

How Jerry Beat the Hunters.

IN the eastern part of New Hampshire, well down in the southern half of the State, there is a long, low range of hills, the highest of which is known as Blue Hill, or Crodon Mountain. This peak is nearly 3,000 feet in height, towering in friendly rivalry to its neighbor, the historic Kearsarge, not thirty miles away.

Nearly the whole of the mountain is included in the famous Corbin park, a tract of 28,000 acres inclosed as a game preserve by the late Austin Corbin, and probably one of the largest in the United States.

A large portion is heavily wooded, and, until within a few years, was the haunt of animals as wild and savage as any that now roam in the wilderness. As late as 1867 a wolf was shot on this mountain, and bears have been seen there ever since that date.

In the fall of the opening year of the century the people of all the towns around Crodon Mountain joined in a great hunt for a bear whose destructiveness had caused them a great deal of trouble. Scarcely a farmer in the whole section but had experienced a loss in his sheepfold, pigpen or barnyard, and it was determined to hunt Bruln to the bitter end. The bear was believed to be an unusually large and ferocious animal, hence the excitement against him was aggravated quite as much by fear as by the desire to punish him.

The party organized at the foot of the mountain, and formed a great circle of men, boys and dogs. The signal horn was sounded for starting and continued around the whole circle, which signal was to be repeated every half hour until all arrived at the top of the mountain.

All through that clear October day the sound of horns and the barking of dogs startled the echoes of the wooded hills. People in the valleys heard the repeated signaling, but their listening ears could distinguish nothing to indicate the success of the hunters.

High up on the eastern slope of the mountain was the Andrews homestead, which comprised an ordinary sixty-acre lot, with the farm buildings excepted by Mr. Andrews. The settler had died a year or two previously, and the house was now occupied by Jerry, a boy of 15, sturdy and freckle-faced, and somewhat large.

For his years, Jerry had not gone out with the hunters, the sowing of a piece of rye compelling him to remain at home. The pioneer boy was destined, however, to meet with an adventure much more exciting than any that befell the hunters.

Jerry finished sowing his rye late in the afternoon, and as the sun was still an hour or two high he went across lots to visit several traps he had set for mink in the upper pasture. He examined his traps, finding an imprisoned mink in one, and started homeward just as the dusk was beginning to creep down the mountain.

He directed his steps through the lower pasture, wherein was inclosed the farm stock, they having been shut off from ranging the higher pasture since the depredations of Bruln had become so alarming.

He could hear the familiar tinkling of the cow bell as he hurried in search of the cattle in the thickening gloom. He found them grouped in a bunch, tossing their horns and acting in a strange manner. Jerry's first thought was of the presence of a bear, and he hurriedly looked over the herd to see if any were missing. To his dismay he could not find a favored yearling.

Jerry was no coward, but he had no weapon with him, nor anything that would answer for an except the heavy hoe which he had used to dig around the stumps in the rye field. With this in hand, he started off in search of the belfer.

He tried to think that perhaps the creature had wandered away by herself, and this idea was strengthened when he found some tracks which he thought were those of a bear. The objects distinctly, and the darkness was rapidly increasing; but Jerry hurried on over rocks and logs and through briars and brakes. Suddenly he paused, not only for a moment. There, not ten feet from him, a snort and a fallen tree, was a dark object that he took to be the wandering heifer. Impatient at the steps she had caused him, the boy rushed forward and struck the reclining animal a sharp blow upon the ribs with the hoe.

Instantly there was a low, sibilant growl, and there rose up to confront the lad, not the missing heifer, but the tall, manning form of a huge black bear, whose jaws were all beset with blood.

To say that Jerry was startled would be putting it mildly. He was scared; he could feel his hair stiffen under his ragged cap, and his legs trembled beneath him. But he had the luck of a Yankee boy, and he was indignant at the loss of his favorite yearling. Stepping back a pace or two, he leveled his heavy hoe full at the black, blood-stained muzzle, and struck with all his might. But the bear wasted it as next to nothing as a boxer might, and the next moment Jerry felt his weapon snatched from his grasp.

The pioneer lad now thought discretion the better part of valor, and making out a low lough before him, he seized hold of it and swung himself up into the tree. He hoped the bear would not follow him, but he was disappointed. With a sort of a snort and a growl the enraged bear crawled to the trunk and began slowly to climb the tree.

As it happened, the tree was an immense oak, and Jerry hurriedly clambered to the top of the trunk, where, clinging to the fork of a limb, he awaited the approach of his enemy.

The bear worked his way up among the branches with the skill of a sailor in the shrouds. He seemed determined in his advances, and Jerry began to edge off as far as he dared, for the limb to which he was clinging began to bend under his weight. Bruln crawled nearer and nearer.

Jerry scarcely dared to breathe. He had a huge jackknife in his pocket that he had taken from the "corners" he had made for him that very season, for use in skinning minks and muskrats. The boy drew this, and, opening the long, keen blade, prepared to defend himself as best he could. He was all grit and had not a thought of surrender in his mind.

Now the bear was very near him; he could feel the bear's warm, sleekening breath in his face. Supporting himself with one hand, he struck forward a strong, quick blow with his right. He aimed directly for the eyes, but instead the sharp blade cut a deep, ugly gash in the great black snout.

That portion of a brute's anatomy is always more or less sensitive, and Bruln's nose peculiarly so. The suddenness of the attack disconcerted him, and, sniffing fiercely, the great beast drew back. In changing its position the bear chanced to throw its weight upon a decayed limb. It snapped like a pipestem, and the bear instantaneously fell, having apparently broken its back. Jerry, who had been clinging to the branches and struck the ground below with a deafening thud.

Waiting a few moments to see if the bear stirred, and hearing nothing but a slight groan, Jerry carefully descended the tree. His first act was to secure his hoe. Then he approached the bear, and finding that the animal could not stir, having apparently broken its back, he turned away, and the bear lay on its back, a mass of bruised and bleeding flesh.

The plucky boy had hardly struck his last blow when a dog barked close at hand, and a few moments afterward Jerry's dog came barking up to the spot. They were a party of the hunters' retrievers, and Jerry knew that he was turning from the hunt, and several of them Jerry knew.

"Well, my lad, you have beat us all," said one of the men, his nearest neighbor below, and he heard the boy's story. "We have hunted all day for this fellow and couldn't find him nor his claw of the brute. You deserve a farm, Jerry, for I imagine our barnyards and pigpens will be safe enough now."

They found the mangled carcass of the young heifer a few rods away, but Bruln's skin and the bounty paid by the State more than compensated Jerry for the loss. For many a year afterward he was the hero of the region, and old men now living can remember having men pointed out to them as the boy who beat the hunters.—Chicago Record.

Smart Sayings of Mark Twain.
When in doubt tell the truth.
Noise proves nothing; often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.
History is better than prophecy; in fact, history is prophecy, and history says that, where a weak and ignorant people possess a thing which a strong and enlightened people want, it will be yielded up peacefully.
Honesty is the best policy, but sometimes the appearance of it is worth six of it.
We can secure other people's approval if we do right and try hard, but our own is worth a hundred of it, and no way has been found out to secure that.
Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; truth is not.
Man is the only animal that blushes—or that needs to.
The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.
Let us be thankful for the fools; but for them the rest of us could not succeed.
When people do not respect us we are sharply offended; yet deep down in his private heart no man respects himself.
There are several good protections against temptation, but the surest is cowardice.
Hunger is the handmaid of genius.
Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy you must have somebody to divide it with.
Why He Departed.
Burke once rushed out of the House of Commons in a rage, because as he rose to speak, holding a bundle of papers, a member jumped up, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not intend to read all those papers and to bore us with a speech in the bargain."
"A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass," whispered the witty George Selwyn.
This old anecdote is "capped" by one told in Sir M. Grant Duff's "Diary" of a London engineer.
The engineer, though not notably witty, admitted that he was once put to flight by a dealer in marine stores. He had gone to examine, from the man's back yard, a house which he was thinking of purchasing on behalf of a railway company. The man, standing there, he saw a huge mastiff making at him open-mouthed.
"Oh! you're in no danger, sir," said the dealer, "he's very particular about what he eats." The engineer instantly left the yard.
Bismarck's Enormous Appetite.
Among other amusing reminiscences of the late Prince Bismarck appearing in John Booth's "Memoirs of the Iron Chancellor," is a story of the latter's gargantuan capacity for eating and drinking. He told the author that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five, then as they were very good, fifty more, and, concluding these, determined to eat nothing else, and ordered another 100, to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then 23, and had just returned from England. His views on smoking are of interest, though most people will be surprised to learn that in late years his powers of cigar smoking failed him.
Paderewski's Dual Ability.
Paderewski is a man of business ability as well as a musical genius—two things which seldom travel in company. He is the principal shareholder in a large Parisian piano factory and is part proprietor of a leading hotel in Warsaw.
A woman knows of no more effective way of showing her anger at kin than by failing to call and see the kin's new baby before it is a month old.
Friends have a way of abusing each other.

PATHETIC CHINESE INCIDENT.

A Mother's Attempt to Dispel the Blindness of Her Child.

This is what the Fair Samaritan saw after she had climbed the dark stairs behind the store and peeped into a room that was in semi-darkness, while she repressed Lee Chung with a warning finger that expressed silence. There was a room of considerable dimensions, with a low ceiling. The windows were so ill-placed, besides being narrow, that the room was in total gloom, although the day was bright without. Its furniture was curiously disposed close against the walls, thus leaving a wide space in its midst. And in the room the woman, Sun Yen, was taking with the little Lee Moy in what was evidently a daily occurrence.

With palms folded suppliantly before her, she regarded Lee Moy with a look of inexpressible love tinged with sadness. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor, his head bowed, and with a whip, and shouting angrily, his language being punctuated by strong Anglo-Saxon expletives.

"D-n you, mother! Why comest thou not the sun?"

She submitted with the patience of an Oriental to the imperious language of my lord, her Man-Child.

"Oh, son of mine," she replied, with infinite tenderness: "the sun is still at Pekin, drying his hair; for he hath not yet risen from his ocean bed. When he hath had his morning meal, and washed his face with dew and decked himself with marigolds, he will mount clouds of purple and gold and amble and come to Sun Francisco."

"Do they of Pekin see more of him than we do?"

"Yes, son, oh, would we were there!" she sobbed: "for the sun always shines there, but here it is mostly dark."

"We will go there, mother, at once!" He held up his hand for his mother to take.

"But it is a long and stony road from here to Pekin, and we must eat and drink before we start. I will make thee a little table, and set cakes before him, and a cup of tea, which she fortified with a generous draught of sam sui."

When he had satisfied his appetite she prepared his mother cup similarly sophisticated and set it before him.

"Drink once more," she said, "for when we have left Sun Francisco we shall have no more teah (tea) till we reach Pekin."

And the little man drank as he was directed, and prepared for his daily flight across the world.—Lippincott's Magazine.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

The Toothsome Delicacy Has Been Known Since Philip's Time.

Roquefort cheese is of very ancient lineage, and Philip mentions it in his writings. Few epicures who linger over the subtle flavor of this solidified mixture of milk and sheep milk know the number of details which have to be observed before the toothsome morsel is ready for the table. The care necessary throughout every stage is shown even in the milking of the sheep and goats. This is done in the evening after their return from pastures. But in order that the animal shall not be in the least heated or excited, they are allowed to rest for an hour before the milking is begun. After being heated almost to boiling point the evening's milk is set aside, in the morning it is skimmed, heated to 88 degrees and mixed with the morning's milk for coagulation. The curd is well kneaded with the hands and pressed in layers into molds with perforated bottoms. A thin layer of mold bread is put between each layer of curd. This bread, which hastens the "ripening" of the cheese by supplying the germs of the characteristic green mold, is made before the preceding Christmas of about equal parts of summer and winter barley, with plenty of sour dough and some vinegar. When moldy enough it is ground and sifted, moistened with water and kept from the air until used in making the cheese. The curd remains in the shape of receptacles for three or four days, and is then taken to the market in Roquefort, where it is sold to the different makers of Roquefort cheese.

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Am African Cows.
American farmers own cows to the value of \$300,000,000, a sum equal to more than one half of the capital of all the national banks in the United States.

The man who struts around like a turkey gobbler is just about as important.

An irresistible Power.
No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

Many a woman who becomes indignant when called tough, glows when called a Bohemian.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

Something About the Temperature and Pressure at the Bottom of the Ocean.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is its absence of light as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about a ton to the square inch in every thousand fathoms, which is 100 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is 30 times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-bladders. He was hitting wildly about this fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it in spite of its efforts, still higher.

In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long in a distorted state of nature.

Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep-sea with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils are new and formerly undreamed of forms of families generally inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals.

From the point of view of the ancient Britons, who were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 fathoms the eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there.

After 1,000 fathoms these organs are still further enlarged, or so greatly reduced that in some cases they disappear altogether, and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that the lights and shadows were thrown on the sails, and it was easy to read the smallest print."

It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea may be as brilliantly illuminated by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset.

Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark water the phosphorescent organs must look like model ships with rows of shining port holes.—Nineteenth Century.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Riding on the front platform of an electric street car is held, in Watson vs. Portland & Cape Elizabeth Railroad Company (Me.), 44 L. R. A. 157, to constitute negligence as matter of law.

Mortgages made by deposit of title deeds without writing are held, in Bloomfield State bank vs. Miller (Neb.), 44 L. R. A. 387, to be contrary to the policy of the recording acts which are in force in this country.

Liability for assault committed in a fight is involved in State vs. Monroe (N. C.), 43 L. R. A. 301, where a druggist who dropped croton oil on candy for a customer, to be given to a third person, is held liable for the damages caused.

A dravine bank which pays the good-faith holder of a forged check on its account is held, in an indorsement is forged, in First National Bank vs. Marshalltown State bank (Iowa), 44 L. R. A. 131, to have no right to recover back the money paid.

On the vexed question of the right of one person to bring an action on a contract made by other persons for the benefit of the former the case of Buchanan vs. Tilden (N. Y.), 44 L. R. A. 170, holds that a woman may sue on a contract for her benefit between her husband and a third person which provided for payment of money to her in case of success in contesting a will, for which the husband procured an advancement of funds, while there were strong moral and family reasons why it should be considered an heir, though not legally such.

Fire in the United States.

The average loss by fire in the United States has been reduced in ten years from \$6,922 to \$1,809. The percentage loss in the same period was reduced from 3.93 to 1.05.

The prevailing use of electricity has brought about a large increase in fires, and there were only sixty-three fires and last year there were 958.

Defective flues are responsible for over 11 per cent of the fires and incendiaries next as a cause. Last year 3,479 fires occurred. Lightning caused 3,479 fires in machinery, 235 in natural gas, dust explosions 14, and five were caused by the sun's rays passing through window glass. There were no assignable causes for 12,204 fires of last year.

Italian Mountains to Be Decorated.
Italy's mountains are in a fair way of being decorated, and one of the best of them, the mountain of the birth of Christ on high mountain peaks, in different parts of the peninsula. The statues will all be colossal figures of the Redeemer, in gilded cast iron, to be illuminated at night.

Bookworms Defined.
Modern books, however rapidly they may deteriorate from other causes, are protected from bookworms by the chemicals used in paper-making. Such, at least, is the conclusion of Dr. Garnett, who, after forty-eight years of service as keeper of printed books at the British museum, is able to say that he has seen only one bookworm, and that was imported from Crete.

An Irresistible Power.
No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

Many a woman who becomes indignant when called tough, glows when called a Bohemian.

Phylax Street, Canton, China.

Canton possesses the queerest street in the world, in spite of the fact that in nearly all the big towns in China there are some remarkable streets. The chief thing of interest attaching to this eccentric thoroughfare is the fact that it is roofed in with glazed paper fastened on bamboo and contains more signboards to the square foot than any other street in any other country. The most interesting fact about this Canton byway is that, though a business street, it contains no other shops but those of apothecaries and dentists' parors; no professional men but doctors. It is a sick man's paradise and a Chinese physician's Klondike. They call it Phylax street, which is descriptive if not picturesque.

A New Feature in Western Traveling.

The Pullman Company now operates two grades of sleeping cars via the Rio Grande Western Railway. The ordinary sleepers are entirely new, and the berths, both upper and lower, are fitted up complete with mattresses, blankets, and covers, and the cars are provided with stoves arranged for making tea, coffee, etc., requiring nothing to be furnished by passengers. Uniformed Pullman porters are in charge of the cars, who are required to keep them in good order and attend to the wants and comforts of passengers. The cars are very handsome and commodious, and while not so elegant, are just as comfortable as standard or palace sleepers. Both first and second-class passengers are permitted to occupy these cars on payment of the Pullman berth rates, which are less than half of the rates charged in the regular Pullman palace sleeping cars.

The ordinary sleepers are carried daily on trains via the Rio Grande Western Railway between Denver and San Francisco and Portland. On five days in each week the sleepers are run through between Los Angeles and San Francisco, or Portland and Denver, Omaha, Chicago and Boston.

For additional details write for copy of folder to J. D. Mansfield, 233 Washington street, Portland, or George W. Heinze, acting general passenger agent, Salt Lake City.

The Corned Philosopher.

"Of course, the only truly happy man is the man who devotes his life to doing good for others," said the Corned Philosopher. "That is the only occupation a man can engage in which people will let him have his own way."

American Dentists Annoyed.

American dentists are acknowledged to be the most skillful in the world. Many of them are practicing with great success in Europe, and their services are subject to considerable annoyance. Their American diplomas are not respected. They cannot buy anything at a drug store except on a prescription signed by a German physician.—Chicago Chronicle.

Medicines can be removed from tan boxes and shoe rubbers with them with a piece of raw potato, and then polish with cream or paste.

Typical Instance of the Effect of a Pension on Longevity Comes from London.

A typical instance of the effect of a pension on longevity comes from London, where the death has occurred of a man in his 80th year, who enjoyed for over half a century an annual allowance from the war office. He was born in 1818, in Canada, where his father was a soldier, and at the age of 8 became a drummer boy, subsequently becoming an instructor of file-and-drum bands, and holding the post of drum major in the London volunteers.

Non-Sinkable Boats.

The latest invention for saving life is a non-sinkable boat. If people would pay as much attention to the preservation of life in other ways there would be a great improvement. It cures dyspepsia, indigestion, and all forms of stomach trouble. It is an excellent tonic.

Railway wheels made of leather have been experimented with in France. Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The same fire that makes the dress evident purges the gold.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. B. B. 430 4th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

The state of Nebraska has invested \$1,600,000 in voting machines.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted? Try Dr. King's Invigorating Tonic. F. H. K. 2nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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 is 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. Hurlbut, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

The United Verde Copper Company, of Arizona, is in the hands of a receiver.

"How long should mourning gowns be worn by a widow of 22?" was the question that came sobbing through the mails. Now it changed to be the sporting editor's day off, and the religious editor, therefore, was attending to the side talks with Young Persons.

"There is no hard and fast rule," wrote the religious editor, confidently, "but they ought to come down to the boots tops, at least." This incident illustrates the occasional awkwardness of a newspaper standing as a bulwark of morals to the exclusion of everything else.—Detroit Journal.

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