Miscellany.

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And gave it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things!

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry—
Cheeks red as a cherry—
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And, no longer fearful,
Be happy and cheerful—
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—Waverley Magazine.

THE SERGEANT'S HARD LUCK.

"BULLDOG" Carney had been at it again. It was horses this time; and when horses follow a man off without rhyme or reason, there is often shooting from one side or the other.

And the owner of the horses that had gone off with "Bulldog" Carney lay in hospital in Fort McLeod with a plug of lead in his lung. He was a "rustler" himself, and the general opinion was that Carney had only stolen from a thief.

But the plug of lead—that was a different matter. A man has got to be pretty tough before the shooting of him counts for nothing.

So Sergeant Hetherington and Constable Williams were sent out, with three days' rations, to look Carney up in one direction, while a couple of other constables took the train in another.

Much riding and the viewing of much open plain were the result of the first day's campaign.

On the second day they rode again but the plain was not quite so open. There were several lakes and various other interruptions of the vista.

"What's the sense of this?" said Hetherington to the other constable. "You might as well look for a needle in a haystack or a prayer-book in barracks as look for Carney in this God-forsaken hole. We'll never get a sight of him."

So they camped where they were, beside a small lake, and smoked the pipe of peace, and ate their rations, and cursed the government that had cut their pay down to 50 cents a day; howbeit the sergeant was getting more than that now since his promotion. But that was regulation form—the routine; and so they smoked long and swore hard, and denounced the service any way as being no good to a man, for it made him lazy and unfitted him for anything else. And it was a wild-goose chase, and Carney was a hundred miles away, and they were a pair of fools, as great as the man who had sent them out.

And with the gray regulation blankets pulled over their heads, and their feet warm against the blaze of the smouldering camp fire they slept—slept the prairie sleep, which is long and deep and strong, and as unlike the other as a strong growing bush is unlike a hothouse plant. Slept among the wild roses and great yellow marguerites, and the little, wondering sunflowers—slept on the dry, crisp grass, that was as a gentle spring mattress.

And as they slept a man came and looked at them, and pulled his blonde mustache a little, reflectively, and then stepped back into the night again, and all was still; only the munching and occasional stamp of a horse's hoof over to one side, where the horses were picketed, and the little sneezing blow of the nose of the feeding animals as they cleared the dust out of their nostrils.

"There were ducks flying over all last night," said the sergeant, as he pulled on his long boots. "They're nesting here in these lakes, and I'm going to have a look for some eggs."

Soon a voice came up from the reeds and cat-tails growing in the edge of the lake to the constable, as he busied himself at the morning fire:

"Come down here, Williams. They're s'athers of eggs here."

The ducks there were as other ducks; they pulled down the lance-like blades of grass, and plaited them into nests, just out in the water a piece—that was Dame Nature's insurance scheme; but she hadn't reckoned with the sergeant and his merry constable. The long boots and the gray socks and the brown trousers were off in a jiffy, and with shirts tucked up under their arms the two warriors were soon filling their helmets with duck eggs.

"I've got me hat full," said the sergeant, "an' here's a nest with thirteen eggs in it. What'll I do?"

"Better leave it alone," said the constable. "Thirteen's an unlucky number."

"But I want the eggs," pleaded the sergeant. "It's unlucky to go on tinned beef when you can get fresh eggs; besides, me luck couldn't change for the worse, anyway," he added, as he thought of what the exile life in that lone land meant.

"Well, then," said the constable, "if you don't mind the bad luck, wrap them in your shirt, and I will hold your chapeau," and he waded over to the other and held the helmet.

"I'm a quare-looking bird now," said the sergeant, as he peeled the gray flannel shirt over his head, like stripping an otter, and proceeded to transfer the eggs from the watery nest to the impromptu bag.

"I miss my guess, or you'll run up agin hard luck this trip. I wouldn't touch a nest with thirteen eggs in it with a ten-foot pole," said the constable, as they made their way out through the scrub growth on the edge of the lakes.

"Having a bath, gentlemen?" asked a cheery voice from the wilderness, as they emerged into the open.

It was the man who had looked upon them the previous night as they lay sleeping.

The sergeant was so astonished that the corner of the shirt slipped from his hand, and the thirteen eggs rolled into a batter at his feet.

And it was no wonder that he was astonished, for he was looking upon two policemen.

The three V-shaped stripes on the right arm of one of them—the speaker—showed that he was a sergeant. Something about the clothes struck him as being strangely familiar. He could almost swear to a spot or two on the front of the tight-fitting brown jacket.

"Sorry to trouble you, gentlemen," said the same cheery voice, as the owner of it toyed with the butt of a big regulation revolver at his side; "but my partner here and myself took a notion we'd like to join the force; so we just slipped into your clothes till we'd see how we'd look, and as the two suits will hardly go round the four of us, suppose you stack our duds—they're just over there by the camp fire."

As he spoke he absent-mindedly drew forth the big revolver, and rubbed his thumb reflectively over the hammer, and waited for them to make their toilet.

"Ye're up to larks this morning," said the sergeant, thinking that the bad luck of the thirteen eggs was already getting its work in on him. He noticed that their carbines and revolvers and cartridge belts had all been taken possession of by the strangers. He realized that himself and the constable were in the hands of the strangers, and he made a pretty shrewd guess that the man they were after had turned the tables and captured them.

"By George! I guess there's no help for it," said the sergeant, good-humoredly, as he began to crawl into the other man's clothes.

"What's you fellows' game, anyway?" he said, as he pulled on a pair of deer skin riding breeches.

"Well, I take it you're rather a tough lot," said the man with the stripes on his arm, "an' we're going to arrest you for horse-stealin'."

"Well, that's pretty rich for my blood," said the sergeant, as he completed his toilet with a broad-brimmed cowboy hat.

"Now, I suppose you're not much accustomed to wearing jewelry," said the other; "but I'll have to trouble you to put these darbies on," and he tossed the sergeant a pair of handcuffs. The sergeant laughed, but made no movement to put them on.

"Put them on him, Bill," the stranger said, "and if he moves I'll let daylight through him; now the other," he added, as Bill clapped the handcuffs on the sergeant, and in a twinkling they were both handcuffed prisoners. Then they were mounted on the bronchos belonging to the two men who had them in charge, while the latter took their two good police horses and rode beside them.

"You'll get into a fine row over this," said the sergeant to his captor.

The latter laughed good-humoredly.

"Not half so fine a row as I would have got into if it had been the other way about. If you'd got the drop on me first, and I was wearin' the bracelets now, then I would think there was trouble ahead."

"What're you going to do with us, anyway?" said the sergeant. "You can't eat us. Are you going to hold us up an' make the government ransom us out?"

"We're goin' to leave the constable here with a friend who keeps a fashionable hotel in a shack down at Dead Man's Crossing on Deep Cut Creek, an' we're goin' to take you to Maple Creek an' turn you over to the superintendent there. You shouldn't have run off the horses, you know, an' then when the man objected you plugged him."

"You seem to know all about it," said the sergeant. "I suppose you are 'Bull Dog' himself."

"You seem a bit mixed, my friend," replied the stranger, coolly. "You're 'Bull Dog' Carney, and I'm Sergeant Hetherington, in charge of this outfit," and he pulled from his pocket the sergeant's papers, neatly inclosed in a blue government envelope, and smiled derisively at Hetherington.

"You won't be able to work that racket at the barracks at Maple Creek, for some of the fellows'll be sure to know me there."

"Well, if they do, you'll have a longer ride, that's all," answered his captor, "for I mean to get you put in this time sure, for you've escaped often enough before."

That afternoon they came to Dead Man's Crossing, and Williams was left there in charge of a man they found in the shack. He had evidently been expecting Carney, but he opened his eyes with much wonder when he saw the prisoner, and when he understood the situation he went around with a broad grin on his face that was particularly tantalizing.

Maple Creek was seventy miles from Dead Man's Crossing. They stopped all night at Dead Man's Crossing, and made sixty miles of the seventy next day.

In the morning the sergeant had another lesson in the deep diplomacy with which Carney negotiated matters.

"Ride on, Bill," he heard him say to his mate, "and inquire if Sergeant Hetherington has come in yet with his prisoner. You can tell them that you were out on a little reconnoitre for Carney's mate, and that I expected to be there at the barracks about ten o'clock. If there is anybody there knows me—Sergeant Hetherington—just hit the trail back a piece, and we'll move on to the next post. I want to give this man Carney up to strangers, you see; I'm afraid his friends mightn't treat him well. Anyway, I think you'd better ride back to meet me."

Bill galloped away on his errand, and after putting an hour or so to give him a good start, Carney and his prisoner struck camp and followed up.

Bill met them about five miles out of Maple Creek, and reported that there wasn't a soul in the troop stationed there that knew Hetherington. "But they're dead on to Carney's racket, though," he said, "and when I told them that we'd captured him, they thought 'twas a pretty slick piece of business. They say he's harder to trap than a coyote."

"You see," said Carney to the sergeant, "the easier you take this thing, and the less racket you make, the better you'll get along. If you get rusty and insist that you're sergeant, some of the follows'll round on you, and the bad luck the thirteen eggs brought you'll be nothing to the trouble you'll get into then."

As soon as they got into the fort, Hetherington saw at once that Carney must have been in the force at one time.

He asked for the sergeant-major as soon as they rode into the barracks square, and asked him to report to the superintendent that he had brought in the desperado Carney, who was wanted for horse-stealing and shooting a man.

"I was afraid to take him back to Fort McLeod," he said, "for fear he'd play some trick and get away. He almost made me believe he was somebody else, until I found this letter on him addressed to John Carney."

It was in vain that the sergeant swore that he was Sergeant Hetherington himself; the more he swore against the fate that had tangled him up the more they laughed at him, and told him to drop it.

Carney's reputation for slipping out of the toils stretched from Winnipeg to the highest point of the Rockies, but he'd find that he couldn't do them up at Maple Creek; they were on to his little game.

"Are you quite sure you're not Major Steel himself, or Commissioner Hackle?" asked the superintendent, looking at him with a knowing smile.

At this sally of wit Carney and the rest of them laughed so heartily that the superintendent was so pleased with himself that he told the prisoner he might sit down.

"Your police duties must make you tired," he said, with a wink at Carney.

"All the same, sir," said the poor sergeant, tears almost starting to his eyes as he saw how completely he was in the other's clutches, "you'll be sorry for this when you find out what a mistake you're making."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," said the superintendent. "When they find out that you're really a sergeant in the force I'll be reduced to the ranks for this and you'll be made inspector."

"At least, sir," said Hetherington, "you might keep this man who claims to be a sergeant here until this matter is cleared up."

"Capital, capital!" said the superintendent. "A capital idea. We'll keep him here so that your mate can get clean away; then I shall get promotion for that brilliant idea. You're bagged, but you'd rather that your mate got away, eh? Sergeant Hetherington here tells me that he was pretty hot on your mate's trail, and one of the objects for bringing you in here was that he might have his hands clear to follow it up."

So the sergeant was put behind the bars, and Carney and Bill were made free of the canteen, and the superintendent congratulated himself upon the prospect of being able to forward on "Bull Dog" Carney, who had been wanted at headquarters for some time.

Then toward evening, when the fierce heat of the noonday sun had sped itself, Carney and Bill rode forth to hunt up the other man, "the mate," and Maple Creek never saw again the good police horses that went with them, nor the rifles, nor the revolvers, and it took a year's official correspondence to clear up the mystery as to who was to blame for committing Sergeant Hetherington, of the N. W. M. P., as "Bull Dog" Carney, horsethief, and handy man with a gun.

There is a legend that it never was cleared up.—Temple Bar.

ASHAMED OF TOIL.

The Average Working Woman Worships Unlimited Leisure.

The average working woman has little respect for other working women. This doesn't mean that she is without respect for herself, of a certain self-satisfied sort, but it does mean that that self-respect is not broad enough to include deference for fellow wage-earners, and it must logically follow that it is a very low grade of personal regard. The woman wage-earner whom one most often meets has but one standard of gentleship—unlimited leisure. According to her, the worker, no matter how creditable or remunerative her labor may be, is something just a little to be ashamed of; beyond the pale of all those who sit with folded hands, no matter how much more content, not to say comfortable, those hands might be if engaged in good, honest employment. It is but another phase of the false and one time all-prevalent squeamishness as to confessing financial straits; a modern development of that spirit that a decade ago led an impoverished family to declare that they only "took boarders for company." A successful woman teacher, who did really love her work, used to say that she was the only member of her family she ever met who taught because she had to—all the rest did it "just from pure love of it." A girl whose family have recently lost everything disposed of some embroidery at the woman's exchange. When an intimate friend congratulated her upon her good luck at finding a way of making money, the girl, out at elbows and patched as to shoes as she was, hastened to say: "Oh, it wasn't the money. You see, I have so much idle time on my hands now, and this embroidery does entertain me so." The new phase of the old subject was brought the other day to the notice of the head of an exclusive and very prosperous girls' school in this city. The principal desired a stenographer in place of the amanuensis she had heretofore had.

Applicants one after another presented themselves, and with each one the principal found some cherished notion as to the good sense and stability of the modern business woman laid low. If it wasn't one thing it was another, but she at last realized that they were all imbued with the I'm-as-good-as-you-are idea. The principal finally engaged a young girl who was less "uppish" than the others and whose spotted veil was not quite so obtrusive. At the end of one week the girl resigned her place. "Why, I pay you $3 a week more than you were getting in your downtown office," said the teacher. "Yes," said the girl, "but I like it better in the office. It's more fun for one thing, and then——" She paused, but the teacher begged her to continue. "Well, it's this way," the girl finally blurted out; "you see, it's sort of more honorable for me. It isn't because I don't like to be employed by a lady, but you're a lady who works. Why, none of my lady friends 'do anything' except one or two, and they're employed by gentlemen in downtown offices; I don't know any typelady who is employed by a woman who works, and, to tell the truth, we think it a little beneath us. I'm sorry," with a commiserating glance at the teacher, "but the $3 a week extra couldn't make up for it, you know." The teacher steadied her voice for one question. "Don't your men employers in the offices work?" she asked. "Oh, yes, indeed," was the answer, "but then they're men. It's different with women." It may be of interest to add that this teacher subsequently secured a man stenographer, he having no objection, he said, "to being employed by a woman who worked." With such standards as those in the minds of the rank and file the business woman has a good many lengths to go before she can hope to attain even a quota of that which her apostles declare for her.—Philadelphia Times.

FORGERY.

Leading Principles of Experts as Applied to Its Detection.

A very curious fact about the philosophy of handwriting is this—that a man never writes his name twice in exactly the same way, or, in other words, one signature is never a facsimile of the other. So that if an expert finds among some genuine signatures one that corresponds in every detail with a disputed signature—and such a thing has happened several times—he is absolutely certain, first, that the latter really is bogus, and second, that he has before him the very model used by the forger. All detectives of the ink pot agree that the discovery that two signatures on being superimposed and held to the light are identical is a conclusive proof that there has been tracing.

Such are the leading principles of the expert's profession. How are they applied? In some cases they are not applied at all. The paper itself, the stamp, if there is one, may proclaim a document to be a forgery. Then the microscope and other appliances will sometimes show whether a signature is fraudulent. Swindlers commonly write a name in pencil and then ink it over. If the expert has reason to believe that his method has been adopted—and it is not difficult to detect, because, for one thing, the signature looks duller than the other writing—he has only to put a drop of acid on the letters, and, presto! the ink disappears, revealing the glistening plumbago beneath. But it is practically impossible to obtain by any mode of tracing a sign manual that will successfully bear the closest scrutiny. In following the model, whether that be a facsimile in pencil or carbon or a genuine signature held to the light, the pen hesitates, giving the writing a zigzag appearance, which, although not visible to the naked eye, can be clearly seen with the aid of the microscope. The most useful ally of the expert, however, is the camera, which has no equal for showing signs of erasure, correction and pen hesitancy.

In one way or another, then, a document may be pronounced a forgery without any comparison of writing. Rarely is this so when the work of a really accomplished professional penman comes to hand. He generally practices a signature till he can imitate it closely enough to deceive any bank cashier, when he dashes it off at the foot of a check with greater fluency than, perhaps, could its owner. In this art Jim the Penman was an adept—the greatest adept in the annals of crime. No tracing or boggling for him, no rubbing out or touching up. He wrote at once exactly what he wanted, imitating the most difficult hand with a freedom, an ease, and a perfection that were marvelous.

Admirable for Warships.

Every maritime government has made experiments to determine what color of paint can be used in order to render warships as nearly invisible as possible. It has been found from experiments made in the United States navy that the best results are obtained with a certain shade of olive green. This color is least easily seen in a greater proportion of conditions than is any other color. It blends so well in the daytime with the grayish tinge of the atmosphere near the ocean surface that it is far less liable to be seen than is black or white. Drab, which color was much used for blockade runners in the late war, is also very hard to distinguish by day, and especially in a fog, but with a search light it can easily be seen by night. White is more commonly used in our navy at present than any other color, but it is very easily seen in the daytime and is readily observed with the searchlight.—Railway and Engineering Review.

Oldest Newspaper.

Pekin's Kin Pan is the oldest newspaper in the world, having been published continuously for nearly a thousand years. It began as a monthly, became a weekly in 1361, and since the beginning of the century has been a daily. It now publishes three editions a day, and in order to prevent cheating by the venders prints them on paper of different colors, the first being yellow, the second white and the last gray.

It is often a hard matter to convince a brass band that it isn't the entire procession.

LANGUAGE OF ESQUIMAUX.

Spoken by Inhabitants of More than 10,000 Miles of Coast Land.

The Esquimau language, which is spoken at the extreme north of this hemisphere, is also found in the north of Asia.

The people have been called orarians—that is, "dwellers on the shore." They inhabit a narrow strip of country around the margin of Greenland and to the west of Baffin's bay, around all the great islands and down the coast shore of Hudson bay and about the bays and straits to the north; then to the west around Alaska, and still further along the arctic shores of the eastern continent. They thus extend along the winding island and mainland coast for more than 10,000 miles, inhabiting a narrow fringe of country by the sea and obtaining their livelihood therefrom. More than 10,000 miles of coastline is occupied by a people who speak one language.

But in Newfoundland there are tribes which speak another tongue mixed with the Esquimau, while on the southwest coast there are other tribes speaking mixed tongues; and the same is true of tribes inhabiting the northern coast of Asia. If we call all these tongues Esquimau, then the principal tongue is still homogeneous and a common medium for the communication of tribes occupying, as I have said, more than 10,000 miles of the most difficult coast known to mankind. While there is intercommunication, it is infrequent because of the difficulties and perils of navigation. Thus, in all that stretch of country there is but one language.—Forum.

The Bishop's Triumph.

The late Bishop Selwyn delighted to tell the following racy incident in his varied experience: While Bishop of Litchfield he was walking one day in the Black Country, and observing a group of colliers seated by the roadside in a semi-circle, with a brass kettle in front of them, inquired what was going on. "Why, yer Honor," replied a grave-looking member, "it's a sort of wager. Yon kettle is a prize for the fellow who can tell the biggest lie, and I am the umpire." Amazed and shocked, the good bishop said reprovingly: "Why, my friends, I have never told a lie that I know of since I was born." There was a dead silence, only broken by the voice of the umpire, who said in a deliberate tone, "Gie the bishop the kettle."

The Chaplain's Fear.

In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in heaven before to-morrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried out, "The Lord forbid!"

Korean Paper.

Korean paper is superior to that of either China or Japan, in both of which countries it is in demand for umbrella covers, roofing and as a substitute for window glass.

Bad story-tellers and poor relations are often considered bores.

It is a wise fool that can keep his lack of wisdom to himself.

Blood
Is Life
Pure Blood
Is Health.

Without blood circulating through your veins you could not live. Without pure blood you cannot be well. If you have salt rheum, scrofula sores, pimples, boils or any kind of humor, your blood is not pure. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla it will make your blood pure and promptly relieve all these troubles.

"I wish to add my praise for the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me of a lung trouble and fluttering of the heart, and since I began taking it my weight has increased twenty pounds, and I can now enjoy my meals and eat with comfort. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the best medicine that it is possible to find."—C. W. Carey, Prineville, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ANIMALS AS MODELS.

Some of the Experiences of an Artist in Sketching From Life.

"Leaves from the Sketch Book of an Animal Artist," is an article by Meredith Nugent in the St. Nicholas. Mr. Nugent says: There was an elephant in the Jardin-des-Planets that would not pose unless he were paid for it, and paid in advance. Then he took payment in buns and pie, but if these were not forthcoming, he would deliberately walk to the farther end of the enclosure and turn his back. The only way to get a drawing of this big fellow was to engage some one to feed him meanwhile. In the same gardens I saw an unusually interesting sight one morning. A little sunbear with a large marrow bone in his shaggy paws was resorting to all sorts of bear devices to get the sweet marrow. Suddenly he lay down on his back, placed one end of the bone in his jaws, and with his hind paws tipped the other end of the bone so high up that the choice morsel slipped into his mouth. If the animal could only have understood the shouts of approval that greeted this performance, I think it would have turned his head. In one of the sketches you will see how this feat was accomplished. As a rule I find the models very good natured. True, they keep a sharp eye on me for the first few days, but after that are generally quite friendly. Of course, there are some parts of the business they do not like. The oriole never was happy when I held him in my hand for close inspection, but a beautiful cat which rebelled when I first placed her in a bird cage—to keep her in front of me—grew so fond of being there, and after I finished my drawings she cried and cried to be put back into the cage. Intense curiosity is the great characteristic of animals when in the studio. They are as much interested in you and the surroundings as you are in them. This is especially the case with birds. Leave the studio but a few minutes, and these two-legged fellows are hopping into everything. Of course they inspect the paper on which you have been drawing, and the paints, and the brushes, and occasionally vary these proceedings by taking a bath in the water bowl.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The twentieth century will begin on Jan. 1st, 1901, and end with 2000. People did not begin to reckon time from A. D. 1, but waited until about the 530th year of the Christian era. People who begin to take the great health restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, immediately after the first outbreak of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation, nervousness or kidney trouble will date their cure immediately from them.

Draughting compasses are being made with a flexible rubber suction cup of one end to fasten to the paper and hold the instrument while the circle is being drawn.

In the spring cleanse your system by using Dr. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Bad Roads Are Costliest.

When once the fact gets firmly established in the minds of the farmers of the United States that it is more expensive to maintain bad roads than to make and keep in condition good roads they will take active interest in the question and an era of road building will begin which will add to their wealth, prosperity and comfort, and benefit the country at large as much as has the laying of railroad tracks and the advance of the steam locomotive. Let those engaged in agriculture study such figures as those recently issued by the supervisor of New York, wherein he shows that it costs half as much to haul produce three miles by wagon as it costs to haul it 500 miles on the railroad. The supervisor figures out that with a system of good macadam roads the farmers would save an amount each year equal to the interest on from $10 to $30 an acre, according to the crop raised, and would increase the value of their land either to sell or hold by a like amount.

Police as Shark Catchers.

Among the multifarous duties which demand the attention of the Calcutta police the capture of sharks in the Hooghly finds a place. During the past 20 years rewards have been paid for the destruction of these marine maneaters, and recently the Bengal government laid down a scale for these payments.—N. Y. Sun.

It is stated that 55 English towns and cities are now burning their garbage and solid refuse, using an average of about 10 furnaces each. Steam is generated and used for electric lighting and other purposes.

For many years Theodore S. Parvin, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., has been gathering works on masonry, and now has a collection of them numbering over 30,000 volumes.

Spain's Underground River.

The Guadiana, a Spanish river, after flowing for 30 miles overhead, vanishes underground, and for the next 30 miles pursues its course as an underground river, only appearing at intervals in the shape of lakelets, the ogos or eyes of the Guadiana as they are called. This is the largest underground river which has been fully traced.

Little Africa a Man.

Little Africa, a lithe, petite dancer, sprang into popularity at Detroit a few weeks ago, and through a shrewd manager, became a drawing card at private "dinners" given by the "nice" young men. Two weeks ago the Detroit light guard gave a "smoker," and one of the attractions was the mysterious Little Africa.

The Seeley dinner dance was reproduced in all its interesting details. The little "wiggler" was recalled again and again, and each time responded with a new movement. Glasses clinked to her honor, she was showered with bouquets and coins, and every effort was made to discover her identity. Since that two "quiet" stag parties have been given by Detroit select young men, and Little Africa, the clever little dancer, as nearly costumed a la Eve as was consistent with proper entertainments, has been idolized.

Society was scandalized, and Little Africa supplanted many a sweetheart in the affections of some fast young men. Her admirers have been searching the city to do her homage, and the scandalized members have been searching for her to make her trouble.

It has now been discovered that the dancer was Frank Bruesser, a well-known costumer, who has been having fun at the expense of his friends. Bruesser's form has a remarkable resemblance to that of a woman.

A CHEAP TRICK.

To manufacture a cheap kalsomine stuck on the wall with glue, claiming it to be the "same thing" or "just as good" as the *durable* Alabastine, or to buy and sell such goods on such representations would seem a cheap trick. Some resort to it. To be safe, buy Albastine only in packages and properly labeled.

One of the heaviest locomotives of ordinary pattern ever made is now running over the Great Northern railroad. It weighs 95 tons, exclusive of the tender.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A treacherous wretch in Flemington, N. J., entered the stable of Solomon Gale and poured nitric acid upon the eyes and ears of a valuable horse.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Indications multiply that the gold fields of Alaska will turn out to be richer than those of the Klondike region.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "*Tea Garden Drips*" is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine "*Tea Garden Drips*" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

"Sammy Snaggs," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?' "Noun," replied Sammy. "What gender?" "Masculine gender." "Indeed?" "Yes'm. If it was feminine it would be 'femalediction.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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 wrapper. This is the original "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*, 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. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

According to the computations of Prof. Hamy, the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

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.

Before 1886 the average number of labor strikes of all kinds in this country was about 500 a year. Since that date the average has been 1,500.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895.

Coal mined in China is being exported to California, and it is said that in a few years the Flowery Land will supply the whole Pacific coast.

After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

Every Day a Month.

The gradual change in the day and the month now taking place proceeds continuously until the duration of a rotation of the earth is prolonged to 55 of our present days. At the same time the month, or the time of a revolution of the moon round the earth, will also occupy 55 of our days. Since the month here means the period of the return of the moon to the same place amongst the stars, and since the day is to be estimated the same way, the moon must then always face the same part of the earth's surface, and the two bodies must move as though they were fastened together by a bar. The outcome of the lunar tidal friction will accordingly be that the moon and the earth will go round as though locked together in a period of 55 of our present days, with day and month identical in length.—Prof. George H. Darwin, in Atlantic.

Use only *one* heaping teaspoonful of *Schilling's Best* Baking Powder to a quart of flour.

You must use *two* teaspoonfuls of other baking powder.

600

Church Built of Coral.

A church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the Isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles islands in the Indian ocean. The Seychelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of Old Testament history, form an archipelago of one hundred and fourteen islands, and are situated about 1,460 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble, and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fern-like leaves give pleasant and much-needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral-built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

Babies Named After Leiter.

So much has been written about Joseph Leiter and his wheat operations that his name has become familiar to everyone who reads the papers. Farmers talk about him at their gatherings, and think that he has done more for them than any speculator that ever lived. He made wheat sell at $1 and over. They are naming their baby boys after him, and Mr. Leiter frequently receives a notice that a 12-pound boy has been christened "Joseph Leiter Smith," or "Joseph Leiter Jones." A member of a leading shipping house, who returned from England last week, said the people there speak of Mr. Leiter as "Leeter," and say that he is a great man.

The people have every confidence in him outside of the speculative classes. There is hardly a day that his mail does not contain letters with money, asking him to make trades for them. Their money is invariably returned with a polite note that they had better keep it, and that he is not in the commission business.

The egg of the queen been is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and as large around as a fine cambric needle.

The magnetic clock was invented by Dr. Locke, of Cincinnati, in 1847-48.

The name of Nebraska is an Indian word, which means shallow water.

MOTHERHOOD.

Mrs. Pinkham Declares No Woman Need Despair.

There are many curable causes for sterility in women. One of the most common is general debility, accompanied by a peculiar condition of the blood.

Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children. MRS. LUCY LYTLE, 255 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J., certainly thinks so. She says:

"I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhœa and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Belvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had It has stopped my pains, and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I heartily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."

TAKE PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER Tested and True.

The Old German DOCTOR LEOPOLD'S ELECTRIC BELTS

Will cure Backache, Diseased Kidneys, Nervousness, Womb Disorders, Sexual Weakness, Despondency and kindred conditions. Consultation free: 42 years' experience. Terms to suit. Call or write. 290 Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.

WILL & FINCK CO.'S SPRING EYE GRAIN BAG NEEDLES.......

Plain or with Cutter. The best needle in the market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general merchandise stores, or by

WILL & FINCK CO.,
820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

RODS for tracing and locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or buried treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 337, Southington, Conn.

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS ...MANUFACTURED BY... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. NOTE THE NAME.

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

Timidity of an Elephant.

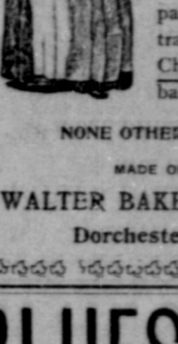
Timidity of an Elephant.

Riding along a road in India, I saw the following instance of a big elephant's timidity, which I venture to send to you: The elephant, ridden by a mahout, was followed by a small Maltese terrier which, intent on its own affairs, trotted beside its master, making occasional instinctive investigations by the roadside after the manner of dogs, without particularly noticing other travelers. From the first moment the elephant set eyes on the dog he never lost sight of him, turning from side to side always with an eye on the small animal, and hurrying out of his way whenever he approached. The timidity of the one and the confidence of the other were irresistibly amusing.—London Spectator.

Greater New York has 1,100 churches within its limits, and over 130,000 dwelling houses.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate,



celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

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Is the working capital of humanity. He who loses that is wrecked indeed. Is your health failing you, your ambition, vigor, vitality wasting away? When others fail consult

DOCTOR RATCLIFFE,

For the speedy, safe and permanent cure of all Nervous, Chronic and Special diseases, even in their most aggravated forms. There is no man in the world who has effected so many permanent cures in both Men and Women of troubles which other physicians of acknowledged ability had given up as hopeless as this eminent specialist.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and all its attending ailments, of YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN. The awful effects of neglected or improperly treated cases, causing drains, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, failing memory, lack of energy and confidence, pains in back, loins and kidneys, and many other distressing symptoms, unfitting one for study, business or enjoyment of life. Dr Ratcliffe can cure you, no matter who or what has failed.

WEAK MEN. He restores lost vigor and vitality to weak men. Organs of the body which have been weakened through disease, overwork, excesses or indiscretions are restored to full power, strength and vigor through his own successful system of treatment.

VARICOCELE, hydrocele, swelling and tenderness of the glands treated with unfailing success.

SPECIAL DISEASES, inflammation, discharges, etc., which, if neglected or improperly treated, break down the system, cause kidney and bladder diseases, etc.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. Prompt and especial attention given to all their many ailments.

WRITE If you are aware of any trouble. DO NOT DELAY. Call on Dr. Ratcliffe today. If you cannot call, write him. His valuable book free to all sufferers. CONSULTATION FREE and confidential at office or by letter.

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WHEAT Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Send for our free reference book. DOWNING, HOPKINS & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

YOUR LIVER Is it Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

N. P. N. U. No. 17, '98.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

ALABASTINE

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

Alabastine is a durable and natural coating for walls and ceilings entirely different from all kalsomine preparations, made ready for use in white or twelve beautiful tints by the simple addition of water (latest make being adapted to mix with cold water) put up in dry powder form, in 5 pound packages, with full directions on every package.

WHAT ARE KALSOMINES?

Kalsomines are cheap temporary preparations manufactured from chalks, clays, whiting, etc., are stuck on the wall with decaying animal glue. Alabastine is a cement, which goes through a process of setting, hardens with age, can be re-coated and re-decorated from time to time without having to wash and scrape off its old coats before renewing.

MUCH SICKNESS

Particularly throat and lung difficulties, wrongly attributed to other causes, is the result of unsanitary conditions of walls and ceilings. Think of having bedrooms covered with layers of molding flour paste to feed vermin, with paper to hide them and absorb the moisture of respiration, and an animal glue culture ground on its face for disease germs; this having strong colors added, like a colored shirt, to hide the dirt; then think of "the nasty practice" of repeating this papering, without removing the old, and a number of times, at that, as many do. Then think of a room coated with pure, porous, permanent Alabastine, which is retinted with but little trouble or expense, and is purifying and sweet-smelling and fills cracks. Wall paper free would be dearer than Alabastine if cost of removing paper is considered.

Alabastine is sold by paint dealers everywhere. Ask your dealer for card of tints.

TO DEALERS.

Do not buy a law suit or an injunction with cheap kalsomines, which are all imitations of Alabastine. Dealers assume the risk of a suit for damages by selling an infringement. Alabastine Company own the right, covered by letters patent, to make and sell wall coatings adapted to be mixed with cold water. Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.