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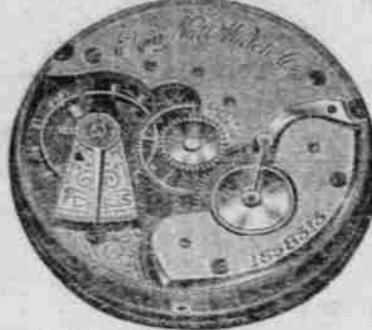
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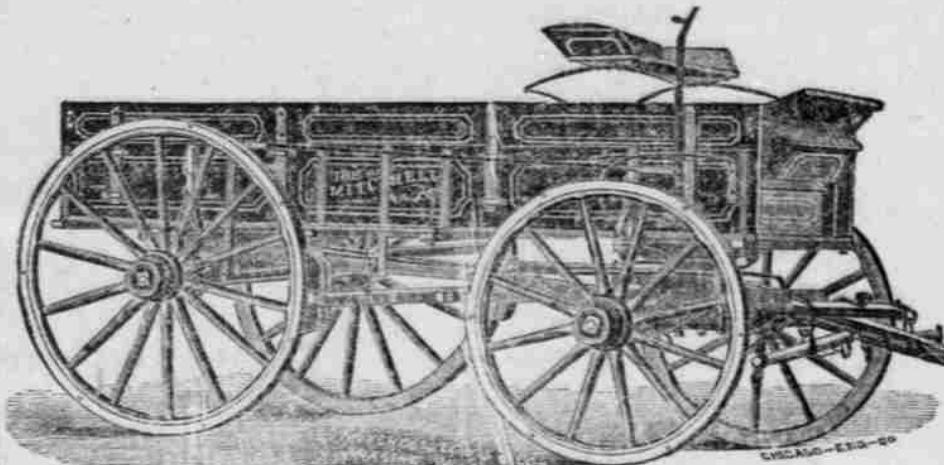
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ROCKFORD Quick-Train WATCHES. Repairing & All Work Guaranteed. Unequaled in Accuracy. SERVICE. Guaranteed.

The New Noble Sewing Machine and Machine Supplies.

LEBANON OREGON.

NATURE IN RUINS.

An Unexplored Region in the Wonderland of the Far West. There is one part of the United States of which but little is known, although it is not far removed from localities which have been settled for a long time.

The country to which we refer is that strange region deeply cut with canyons, and, by repute, dry and barren, which constitutes the northeastern part of Arizona and the southeastern part of Utah.

The great Colorado river of the West flows through canyons made famous by the Government report of the explorations conducted by Major Powell.

Into this mighty, yawning canon the San Juan and the Little Colorado flow. They, too, have canyons but little less fearful than that of the chief stream.

Whoever may be seeking adventure, and who has the requisite time and money, may find a field in the canyon country which lies in North-eastern Arizona, between the Rio San Juan and the Little Colorado.

The Vanderbilts. Interesting Gospel About the Living Representatives of the Family. The Vanderbilts family have done a full share toward both the useful and the ornamental side of architecture.

THE VANDERBILTS.

The Vanderbilts family have done a full share toward both the useful and the ornamental side of architecture.

THE VANDERBILTS.

One of the most important features in this district is the Lincoln National Bank, whose stock is chiefly held by the Vanderbilts.

At present it is estimated that the executors of William H. Vanderbilt have a dozen millions on deposit at the same place.

THE GIRL'S TOILET.

A girl's every-day toilet is part of her character. The maiden who is slovenly in the morning is not to be trusted, however fine she may look the remainder of the day.

NEW DEFINITION OF BORE.

DeKaggs—I don't like Jupkins; he is a confounded bore.

DeKaggs—I never knew he was talking.

DeKaggs—You don't know him. I talked to him about three hours last night, and he interrupted me at least four times.

Now, which one of its authors will emulate Tennyson and write "Beautiful Snow Sixty Years After."—Pittsburgh Tribune.

Now, which one of its authors will emulate Tennyson and write "Beautiful Snow Sixty Years After."—Pittsburgh Tribune.

MOORISH PALACES.

An Elegant Group of Oriental Buildings in a Florida Town.

There came to St. Augustine, Fla., a few years ago, after years spent in foreign countries, a slender, mild-mannered, gray-haired man, whose talent found there the material and proper surroundings for its exercise.

INTELLIGENT ANTS.

The Lively Regard Which They Displayed for Each Other's Welfare.

One day, while watching a small column of these foraging ants, I placed a little stone on one of them to scare it.

THE WAY OF WOMEN.

She came around the corner the other evening with tears in her eyes and a shawl over her head to tell a patrolman that her husband had been beating her again.

THE PATIENT WIFE RELATES HOW HE ABUSED HER AT A BASKET PICNIC.

"We'll go!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Bower one evening last summer as he sat reading his paper.

"Go where?"

"On this basket picnic to an island up the river."

"But we went on one last summer and you vowed never to be caught on such a trip again."

"I did, eh?"

"Don't you remember that you called all the people hogs, scolded about the seat and got mad at me because I got a fly in my eye?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Bower. I came home greatly refreshed, and why wouldn't I go again is a puzzler to me. I want you to be ready to start at nine o'clock in the morning."

"I'm afraid you won't enjoy yourself."

Oh! you are! Thank you, Mrs. Bower, but if I don't it won't be your fault, I'll make out a list of the eatables to be taken along, and they'd better be put up to-night."

I was really delighted to go, and while Mr. Bower smoked his cigar and rested his feet on the back of a chair, I hustled around and got the trunk ready.

"I wish we hadn't have come," I finally ventured to observe.

"Yes, I suppose so! You probably begrudge me the little comfort I'm taking. That's the way with some women!"

"But you are not taking a bit of comfort."

"Ain't I! Mrs. Bower, if you will pay more attention to keeping your No. 8 feet out of sight and less to watching me, you'll get along a great deal better!"

We didn't speak again until we got off at the island. Then Mr. Bower looked around at the scenery, turned up his nose, and observed:

"Nice place this is for a picnic! I can smell chills and fever in the air, and here's a thundering big mosquito on my hand!"

"You seemed so anxious last night to come that I hoped you would thoroughly enjoy yourself!"

"I'm anxious to come? Have you lost your senses? What on earth could bring a sane man on such an excursion as this, except a desire to please his wife! Don't make deliberate misstatements, Mrs. Bower!"

We finally found a shady place and sat down to luncheon. I had scarcely arranged the provisions when Mr. Bower glanced over them and exclaimed:

"Boiled eggs and cold corned beef! Is that some of your work?"

"Why, you had them on your list."

"Never! I haven't eaten of either in a whole year, and you know it! You deliberately planned to disgust me!"

"Here is the list, Mr. Bower, and you can see for yourself!"

"H'm! They are down there, but you know I dashed it off in a hurry. Such a dinner to bring on an excursion!"

He ate heartily, however, and was greatly enjoying his cigar when a mosquito stung him on the back of the neck, and as he scrambled up he got some ashes in his eyes.

"I knew it—knew just how this infernal thing would terminate!" he howled, as he danced around.

"Can't I help you?"

"Help Halifax! You saw that mosquito and never said a word!"

"Mr. Bower, I—"

"Don't Mr. Bower me! I believe you also threw pepper in my eyes! You were determined from the very onset to spoil this day for me! We'll go aboard the boat!"

We went down and sat for two hours and a half in the heat, Mr. Bower blowing me up regularly every ten minutes, and the boat finally started for home. Some of the machinery broke down after awhile, detaining us for an hour, and Mr. Bower laid it to me. We came very near having a collision, and he put it on my shoulders. We didn't get home until an hour after midnight, and he made me walk thirteen blocks as a reward.

We finally entered our door. Mr. Bower gave the lunch basket a terrible kick, flung his hat across the room and turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bower, don't never dare make a fool of me again!"

"But who first proposed going?"

"Who did? Will you stand there and ask me such a question as that?"

"If you hadn't read the notice I shouldn't have known any thing about it, and if you hadn't urged me to go I should certainly have remained at home. I warned you at the start that we should be disgusted with the trip."

He regarded me for a moment with looks of pity and contempt and then remarked:

"I was warned before our marriage that insanity ran in your family, and I have no one to blame but myself. Poor wife—poor Mrs. Bower!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL.

Completion of an Engineering Work That Was Begun in 1782.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history, and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress.

An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over 100 years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1782, the subject being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of the Gran Valley.

The work is now complete, and it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.17 miles long, or about one mile longer than St. Gothard, and two and one-half miles longer than Mont Cenis. The height is 9 feet 10 inches and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches. This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent; at least the present generation has no reason to grumble, for the saving for being able to do away with water-raising appliances amounts to £15,000 a year.

There is one further point, however, worth notice, for if we have the advantage of our great-grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances, they certainly were better off in the price of labor. The original contract for the tunnel, made in 1782, was that it should be completed in thirty years and should cost £7 per yard run. For eleven years the work was done at this price, but the French revolution enhanced the cost of labor and materials to such an extent that for thirty years little progress was made. For ten years following much progress was made, and then the work dropped for twenty years more, until the water threatened to drown the mines out altogether. Finally the tunnel was completed in 1878, the remaining part costing £22 a yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.—Engineering.

THE VERA CRUZ RAILWAY, says the Mexican Financier, began using steel ties in 1885, and now has some 20,000 in use. Forty thousand have been ordered from England, where they cost \$1.25 in gold each, and chartering its own vessels the Vera Cruz Company can lay them down at a cost not to exceed \$2, Mexican silver. The wooden ties, displaced, cost from ninety cents to \$1.62 in silver. The life of the steel tie is believed to be from thirty to fifty years. In India steel is being used in place of teak, one of the best woods.