MISCELLANY.

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY.

My papa come home yesterday and said to mamma he
Had just got word to start away and help set Cuba free.
My mamma looked at him awhile and went up to his side,
And took his hands and tried to smile, but couldn't—so she cried.

My papa's captain of the Blues—they're soldier boys, you know,
And so we've been expecting news that he would have to go,
And every night my mamma tried to show she didn't care;
But through the day she cried and cried, when papa wasn't there.

And so when papa saw how bad she felt, he kissed her then,
And told her not to be so sad, for he'd come back again,
And then we all sat there awhile, and papa looked at me—
I wisht they was some other style of setting people free.

"Why must you go away to fight?" my mamma said, at last;
"I don't believe that war is right—the day for that is past!
Why must they call on you, for oh, what wrong have you to battle for?
Why don't they just have people go who got the country into war?"

"I haven't anything to say about the wrong or right,"
My papa said, "I go away, when they tell me to, and fight;
I'm not supposed to think or know—all I have got to do
Is take up arms at once and go, when others tell me to."

My mamma covered up her face and had to cry again,
And everything about the place seemed kind of solemn, then,
And so we all sat there awhile, and papa looked at me,
And I wisht they was some other style of setting people free.
—Cleveland Leader.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

JOSEPH BINNS walked rapidly away. Excitement reddened his cheeks. His eyes glittered. Gradually the mood worked off, his steps slackened, and he sighed hard from time to time.

He and his Anne had married too young. He acknowledged the wrong to his wife, and when earning good wages across the seas sent money home to her. But his letter came back through the dead letter office. He walked along the winding lane, not heeding his way. He never thought of Anne as an old woman, nearly as old as himself. He could see her in his mind's eye as she appeared in their courting days. A prettier lass there had not been in the whole country side. Fleet as a deer, timid as a fawn, with soft blue eyes, and such pretty fluffy hair. Sweethearts had plagued her enough, but she flouted them all for Joe's sake.

Then how pretty she had looked when her baby came. He had taken off his boots and crept in on tiptoe to see them. She was lying back on her pillow, her arm round a little bundle of clothes. Her face was white, but lighted with such a beautiful smile, he could think of nothing but a picture he had once seen of the Mother Mary and the Holy Child. The peevish moods, the fretful baby were all later developments, and he had not been patient. God forgive him! the girl was only 20 when he left her! What a fool he had been!

The night advanced. One by one the stars came out and the glow-worms shone in the grass below the hawthorn hedge. All nature seemed nearer to the heart of God. The old man felt himself drawn into the mystery of that magic stillness. A soft, an overwhelming sense of something he had missed through all his life took possession of him. He lifted his white, lined face to the starlit sky of the summer night.

"Our Father," he whispered, "Our Father which art in heaven, so help me I will find her and do my duty by her till I die." He went on talking to himself under his breath for a few minutes, then he gripped his stick, squared his shoulders like an old soldier, and marched steadily ahead into the darkness.

A few days later Lucy Haws set out to pay another visit to her uncle. She walked slowly as she approached a tiny cottage standing back from the lane behind a low briar hedge. The diamond-paned casements were bare, the door nailed up, the garden gate broken on its hinges. An air of neglect and desolation pervaded the little dwelling place. Peering over the hedge with keen curiosity was a man, whom Lucy at first glance took for a tramp.

She could have vowed he was crying when she first looked at his side face, but when he turned at her approach there was such eagerness and hope in his whole mein that she thought she was mistaken.

"Can you tell me who lived here, miss?" he asked, touching his hat politely.

"Yes, certainly," said the girl; "old Widow Jones. Poor thing, she's in the Union now, and there's none to look after her bit of garden. It's in a bad state. She'd fret awful to see it."

"Is it maybe the Widow Jones that was once known as Anne Binns?" he asked, after a quick look over the hedge at the bit of garden.

"Yes, but that was years ago, before I was born; but folks have been talking a great deal about her lately."

Again the man stared over the hedge. Lucy liked the look of him, and waited for him to speak again. But he seemed to have forgotten she was there, so after a last speculating look at his white hair and tall figure she went on her way.

Joseph Binns walked up the path and round the cottage, peeping in at the window back and front. He surveyed the neglected garden, and thought hard for some time. Then he proceeded to the village and hired a small bedroom for a week. When he was going to bed that night he pulled his blind down, and looked carefully to see there was no chink or crack through which his movements could be observed. Then he began to undress.

He wore a moleskin waistcoat, bare with age but still warm and thick. He put the garment across his knee and ripped the lining up the center. After this he thrust in his hand and drew out some rustling papers, which he flattened out and fingered separately with tender care. Joseph Binns had been wise in his generation.

"My poor old girl—she shall have 'em all," he muttered. "I'll do the thing proper and pretty. My word, little Anne won't know herself."

It was pathetic how he still cherished the idea of youth in respect to the woman he was seeking.

The village had delightful food for gossip during the next week.

A stranger took possession of Widow Jones' empty cottage, and each day brought with it some wonderful transformation. The garden was laid out, the window cleaned and decorated, the gate mended, the rooms scrubbed and colored. The climax was reached when a big cart of piled-up furniture drew up in the lane.

Then the neighbors came flocking with offers to help, but Joseph Binns admitted no one into his house but Lucy Haws. He had to make a confidant of some one, and Lucy had taken his fancy.

At last all was ready. The cottage was fit for a bride to enter. Lucy clapped her hands with delight. Joe's heart swelled with proud exultation and anticipation. A haven of rest for the waning years of his life with the old sweetheart of his youth. Not a cloud should mar their happiness.

"And now go right away, as quick as ever you can, and fetch her home," said the girl, with a catch in her voice, as she helped the old man into his coat and gave him his hat.

The old man was trembling with emotion. A pony and cart were waiting in the lane. He got in and drove quietly away in the direction of a large gray building standing out against the hill some three miles distant from the village.

The porter came out from the lodge.

"This isn't visiting day," was the gratuitous remark before Joseph Binns in his excited mood could frame a request.

"I've come to fetch some one"—he brought out the words with difficulty—"some one who doesn't need to have to stop here any longer. I'm her lawful husband and want to take her away. Anne Jones is her name—Widow Jones, that was Anne Binns."

Again the porter stared at the old man, then he looked away and said in an even voice void of expression:

"Anne Jones, known as Widow Jones, died at 6 o'clock this morning.. Coroner's inquest 'morrow at 'leven, fun'ral at 3."

The old man stood quiet and motionless. The sun beat fiercely down on the white gates. The clock in the tower began to strike, and each stroke rang out like a funeral knell. The horse between the shafts turned its head and stared with almost human eyes on the statue-like figure of the aged man.

And when the clock stopped striking there rose from the golden corn across the road the thrilling song of a soaring lark, which flew towards the sun till only a tiny speck showed darkly against the blue of heaven.—The Englishwoman.

HE FLED IN FRIGHT.

Remarkable Experience of a Hottentot with the German Language.

If any one in speaking to you used the word Hottentotenstrottlertrottermutterattentaeterlatten gitterwetterkotterbeutelatte, its harmonious sound would assure you that it was German, and such it really is, being taken from a Dresden paper, Der Weidmann. Here is the explanation of it: Among the Hottentots (Hottentotten) the kangaroos (beutelraite) are very numerous. Many of them roam about the country, free and respected; others, less fortunate, are caught and shut up in a cage (kotter) furnished with a cover (lattengitter), which shelters them from bad weather. These are then called, in German, lattengitterwetterkotter, and the kangaroo, once imprisoned, takes the name of lattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte. One day an assassin (attentaeter) was arrested, who had killed the Hottentot mother (Hottentotenmutter) of two children, one half-witted, the other a stammerer (strottertrottel). This mother, in the German tongue, is designated by the word Hottentotenstrattertrottelmutter, from which it follows that the assassin takes the name of Hottentotenstrotertrottelmutteratteantaeter. The murderer was shut up in a kangaroo cage (beutelrattenlattengitterwetterkotter), from which he shortly escaped.

But, fortunately, he soon fell into the hands of a Hottentot, who went joyously to the mayor of the village, exclaiming: "I have caught the beutelratte!" "Which one?" asked the mayor; "we have several."

"The atteataeterlattengitterwetterketterbeutelratte."

"Of which attentaeter are you speaking?"

"Of the Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutterattentaeter."

"Then why couldn't you say at once that you had caught the Hottentoten strottertrottel mutterattentaeterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?"

It is said that the Hottentot fled in affright.—Critic.

Time Not So Long.

"Lord Brougham used to tell," says the Birmingham Post, "how he had conversed with an eye-witness of the execution of Charles I., and, as the former did not die until 1868, this represented a space of 219 years, with only one life between. Within the last few years there was to be met in London a gentleman whose grandfather had told him of a talk he once had with an old Devonshire laborer who had seen, when a child, the landing of William of Orange in Torbay. The writer of these lines has met at dinner one who had talked with a hostess of Dr. Johnson, in the person of Mrs. David Garrick; while Mr. Gladstone's earlier memories include an interview with Hannah More, who was the great lexicographer's flatterer and friend, and an acquaintanceship with Thomas Grenville, who, not far from 120 years ago, arranged the terms of separation between this country and the United States."

Fertilizing for Strawberries.

Nitrate of soda is a valuable fertilizer for strawberries and raspberries, and should be applied with powdered phosphate of lime. This application to strawberries will sometimes treble the yield. The berries are larger in size, handsomer in color, more solid and finer in flavor. Ordinary manure will not produce such results, as it is not converted into plant food until after the demand of the fruit. Nitrate of soda and powdered phosphate of lime are assimilated by the plant at once, and appropriated at a cost of less than $10 per acre, using 400 pounds of the mixture which contains the three ingredients considered necessary to use for feeding plants; nitrogen, phosphoric acid and an alkali.—Meehan's Monthly.

Zulu Traveling.

The rate at which the Zulus can travel upon emergency is astonishing. Some will cover as much as fifty miles in six hours. Eight miles an hour is an ordinary pace.

The average man's head contains about 128,000 hairs. A woman often has more, but many of them are not indigenous.

Obscurity has its charms for the man who is compelled to associate with famous people.

The man who seeks damages in court is sure to get what he's looking for.

Good Health

Able to Work Every Day Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was a great sufferer from stomach trouble and was not able to retain food After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was able to eat almost anything I wished, and I have been well enough to work every day. I am now enjoying good health."—L. J. Ferguson, Monroe, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hoo 's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

Westernization of the Japs.

Kioto, Japan, formerly regarded as the sacred city of the Mikado, is being thoroughly westernized, having adopted the overhead trolley and arc and incandescent lighting. The power for the operation of the street railway is supplied by the waters of Lake Biwa, which are utilized through the agency of extensive canals, the plant being one of the largest engineering projects completed by native engineers.

A PHILIPPINE HEROINE.

One of the Philippine insurgent leaders is a beautiful woman whose life seems to be charmed. She has often rushed bravely into the very teeth of death from guns and cannon, but has never been wounded. Frequently we see people in this country who live so long that their lives seem charmed also, but the only charm about it is that they keep up their strength and vitalize their blood with that celebrated remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

The word "hairbreadth," now used for an infinitesimal space, was once a regular measure. It was the width of 16 hairs laid side by side.

Greenwich Time for Frenchmen.

The French chamber of deputies has finally passed a law that hereafter time shall be computed from the Greenwich meridian. Until this time France has counted time of the Paris meridian, which created great confusion in the railway time tables and connections.

A Home-Made Freak.

"Ma, can't I go to the show and see the wild man?"

"No, child. I'll do the best I can for you. I'll iron all the buttonholes out of your father's shirts."—Indianapolis Journal.

DEAR MADAM:

Your bread needn't smell of soda or alum or lime.

Schilling's Best baking powder has no lime or alum or excess of soda.

It is stated that vast uncovered untouched beds of sheet mica lie within 50 miles of Kiao-Chou bay, China.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In Egypt fans were used in religious ceremonies, made of parchment or feathers.

CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves

a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—MRS JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

WANTED EMPLOYMENT.

An experienced accountant and salesman is open for an engagement. Twenty-five years' experience as salesman, book-keeper and buyer. General merchandise and hardware preferred. Address W., room 27, Lambert block, Station A, Portland, Or.

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.

German Publishing Co., Portland, Or.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request. Big G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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.

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., 320 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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.

NATIVE COREAN COSTUMES.

They Wear Thickly Padded Stockings All Summer.

Corea is the land of white garments and black hats. All the men in this country, except coolies, wear either white or blue long flowing gowns. Cotton and silk goods are worn in winter and linen and hemp in summer. During the last several years a great deal of silk has been imported, both from China and Japan, the native article being of little value.

The ordinary street gown generally has three broad flaps, one of which hangs down the back and the other two in front overlap each other, then are tied with a pair of long ribbons of the same material. The flaps reach within a few inches of the ground. The gown has very wide and long sleeves, in each of which one might carry a baby without its being noticed, and they are long enough to conceal the hand completely, while an extension of the sleeve reaches almost as low as the flaps above mentioned. Another gown of the same pattern, except with shorter and narrower sleeves, is always worn under the first. But persons in the Government service, including all members of the nobility, wear a gown having from one to three large flaps, which are broad toward the ends. This gown, with the exception of its sleeves, is more like the dress of an American girl of 12 or 14. It is always made of fine goods, well starched, and on windy days its flaps and sleeves create quite a fluttering and rustling noise in the streets. The winter coats and trousers—the latter always white—are very large and heavily padded with cotton. A most singular thing is that the hose worn by Coreans are always thickly padded in summer as well as in winter; consequently, every one seems to have thick and large feet, although quite the contrary is true.

The ordinary street hats have broad brims and high crowns. They are made of fine bamboo splits and are covered with fine linen cloth and then lacquered with black. Hats covered with silk are worn by people of rank. Persons in mourning for their parents wear hats as large as umbrellas and of similar shape. They are made of coarse bamboo splits without any covering of cloth. It is customary for every mourner to carry a little hempen screen attached to the ends of two bamboo sticks held up conveniently in front of his face. These uncomfortable trappings are intended to indicate his regret that he did not make his parent or parents happier while they were living. So it is that for a period of one or two years he is ashamed of seeing the heavens and of looking upon the beautiful objects of nature. There are a great many other varieties of headwear by which one can tell conditions and to a great extent positions in society.—Roanoke Collegian.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

ADVERSITY has sharp teeth.

Talent is unminted gold.

Society smiles are counterfeit.

Meditation is a tonic for poor memory.

Gospel bullets never reach the mark without fire behind them.

About the best water-proof for all kinds of weather is a clear conscience.

Make your trials stepping stones to a higher Christian life.

The man who confesses his ignorance is on the road to wisdom.

To say no to self is a very good way to put the devil behind us.

Do your best to-day and you will be able to do better to-morrow.

We must live for Christ here if we would live with him hereafter.

When every shirker becomes a worker, the devil will soon be on the run.

To marry for money may turn out to be like going to the hornet for honey.

The tears of genuine repentance are the sparkling dewdrops of life's morning.

It is a great accomplishment to know how to make the best of life as it comes.

God can only bring those into a large place who are willing to go by a narrow way.

The devil's claws are as sharp under white gloves as they are under black mittens.

More good will be sure to come if we are grateful for the good that has already come.

Call the devil by his right name anywhere and you will soon have a fuss on your hands.

Human nature is about as sure to crop out in a collection as it is in a horse trade.

The man who prays, "Thy kingdom come" with his heart, will have to pray it with his life.

Tobacco Smoke Analyzed.

Smokers may be interested to know what it is they inhale in the fumes of the fragrant weed that soothes their irritable nerves, remarks the Philadelphia Ledger. The old-fashioned idea was that tobacco smoke consisted mainly of carbonic acid and ammonia, but we are now told that it is made up of prussic acid, an alkaloid having "a delightful odor, but dangerous to breathe, and as poisonous as nicotine, since a dose of one-twentieth of a grain will destroy animal life," and of aromatic principles "as yet undetermined," but not bad as such principles go, inasmuch as they are not poisonous. The active element of tobacco smoke is nicotine, but it is contended that this fresh noxious element, and which is dubbed "collidine," has for some time been overlooked. When tobacco is poor in nicotine, it may yet be most poisonous, for then the "collidine" in it will operate with vigor on the smoker.

Writing on Trains.

The rolling stock of German state railroads has been provided with an appliance which will enable passengers on board a train to write without difficulty, and regardless of the motion of the train. The new appliance consists of a board suspended from the ceiling of the car by strong but elastic cords, which will prevent the vibration of the moving train from interfering with the writer.

About the only difference between a rich and a poor man is that the former has to take more money with him when he goes around to pay his bills.

There can be no harm in the assertion that some paintings are works of art and that a great many women paint.

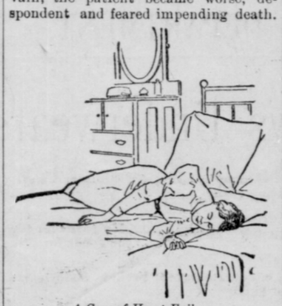
No matter how good a bluffer a man may be he has to give in when his money gives out.

The assessor's visit often accounts for a shrinkage in values.

Bad Digestion, Bad Heart.

Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real, organic heart disease. The symptoms are much the same. There is however a vast difference between the two: organic heart disease is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored.

A case in point is quoted from the New Era, of Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. Ellen Colsom, Newpoint, Ind., a woman 43 years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The gases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart, and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain; the patient became worse, despondent and feared impending death.



A Case of Heart Failure.

She was much frightened, but noticed that in intervals in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced was restored and she now weighs more than for years. Her blood soon became pure and her cheeks rosy.

The case is of general interest because the disease is a very common one. That others may know the means of cure we give the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies, valued at $12,500,000.

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.

Twenty words per minute is the average at which long hand is written.

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.

The Massachusetts militia will dispense with the bayonet.

CIGAR RIBBONS.

A fine collection of cigar ribbons will be sent by enclosing 25 cts. to Globe Cigar Co., 118½ Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.

As to the Poppy.

And poppies! You must have poppies! They're just as much a necessity as corn flowers, but with this advantage: Corn flowers must be their own beautiful blue, while poppies—well, you make up your mind and then order your poppies to suit. A pale green poppy may not be warranted somniferous, but you don't court Morpheus in your hat—no, not even in a five-dollar one!

Pretty good showing for the price, isn't it?

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Three more car loads are on the way. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kansas, Dec. 12, 1895.

Dr. T. H. White, No. 271½ Morrison street, cor. Fourth, Portland, Or., has the most complete modern dental appliances to be found in the Northwest. Electricity is used in all cases where indicated, and the result is pleasing, and a surprise to patients who have suffered under the old regime. Teeth without plates, bridge work and gold crowns are welcome indeed to the patient who has had the opportunity to avail themselves of such as are made by Dr. White. Painless dental operations are performed daily. Teeth filled, cleaned, and where extraction is necessary, which is rare, without pain.

If a disinfectant smells good, it isn't a good disinfectant.

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—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y

FLORIDA'S POCAHONTAS.

A Romantic Story as Related by Gov. Bloxham to the Fishermen.

Gov. W. B. Bloxham incidentally related the following legend in his address welcoming the delegates of the National Fishery Society to Tampa, Florida:

"You meet here upon this historic ground, where the footprints of some of Spain's greatest cavaliers and America's noblest captains can be traced. While it is not my intention to recur to their heroic deeds or to offer you a cup filled with the ambrosia of ancient story, yet there is one romance, based upon historic fact, associated with this very spot that I feel you will kindly indulge should brief reference be made thereto.

"Wherever the history of America is read the story of Pocahontas is known. The romance is most captivating, and some of Virginia's most honored sons trace back a lineage to this daughter of the forest. But the historic fact that a similar scene was enacted on this very spot three-quarters of a century before the name of Pocahontas was ever lisped by English lips is unknown to even many Floridans. It was here in 1528, twelve years before De Soto landed on Tampa Bay, that Juan Ortez, a Spanish youth of 18, having been captured at Clear Water, was brought before Hirrihugua, the stern Indian chief, in whose breast was rankling a vengeance born of the ill treatment of his mother by the followers of the ill-fated Narvarez. Ortez was young and fair, but the cruel chief had given the orders, and here was erected a gridiron of poles, and young Ortez was bound and stretched to meet the demands of a human sacrifice. The torch was being applied, the crackling flames began to gather strength for a human holocaust, when the stern chief's daughter threw herself at her father's feet and interposed in Ortez's behalf. Her beauty rivaled that of the historic dame 'whose heavenly charms kept Troy and Greece ten years in arms.' The soft language of her soul flowed from her never silent eyes as she looked up through her tears of sympathy, imploring the life of the young Spaniard.

"Those tears, the ever-ready weapon of woman's weakness, touched the heart of even the savage chief, and Ortez was for the time spared.

"But the demon of evil in a few months again took possession of Hirrihugua, and his daughter saw that even her entreaties would be unavailing. She was betrothed to Mucoso, the young chief of a neighboring tribe. Their love had been plighted, that God-given love that rules the savage breast.

"Her loving heart told her that Ortez would be safe in Mucoso's keeping. At the dead hour of night she accompanied him beyond danger and placed in his hand such token as Mucoso would recognize.

"She acted none too soon. As the sun rose over this spot, its rays fell upon the maddened chief calling in vain for the intended victim of his vengeance. His rage was such that it dried up the wellsprings of parental affection and he refused the marriage of his daughter unless Ortez was surrendered. But that Indian girl, although it broke the heartstrings of hope, sacrificed her love to humanity, and Mucoso sacrificed his bride upon the altar of honor.

"Ortez lived to welcome De Soto. Tell me—aye, tell the world—where a brighter example of nobler virtue was ever recorded! Where in history do you find more genuine and more touching illustration of love, charity and forgiveness'—the very trinity of earthly virtues, and the brightest jewels of the Christian heaven?

"What a captivating theme this Florida Pocahontas should present to the pen of imagination, picturing this spot then and to-day associated with romance rich in historic love."—Savannah News.

The Child at the Play.

The 6-year-old son of a newspaper man occasionally goes to the matinee with his mother, but the trouble with him is that he becomes greatly excited, and is apt to express his feelings in words, to the amusement of the audience, but somewhat to the annoyance of the actors. At a recent play one of the actors was in the act of choking another whom he suspected of being guilty of a crime. As the actor went toward the supposed villain with his hands outstretched, the boy became greatly excited, and as the men clinched the boy stood up and called out: "Say, let him alone, he didn't do it." There was a laugh from the audience and a surprised look from the stage.

At another time, in a play where a husband suspected his wife, and she was pleading to be taken home and given an opportunity to prove her innocence, the boy could not stand the woman's pleas and the husband's cold reception of her entreaties, and he called out: "Please, mister, take her back."

The boy has not been taken to the theater recently.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

History Some Time Hence.

Teacher of history—Willie, what was the main thing which hastened the Spanish-American war?

Willie—The destruction of the Maine, mainly.

"What happened then?"
"A battle on the main."
"The Spanish main?"
"No."
"The American Maine?"
"No; just outside Main-ila."
"Did the Americans fight well?"
"With might and main."
"What remained?"
"Not much of Spain."
"What caused the war?"
"Spanish do-main."
"On the main-land?"
"No; on the island of Cuba."
"Very good, Willie; always remember the Maine."—Boston Times.

The Dairy Profits.

The first $25 of the annual income from a cow yields but little or no profit to the owner over cost of keep, and it will take 5,000 pounds of milk at 50 cents a 100 pounds to bring this sum. If by proper selection and breeding one can get a cow that will yield 8,000 pounds of milk with but little if any more expense for food and care, the extra 3,000 pounds will represent profit. It is recognition of this principle and action accordingly that makes fortunes in other lines of business, and will add to the profits of the farm.

Gold in Siberia.

There are now about 40,000 miners at work in the gold mines of Eastern and Southern Siberia. The grains of Siberian gold are said to be on an average larger than those of any other part of the world. All efforts to obtain anything like correct information regarding the output of gold in Siberia have so far proved unavailing. No one outside of a few Russian officials is permitted to know.

The society editress of a newspaper seldom lasts more than a year; at the end of a year all the women hate her.

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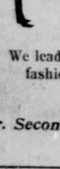

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