

**Tobacco Poisons Meat.**

Cases of poison due to meat which seemed thoroughly wholesome have sometimes occurred and have remained unexplained. In the Revue d'Hygiene M. Bourrier, inspector of meat for the town of Paris, makes a valuable suggestion. He describes his experiments with meat impregnated with tobacco smoke. Some thin slices of beef were exposed for a considerable time to the fumes of tobacco, and afterward offered to a dog which had been deprived of food for twelve hours. The dog, after smelling the meat, refused to eat it. Some of the meat was then cut into small pieces and concealed within bread. This the dog ate with avidity, but in twenty minutes commenced to display the most distressing symptoms, and soon died in great agony.

All sorts of meat, both raw and cooked, some grilled, roasted and boiled, were exposed to tobacco smoke and then given to animals, and in all cases produced symptoms of acute poisoning. Even the process of boiling could not extract from the meat the nicotine poisoning.

Grease and similar substances have facilities of absorption in proportion with their fineness and fluidity. Thus the fats most readily influenced by tobacco are, in their respective order, the fat of horseflesh, of pork, of veal, of beef and finally of mutton. Hashed meat is, of course, more readily affected than large pieces, thus a few puffs of smoke directly projected on to sausage meat will give it a characteristic and unpleasant taste. The juices of meat are equally dangerous. The juice squeezed out of some veal perfectly saturated with tobacco smoke was injected into a rabbit, and death resulted in a few moments. Fresh killed meat is more readily impregnated, and stands in order of susceptibility as follows: Pork, veal, rabbit, poultry, beef, mutton, horse. The effect also varies considerably according to the quality of the tobacco, and the end of a cigar or a pipe has the most injurious effect on any meat that may be exposed close to the smoker. A few jets of smoke from Belgian tobacco on a dish of raspberries will suffice to destroy the delicate flavor of the fruit, and to render it uneatable. All these experiments would seem to denote that great care should be taken not to allow smoking where foods, especially moist foods, such as meats, fats and certain fruits, are exposed.—Lancet.

**Ancient Egyptian Flora.**

The national museum of Egyptian antiquities at Belak contains a very interesting collection of plants which have been found in the catacombs and sepulchral monuments of the country. Dr. Schweinfurth was the first to study this ancient flora, which contains no example of a plant that does not grow today in the Nile valley. Nor does the most minute examination show the least difference between the vegetation that flourished fifty centuries ago and that of the present time. In some cases the color of the flowers can be clearly distinguished, as, for instance, the purple larkspur, the red poppy, the reddish brown saffron and the blue lotus.

The leaves of the watermelon contain grains of chlorophyll perfectly visible in the microscope. All these were found in great numbers in the burial places of the fifteenth dynasty, 3,000 years B. C., and in one tomb of the same time some ears of barley. In later monuments were discovered mustard, flax, cucumbers, lentils, pine cones, juniper berries, dates, hollyhocks, chrysanthemums, figs, olives, onions and grapes. Around the necks and upon the breasts of the mummies of 1100 B. C. were garlands of celery leaves and blue lotus flowers. In regard to the various specimens of grain discovered, it may be added that no attempt to make them grow has ever succeeded, the plants having been subjected to a great heat at the time of embalming and burial, which, while it preserved them, destroyed their germinating power. The cases in which mummy wheat is said to have been raised are due simply to the fraudulent mixture of modern with the ancient grains.—Exchange.

**Ericsson's Three Purposes.**

Setting aside minor inventions, three distinct purposes are apparent in Ericsson's labors; first, to improve the steam engine and scope of its application; next, to discover some more economical and efficient method for changing the mode of motion we call Heat into the mode of motion we call Power; third, to enforce the great maritime nations into calling the ocean neutral ground, by making naval warfare too destructive a pastime to be indulged in, and equalizing the struggle between the greater and lesser states. On the accomplishment of this last purpose depended, in Ericsson's judgment, the future of his native Sweden. Too weak to hold her own in a contest with any great power, under existing conditions, her only sure hope of defense is in neutralizing the dominating factors of numbers and wealth by the efforts of genius stimulated by patriotism.

Love of country was with Ericsson a supreme passion. In this controlling sentiment, in the traits of character derived from his sturdy Norse ancestry, and in the training and experience received in the twenty-three years spent in his Scandinavian home, we find the secret of that exceptional development of specialized faculties which has placed him in the very front rank of constructive engineers.—"John Ericsson the Engineer," by W. C. Church in Scribner.

**HE ATE THE HASH.**

**A West Tennessee Farmer's Dude Drummer to Eat Supper.**

"Speaking of hash," said the drummer, helping himself bountifully and hitching his napkin above his ample vest, "reminds me of an incident I saw in West Tennessee. I have made a good many trips in those parts and always have some rich experiences.

"The first time I went to N—, the train slowed up at the station just about dark, and I was hungry as a hunter. I looked out dubiously on the two or three dim lights twinkling among the trees on either side the track.

"Looks like a po' shoim' fur a nigger man out there," said the porter, as I landed him his quarter.

"That's what," said I, as I stepped down and the train pulled out.

"Hotel, boss?" said a voice on the platform beside me.

"Yes, sirree," I answered as a negro boy held out his hand for my grip. "I want a good 'un, and I want it quick."

"Yes, sir, jess dis way, sir," said the negro.

"I stumbled on after the boy, stumping my toes over every root and stump in the road, and finally came to a little, new, whitewashed house inside a yard, whose gateway was empty.

"One gentleman, said the negro to the man who came out on the little porch as we stepped up.

"Hungry?" said the man giving a jerk to his suspenders and jamming his hands in his breeches pockets.

"As the mischief!" I answered.

"Well, jess keep er walkin' an' yer'll strike the dinnin' room."

"Supper was on the table and smoking hot. I think I ate about a quart of hash and a peck of biscuits. The old man eyed me pretty closely. He was a good eater, but I phased him. He got through, leant his careless elbows upon the table and watched me.

"Plague take the drummer," he said after awhile. "I b'lieve he'll eat up all the butter. Joe, move the plate."

"I calmly helped myself to the last quarter of a pound of butter and shoved the empty plate across to the grinning negro, who was both porter and waiter.

"After that visit the old fellow and I were side partners. With a little substantial urging I used to induce him to kill game for me. He was a famous hunter, and told me wonderful tales about his exploits with 'ole meat-in-the-pot,' as he called his gun, which hung upon two pegs over the fireplace in the dining room.

"As I got off the train one night a young fellow got out of another coach and came up to me on the platform. He was a little bit of a fellow, diked out in a tweed suit, wearing a crush hat and a pair of eyeglasses, and carrying a brand new grip. I sized his grip at once. He was a dude, a greenhorn drummer, on his first trip out.

"Say, can you tell a man where to find a hotel in this God forsaken place?" he said.

"Just keep your eye on me and follow our nose," I answered.

"The old man was expecting me, and had a stewed squirrel ready for my supper. The dude watched me as I helped myself to some.

"Paid extry fer it," said the old man, eyeing him. "He'p yerse' ter the hash; that's public property."

"Thanks, awfully," said the dude; "but I never eat hash away from home. One wants to know the prehistoric existence of hash," he added, with a laugh.

"Don't eat hash, eh?" said the old man, straightening himself up.

"Not much," said the dude. "I suppose you've heard that you can take a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink."

"Don't eat hash? Gimme ole meat-in-the-pot, Joe, an' we'll flavor the hash to his taste."

"The fellow turned white around the gills as the old man took the gun and cocked it.

"He looked at me helplessly, but I only helped myself to the last morsel of squirrel and said nothing.

"He'p yerse' to the hash, stranger," said the old man, pushing the dish across the table with the rifle.

"Nuf said; he ate hash."—Philadelphia Times.

**The Bird's Breakfast Bell.**

Our pet goldfinch having escaped from his cage, flew into a tall alantus tree in the back yard. There he sat, singing his sweetest and rejoicing in his unexpected freedom, but quite unconscious of the existence of pugnacious sparrows and hungry cats. We brought out his gilded cage and set it on the top of a tall step ladder, leaving the door open, and just inside a cup of tempting hemp seed. For two hours he scorned to look at it, though he often fixed his bright little eyes on us when we called him, and answered us with a cheery defiant "Witah!" We had almost given up hope of ever getting him back, when it occurred to us to ring his breakfast bell; in other words, to rattle up the hemp seed in the tin box where it was kept. This was a sound he understood, as we had long made it a practice thus to announce breakfast to his fuchsia. Fortunately he had nothing to eat when he flew away, and the well known sound suggested seed, water and lettuce to the little empty stomach, so he hopped down slowly from bough to bough, until he was close to the cage. There he stood for some time, evidently hesitating, until suddenly he flutered down into his home, having decided to abandon the delights of liberty for the solid comforts of civilization.—American Agriculturist.

**HE LAID OVER ONE TRAIN.**

**They Were Small Holes, but They Convinced Him That He Could Wait.**

"Put down room No. 32 to be called in time for the 4:30 train in the morning," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward the night clerk of a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hain't you better wait for the 9:30 train?"

"What is it to you?"

"Nothing but the excitement and fuss, and I shall probably have to testify at the coroner's inquest."

"I—I don't exactly catch on."

"Come up stairs, please."

"When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room No. 32, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door. Man in here last week wanted to be called for that early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes, but they stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death. Down here—"

"But who kills off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the nigger comes up and knocks and bawls out, Col. Shaw, who has No. 32, reaches for his shotgun. Over in No. 29 Jiggs Haven slips out with his revolver. Maj. Brooks, who is in No. 33, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall are always more or less well loaded. We don't care so much about the nigger, as niggers are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man, and—"

"Did I say call me for the 4:30 train?" queried the traveler.

"I believe so."

"Then it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi in general and this town in particular; and even if I get away at 9:30 I shall be sorry to go. Just rub out the memoranda, and if I don't get up in time for breakfast you needn't mind sending a nigger up to pound on the door."—New York Sun.

**Rigid Economy.**

There is a good story told of the economical qualities of two well known and wealthy gentlemen living in the east part of town that is a good lesson for those recklessly extravagant persons who are not possessed of the true spirit of economy. On a certain night one of these gentlemen called on the other to transact a little business at the former's residence. The host lighted a candle that they might examine some papers, but he immediately blew it out again when they were through, leaving both sitting in the dark.

"Why did you blow out the candle?" asked the caller.

"Oh, we can talk in the dark as well as in the light, and it saves the candle," was the reply.

They continued their conversation for a short time, when the host heard some mysterious sounds coming from the direction of the caller's chair, and inquired what his friend was doing.

"Why," said his friend, "it's dark in here, and no one can see me, so I thought I would take off my trousers to save the wear on them."—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

**A Successful Diagnosis.**



Sufferer—Dey's a powerful ache in one ob dem, sah; but I kyan't tell yo' which one ob dem it am.

Sable Dentist—Well, sah, I'll jest point on each one ob dem on dat side wid dis yer 'IT' hammer; an' wen I strikes de right one, yo' holler.



The plan proves successful in so far as locating the affected molar is concerned.—Harper's Weekly.

**Would Blow It Away.**

Mrs. Tufstake—Mr. Squibbs, permit me to express my admiration of your gentlemanly conduct. You are the only one of my boarders who does not blow on his food to cool it.

Mr. Squibbs—Thank you, Mrs. Tufstake. My portion is always so small that I do not dare to indulge in any such rash experiment.—Burlington Free Press.

**A Gotham Dialogue.**

She (reproachfully)—You are always saying unkind things to me. Last week you told me I reminded you of a Boston girl.

He (remorsefully)—Well, you may say I am like a Brooklyn man.

She (very earnestly)—Jack, I have a quick temper, but you know that I'm not vindictive.—Life.

**Only Ten Years.**

He—Do the De Courneys know many people in New York?

She—Oh, dear, no. Why, they have lived here only ten years.—Life.

**A Long Road to Travel.**

First Citizen—Strawberries in the market, I notice.

Second Ditto—Yes, and it's a long way from my mouth to market.—Washington Post.

**Very Decided.**

Callowby—Miss Pert is a decided blonde, isn't she?

Pink—Yes, too decided. You ought to have heard her reject me.—Lawrence American.

**SERIOUS DANGER.**

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the incursions of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

She—Did she break her engagement to you? He—Oh, no. She just married another fellow without saying a word. She invited me to the wedding, though.

**DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF.**

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cure eruptions, tetter, salt rheum, blotches, spots, pimples, pustules, boils, carbuncles, ring worms, scald head, sore eyes, erysipelas, itch, scurfs, discolorations. There is nothing more disgusting than a face and neck all broken out with pimples and black heads. Make the blood pure, and all such eruptions disappear. One or two BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken every night for a month never fail.

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Coughs.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. Sold only in boxes.

A Very Important Bill.—"There is a bill of considerable importance before the German Reichstag now."—"What one is that?"—"The Emperor."

"It pays to study the interests of the consumer," said a dealer to a drummer who was trying to sell him short-weight plug tobacco. "Take, for example, Star Plug, which is used by the great masses of chewers throughout the United States. Star Plug is not only the best and most satisfactory chew, but every plug is a full sixteen-ounce pound."

It is said that even the flies blow more in Chicago than anywhere else.

Portland has received a fine new Hook and Ladder Truck with a Cronin Extension Ladder that city. They were manufactured by W. T. Y. Schenck, San Francisco.

**FILES! FILES! FILES!**

Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a potent, given instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment is prepared only for Files and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, five and ten per box. WILLIAMS' MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

Use Eucalyptine Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

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**"August Flower"**

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools.—August Flower the Remedy. ©

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fit too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incontinent Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I BO MILK. SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

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Nectarines, extra	8, 10, 12
Apples, bright	7, 8, 10
Apples, golden drop	10, 12
Grapes, 1500, good	3, 4
Raisins, 1500, per lb	5, 6, 7 1/2
Prunes, 1500, good	7, 8, 9
Blackberry, 1500, fine	12, 15
Cherries, pitted, 1500	20, 25
Figs, 1500, black	8, 6

Other fruits in variety. The above are for fine quality, dark, old or inferior lots we offer lower. Small amounts to Hotels, Boarding Houses, Dealers, and other large buyers. Canned goods use lower; see next page. We offer a general variety of goods for family use at close prices, and want a share of your trade. Ask for catalogue free. Address

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