Easily Gotten Over.

A cripple from a sprain is one who neglects to use St. Jacobs Oil to cure it. Prompt use of it brings prompt cure, and the trouble is gotten over easily.

Woman's Weapon and Tool Box.

Keeper—Then she picked the catch on her handcuffs, dug through a two-foot wall of stone, took out a pane of plate glass by removing the putty, and then opened the big lock on the gate. What tools had she?

Matron — None whatever. Stay. Good gracious, I forgot to take away her hairpins!

Keeper—Then pursuit is useless. She still has them.—Stray Stories.

Pains and Aches

Of Rheumatism Make Countless Thousands Suffer.

But this disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acid in the blood. If you have any symptoms of rheumatism take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and do not waste time and money on unknown preparations. The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is unquestioned and its record of cures unequalled.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine for rheumatism

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

No Mystery to Him.

"Have you paid any attention to the race problem?" asked the thoughtful man, as he laid down his paper.

"Have I?" answered the very small man with the massive diamond. "I'm the fellow who taught Tod Sloan how to ride."—Washington Star.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Bamboo pens still retain their hold in India, where they have been in use for more than 1,000 years.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

A New Invention—Flying Top.

The latest invention of considerable merit is the "Flying Top," invented by a Western boy. It is so easy to operate, that a boy six years of age can manage it without any difficulty. The top is constructed on the principle of a flying machine and by simply pulling a cord, ascends from 50 to 300 feet, or, until its momentum ceases, when it gradually descends like a parachute, still spinning when it strikes the ground.

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.

Venice Will Be Drained.

Venice without its waters would be a far less picturesque place than it actually is, says the London Chronicle. And such a state of affairs, we are led to believe, may eventually come about. The regular increase in the delta of the Po has been studied by Prof. Marinelli. Comparison of the Austrian map of about 1823 with the records of surveys made in 1893 shows that the mean annual increase during those years has been about three-tenths of a square mile; and from all known data it appears that the total increase during six centuries has been about 198 square miles. The incease is continuing and the Gulf of Venice is doomed in time to disappear. No immediate alarm need, however, be excited, for Prof. Marinelli calculates that between 100 and 120 centuries will elapse before the entire Northern Adriatic will have become dry land.

Effect of Coffee Drinking on Eyes.

Snaitkin, according to the Medical Review, says that the Moors are inveterate coffee drinkers, especially the merchants, who sit at their bazars and drink continually during the day. It has been noticed that almost invariably when these coffee drinkers reach the age of 40 or 45 their eyesight begins to fail them, and by the time they get to be 50 years old they become blind. One is forcibly impressed by the number of blind men seen about the streets of Fez, the capital of Morocco. It is invariably attributed to the execssive use of coffee.—N. Y. Medical Times.

Qualified to Do It.

"Did you know," said the tooth carpenter, looking up from his paper, "that the Indians practiced dentistry in the earliest times?"

"I didn't known it," replied the man who had once sat in a dentist's chair, "but I am not at all surprised. The Indians have always been a brutal and a cruel race."

Then he laughed gleefully, forgetful of the fact that there was still time for the dentist to add $15 or $20 to his bill.—Chicago Post.

A Model Town.

A Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, correspondent of the New York World thus describes the model town in which he lives: "Ours is a town of about 1,000 inhabitants. Eleven years have passed since the first tent was pitched by the first settler. Now we have hundreds of dwellings owned by the dwellers—no millionaires, no beggars. We are in a chamber of the mountains 5,000 feet high. Fifteen miles of hills and hollows part us from the nearest railroad station. We have no saloons, no gambling, no smoking, no profanity, no round dancing at our socials. We have one police officer. Nearly every man owns a gun. Our academy building has 5,000 square feet of floors and 250 students. If you can beat this, please put in waste basket."

Ownership of Wedding Presents.

A recent decision in Springfield, Mass., as to the ownership of wedding presents is that where such presents are sent to the bride before marriage, as is the custom, the presents are her property, and remain so even if a separation takes place after marriage.

View of a Layman.

Bill—What do you reckon that doctor tumps me all over de chest fer?

Jake—Tryin' to see how much dough you had in your inside pocket, of course.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Knew Not All.

He—You think you know it all, don't you?

Him—No I have never been able to figure out any reason for you being alive.—Indianapolis Journal.

Samples of merchandise carried by a traveling salesman are held, in Kansas City, P. & G. R. company vs. state (Ark.), 41 L. R. A. 333, not to be baggage within a statute regulating charges on excess baggage.

Weasels and skunks are enemies of the careless poultry keeper. All poultry should be kept in quarters made secure at night from these depredators. Openings for ventilation should be covered with wire screens.

REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. Woolhiser,
Mills, Neb., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. Geo. Leach,
1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me.

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

The Tibetans have a week of five days, named after iron, wood, water, feathers and earth.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

No fewer than 2,401 patents have been taken out on processes for making sugar and salt.

Hogs are fattened on oranges in Paraguay, and orange-fed pork is said to be very good.

Warmth and Strength.

The cold of winter certainly aggravates rheumatism, and at all seasons St. Jacobs Oil is its master cure. It imparts warmth and strength to the muscles, and cures.

Among the industrial novelties are aluminum carpets and steel billiard balls.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board $1.00 to $1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to $1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

Mrs. Richard King, of Texas, owns 2,000 square miles of land in that state.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

In 1850 the highest house in New York city had only five stories.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Taxes on beards are leived in Japanese cities.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoestores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Saved His Time.

"I've come to see your husband in the interest of the Knights of Labor, Mrs. Reagan," said a bland, elderly man, as the mistress of the Reagan household answered his ring.

"'He ain't to home," said Mrs. Reagan, with arms akimbo, "but I can promise you one thing sorr, and that is, you'll get niver a night o' labor out av Tim Reagan, and it's no use tryin'! Sure and he'd knock off work in the daytime, if it wasn't for me keepin' at him till I'm that wore out there's no strength lift in me!"—Youth's Companion.

The rivers in Northern Russia were frozen this year before the end of October.

DON'T DELAY....

In securing the COLUMBIA AGENCY for 1899; one day's delay may result in your competitor getting it. We are the only bicycle house having a delivery point in the Northwest. Prompt delivery of all orders assured. Dealers who handle the COLUMBIA and HARTFORD line will have a double advantage over others who do not. We have improved the quality of our products, while our increased output enables us to reduce our prices, as follows:

Columbia Model 49, $40.

Columbia Chainless	$75 00	Hartfords	$35 00
Columbia Models 57-58	50 00	Vedettes, Strictly Up-to-Date	25 00
Columbia Models 45-49, '98 pattern, '99 improvements	40 00	We job bicycle sundries. Write for terms and discounts.	

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

Controlling Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho — 132-34 Sixth St., Portland, Or

A SWORN STATEMENT.

I, C. R. Rollins, M. D., of Grass Valley, Or., voluntarily make the following statement:

After having my teeth extracted I have had five sets made at intervals of about nine months, three in Portland, one in San Francisco and one in Spokane. With neither of these have I been able to eat a meal's victuals or even an apple or ripe peach. On December 10, 1898, I had my sixth set made by Dr. Stryker, I. O. O. F. Temple, First and Alder, Portland, Or., and within twenty minutes after the time they were put into my mouth I was able to eat a common hard winter apple and a piece of dried venison, and at this time, December 13th, have eaten every meal since with the greatest comfort and with no trouble at all. They are a perfect fit and satisfactory in every respect. C. R. ROLLINS, M. D.

References: French Bros. Bank, The Dalles, Or.; Sherman Co. Bank, Wasco, Or.; Wm. Holder, Sheriff of Sherman Co.; Drs. A. S. Nichols and Brother, Portland, Or.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1898.

[SEAL] JOHN OGILBEE, Notary Public for Oregon.

A Changed Man.

THEY were standing before a perfumery shop in Bond street as I passed them—two young ladies of manifestly good society, so refined was their appearance and so perfectly correct their tenure. I could not help half turning, and who should they be but that archtease of a cousin of mine, Sybil Vane, and her bosom friend, Gwen O'Hara. It was Sybil that had spoken, and she said:

"Fancy that little fool throwing herself away on a man like that when she knows he only wants her for her money."

"What little fool and what man?" I asked, as I raised my hat by way of apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, you men! You never know anything," said Sibyl, when she had recovered from the shock my question had evidently occasioned.

"Then tell me," I rejoined. "You never have any secrets from me, you know—at least, not for long."

"Why, Honor Beaumont and Capt. Faulkiner, to be sure."

"Are they engaged to be married?"

"Of course they are, and he hasn't a penny, while she has a mil—l—ion."

"Well, he's a very handsome fellow, and she is—passable."

"They say he cheated at cards, that he's in everybody's debt, and is nothing short of a mere adventurer. And yet Honor Beaumont has accepted him! I say it's really too bad of her."

I had known Faulkiner for some years, and I am bound to say I had very little to urge in his defense. He had never been actually caught in any nefarious proceeding, but it was known that he had run through most of his friends, and that he was wonderfully lucky at faro, and that he was anxiously looking for an heiress.

The wedding took place, and about four months afterward Captain and Mrs. Faulkiner were back in town, apparently the happiest people to be found in all Belgravia.

As for Faulkiner, he seemed completely changed. There was a manliness about him that one never noticed before; his eyes wore a frank expression that was truly refreshing to see. He was clearly devoted to his wife, and they seemed to perfectly understand and trust each other. What could it mean?

Gradually I got to really like Faulkiner. He made a splendid host, was a pattern of the domestic virtues, and impressed one as being the soul of honor. Our acqaaintance finally ripened into a close friendship, and the intimacy developed until at length I found myself—how I know not—on terms of real confidence with the man whom, only a few months before, I had been inclined to look upon very much in the light in which he was regarded by my cousin Sybil.

One evening he expounded the mystery.

"Shall I tell you the story of our courtship, Jack?" he asked.

"As you will, my dear fellow," I replied, "if it isn't too sacred a subject for a third party."

"That's just it—it is a sacred subject, as you will see."

He lit his cigar and proceeded:

"All that the world thought and said of me before I was married was true, and more than true. I was a 'regular bad lot.' And it is true also that in proposing to Miss Beaumont I was actuated by the most mercenary motives, and those alone.

"All that I wanted was her money—her money, Jack—do you hear me? The world said so, and the world was perfectly right. I had plans as to what I would do with it. My chief anxiety was to prevent her getting any inkling of the truth, and so I never ceased to dance constant attendance on her, and especially to withdraw her as far as possible from her lady friends. All went well until one evening at the Villiers' ball she took me to one side, saying:

"'Fritz'—she always called me Fritz rather than Frank—'I want to speak to you.'

"'What is it, darling?'

"'You are not to call me darling any more till this matter is cleared up.'

"'What matter, dear?'

"'Just this: People are saying that you are marrying me merely for my money. Is that so?'

"'Of course not. I love you for yourself——'

"'Stop, stop! I am going to put you to the proof. You know my solicitors—Messrs. Hopkins & Dicey, in Lincoln's Inn?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, meet me there to-morrow at noon, sharp. And now, good-night.'

"WHAT LITTLE FOOL AND WHAT MAN?" I ASKED.

"In a moment she was gone. I passed a sleepless night, and with great difficulty nerved myself in the morning to keep the mysterious appointment.

"Old Dicey—I call him that because he is now one of my dearest friends—received me coldly.

"'I have been favored, Capt. Faulkiner,' he said, 'with some very extraordinary instructions from my client—your fiancee—Miss Beaumont. I must entirely disclaim all responsibility in the matter. I have simply given effect to Miss Beaumont's wishes, and the final issue of them must rest entirely with yourself. If you please, we will go to the adjoining room, where Miss Beaumont awaits us.'

"We found her seated near a window. She did not rise, but simply bowed, and I saw that her face was pale, and that it wore an expression of apparent enforced calm.

"'Fritz, I told you last night that people are saying that you are marrying me merely for my money. It matters little to me now whether they speak the truth or not. If they do, then, whether or not you become my husband, is the light gone out of my life indeed. You know, Fritz, how I love you! If you can have done this cruel thing nothing can undo it now. If you have designed to beggar me, under the pretext of affection, husband or no husband, fortune or no fortune, can make no difference to me. But it shall never be said that you actually did marry me for my money, and so, Fritz, I have asked Mr. Dicey to draw up a deed which—which——' And here the poor darling broke down completely and could say no more.

"'The deed, Capt. Faulkiner,' said Mr. Dicey, with frigid solemnity, 'is an uncommon one; I know, indeed, of no precedent. But it relates that, in consideration of Capt. Francis Arthur Faulkiner, of the Second Life Guards, releasing Miss Honor Beaumont, of Hurtsfield House, Hertsfordshire, from her engagement to marry him, the said Miss Honor Beaumont herewith makes over to the said Capt. Francis Arthur Faulkiner all her real and personal property, as scheduled herewith, save and except the residence known as The Grove, Isleworth, in the county of Middlesex, and as much of her Midland Railway debenture stock as will suffice to provide an annuity of $1,500 a year.'

"I CLASPED HER IN MY ARMS AND WE WEPT TOGETHER."

"I turned half mechanically to Honor. She was still calm and pale, but her eyes were brimful of tears.

"'It is impossible!' I exclaimed. And just at that moment something seemed to struggle within me, for out of the depths of my sinful heart there came welling the tiny, feeble remnant of the little good it ever held.

"I felt as if I could give not only love but life to that noble woman who had proposed to herself this mad, this fearful sacrifice in order to put to proof the sincerity of the man she loved. Disregarding the presence of the man of law, I clasped her in my arms, and we—yes, Jack, we wept together.

"'I treasure now that sacred parchment which awakened to new life the little good that was left in me—which aroused the deadened sense of unselfish love and gave me riches greater far than my villainy had ever dreamed of. Do you wonder, Jack, that I am a changed man?'

And that was the sequel of the conversation in Bond street.

SWEARING-OFF ARGUMENTS.

Promises Seldom Kept by Either of the Parties.

"Speaking of swearing off," said a narrow-chested, dark-complexioned young fellow to a group of his cronies at the Liars' Club the other day, "I once swore off smoking. That was when I was young and did not know myself. I swore off with a friend, and the penalty was a suit of clothes to cost $80. The condition was that we were not to smoke in town. When traveling or hunting or fishing—out of town, in fact—we would be allowed to smoke. The scheme worked well for some time; then I began to want to smoke. I battled with desire for several weeks, each day of the period becoming a harder trial than the preceding. At last, when the longing became too great, I went to see my partner in misery to tell him that we had better call the contract off, as I could not stand it. He was not at home. He had gone out of town a week before and would be absent another week. Then I broke down. The thought of the party of the second part smoking himself blue in the face while I suffered was unbearable. So, with the fine of $80 staring me in the face, I bought a cigar and smoked it. It was worth $80, I thought. But I did not die for a lamb only; I smoked a vast quantity of cigars before he came home. Then I went to him and told him to go order the suit, that I had broken the contract. He smiled quietly, as if to himself, and then said: 'All right, old fellow, but do not be disturbed about the suit. I kept the contract just three days.'"

Another man said: "There were two men in this town who swore off, the breaker of the contract to pay the other a $10 hat. Finally one of them weakened, saying to himself he did not mind giving $10 for a smoke. While he meditated over the matter, however, he thought out a scheme to save himself on the hat. He went to the hatter's and bought a $10 hat and had it charged to the other fellow. Then he called on the other fellow, and, pointing to the hat, said: 'See that hat, old boy? It is one I have just had charged to you on that swear-off contract.' The other fellow cried out: 'How in the dickens did you find out I had been smoking? 'Never mind,' said the other. 'A little bird told me.'—Pittsburg Times.

Unreasonable.

It is part of a doctor's duty to keep up the spirits of his patient, since hopefulness is often the best of medicine, but the Cincinnati Enquirer cites a case in which encouragement was carried almost too far.

A man met with a frightful accident, as a result of which both his legs had to be amputated.

"Never mind," said the surgeon, a few days afterward, finding the poor man despondent; "never mind, we shall have you on your feet again with three weeks."

WHERE THE PIPESTONE IS.

Famous Quarry Mentioned in the Beginning of Hiawatha.

Less than a mile from the bustling little city of Pipestone, Minn., are three freaks of nature that will well repay a visit from the lovers of the curious and the beautiful. The first is a waterfall or cataract, which, when the stream that feeds it is swollen by the melting snows and spring rains, is a miniature Niagara and in point of beauty rivals many of the famed waterfalls of the East. The second is the famous Red Pipestone quarry, the scene of the opening of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," and the third is a group of immense rocks—also spoken of in "Hiawatha" as the Three Maidens—that have stood for ages as a landmark to guide the Indians to the only spot in the known world where the sacred pipestone could be found.

The waterfall, quarry and Three Maidens are all located on the Indian reservation which is one mile square adjoining the corporation of Pipestone on the north. The reservation belongs to the Dakotahs, or what is better known by its French name as the Sioux nation, but is claimed by the Yankton Sioux. Several years since a determined effort was made by a committee of citizens of Pipestone to purchase it, as they did not want so large a tract of land so near this city lying idle, but the Indians would not part with it for love or money. The next best thing to do was to see if something could not be done with it even if it remained in the Indians' possession. An application was made to Congress, an appropriation of $30,000 was obtained and a substantial school building was built on one corner of the land. The school has proved so successful that a second building the size of the first is being built to accommodate the ever increasing number of pupils.

The poem of Hiawatha begins:

"On the mountains of the prairie,
On the great Red Pipestone quarries,"

and anyone unacquainted with the neighborhood would naturally suppose that it was hilly, to say the least. On the contrary, the country is quite level, there not being even what in Eastern parlance would be called a "small hill" in the neighborhood. The quarry lies in about the center of the bed of what is apparently a prehistoric lake, and when first discovered the stone cropped out at the surface, but the continual quarrying for ages has extended the quarry about sixty rods toward the south, and as the "dip" of the "vein" is toward the south it is now necessary to remove from six to eight feet of shale and dirt before the pure stone is reached.

No one but the Indians is allowed to quarry it and every summer they come in squads from distant reservations to get supplies of the stone with which to make pipes, knickknacks and ornaments that they carve out of it, both for their own use and for sale and trade to the white man. They also frequently sell the stone in the rough to the white men who, with a turning lathe, can work it up much better than they can.

INDIANS QUARRYING RED PIPESTONE.

The stone is known to the scientific world as catlinite, being so called in honor of Catlin, the velebrated historian of the Indians who was the first white man to set eyes on the quarry, while gathering material for his "History of the Indians of the Northwest," in 1836. Two years later the Nicollet exploring expedition, one of the chief members being John C. Fremont, camped near the quarry, a record of the date of their visit having been carved in the rocks near the waterfall that is still plainly decipherable.

The legend of the naming of the Three Maidens, to the effect that they were so called because three Indian maidens saved their lives by hiding under them years ago, during one of their numerous wars, is told every visitor to the rocks, and legends without end are related in connection with both the quarry and the waterfall, but they are gradually, like the Indians, dying out.

BORN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Is Now a Clerk in a Lodging House in Chicago.

Barnett Walker, grand-nephew of President Polk, and the only male child ever born in the White House at Washington, is now a clerk in a Chicago lodging-house.

James K. Polk's private secretary was J. Knox Walker, the son of the President's sister, the beautiful Sallie Polk Walker. During Polk's administration Secretary Walker and his wife lived at the executive mansion, and here Barnett Walker was born in 1849. President Polk and his wife were childless, and the advent of the baby at the White House was a gala event for them, as well as for the nephew's family.

Barnett Walker has had an interesting career. He is still a typical Southern gentleman, tall, good-looking and with hair turning slightly gray. He dresses well and is invariably polite to all the lodgers. Apparently Walker is satisfied with his present position. At least he never complains. Like his distinguished uncle, he has been an officeholder. He was appointed a railway postal clerk in the Southwest by President Grant and held the place nine years. Under Cleveland he held a good clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington for five years, and under President Harrison he had a place in the internal revenue service.

BARNETT WALKER.

Walker has a fine education and has been a great reader and traveler. He has letters of recommendation written at various times by Senators and other prominent politicians.

Although Barnett Walker is the only male child ever born in the White House, two little girls were born there before 1849. President Tyler had a niece born at the executive mansion, and the other was a niece of General Sam Donelson, of Tennessee. This latter was Sara Donelson, and she was born during the administration of Andrew Jackson. This girl, now the widow of Cabaness Wilson, was until quite recently a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.

STATUE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

It Will Occupy a Place in the Congressional Library Rotunda.

Paul W. Bartlett's statue of Machael Angelo, which, when complete, will occupy a place in the second story of the great rotunda in the Congressional library at Washington, will be one of the most remarkable works of art in that collection, because the artist has refrained from idealizing his subject and has portrayed him in keeping with the descriptions of the great sculptor which have come to the present generation. He is represented as contemplating one of his works. The position of the head makes some people who have seen the model think that the completed work will have to be viewed from its own level to be seen at its best, and that it will be less effective from the main floor of the rotunda, from which it will receive the most attention.

THE ANGELO STATUE.

Michael Angelo was neither stately nor tall; he was in no respect a handsome man, and his plain face had been disfigured by an injury. He dressed in a careless manner and historians have described him as the exact opposite of the popular, beautiful and artistically robed Raphael. All these short-comings, all the eccentricities and peculiarities, have been considered in the modeling of the statue, and the artist has taken pains to show and not to hide them.

The creator of the statue, Paul Wayland Bartlett, is an American who went to Paris when he was a child. He is known to-day as one of the leading men in his profession, having received the gold medal for his "Dancing Indian" in 1889. His "Columbus" and "Washington" attracted much attention, the former having been secured by the government for a place in the Congressional library, where the new statue will also be placed.

WOMAN IN MAN'S POSITION.

Mrs. Glessner Moore Brady a Circuit Clerk in Missouri.

The first woman to hold the masculine position of Circuit Clerk of Vernon County, Missouri, was recently appointed by Governor Stephens. She is Mrs. Glessner Moore Brady, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Moore, and niece of Thomas D. McKay, who was for several years general passenger agent of the Burlington road at San Francisco, and is now representing American railroads and steamship lines at Yokohama, Japan. Mrs. Brady was born in Nevada, Mo., about twenty-five years ago. She was educated in the school of her native city and at Mary Institute, St. Louis. In 1895 she married Henry C. Brady, who was then Circuit Clerk of Vernon County, and entered his office as deputy clerk. The husband and wife were popular in their office, and last summer, after Mr. Brady's health had failed, he was again nominated for the position and elected. Shortly after he died. The following day the local bar of Nevada adopted resolutions urging the appointment of Mrs. Brady to the office just made vacant by the death of her husband. Governor Stephens, familiar with the facts in the case, issued a commission to Mrs. Brady, and she was sworn in by Judge D. P. Stratton, of the Vernon Circuit Court, as Circuit Clerk of Vernon County.

MRS. G. M. BRADY.

Ditty Boxes.

Some peculiar trades are practiced in the naval service. One of these is the manufacture of ditty boxes. A ditty box is a small wooden chest which serves the bluejacket as a repository for his comb and brush, tobacco, writing paper and the various odds and ends which would be found in the drawers of the ordinary dressing-case ashore. The regular ship's carpenter and his mates follow this trade, and they are enabled to add considerably to their salaries. Some carpenters also carve models of ships which they sell to the officers and men, who use them as gifts to friends ashore.

DR. DARRIN'S CURES.

Baker City Republican.

Those who are disposed to doubt Dr. Darrin's cures will have their doubts shaken on reading the following card from Mr. John Martin, of Cove, Or. Mr. Martin is a man well and favorably known to all of our readers, and a man of 20 years' residence in Union county. His case will go far to establish the skill of Dr. Darrin:

For the benefit of the afflicted as well as Dr. Darrin, I will state I had been afflicted 10 years with hydrocele and other troubles before being treated and cured by Dr. Darrin, five years ago, in Portland. I am happy to say the cure was perfect and permanent, and I am now a well man. I reside at Cove, Or., and will gladly answer any inquiries. JOHN MARTIN.

Dr. Darrin's Place of Business.

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Germany [illegible]

It is inevitable that [illegible] tually pass from [illegible] medanism, and whether [illegible] the task or not, [illegible] Christian nation. [illegible] diseases of the digestive [illegible] Hostetter's Stomach Bitters [illegible] this kind are usually [illegible] pation and biliousness [illegible] good for all such complaints [illegible] name.

One of Me [illegible]

Mrs. Weeks—What business [illegible] husband engaged in?

Mrs. Meeks—He operates in [illegible]

"Is he a 'bull' or a 'bear' ?"

"Both. He's a bull at the stock exchange and a bear at home."—Chicago Evening News.

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Hix—Is it possible?

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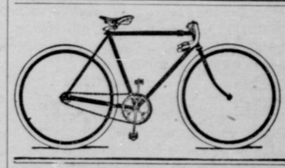

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