CLIFFORD: SWAN'S * * * PANIC. * * *

"DEAR C.: Meet me at the Wheelmen's Rest on the South pike at 5:45 to-morrow evening. We can talk the matter over on our wheels. Very affectionately,

"ELSA."

Clifford Swan sat on an office stool and turned this little note in his fingers at the same time that he turned its import over in his mind. The clerk who sat near him could not resist an inquisitive impulse to look at Mr. Swan's face, and he saw that Mr. Swan was smiling satisfaction at himself; also, he saw that the little piece of paper in Mr. Swan's fingers was a feminine note, and he drew conclusions. That clerk would have greatly amused himself with putting teasing questions to Mr. Swan if the latter had not been his superior in the bank. So the clerk held his peace and wondered what there was in the note to make Swan look so happy.

Clifford Swan took another dive into the four lines of very modern feminine handwriting to refresh his memory as to the wording, and then he meditated again. It was, no doubt, an original way of answering his rather old-fashioned proposal, but her originality was always one of Elsa's great charms to this devoted lover. The idea of meeting a girl at a clubhouse on purpose to discuss a proposal of marriage with her while taking a spin! And then there was something so peculiarly sensible in the phrase "talk the matter over." Elsa really was a very sensible girl—so sensible as to be all the more piquant for this quite extraordinary good sense of hers. She was not the sort of girl to do anything rashly; she would calmly "talk the matter over" while riding out in the cool of the evening. Swan liked that deliberate way of looking at a serious matter; he judged from it that Elsa would be forever constant when she did make up her mind. True, she had already had four days to reply to his letter, but he had not the least doubt that in the end her decision would be favorable. Was he not her "Dear C." to begin with?

So Clifford Swan smiled as he sat at his desk. Then he looked at his watch and resolved to go and have lunch. He put the watch into his vest pocket and folded the little note and looked for the envelope from which he had somewhat precipitately torn it when Elsa's little brother had put it into his hands a quarter of an hour before. There it was—a pink little envelope.

The clerk next to Mr. Swan at this point indulged his curiosity once more. He saw Mr. Swan look with a tender smile at the envelope, and then he saw the smile faint and fade, and then he observed that Mr. Swan had turned pale.

"Are you feeling badly, Mr. Swan?" the young man ventured to ask with polite solicitude.

Swan started and stared resentfully.

"Feeling badly? What do you mean?"

"You look so pale. I thought I might get you a glass of water—or something."

"Thank you, Mr. Edwards," said Swan with a forced laugh. "I don't know that I ever felt better in my life. I believe I'll go out to lunch now—very light breakfast this morning."

So Swan took up the envelope and the note and reached for his straw hat. He walked out of the bank, gazing at the address on the envelope, which was: "Miss Clara Henderson. Addressed." The inference was plain. That young brother of Elsa's—"Young Nick"—had had two notes to deliver. He was, in his own conceit, a born courier and scout, and it delighted him to ride his wheel all over the city, leaving notes and messages. If there had been no note for Swan the boy would not have stopped at the bank at all. The wretched urchin had no doubt whirled into the Henderson home, as he had whirled into the bank, dashed down his—Swan's—fate-fraught letter with a curt, "Letter for Miss Clara—no answer," and then sped away to chalk up his last record of letter-carrying. Therefore it was certain—morally—that Clara Henderson by this time had had the satisfaction of reading through her friend's reply to Swan's offer of marriage. So did Clifford Swan argue.

He ate no lunch worth mentioning, but sat and felt cold chills running about all over him, although the thermometer was far above 70 in the shade, and the sun was shining brightly. This was because he knew Clara Henderson so well. If it had been anyone else but that feather-headed——

That afternoon a ring at the door bell of the Davis residence was soon followed by a sound as if a hurricane had suddenly been let into the front hall. The rushing and rustling was mingled with laughter.

"Oh, I must see Miss Elsa. Yes, right away. Tell her I'm coming up to her room."

In less than one minute Clara was at her friend's door, standing behind the servant, who was supposed to be delivering her message.

"Elsa! Won't you let me in? I'm in a tremendous rush, dear——"

"I'm so glad to see you, Clara. Couldn't you go to-morrow?"

"Go? Go where? Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Elsa, don't be angry. It wasn't my fault. I'm awfully sorry. Young Nick brought this for me, and it was meant for—for Mr. Swan. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!"

And with that the tempestuous young woman fell upon the bamboo couch, helpless.

"Clara! Did you open it?"

For answer Clara held out a bulky packet, the flap of the envelope torn.

"I give you my word of honor, Elsa, I only read as far as 'can confer on a woman'—'man can confer on a woman.' Then I nearly had a fit."

A less evenly balanced mentality than Elsa Davis' might have been temporarily upset by this revelation. As it was, Elsa's face was a bright scarlet. But she retained her self-command sufficiently to recognize a juvenile whistle that sounded shrill at that moment in the back yard, performing some variations on a popular air. Young Nick was oiling his bicycle. His elder sister threw up her window and called to him peremptorily to come up.

Clara was still on the bamboo couch, trying to recover her breath, when a youth of 8 years, in corduroy knickerbockers, appeared in the doorway.

"Can't go out now, sister. Got to oil up——"

"You took that note to Mr. Swan, did you?" his sister asked.

"Yes, sir. And I took the other to Miss Clara. Didn't I, Miss Clara? Did the whole trip in seven minutes an——"

"Never mind the time," Elsa interrupted. "Did you take that to Mr. Swan?" holding up the bulky letter Clara had brought.

"That's it," said the boy, nodding. "How did you get it back?"

"Go!" was all Elsa could say, and she slammed the door to, behind the puzzled youngster.

"Don't you think you'd better put the letter in a fresh envelope and send it to him?" Clara asked, becoming very serious.

"My dear Clara," said Elsa, "I shall never speak to Clifford Swan again."

"Oh, don't say that, Elsa! Please! I shall never have a chance. I know that man too well. And you, of all people."

"Why me, of all people?"

"He's positively afraid of you. He thinks you the most formidable tease on earth, and he can't stand teasing."

"Then what do you think he'll do?"

"My own private belief," said Elsa, speaking very deliberately, "is that he will pack up and go to the Klondike, without saying a word to anybody."

The catch in her friend's voice as she spoke these last words brought a most unusually serious look to Clara Henderson's habitually jocund face, which was still glowing under the combined influences of laughter and a rapid bicycle ride.

"Elsa," she said, "give me that letter."

"What are you going to do with it? No, I can't, Clara. It will look like running after the man."

"PLEASE GIVE ME MY LETTER," SAID CLARA.

"Well, then, good-by. What time is it? Ten minutes to three. Good-by."

"What are you going to do?"

"I want my letter."

"Your letter?"

"Yes. You must have sent me some letter, or young Nick wouldn't have brought me Mr. Swan's."

"But it doesn't matter. I can tell you, now you're here. It was to meet me—about that picnic, you know——"

"Never mind," said Clara. "I'm going to have my letter."

And she whirled away, much as she had come, only without laughter.

Clifford Swan was sitting at his desk, on his high stool, experiencing cold chills, wondering how a man so easily upset as he was by a trifle could have held his position in a bank all these years and risen—repeating to himself mechanically, "Can these things be, and overcome us like the shadow of a cloud?" Still more vividly imagining what Elsa Davis had said in the letter, wondering how much of it Clara Henderson had read, and dreading her terrible laugh. But he would not face that terrible laugh, he thought; he would sooner make a will, leaving everything he had to Elsa, and then——

"Mr. Swan," said the young clerk, who was becoming really uneasy by this time, "a lady wishes to see you."

"Tell the lady I'm very busy."

The young clerk stared at what seemed to him the obvious untruth of the allegation, but nevertheless he took the message to the paying teller's window in the front office.

"Mr. Swan, the lady says she has some very important business to settle with you, and will you please speak to her for two minutes?"

"Who is the lady?"

"I know her face, but she didn't give me her name. She wears a brown velveteen bicycle——"

"Light hair done up in a coil?"

The young clerk nodded.

"Mr. Edwards," said Swan, "I don't think I'm very well to-day."

"I noticed that you weren't looking well before you went to lunch."

"Mr. Edwards, I think I'll go home for to-day. My wheel is in the back hall, I think. Please tell Mr. Glinn I'll be all right to-morrow."

The young clerk stared and walked away to the front of the bank. Then, as Clifford Swan reached his hat and turned to go to the back hall, he heard a ripple of feminine laughter, echoed by half a score of clerks.

"He'll go out the back way, I suppose. Thank you," sounded in the dreaded voice of Clara, the tormentress.

Clifford Swan thanked his stars and the city authorities that the street before the back entrance was paved with asphalt and not thronged with vehicles at that hour. Over the asphalt he sped, longing to look behind him, but afraid to attract attention. If he seemed anxious as to who was following, passers-by might think he was fleeing from the bank and the law. On he went, not knowing exactly where to speed to, until, after a brilliant quarter of a mile, he came to the South pike, and its familiar smoothness allowed him to turn into it. As he turned he ventured to look over his shoulder and saw nobody of whom he need be afraid. So on he pedaled.

After the most unpleasant three minutes' spin he had ever known on that road he was beginning to hope that he had escaped Clara Henderson's terrible teasing, when, "trr-r-r-ing," a bicycle bell sounded behind him.

"You must be very busy to-day, Mr. Swan," a clear voice called aloud—"and very sick. Do you always ride like this when you are very busy—and sick?"

Physically, Clifford Swan kept his balance, only turning to raise his hat; morally, he collapsed.

"Oh, Miss Henderson?" he said, "how d'ye do? No, I'm not feeling very well to-day."

"Still, you're not sick enough to be in bed, are you? I would like to speak to you, if you don't mind, just for a minute. You have a letter of mine, I believe?"

All this conversation was going on as they wheeled, side by side, out the South pike.

"I? Oh, yes. I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to read it."

"That's of no consequence," said Clara. "But please give it to me. I want to see what Elsa says——"

"H!! H!!" came from behind the two. "My! Can't you go when you get a move on you, Mr. Swan?"

It was young Nick.

"Sister says I gave you the wrong letter. So I brought you this when I got through oiling up my machine."

Young Nick held out a letter to Swan.

All three with one accord dismounted by the roadside.

"Please give me my letter," said Clara.

And Swan, with smiles and nervous apologies, produced Elsa's little note from an inside pocket.

"Will you allow me?" he asked, as he took his own letter from young Nick.

Clara nodded and turned her attention to her own little note. Young Nick stood wide-eyed while these two read:

"Sister changed her mind after you went, Miss Clara," he said.

It took Swan a long time to even glance through his three sheets of upright calligraphy. Clara displayed the patience and self-restraint of a waiting angel.

At last she said, "Now, it wasn't so very dreadful, after all, was it, Mr. Swan?"

"Oh, no," said Swan, "not at all. Nick, please tell sister for me that I'll be around this evening."

"No, Nick," said Clara. "You hurry on home and tell sister that I've caught Mr. Swan and I'm going to bring him with me right now." Then, as young Nick flew down a side street by way of making a short cut, she turned to Swan and asked, "How do you feel now—better?"

"Thanks," said Swan, "I feel decidedly better now."

And he had good reason to.—Chicago Chronicle.

Afraid but Courageous.

Emerson, in his essay upon "Heroism," says that the characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistence; and a very good illustration of this truth was given by the philosopher's son, Waldo, when he was a small boy.

On his way to the village school Waldo had to pass a house where a French family lived. The boy had never heard any language but his own, and the strange talk frightened him; he could not understand it, and therefore felt that the people must be dangerous.

Mr. Emerson decided that Waldo was old enough to go and come from school without attendance, and after talking the matter over with the boy, he said, "Now, Waldo, some one will go to school with you this morning, but you must come home alone."

When the school was dismissed the boy thought of the house full of strange people that he must pass on his way home, and leaning up against the fence he began to cry. Miss Elizabeth Hoar, a neighbor, seeing him, put on her bonnet and went to his rescue.

"Come, Waldo," she said, "I'm going down your way; you can walk along with me."

The boy looked at her a moment, and then said sorrowfully, "I don't think that was what my father meant me to do;" and refusing her comforting companionship, he trudged sturdily home by himself.

It is pleasant to know that he was never afterward afraid to go and come alone. His persistence in doing what he felt was right was surely heroism for a frightened child.

Tea Drinkers.

The United Kingdom consumes 600,000 pounds, or about 4,000,000 gallons, of tea every day, which is as much as is used by the rest of Europe, North and South America, Africa and Australia combined.

Even the jay birds are hollering "Dewey." The next time you see a jay bird, listen to his note: you will find that it sounds exactly like "Dewey."

Helping Them

Hives and Eruptions Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Two of my little boys had eruptions on their faces. I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before they had finished taking the first bottle the sores were all gone. We are now giving Hood's Sarsaparilla to our babies for hives, and it is helping them.—MRS. C. A. BATES, Stayton, Or. Get only Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

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

Revolving Seat.

A seat especially adapted for use on open trolley cars, for the overhead seats on 'busses, for benches in public parks or private country houses, etc., is designed upon the principle of the rolling top desk, so that there is always a dry surface during the rainy or snowy weather. As a covering for the ordinary fixed rails or solid wood seat there is an endless roll, formed of flat strips of wood, riveted securely to bands of leather, pegamoid or similar material and presenting an even surface, the usual width of a single seat, which is slipped around the seat board. By means of sunk buttons or rings laced at suitable intervals this roll can be readily revolved, bringing any portion into position for a seat, as may be required. Thus, in the event of the seat being exposed to the rain and rendered unfit for use, the person desiring to sit down has simply by means of the finger holes or rings to draw the roll forwards, and a perfectly dry portion is brought into position, whilst the roll is of such length that another dry portion sufficient for a seat is still in reserve, if found necessary. In addition to this as the roll is revolved in either direction it it underneath the seat, brough in contact with an india-rubber scraper which takes off all the heavy moisture so that even the portion of the seat which has been exposed to the rain is very quickly dried and again rendered fit for use.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A seven-foot granite monument in Upper Harz, Germany, has an iron tablet inscribed: "Here, in the year 1847, the first trials were made with the cultivation of the potato."

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

The death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark or Sweden. In New York 11 out of 12 murderers escape without any punishment, and in the United States only one murderer in 50 suffers capital punishment.

A portable X-ray apparatus no bigger than a Webster's dictionary, but powerful enough to enable a surgeon to look through a man's body, has been invented for use in war by Professor Reginald A. Fessenden, of Pittsburg.

The photographic action of light, though not destroyed at very low temperatures, is diminished by 20 per cent., the loss being greatest in the violet light which at ordinary temperatures is the most effective.

Professor Dewar recently stated in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain that there has been a great developmnet in the application of liquid air as an analytical agent.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general the eggs of an insect are designed to be hatched long after the parents are dead, so that most insects are born orphans.

Clocks can be accurately leveled by a new shelf which has a fixed wall plate supporting a pivoted, adjustable shelf, with levels in the top, to be set by thumb screws on the upper side.

When dead bodies are entered as a cargo on a ship they are often recorded on the invoices as "statuary" or "natural history specimens," to allay the superstitious fears of the crew.

The production of what is known as silk worm gut for fishing lines is a curious industry that has followed the decline of silk culture in the vicinity of Murca, Spain.

Great Britain has a longer sea coast than any other nation in Europe. It measures 2,755 miles, with Italy second, 2,472 miles. Russia ranks third and France fourth.

Halibut and holibut are names as old as the English language. "But" signifies a flat fish, and the prefix refers to the deep and wide holes in which the fish is found.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

WHEAT Make money by succesful 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.

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

GOOD ROADS

Hints on Macadam Construction.

The building of macadam roads has grown into quite a business, and those who are engaged in it occasionally strike something that may be useful to others. A correspondent of the Engineering News gives views on various points as follows: The quantity of rolling considered desirable is a serious question, and it is hard to specify a certain number of hours with a certain weight roller for a certain number of square feet of surface for all kinds of rock. I have lately drawn up my specifications to read that the foundation—that is, the earth surface after having been cut to the proper depth—and the soft places filled with sand or fine broken stone—and each layer "shall be rolled with a roller of not less than five tons weight and sprinkled, and said sprinkling and rolling shall continue until a wagon with two inch tires and carrying not less than two cubic yards of stone can be hauled over it without making an appreciable rut." There is no mistaking the meaning of the clause.

I always advocate a roller of not less than five tons weight, and prefer a horse roller. If the rock is an extremely hard material and does not bind well, then a heavier roller can be used. I may be peculiar in my preferences, but my experience with extremely heavy steam rollers has not been all that could be desired. In most cases there is too much crushing of the material. If the contractor possesses a heavier roller than five tons, and, in my opinion, the material can stand it, he is at liberty to go ahead.

My specifications insist upon an entire absence of clay and loam in the metaling, but there is such a thing as going to the extreme in screening. Doubtless Madacam and some of the European engineers could succeed in doing without binder. I suppose tires are much wider abroad than in this country and loads are heavier, and under the influence of the traffic and with constant repairs a road of fair sized stones without binder ultimately becomes first-class. Here we must face the fact that tires are narrow, and the authorities will seldom spend 10 cents for maintenance inside of three years. Binder is therefore a necessity. But it is best if of the same material as the macadam.

My specifications generally call for three layers—the first of rock, not more than four inches and not less than two inches in any dimension. This layer is to be one-half the total thickness of the finished coating. The second layer is one-third the thickness of the coating, and of rock not more than two inches nor less than one inch in any dimension. The third layer to complete the coating must contain rock of the same dimensions as the second layer. With respect to the proportion of the sizes, the specifications call for "no more fine stuff and dust than is unavoidable and for not less than 75 per cent. of the rock in the second and third layers to exceed an inch in every dimension, and the pieces to be as nearly as practicable cubical in shape."

TEA GROWN IN AMERICA.

A South Carolinian Has Succeeded in Raising an Excellent Quality.

The only tea plantation in the United States is located near Summerville, South Carolina. It is the property of Dr. Charles U. Shepard, who has undertaken to prove that tea, one of the greatest staple articles used by Americans to-day, can be raised by our farmers profitably, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan. This attempt to add to our now widely diversified list of industries is one which Dr. Shepard made partly as an experiment and partly as a regular business enterprise. And it is very interesting to note that, in a business way, it has been quite successful. Last season Dr. Shepard sent to market upward of eleven hundred pounds of the finest tea obtainable, and this year's crop, he states, will amount to more than two thousand pounds. In 1877, General William G. LeDuc, then Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, hearing of the attempt to import a new industry into this country, requested William Saunders, of his department, to investigate the matter and ascertain whether the tea plant could profitably be grown in the United States. After thorough inspection of Mr. Shepard's tea plantation, Mr. Saunders made a very favorable report, predicting that it will be only a question of time, now, when our farmers will supply sufficient tea for home consumption. Concerning this new industry, Dr. Shepard said:

"My plants are affording me a production greater than the Chinese average, and almost equal to that of India and Ceylon." Fifteen months ago the committee of the United States tea importers expressed, through their chairman, before the Committee on Ways and Means, the opinion that teas produced on this estate equaled any sent to the United States from the Orient. The product of these gardens has always found a ready sale, and has been marketed from Massachusetts to Florida, also in the Central and Western States. The crop of last season was about eleven hundred pounds, being much curtailed by an unusually severe autumnal drought. The outlook for this season is toward two thousand pounds. It would be gratifying if, as present indications promise, the venture should prove very profitable, although the object in view is only in part industrial. "Because of the cheap labor of the Orient," says Dr. Shepard, "it is useless for us to try to compete with them on cheap grades," but he thinks it is possible to grow a finer grade of tea in this country, at a profit which would thoroughly justify all continued experimentation.

Delicately Approached.

"Mister," said Meandering Mike, "would you like to have all the money you wanted?"

"Of course I would," was the natural reply.

"Well then, I kin approach you as man to man an' tell yer me own feelings. It's a good deal to be able to depend on sympathy an' co-operation in advance. All de money I wants fur de present is 10 cents, which is somethin' that I know you could help me to without missin'."—Washington Star.

There are two occasions when a girl is particularly anxious to look well: when she graduates, and when she marries. But a sweet girl graduate and a bride always look tacky. They are over dressed; they worry so much over their dress, that it looks hurried.

When a man inherits dishonesty that is about the only thing he honestly acquires.

A Total Disability Claim of $1,650 Paid to a Man Who Was Afterward Cured.

The *Monitor*, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ont., Canada, first discovered this case two years ago, and published it at length, which now seems, owing to the cure of it, to be a miracle. The facts were so remarkable that many people doubted the truth of them. They said: "It is too remarkable; it cannot possibly be true; the paper is mistaken, and the man, although he may think himself cured, will soon relapse into his former condition," etc., etc. The accuracy of its report called into question, the *Monitor* determined to find out definitely whether the facts were as stated and whether the man would really *stay* cured. They accordingly kept a close watch on the case for *two years* after the first article appeared, and have just now published another article about it in which *the original reports are completely verified, the cure is permanent, and they publish a fac simile of the check given by the Candian Mutual Life Association for $1 650.00 amount of total disability claim paid by them to Mr. Petch.*

The first account stated that the patient (see address below) had been a paralytic for five years, that there was such a total lack of feeling in his limbs and body that a pin run full length could not be felt; that he could not walk or help himself at all; for two years he was not dressed; furthermore that he was bloated, was for that reason almost unrecognizable, and could not get his clothes on. The paralysis was so complete as to affect the face and prevented him from opening his mouth sufficiently wide to take solid food. The doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live.

For three years he lingered in this condition. Then by some friends he was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them and there was a slight change. The first thing noted was a tendency to sweat freely. This showed there was some life left in his helpless body. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by pricking sensations, until at last blood began to course freely, naturally and vigorously through his body, and the helplessness gave way to returning strength, the ability to walk returned, and *he was restored to his old time health.*

The above is the substance of the first article published by the *Monitor*. Now follow some clippings, taken from the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of this testimony, that Mr. Petch's cure is permanent. Here follows the account:

On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say *there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview.*"

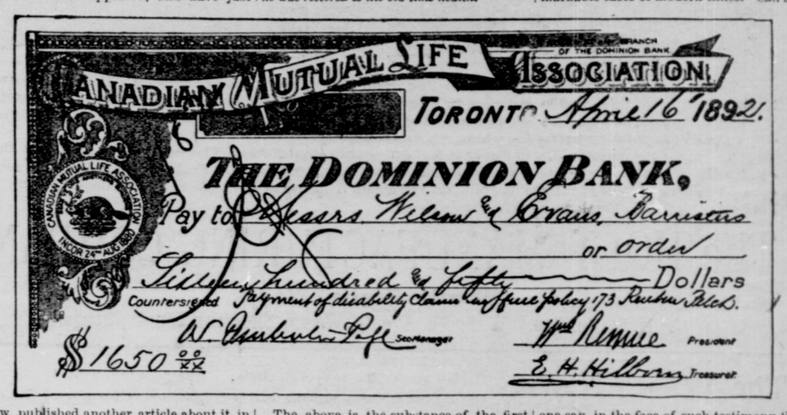
"Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the *Monitor*.

"Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. *To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from the living death.* I have since recommended these pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is always in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases of modern times. Can any one say, in the face of such testimony that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of any suffering man, woman or child? Is not the case in truth a miracle of modern medicine?

To make the evidence complete we publish above a fac simile cut of the check received by Mr. Petch from the Canadian Mutual Life Association, being the amount due him for total disability. It is unnecessary to add that this life insurance association did not pay this large amount of money to Mr. Petch, except after the most careful examination of his condition by their medical experts. They *must* have regarded him as forever incurable.

Mr. Petch's address is as follows: Reuben Petch, Griersville, Ont., Canada.



Engineering Under the Earth.

The newest wonder in American engineering has just been inaugurated at Haughton, Mich., viz., the Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Helca—the greatest mining shaft in the entire world. It is 4,900 feet deep, and, compared with it, the deep silver mines of the Comstock lode in Nevada, or the wonderful mines in Austria, worked for many centuries past, are but shallow pits. There are six compartments, says the New York Sun, each equal in size to an ordinary mining shaft, four of these being used for hoisting rock and lowering timber; one is used for the ladderways, and the sixth and last compartment carries the wires and pipes for telephones, light, power, water and compressed air. The underground workings of the shaft are laid out with mathematical accuracy, the undeviating course of the copper-bearing lode allowing work to be planned thousands of feet ahead of the mineral picks. The great pumps which free the mine of water are operated interchangeably by compressed air and electricity. The power drills which eat the holes for the dynamite cartridges are run by compressed air alone, and there are more than 300 of these drills, each doing the work of a dozen men, working both night and day, in the Calumet and Helca mine.

REDUCTION IN BICYCLE PRICES.

It is said that western capitalists are contemplating the organization of a great bicycle company, which hopes to make first-class wheels and sell them as low as $10. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a first-class remedy for the stomach, liver and blood, and the price puts it within every body's reach to be well and strong. For fever and ague it is a specific.

The latest of the lofty outputs of science to be established has recently been put on the summit of Mount Kosciusko 7,328 feet high, the most elevated point in Australia. It is a meteorological observatory.

It is said that a Scotchman planted the first thistle in Australia out of love for his native land, and now millions of that plant afflict the land.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

The last safe retreat of the beaver in the United States is in the canyon of the Rio Grande, between Eagle Pass and El Paso, a distance of about 300 miles.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Persons residing in the District of Columbia have no vote there, but they may vote in the state in which they claim a legal residence.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Two car loads have just arrived. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

In 1794 the habitual users of the English language did not number more than 30,000,000; in 1897 their number was estimated at 100,000,000.

A Gold Mine for Sampson.

The war prizes captured by Rear-Admiral Sampson's North Atlantic squadron are of considerable value. Twenty-eight captures of Spanish vessels were made, and it is said that six of the principal ships and cargoes have been valued at $1,500,000. When they have been sold half of the cargoes will go to the government and the other half ($750,000) will be divided among the captors. Twenty per cent. of this, or $150,000, will go to Admiral Sampson, and the rest of it to the subordinates, including the crews. If this sort of thing keeps on Admiral Sampson may come out of the contest a millionaire, and every jack-tar in his ships may have a snug little fortuune of his own.

Marigolds in North Africa reach a height of four or five feet.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

At Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., is one of the most thorough, careful and practical "Home School" to be found on the Pacific Coast. Accredited at State and Stanford Universities. Thorough preparation for business. Send for catalogue. IRA G. HOITT, Ph. D., Principal. Re-opens Aug. 9th.

Anglo-Saxon Postal Cards.

The Canadian people are showing a stronger sentiment towards Uncle Sam at the present time, called out no doubt by the struggle, if such it may be called, between this government and Spain. An instance of this is found in new postal cards, which are passing through the Canadian mails to this country. On one card is shown the Stars and Stripes, which cover the entire front of the postal card, the white bars of Old Glory being used to write the address upon. Another card shows the union of the English and American flags inscribed "Anglo-Saxon, one aim, one goal," while below are the national shields held by Ceres and the Goddess of Liberty, guarding whom are the proud eagle bird and the lion. Both are private postals, such as are now permissible in this country, and both are very unique.

The most ancient coin in Europe, the ducat, was first struck in the mint of Venice in the year 1284. The building is still in existence.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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Cookbooks for Soldiers.

Cook books have been distributed through the companies of the Twenty-second regiment, says the New York Tribune. The receipts given show just how the government wants its supplies cooked. There must hereafter be an inspection of the food at each meal, and an officer is to overlook the weighing and apportioning of supplies to ascertain that the amount given out is sufficient.

In New Zealand two persons working together constitute a factory.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Aufgepaßt!

Um unser Blatt, die „Nachrichten", in solche Kreise einzuführen, in denen es bisher noch nicht genügend bekannt war, senden wir es von jetzt an bis zum 1. Januar 1899 frei an alle diejenigen, welche für das nächste Jahr unsere Abonnenten werden und den Betrag dafür, $2.00, jetzt einsenden. Man lasse sich Probe-Nummern schicken.

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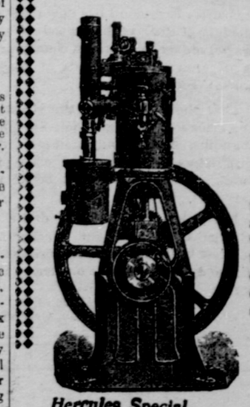

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