



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

"UPON my word it's too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Malwaring, as having wished everybody good-morning he sat down to the breakfast table, and proceeded, before commencing that meal, to glance through his letters according to custom. "It really is too bad," he repeated, crumpling with indignation, and giving an angry stamp of his foot, in so doing treading on the foot of Junior, his wife's pet pig, and causing that much-pampered animal to give utterance to a loud yell, and retreat further under the table to the shelter of his mistress' petticoats.

"My dear," said Mrs. Malwaring, pausing in the act of pouring out the coffee, "what is the matter now? Nothing wrong with Sunbeam's little foal, I trust."

"No, thanks, my dear, not so bad as that," answered her husband, "but it's that dreadful fellow Wilder, at the Lea farm, again. I wish to goodness he had never come near the place, with all my heart."

"Horrid man," agreed Mrs. Malwaring, "I can't bear the sight of him. What has he done now, dear?"

"Done?" exclaimed her husband. "Why, stuck up barbed wire all over his farm, to be sure, and refused to move it on any pretense whatever, so Higgins writes me word."

"Here we have the hounds coming here on Thursday, and they find in Nightmare woods, as they are perfectly certain to do, for I know for a fact there are two or three foxes there, and they are equally certain to run right across his land, and a pretty kettle of fish will be the result."

"Half the hounds maimed, and men and horses tumbling about in every direction."

"Oh! I can't bear the thoughts of it!" "I can't simply have it set Hartopp not to draw there, and a pretty fool I shall look. I really don't know what to do about it."

"Why not go and see the man yourself, and try and bring him to reason?" suggested his wife. "Surely, my dear, he would listen to you."

"Listen to me?" ejaculated the squire. "Not he. Besides, I know perfectly well what would be the result. He would meet my arguments with some of his republican sentiments, and I should lose my temper and make a fool of myself."

"Well," sighed his wife, "it's a very great pity, I'm sure. I only wish I knew what was best to be done. But never mind now. We'll leave it to you, and then afterward you can speak to Higgins again on the subject, and perhaps you will be able to devise some plan between you for bringing this horrid man Wilder to reason."

"And, pray, who may this horrid man Wilder be?" inquired a young and very pretty girl, who at this juncture entered the room and sat herself down at the breakfast table, after kissing both Mr. Malwaring and his wife lovingly and wishing them "good-morning."

The squire looked affectionately into the fair questioner's face and he answered her.

"Don't ask me, Gladys," said he laughingly; "don't ask if you love me. He has already spoiled my breakfast for me, and I feel perfectly certain that were I to tell you all about him, it would spoil yours, and that would be a great pity, eh, my pretty niece?"

"I would, indeed," retorted the girl, "for I have such an appetite as never was. Joking apart, though, I am really curious, Uncle William, she continued, "so I will compromise with you—eat my breakfast first and you shall tell me afterward. Don't you think that a very fair arrangement, sir?"

The squire agreed at once, and in the terms, as, indeed, he would have to anything proposed by his favorite niece.

The only child of his one sister, lately dead, Gladys Owslow had taken up her permanent abode at Charlton Towers only three weeks ago, during which short period she had managed to convert every individual member of the establishment into being her devoted slave, including her uncle and aunt, who, childless themselves, had looked upon her as their daughter.

As for the squire, he was perfectly helpless without her, and Miss Gladys was his constant companion wherever he went.

He declared she was a better judge of stock than his bullfinch himself, and as for her knowledge of horseflesh, who was there about the place who could compete with her? And how she rode now! Many and many a time, in accompanying his niece in her rides, did her uncle regret that his salad days were over, and that he was no longer able to pilot her over this place and that, instead of looking on from the broad back of his favorite cow while she larked about at her own free will, for she was uncommon fond of riding over a country, was Miss Gladys.

As her groom and valet, "the fence was never made for that comely stop his young lady when the hounds were running."

True to his promise, after breakfast the squire unbosomed himself to his niece with regard to his refractory tenant at the Lea farm. "The only farm, by the way, my dear," he added, "where I have not introduced you, for the very good reason why, because I have such a strong personal dislike to its tenant. I even avoid shooting over the place as much as possible, because I can't stand the sight of the fellow. Just fancy, my dear, afraid even to walk over my own property—my own property, forsooth. Nasty, cantankerous wretch!" wound up the squire in his wrath. "I wish somebody would knock him on the head. I do, indeed."

"Pie, for shame, sir!" exclaimed his niece, laughing, putting her pretty hand over her mouth as she spoke.

"And his name is Wilder?" she continued, "and I know such a dear old man of that name years ago—he was one of poor papa's tenants, indeed."

"I wonder now," she mused, "could it be the same man? He left to go to Australia, so I understood—for I was only a little girl at the time. And we were such friends, too!"

"Excitement coming over her face, a flush of excitement coming over her face, "if you don't mind I will ride over this morning and see for myself."

"If it is the same man—and I know a very great deal about it, do you know—I have undertaken that every bit of that horrid wire fencing is taken down, be it now or to-morrow morning. Say, I will even have a bet with you on the subject. Come, sir, what odds will you give me?"

"I utterly decline to bet," said the little gambler, returning her laughing smile, "for I hate losing money, but I will tell you what I will do, my Gladys, if you only succeed in your undertaking, I will give you the very best hunter or the prettiest brocket that can be bought for money. I believe it's a real 'good thing' for you, too, you mix, you," he added, pulling her ear, "for now I come to think of it I believe I did hear that objectionable amount of mine had been Australia before he came down here to sit upon my shoulders like the old man of the sea."

"Don't say another word, dear, unless you're sure," cried Miss Gladys. "I haven't been betting about horses, so I seal the bargain with this kiss (squeezing the action to the word, and now I'm off to put my habit on and order my horse."

"Good-bye, dear, we shall meet again—not on the Rialto, but at luncheon," said the squire, and he kissed her on the forehead, and the squire's old gentleman the lively girl rushed from the room.

The stable clock was just striking half-past six, simultaneously with the running of the gun announcing the fact that luncheon was ready, as Gladys Owslow with her attendant groom came cantering through the park.

The squire, who had been waiting for her for the last half hour, seized a hat and rushed hastily out into the stable yard, where he knew she would dismount, to await her coming with mingled feelings of delight at her return, and curiously to know how she had succeeded on her mission of diplomacy with his refractory tenant.

"Here I am, uncle, safe and sound, and, yes, I've had, oh! such a 'lark!' Brilliant legs are full of thorns, I fear, poor dear," exclaimed happy Gladys, her face aglow with pleasure and excitement, and looking prettier than ever.

Off her horse she jumped in her accustomed impetuous fashion, and, having administered her usual hug, she took her uncle's arm and ordered him to take her in to luncheon at once.

"Well, and how did you get on, my child?" inquired the squire.

"Not a word, sir, until I get into the dining room, and then you shall hear it all," was the fair young lady's reply. "Why, by Jove! I do verily believe you've got over that old curmudgeon, your artificial little mix, you!" exclaimed her uncle in great glee, hurrying her along as quickly as possible, all aglow to hear her news.

Through some back passages they went, and then, opening a green baize door, found themselves in the entrance hall.

"Now, now," said the squire, as they entered the dining room, where Mrs. Malwaring was waiting for them; "I won't wait a moment longer; so tell your aunt and me all about the result of your ride this instant, miss, or I'll retort your promise of the diamond bracelet I made this morning."

"Listen, then, ladies and gentlemen—or, rather, I should say aunt and uncle," said the fair Gladys, standing in the center of the hearthrug and raising her whip to insist on her news.

It, but gave him a kiss into the bargain; he actually shot tears, as she said, indeed. Well, I went in and had a glass of milk, and we had such a talk of old times as never was. And when we had finished I told him what I had come about. He listened attentively, and then he said, 'And so you want the stuff, the darned stuff, he called it, uncle—don't, do ee, my dear?' I replied that it certainly would please me very much, and you and everybody else as well. 'Don't say another word,' he exclaimed, 'very bit of it shall be off my farm before night fall. I only wish you had got something harder to ask me.'

"There, uncle," wound up Gladys, "that's how it was done, as the con-jurers say. Now, tell me what you think of my talents as a diplomatist, and, above all, of my opinion of my dear old friend John Wilder."

"My dear," replied the squire, kissing his niece, "I think you ought to be a prime minister at least, and as for your friend John Wilder, my opinion of him is altogether altered. We'll both of us ride over and see him again this very afternoon, and I'll thank him myself."

"And now," said her uncle, rubbing his hands, "which is it to be, Gladys, a new house, or a diamond bracelet?"—Chicago Chronicle.

HOW COOLEY WORKED.

Former Chief Justice of Michigan Tells of His Famous Colleague.

Judge John W. McGrath, who retired from the Chief Justiceship of the Michigan Supreme Court at the close of 1885, was seen by a correspondent and asked as to his opinion of the case of the physical and mental breakdown of ex-Judge Thomas M. Cooley, who is now in a private retreat at Flint. He was also asked, in his opinion, what he thought of the man who had collapsed at that description of while in his office.

Judge McGrath is a big man. His figure of more than six feet is as erect as in his young manhood, but snowy white hair and beard tell the work of Father Time. He is strong and vigorous, and while laughing he is declaring that his work had left him without a scar, said:

"Poor Cooley; he is a victim of his own tremendous energy, without the physical strength to back it up. As a matter of fact, I doubt before he came down here to sit upon my shoulders like the old man of the sea."

"Don't say another word, dear, unless you're sure," cried Miss Gladys. "I haven't been betting about horses, so I seal the bargain with this kiss (squeezing the action to the word, and now I'm off to put my habit on and order my horse."

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"Listen, then, ladies and gentlemen—or, rather, I should say aunt and uncle," said the fair Gladys, standing in the center of the hearthrug and raising her whip to insist on her news.

"What should you say, if, paying a visit to the Lea farm to-morrow morning, you were to find that every vestige of barbed wire had disappeared from its fences? Would you allow that the persuasive power of your devoted niece were somewhat of a higher order than usual?"

"By Jove, indeed! I should!" burst forth her uncle. "But you don't mean to say it's a fact, Gladys, that you have actually got that old bear to do as you say, do you?"

"Indeed I do, uncle; and he's not a bear at all, allow me to say—only rather rough, that's all, poor man. Old John Wilder is as good a fellow as ever breathed, if you only manage it, he continued, "I can't for the life of me imagine."

"I will tell you," said Miss Gladys. "Arrived at the old castle, having carefully kept to the sides of the footpath all the way, partly from diplomatic policy, partly because I did not want either brilliant or myself to be annoyed by barbed wire, I inquired of the maid servant who came to the door if Mr. Wilder was at home. He was in the room, she said, and she would go and fetch him, if I would wait a moment."

"I waited accordingly, and presently the ogre appeared. 'How do you do, Mr. Wilder?' I said. 'Your servant, miss,' answered he, his grin features relaxing a little, I fancied, as he looked me over. 'You don't recollect me, I see,' said I, 'but you and I are very old friends for all that, Mr. Wilder. 'Old friend!' Why, who he is, then, in the name of fortune?' he replied, looking at me so hard, oh! so hard, uncle. 'Have you quite forgotten little Gladys Owslow, who you used to be so kind to when you lived at Hazelton farm down in Warwickshire?' 'Forgotten?' he almost roared, and never shall, that's more! And you're here? Coom, off your horse this instant, my pretty, and into the house and have a talk with me over old times.' Oh, uncle! the poor old man, do you know, was so pleased. When I got off my horse, and when he held out his hand and I not only took

it, but gave him a kiss into the bargain; he actually shot tears, as she said, indeed. Well, I went in and had a glass of milk, and we had such a talk of old times as never was. And when we had finished I told him what I had come about. He listened attentively, and then he said, 'And so you want the stuff, the darned stuff, he called it, uncle—don't, do ee, my dear?' I replied that it certainly would please me very much, and you and everybody else as well. 'Don't say another word,' he exclaimed, 'very bit of it shall be off my farm before night fall. I only wish you had got something harder to ask me.'

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Chimes of Normandy.

Do you want to hear the chimes of Normandy? If you do, all you need is a heavy silver spoon and a piece of string. Tie the string at its center round the handle of the spoon, leaving the ends three or four feet long. Now wind the ends around your two forefingers near the first joint and then thrust your fingers in your ears. Bend over and allow the spoon to knock against the wall or the door or a chair, and you will be surprised at the really beautiful imitation of church chimes which you will hear.

Small-est Dogs in the World.

Over in Japan, where the people are fond of everything in miniature, the smallest breed of dogs in the world has its home. They belong to the family of spaniels, and are black and white or yellow and white. In color, and in size, they are the most perfect of dogs. A pup of 1 year weighing five pounds is worth \$200. If the breed is fortunate enough to raise a spaniel weighing only three pounds or less, it is worth \$500. The dogs are very tame and are much loved by the people. It is said that a dog of this breed was once sold for \$1000.

How Much Water Should One Drink?

According to Professor Allen, we should drink from one-third to two-fifths as many glasses as we weigh in pounds. Therefore, for a man weighing 168 pounds, there would be required fifty-six to sixty-four ounces daily, or from one and one-half to four glasses. This is a very indefinite answer. The amount of water required depends on the season of the year, the amount of work done and the kind of food eaten. In hot weather we require more than in cold, because of the great amount of perspiration. In winter, on the other hand, the skin, though it is in part made up by the lesser amount passed away through the kidneys. If a man labors very hard he requires more than if he is idle. A man working in a foundry, where the temperature is high and the perspiration profuse, not infrequently drinks three or four gallons daily. If the food is stimulating and salty more water is required than if it is bland.

Vegetarians and those who use much fruit require less water than those who eat salt fish and pork, and often get along on none except what is in their food. In most cases our instincts tell us how much water to drink far better than any hard or fixed rule. For ages we have been acquiring a knowledge of how much to drink and transmitting that knowledge to descendants, and if we follow them we shall not go far out of the way.

It is of more use to us to know that pure water is essential and that impure water is one of the most dangerous drinks than to know how much of it is required daily. If one lives in a region where the water is bad it should be boiled and put away in bottles well corked in an ice chest, and in addition one should eat all the fruit one can if fruit ages. Fruits contain not only pure water, but salts which are needed to carry on healthfully the functions of life.—Journal of Hygiene.

Final "A" Bad for Ships.

Insurance underwriters look askance at vessels which have a final "a" in their names. The first letter of the alphabet is considered a bad omen when it is the name of a deep sea ship. Many of the most serious wrecks of the past year have been of vessels carrying the hoodoo letter.

On Wednesday last the telegraph announced that the British ship Andros, from this port for Liverpool, with one of the most valuable cargoes that have ever carried out of this harbor, was lost within a few leagues of her destination. The next day word was received that the Orealla, bound from Victoria for Liverpool, had been swept by heavy seas and badly damaged. Her mate and one sailor were drowned. The vessel was lost on the same day of the total loss of the British ship Villanta, and the drowning of her master, near Fremantle. To-day the papers gave the news of the loss of the steamer Wal-lapa and of the beaching of the Dora in Alaska waters.

During the past two or three years the most serious wrecks on the coast were of vessels whose names ended in the hoodoo letter. The wreck of the Columba was the most horrid of all. Then came the loss of the steamer Columbia, and a few weeks later the passenger steamer Umattila ran ashore and narrowly escaped destruction.—San Francisco Examiner.

Great Gatherings.

England still re-echoes with the echoes of the great diamond jubilee celebrations, the crowning feature of which was the review of the fleet. So huge an aggregation of warships was never before witnessed in the history of the world. Our Canadian neighbors have had a modest anniversary celebration of their own, in honor of the completion of the thirtieth year of the establishment of the Dominion Government. San Francisco last night had a most magnificent welcome to the many thousands of young people who had assembled for the annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Society. At Milwaukee the annual meeting of the Educational Association was a conspicuous success. These two great gatherings at Milwaukee and San Francisco were illustrative of the forces that are giving direction and character to our American civilization. Our British friends have been in the seventh heaven of ecstasy over their alleged discovery of the amazing beneficence of the institution of royalty; but for our part we have merely to turn in justification of our democratic institutions to our great superior educational life and development.—Review of Reviews.

Some Great Young Men.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at 19 years of age. Cromwell left Cambridge University at 18. John Bright had completed his schooling at 15. Gladstone was lord of the treasury at 24. Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge at 16. Palmerston was lord of the Admiralty at 23. Henry Clay was elected to the United States Senate at 29. Washington was a colonel in the army at 23. Judge Story was a United States Supreme Judge at 32. Webster was recognized as the ablest of orators at 30. Napoleon was commander of the army of Italy at 25, and at 30 years was the most famous military leader of his time. Louis X. was a pope at 28, having been made a cardinal at 18. William Pitt was prime minister of England at 24, having entered the ministry at 14.

It must often impress a father that love will work miracles in a girl's extravagant tastes. If it is love for a young man, instead of love for her father.

GOOD ROADS.

Road Improvement Notes.

Warren County, Ky., has purchased some road machinery and proposes to use it.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," but a bad road stops them both. Horses seem to eat the most food when there is nothing for them to do.

Go! Roads Will Pay.

Will good roads pay? Yes, and pay well for any community that will do it. Good streets and roads will attract many people to a city or town which has them. Long Island is one of the most beautiful places in this country, but her roads are inferior to many in the vicinity of New York, especially in New Jersey. If the townships of this island would construct excellent macadamized roads, they would double their population in a short time.—Mayor Schieren.

Bankers Want Good Roads.

The Missouri Division League of American Wheelmen last winter addressed a circular letter to about 900 bankers outside the large cities, asking an opinion on the effect good roads have on business. A few of the replies were published in Good Roads as follows:

"Easy communication between points makes business."

"Good roads would increase our business."

"Good roads would add to the profit of the farmer at least one-third and add more than this to the comfort of living in the country."

"Good roads at all times would enhance the value of lands."

"Good roads would add so many advantages that I could not name them, and they would add to the value of land and the comfort of living."

"Farmers could haul twice as much in the same length of time. We have made 1½ miles of good rock road, and it pays well."

"The agitation of the road question is without doubt one of the most important before the public to-day, and if carried out properly will do more for the State than almost any other thing."

"A good system of well-worked roads would in my estimation enhance land value 50 per cent."

"The wear and tear of wagons, bugles, harness and horses caused by bad roads costs the farmer more than the amount he pays for all State, county and municipal taxes and probably affects the merchant to about the same extent."

"It would be safe to say that the profits to town and country would be 20 per cent greater if the roads were so enhanced at all times of the year."

"If we had good rock roads leading to our town it would enhance the value of land adjacent to such roads \$10 per acre, and the farmers would in a very few seasons make back all the expense of making these roads by being able to market their produce when prices were high, and the merchant, by reason of their increased trade, could well afford to bear part of the burden."

When Aquatic Fowls Drink.

"It is a curious fact, easily verified, that domesticated aquatic fowls do not drink while they are swimming," remarked M. A. Fulton of Arkansas at the Laclede. "An old farmer friend of mine down in Arkansas called my attention to this a short time ago, and I have since been closely observing the habits of ducks, geese and swans in this regard to see if there was any variation from the rule laid down by my friend. I have thus far failed to find any exception. Two weeks ago I watched a flock of tame geese nearly all day to see if one of them would dip his beak down in the water while paddling along its surface and take a drink. One shrewd old gander twice satisfied his thirst, after reaching terra firma, by guzzling copiously and with manifest relish from the water along the bank, and then swimming out to deep water again. Even the goslings went through the same performance when they grew thirsty. I would say the geese did this because they had no better sense, but when I saw ducks and swans go through the same performance I cannot bring a sweeping accusation of idleness against the already too much intelligent aquatic fowls, including in the indictment all other domesticated fowls. Probably the foolish and useless habit is due to the fact that when young these animals are taught to drink from troughs and pans, and they haven't the intelligence to shake it off when they get grown. I cannot account for it in any other way."—St. Louis Republic.

A Long Farewell.

The Frenchman's politeness, some times serves him but too good stead to a rebuke. A Frenchman, who was staying at a hotel in Edinburgh, asked, at the cashier's desk how much his bill was, and was astonished to find how great an amount he had been charged. He felt that he had been plundered, but he paid the bill, and then asked to see the proprietor. Presently the land-lord came down in response to the call, all beaming with smiles, and the Frenchman rushed up to him, exclaiming: "Ah, let me embrace you! Let me kiss you!"

"But you do you want to embrace me, sir? I—I don't understand."

"Your bill? Yes; but what of it?" "Of it? Yes, I mean that I'll never see you again, sir!"

A Matter of Practice.

"That new girl of ours is wonderfully quick in her movements. She runs up and down the cellar stairs as lightning as a fairy."

"Kansas."

"That account for it. The people out there spend half the time scolding into their cyclone cellars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Dear Girl.

Miss Elderly—"While we were bantering each other he told me that I was a genuine daughter of Eve."

Miss Spite—"Well, you look it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Somehow a man or woman who has been divorced, always reminds us of a hired girl who has been discharged without references.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bottle of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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Methods of agriculture are not as perfect as they should be. The farmer of today, if he only knows the ways and means of the best of the ancients, would be able to produce more food for his family and for the world. The farmer of today, if he only knows the ways and means of the best of the ancients, would be able to produce more food for his family and for the world. The farmer of today, if he only knows the ways and means of the best of the ancients, would be able to produce more food for his family and for the world.

Three Opinions:

"The CHICAGO RECORD is a model newspaper in every sense of the word."—Harrisburg (Pa.) Call.

"There is no paper published in America that so nearly approaches the true journalistic ideal as The CHICAGO RECORD."—From "Newspaperdom" (New York).

"I have come to the firm conclusion, after a long test and after a wide comparison with the journals of many cities and countries, that The CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal daily journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores."—Prof. J. T. Hatfield in The Evanston (Ill.) Index.

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