

WATER AS A REJUVENATOR.

Demonstration at Meeting of New York Vegetarian Society.

Water considered as a rejuvenator was the novel feature of a paper on "The Influence of Water Upon Health and Longevity" read by Dr. A. L. Wood at the meeting of the New York Vegetarian Society held the other evening at 128 East Twenty-eighth street, says the New York Evening Post.

During the past year he said that he had taken about one gallon of distilled water a day, with the result that he had become stronger, healthier and more elastic and flexible in joint and muscle, although sixty-two years of age, than he had been since boyhood, and he demonstrated his flexibility by placing the palms of his hands flat upon the floor without bending his knees and by standing on one foot and putting the other to his face. He had stood on a box eight inches in height and touched the floor with his fingers. The results were produced by the powerful solvent properties of distilled water in removing from the system the deposits of lime and other earthy salts and minerals which bring on premature hardening of the tissues.

Dr. Wood said that neither boiling nor filtering rendered impure water safe to use. Boiling did not destroy all the worst disease germs, but condensed the other impurities in the water and made it more impure than before. Disease germs breed with great rapidity in the best filters and pass through with the water. The only safe water to use for drinking and cooking is that purified by distillation.

MARVELS OF THE FUTURE.

Charles R. Dow Tells of New Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy.

Charles R. Dow spoke of the discoveries in wireless telegraphy of Marconi at the ninth annual banquet of the Manufacturers' association of New York, which was held the other night, says the New York Times, at the Union League club, Brooklyn.

"You will soon be able," he said, "to telegraph in Brooklyn to be sent to ships far out at sea."

He declared that it is impossible to steal Marconi messages, as many believe, as sending and receiving instruments are tuned in harmony, and there is a possibility of infinite combination in tuning. He said:

"The isolation of ships on the ocean will soon come to an end. Ships, too, will be kept safe by a tiny instrument to warn them of the approach of other ships. Travel on railways will be made infinitely safer, as every engine cab will carry an instrument and be able to talk with trains on the road ahead and behind it. Armies and navies will move under wireless orders.

"The Associated Press will be able to bulletin messages in Chicago to be sent instantaneously and coincidentally to a thousand American cities. Marconi may have unraveled the great secret of the universe, and your shops and factories may be run soon by impulses from the coalfields of West Virginia. It may be a potent force which will bring about an industrial revolution and aid in bringing about the complete brotherhood of man."

CORNET IN THE PULPIT.

Pastor Surprised His Congregation by Playing Hymns.

At the evangelical services held in the First Methodist Episcopal church at Hackensack, N. J., the other night, Rev. H. Bishop Leech, the pastor, remarked, "Fifteen years ago I learned to play a cornet."

The next moment his audience was surprised to see him lift a cornet from his pulpit, and then he played hymns on it as though he had been in constant training for months, says the Philadelphia Press. It was another of Pastor Leech's original surprises. Last summer he put an electric fan behind the pulpit to keep himself cool and placed palm leaf fans in every seat of the church for the benefit of his congregation.

Had Looked Out For Number One.

"Have you ever done anything to better the condition of any part of the human race?" said the very serious man.

"Of course I have," answered the person with the cold gray eye. "Am I not a part of the human race?"—Exchange.

'TIS GOOD TO BE PRUNED

So Says Max O'Rell, Speaking of His Operation.

AWOKE IN A GREENISH FOG.

Noted Writer Tells His Experiences in Being Operated Upon For Appendicitis—He is an Enthusiastic Advocate of Surgery and Slaps Its Praises.

Although still an inmate of the French hospital in New York, Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation for appendicitis performed a few days ago. He referred to himself as the "widest open man in New York" two days after passing under the surgeon's knife. Now he has written his experiences for the New York Journal. He says:

When a month or so ago I decided on having an operation performed upon me, some New York papers, short of interesting matter for their readers, published the information. This brought me scores of letters from cranks, faddists, humbugs, faith healers and the like. "Give up sin," some wrote, "and you will be all right."

"Try my cure," wrote charlatans. Another of this class said: "Have you tried hydrotherapy? With hot water I can bring on a crisis that will settle you."

In fact, I received lots of disinterested advice, and gratis too. A faddist wrote: "Do not submit to the cruel knife of a surgeon. Out of a hundred people operated on seventy die; the other thirty are maimed for life."

Ignorance and prejudice go no further.

Now, dear reader, if you are sure that something is wrong with any part of your anatomy do not hesitate to have done to yourself what you would order your gardener to do to your trees under the same circumstances.

Have the damaged, broken or dead branches taken off. Pruning—that is, surgery—is the simplest, shortest, safest and surest remedy. If your appendix is wrong, off with it. If your big intestine, or colon, gets constricted and threatens to become a semicolon, be sure that it will soon become a full stop and kill you. Off with the offending constricted part. That's your only chance.

I must say I was not afraid of the operation. I can always submit to the inevitable, as I once said to a very ugly man who said he was glad to make my acquaintance because he had been told I looked very much like him. I prepared myself cheerfully for many days, so as to be strong and well and give the surgeon and myself as good a chance as I could.

What does an operation consist in, even such a long and dangerous one as I have undergone? You go to sleep quietly, pleasantly, and by and by you wake up. When you do wake up, you inquire if the thing is done, and you learn that it is. You feel no pain, and you have felt no pain, not even discomfort.

My operation lasted two hours, and I was under ether from 2:45 to 5 p. m. I slept soundly all night. The next morning I was reading the papers in bed. All I can remember is that when I woke from my enforced sleep I had a vague idea I was in a greenish, foggy atmosphere, and I heard, as in the distance, many soft voices whispering: "Hello! Hello! Wake up! How do you feel?"

The day after the operation I had teaspoonfuls of chicken broth every two hours, the following day tablespoonfuls, the next day eggs and milk and the next such meals as for two years I had not dreamed of permitting myself to try.

My dear friends, I cannot remember five minutes of pain. Maybe my anatomy is not improved, but I don't wear décolleté dress, and I feel I have been given a new lease of life, of health and of happiness.

Operations are absolutely free from danger. The only thing is that germs may get at you, but this danger does not exist with the marvelous precautions of sterilization and antiseptics which are taken by the surgeons of today.

I have been in the French hospital for three weeks. During that time about forty operations have been performed, and every one has been suc-

cessful, even including a few performed on patients brought here on the threshold of death.

The only thing modern surgery cannot do is to give us a new head, a thing which many of us would be glad of. In any other case, if you are wrong anywhere, don't suffer. Take my advice—ask the surgeon to rid you of what makes your life miserable.

Make up your mind and do not at the psychological moment when he asks you to lie down to be put to sleep say to him:

"Thanks; after you."



The cost of growing corn, cutting it and putting it in the silo has been variously reported at almost all figures from \$1 to \$3 per ton, says American Cultivator. We do not doubt but that it has been done for the smaller sum when the land has been made rich and well fertilized and the most modern improvements were at hand to do the work, but we think a fair average would be nearer double that with the ordinary farmer even in a favorable season. But there are not many who would like to grow roots for feeding to stock at that price. Certainly we know of none who would grow them to sell at that price, and few would care to grow them at \$4 per ton if they could grow other crops and find a ready cash market for them. As regards the value of them, an average of the various roots shows that the same amount of each fed with equal rations of hay and grain resulted a little in favor of the roots, but this was more than offset by the two facts that the roots cannot be kept in as good condition for late spring or summer feeding as can the ensilage and that there is more apt to be a crop failure from drought or other causes with the roots than with the corn. The droughts of the two past years have led many to believe that having ensilage to feed in the summer, when pastures are growing poorer, is of almost as much importance, and some say more, than having it in the winter.

The Three Silos.
What is the best style of silo is still a mooted question. The round stave silo has been very popular for several years largely because it is the cheapest form of silo that can be erected. When properly built and properly taken care of, it also seems to be fairly durable. Next in favor is the square or rectangular silo, with cut off corners. This makes an excellent silo. The remaining style is the round silo built wholly of stone and brick or with part stone and brick and above that a wooden structure with studding set in the wall and covered outside and inside with thin boards that will bend to a circle, with best quality of building paper between the boards. It goes without saying that a silo built of stone or brick or a combination of stone and brick will be more durable than any structure built of wood and in some places perhaps not more expensive.

Doesn't Like Cowpeas.

A dairy farmer in Carlisle, Pa., with 200 cows does not like cowpeas for food for his herd. He sowed two acres, and the yield was good, but the cows refused to eat them. He thinks they might do for southern cows that cannot get a square meal without taking a mountain walk of a mile or more. He cannot understand how well fed cows can be induced to eat them. But there are farmers who claim that both cows and horses eat them greedily and seem to prefer them to other food, says the American Cultivator. But, as all do not, and it seems to be an acquired taste, and as they are as difficult to cure as hay, we see no reason for urging a trial of them on northern farmers or those who can grow clover, which seems to suit the appetite of all our animals and which produces nearly if not quite as much food per acre as the cowpea and as much milk per ton of dry or green food as any crop grown. The Massachusetts experiment station has spent much time and some money in testing various fodder crops, but we think it has not yet found any better than the combination of corn fodder and clover, which seems to grow in almost any fertile soil to furnish food that all animals like and thrive on, whether green or dry cured, and that leave the land in as good if not better condition for future crops as any crops that have been tried.



We have often referred to the very satisfactory yield of dairy products from the herd at the Minnesota state farm and cited records as a justification for persuading farmers to give more heed to the balanced ration. Not only could we refer to that herd as strongly favoring the adoption of the methods of feeding there, but ample testimony from other herds could be cited with similar results. Now and then came reports from readers that no beneficial results followed the feeding of a balanced ration. To such it was always explained that improved methods of feeding must begin with a cow fresh in milk and that when she had shrunk in her flow she could not be made to increase its supply of protein unless she had access to succulent feed, like new pasture. If there is provided an ample amount of protein during the winter, the flow of milk would not materially increase, but when cows are turned to pasture in the spring the succulent, palatable and easily digested young grass invariably brings an increased yield of milk, writes Professor T. L. Haecker in Farm, Stock and Home.

Buckwheat Halls.

C. H. G. Mauston, Wis., deferring to an article published in Hoard's Dairyman wherein we commented somewhat on buckwheat shorts and buckwheat bran and middlings, wants to know whether in our judgment the hulls of buckwheat are of any considerable feeding value. He says they are reported to contain from 4 to 4½ per cent crude protein, 40 to 41 per cent carbohydrates and 1 per cent ether extract, being in this respect equal to mixed hay. This may be true from the chemist's standpoint, but these pure buckwheat hulls are some like cottonseed hulls, very difficult to digest, and cases have been reported where animals, especially swine, have been very much injured by eating them because of their sharp edges and corners. For our part we should hesitate to feed them at all, much preferring to sift out the hulls from the middlings and use them for bedding.

A Peep Into the Future.

John B. Clark expresses his belief in The Atlantic Monthly that a hundred years hence Manhattan Island will have streets in several stories and that rifles, cannon, warships and the wasteful burning of coal to make steam will be things of the past.

A Pecuniary Fatigue.

"Don't forget," said the willing worker, "that money talks."
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum a little glumly, "but I can't help wishing that you boys would select another phonograph occasionally."—Exchange.

His Last Venture.

"What is our old friend Hardup doing nowadays?"
"Oh, he's gone into real estate."
"That's the very last thing I should have supposed he'd do."
"It was. He's dead."—New York Times.

A Contractor.

"What does your father do?" asked the teacher of the new boy.
"He's a contractor," was the reply.
"A railway contractor?"
"No, ma'am; a sausage contractor. He ties up the ends after another man has filled them."

Different Methods.

"Whatever became of Lamb?"
"Oh, he played the markets and went broke."
"And Wolf, what became of him?"
"Oh, he worked the markets and got rich."—Puck.

None Too Liberal.

"Mr. Linger spends a great deal of time with you, Molly," said Mr. Kitch to Miss Frocks.
"Yes, but that's all he does spend."—Detroit Free Press.

No man can be brave who considers pain the greatest evil of life or temperate who regards pleasure as the highest good.—Cicero.

By the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great deal more.—Saturday Evening Post.

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BANDONIANS EXCITED

OVER FALSE REPORTS

A party who arrived in this city from Bandon Wednesday says the people of that town are laboring under the impression that Marshfield is overrun with all sorts of contagious diseases, and that deaths from smallpox are of frequent occurrence here. It is too bad that the people of Bandon should be so greatly deceived but as most of this information has been received through unfounded rumors it is not to be wondered at.

There is comparatively little sickness of any kind in this city at present, and there has not been a single death from smallpox or any other contagious disease in this city or vicinity for a number of years. The only death in this part of the county which can, by the wildest flight of the imagination, be attributed to smallpox was that of a lady advanced in years and already an invalid. After passing through an unusually severe attack of the disease and being on the road to recovery, so far as the disease was concerned, other complications set in and she died of something entirely distinct from the disease we are calling smallpox. The disease is now dying out fast in this town. There are very few cases left and they are kept off the streets. Attendance at the public school is increasing and there is not the slightest anxiety or alarm in the town. Bandon and Gardiner and Scottsburg and Florence and any other towns that feel like it have the privilege of quarantining Marshfield if they feel like showing their smartness in that way, but there is really no sense or reason in their doing so.

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"My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Best of Harrisburg, Pa. "yet I would have lost her by cough had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is a sure cure for cough, croup and throat and lung troubles. An absolutely safe cure which acts immediately. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how often it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly.—Red Cross Drug Store and Bengtson's Pharmacy.

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