a trade.—Philadelphia North American.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Improved Train Equipment.

The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connection made at Granger with Union Pacific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Hurlburt, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

Farm hands in Yucatan wear linen garments of spotless white. When they become even slightly soiled they hasten to change them. Work is plentiful there, farm laborers are well paid, and they can afford to be tidy.

A German railroad now building in Eastern Africa, where the climate is most dangerous to the white men, recently offered positions to civil engineers at $1,125 per annum, station masters at $1,000 and locomotive drivers $900.

The coarsest human hair is the red, and blonde hair is the finest. The thickness of human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of the railroad between Lucerne and Milan. Its length is nine and one-half miles.

The highest active volcano in the world is that of the smoking mountain, Popocatapetl, in Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea. Its crater is three miles in circumference, and it is 1,000 feet deep.

The Cliffdwellers and How to Reach Them.

The Denver & Rio Grande railroad has recognized the great interest which has lately been aroused in these wonderful ruins, and will furnish on application to R. C. Nichol, General Agent, 251 Washington street, Portland, Or., a pamphlet describing the ruins, and the best way to reach them.

These historical ruins are located on the line of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad.

Parties going East should avail themselves of the opportunity of purchasing tickets via this line, the scenic line of the world.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Palace of Salt.

Utah's glittering salt palace, with its midway plaisance and other attractions, opened at Salt Lake City August 21. The Rio Grande Western, the only line running through the Mormon capital, has arranged to give holders of all classes of tickets a day stopover at Salt Lake in order that they may have an opportunity of visiting this wonderful structure, built of salt crystals taken from the brine of the Great Salt Lake itself.

The inauguration of the Rio Grande Western's dining car service, doing away with the necessity of stopping trains at eating stations, leaves nothing to be desired for an ideal trip across the continent; for the equipment and train service are equal, if not superior, to those of any of the transcontinental lines. Furthermore, no line traverses any section of the American continent where there is so much grandeur of scenery. A daylight ride through the heart of the Rockies leaves nothing to be desired.

For information as to rates and for descriptive pamphlets, address J. D. Mansfield, General Agent, 253 Washington street, Portland, Or.

Hush! Don't You Hear the Baby Cry?

The only safe medicine for sour curd colic in nursing babies is Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Make mother's milk mildly purgative. Druggists. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Radiation takes place more rapidly from the surface of plants than from the air about them, so that on very still nights the plants are sometimes several degrees colder than the surrounding air.

A family comprising seven persons left Scranton, N. Y., the other day, the whole party traveling on one full-fare railroad ticket. There were the mother and her three pairs of twins, none of the children being up to the half-fare age of five years.

Up-to-date suits for divers have telephone attachment so that the submerged person can converse with his aids at the surface.

An uncommon disease caused the death of Mrs. Rose Funk, a resident of Bloomington, Ill., Portions of her flesh had become as dry and hard as bone.

In Rockford, Ill., recently, a gust of wind blew a baby carriage on to a railroad track in front of a train, and the two children in the carriage were killed.

Just a Woman's Story

Sarah E. Bowen, of Peru, Ind., said: "For eighteen years I suffered with weakness peculiar to my sex. I could neither sleep nor eat well, and was reduced to a mere skeleton. My skin was muddy, my eyes heavy and I was dizzy much of the time. Doctors prescribed for me without avail; medicine seemed to do me no good. I was at the brink of despair when a friend told me what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had accomplished in a case similar to mine. I bought a box and took them. I bought more and took them until I was well and strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People brought me new life and I recommend them to every suffering woman."—*From the Republican, Peru, Ind.*

Plain Talks to Women, a new book, sent sealed on request.

* Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box. 6 boxes $2.50.

Irish railways have been moving toward consolidation.

Twenty-five years ago the United States supplied 15 per cent of the world's coal consumption; now they supply 30 per cent.

The dogs in Bamwell county, S. C., are returned at a valuation of $12,830, while the assessed valuation of the entire property of the county in sheep and goats is $201.

A lady at Green Haven, N Y., secured a separation from her husband on the ground of extreme cruelty. Among other brutal acts he was in the habit of sleeping with a hammer under his pillow, and with this he frequently threatened, during the night, to pound her into insensibility.

To clean asphalt pavements in Utica last year cost about two cents a running foot.

There are 242 German Baptist churches in the United States, with 22,000 members.

An immense tarpon was caught by A. O. Mygott, at Boca Grande pass, Florida, and he was trying to haul it into his boat. In its vigorous efforts to escape it made a high leap, and as it fell into the boat its tail struck Mr. Mygott, knocking him unconscious for three hours.

Constipation

Caused by over-work! Over-eating! Over-drinking! No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load after load is imposed until the intestines become clogged, refuse to act, worn out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be cured by CASCARETS Candy Cathartic. Not a mass of violent mercurial and mineral poison, but a pure vegetable compound that acts directly upon the diseased and worn out intestinal canal, making it strong, and gently stimulating the liver and kidneys; a candy tablet, pleasant to eat, easy and delightful in action. **Don't accept a substitute for CASCARETS.**

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Overtax'd Patience.

In an Aberdeen bookshop an old lady was inquiring for a copy of the Bible, and the shopkeeper brought forward one at half a crown. But the old lady wanted something cheaper. A copy at 18 pence was produced, containing illustrations. But the illustrations, she averred, entailed superfluous expenditure. "Then here," said the shopkeeper, "is a copy for a shilling, which contains a' that's necessary for salvation." He descended from the ladder and laid it before his customer. "But hae ye no something a wee bit cheaper?" asked the old lady. "Wumman, wumman!" said the shopman, "ca' upon the Almichty to come down and sell ye his 'ain publications, for I can dae noe mair!"—Troy Times.

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