

HAMPION OF THE NEGRO.

Demand That Pensions Be Given to All Ex-Slaves.

The Hon. W. R. Vaughan, now of Omaha but lately mayor of Council Bluffs, has his own little scheme to do justice and "settle the problem." He proposes—no, that's too mild a word—he demands that the government shall give the ex-slaves \$100,000,000, and he declares that any politician who opposes it is simply committing suicide. If it is not done, and done soon, he will "swing the negro vote of the nation." Said he: "I have the signatures of every colored bishop in the country in my pocket. Every colored voter is in favor of it, and 2,000,000 colored votes are not to be sneezed at."



W. R. VAUGHAN.

"I am a Virginian and a Democrat, but my heart bleeds for the downtrodden. I was riding on a railroad in Virginia one day when I saw a colored man put off the train for no other reason than that he was black. That same man fought to preserve this Union."

"On the same train an Indian, wrapped in a warm blanket and fed by this government, was allowed to ride free and unmolested to the end of the line. Yet the Indians bore arms against the very government that supports them in idle luxury."

It makes Mr. Vaughan fighting mad for any one to smile at his scheme. He wants it distinctly understood that it is no crank scheme, but one that's bound to go or make the politicians "squat." It is worth noting that he is one of the shrewdest business men in the northwest. He landed in Council Bluffs with a few dollars and made money rapidly and easily. Every ex-slave must have a lump sum and a pension for life, he says, or there will be a political nation.

Ingerous Drugs to Fool With.

Why doesn't go back far enough to a time when lovely woman wasn't putting something in the way of a complexion improver on her face or attempting to change the color of her hair by dyes or bleaches. These practices still survive, and the reckless use of arsenic and ammonia has moved the Chicago Tribune to enter a protest and give a note of warning. The popular belief, says the writer, that arsenic clears the complexion, has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses. It produces a waxy, ivorylike appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, outside terrible after-effects have become well known.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in small doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.

Commercial Value of Smokes.

In these days of close figuring and small profits nothing is despised by the man who seeks to acquire wealth. It appears that in Scotland there is a company which pays a certain amount yearly to a number of iron works for the privilege of collecting the smoke and gases from the blast furnaces. These are passed through several miles of wrought iron tubing, and as the gases cool there is deposited a considerable yield of oil. One plant is reported to yield 25,000 gallons of furnace oil per week. The sum paid for this privilege is such as to be profitable, it is said, to both parties. The oil thus obtained is distilled and a considerable quantity of creosol, phenol and some other substances are procured from it, while the oil remaining is used as an antiseptic for illuminating purposes.

Maryland's Democratic Candidate.

Frank Brown, the Democratic candidate for governor of Maryland, is the son of Stephen Brown, a wealthy and prominent farmer in Carroll county. The son is himself the owner of a splendid 3,000-acre farm near Sykesville, in Carroll county, and his great pleasure as well as business there is to keep and breed superior cattle, of which he has several fine herds. He lives, however, in Baltimore, where he and his wife are noted as entertainers. He was born Aug. 6, 1846, entered politics early, served some time in the legislature and was, in 1885, treasurer of the state Democratic campaign committee. In April, 1896, President Cleveland appointed him postmaster of Baltimore. He has been for several years president of the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical association, is a member of the Maryland and Jockey clubs and is quite popular in general society.



FRANK BROWN.

The Fall-Cricket's Warning.

The weather prophet is having his innings again. It has started on his regular mission of warning people as to the fall of winter. "The trials in Connecticut first frost will come before his passage on out for a first six cricket comes." The cricket insect in green that it may be first on cold, dozing, and continuous as soon as the to lengthen, before until after sunrise a first

MADDENED BY HUNGER.

A Famine-Stricken Parisian Mob Cries Out for Bread.

A howling, surging mob of gaunt and famine-stricken Parisians roared through the streets of Paris in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, hurling anathemas on the head of the Minister of Agriculture and uttering curses on the aristocrats who whirled by in their gorgeous equipages. The corn supply had failed, and the improvident Parisians, already ground to the earth by the oppressions of the nobility, were the first to suffer from the scarcity. They sent deputations to the King to pray for relief from the gnawing pangs of hunger. Trade was tottering, and the pristine glory of France seemed likely to be overwhelmed on the rock toward which the corrupt nobility had driven the ship of state. Little was done to relieve the famine, and the means of the hungry ones broke out into a sullen roar that echoed no good to the throne of the Capets. The echo of that terrible cry reached the palace at Versailles, where Marie Antoinette, the beautiful wife of Louis XVI., held her court. When she heard the throating voices of her suffering subjects, she asked what they wanted.

"They are crying for bread which they cannot get," answered her courtiers. "If they cannot buy bread," murmured the dreary and impetuous Queen, "why do they not buy cake—it is cheap and good."

This answer was carried to the mob, and a derisive cheer went up from the hungry crowd. Mutterings against the luxury of the rich while the poor were starving swelled little by little. A cry was raised, "Down with the baker and the baker's wife!" and the Parisians, hungry as they were, caught the significance of the nicknames. This was the first blow struck at the monarchy. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were known to the Parisian mob as the baker and the baker's wife, and the unfortunate answer of the Queen when her subjects were starving was remembered until the guillotine had severed the destinies of the house of Capet from those of France.

Little more than one hundred years later another cry is heard. This time in America. It is not a cry for quantity of bread, but of quality. Everywhere adulteration is common in articles of food, and especially the twin poisons ammonia and alum are used to adulterate our baking powders by the greedy and merciless manufacturers. Many States have stringent laws on food adulteration, yet they fail to check the evil. It is on the increase. The last report of the Dairy and Food Commissioner of New Jersey shows 47 per cent. or nearly half of the food preparations submitted to him for examination were adulterated.

Sometimes the adulterants used were found harmless, and in these cases the purchaser would be only swindled, but in many instances rank poisons were found in articles of every-day consumption. A large percentage of canned vegetables, such as peas and string beans, were found to contain copper to give a green color, and a number of baking powders had been doctored with ammonia to give an artificial leavening strength and so permit of carrying more waste matter. In these cases there is not only fraud, but danger to the public health.

In view of the failure to enforce existing laws the recent United States government report recommends the passage of a law in every State requiring the manufacturers of all food preparations to print on every label a list of all the ingredients the article contains. This goes straight to the point. It is not even necessary to wait for the Legislatures to act; it is the duty of the larger cities to take this matter up and make a thorough examination of all the food preparations and expose such manufacturers as are found adulterating our daily food, and so protect the public.

The First Letter.

In London, one evening, I was looking for the Alhambra. Not knowing exactly in which direction to go, I stopped to inquire of a passerby, when, suddenly, the name of the theater escaped me entirely. So I was obliged to ask, "Do you know where that large theater is near here—it begins with an 'A'?" The man replied at once, "Oh, you mean the 'Aynatist, sir.'"—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Disease from Carelessness.

A lady who was recovering from scarlet fever wrote a letter to a distant friend. As she wrote she blew from the paper the "dust" which peeped from her hand. The letter conveyed the disease to the friend and her little daughter, and the daughter died.

A servant nursed a scarlet fever patient, and on leaving the place put her clothing into a trunk. A year afterward she unpacked the trunk, and a little girl who stood by took the disease.—Youth's Companion.

During the height of the hydraulic industry there was in use from the Feather, Yuba, Bear and American rivers, Datto creek and the two Dry creeks a total of 10,000,000 miners' inches of water each twenty-four hours. At an average of three and a half cubic yards of gravel to the inch there was thus washed away daily 30,000,000 yards material.

The jellyfish absorbs its food by wrapping itself around the object which it seeks to make its own. The starfish is even more accommodating. Fastening itself to the body it wishes to feed on, it turns its stomach inside out and swallows its prey with this useful organ.

An English sailor, coming up the British channel after a long journey, exclaimed: "Thank goodness, we've done with them eternal blue skies and that blinding Sunshine. This taste of good fish fog puts fresh life into a fel-

OUR COUNTRY'S FLOWER.

A flower for the lawn that spreads
I've sought in every garden bed,
Of all that lift their blooming heads,
Oh, say, which shall it be?
The golden rod, the Mayflower fair,
Or mountain laurel wild,
Some garden blossom rich and rare,
Or only Nature's child?

Oh, flower, full of joyous life
And tint of burnished gold,
With memories of childhood rife
And beauties manifold,
That o'er our hearts with sweetness thrills
And love no change can break,
Like Wordsworth's golden daffodils
That danced beside the lake.

Thine be the blossom that we choose
Our native land to claim,
Rependent with her autumn hues
And with her sunlight flame;
With dainty flowers fine and fair,
That children love to pull,
Yet curd like palms that victors bear
In sheaves so firm and full.

Thine will be the blooming badge should be
Some plant by Nature sown,
That springs untended strong and free,
And makes each soil its own,
On roadside bank, by cottage door,
Amid the gathered corn,
In fields where bright September's store
Of drying seeds is borne.

And earliest on sunny slope,
Beside the iron track,
We see thy waving clusters ope
To flash the gambler's back.
There, face to face with labor's rear,
While England thunder past,
Thy richest bloom smiles o'ermore
At a daisy's boast.

Thine symbol of our country's dower,
Of spirit free and bold,
Bloom on, thou hardy autumn flower,
With all thy gleaming gold,
Like scabbens of her growing might,
Far spreading o'er her soil,
The victor's palm, the child's delight,
The treasure won by toil.

Like France's lily, England's rose,
And Scotland's thistle true,
Where'er the starry banner shows
The red and white and blue,
While o'er thy teeming sun kissed sod,
From nighty sea to sea,
Be famed and loved thy golden rod,
America, for thee!

—Ursula Tannenforest in Drake's Magazine.

Dispatches in the State Department.

All dispatches of international importance are written by Mr. Blaine with his own hand. Each communication of the sort he indites in the shape of a rough draft, which is apt to be full of corrections and interjections. This goes to a copyist, who reproduces it in fair and beautiful script on big sheets of fine linen paper. Next it is copied into the record books, after the secretary of state has signed it, but if it is to be sent by telegraph the pretty copy on linen paper is omitted, the record book only preserving a transcript of it for future reference if needed.

A single wire connects the office with the Western Union, and an operator is always at hand to receive and transmit messages to all parts of the world, at cut government rates. When dispatches arrive they are handed over by the chief clerk to the officials for whom they are properly intended, and such of them as require translation are given for that purpose to Mr. Thomas, the polyglot official translator for the department. There are others who assist him in this work, but he is responsible for it all.—Boston Transcript.

A Tree Village.

One of the curious features of some of the islands of the Pacific is the tree village. One of these villages, on Isabel Island, is built on the summit of a rocky mountain, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of 800 feet.

The trunks of the trees, in the branches of which the natives have erected their houses, are perfectly straight and their surfaces smooth, while the distance from the ground to the first branch varies from 50 to 150 feet.

One of these novel abodes is at a height of eighty feet above the ground, while the home of a neighboring one is forty feet higher. Each house is reached by a ladder made of some creeping vine, which is suspended from one of the door posts, and can be drawn up when it is desired. Each house is large enough to contain ten or twelve persons, together with ammunition for a long siege.

Such lofty habitations are only occupied in time of war, at night or when danger is expected. At other times the more convenient and accessible huts on the ground are preferred.—New York World.

How to Mount a Horse.

Any woman who lives in the country, and who is not too stout, should be able to mount a horse from the ground unaided. If she attains to be anything of an equestrienne she should require no more assistance than a man, though she is handicapped a little by reason of her skirt. She should lower the stirrup sufficiently to reach it with the left foot; then placing the right hand on the upper pommel and the left hand on the lower pommel, by a side-way motion, right shoulder forward, spring lightly from her right foot and swing herself into the saddle.

Once there she should take her feet out of the stirrups, place her right thigh in its proper position above the pommel and adjust her dress. The stirrup is shortened from the right side by pulling up the strap again. A good dancer will soon learn to mount.—Carl A. Nygaard in Ladies' Home Journal.

His Man Had Horse Sense.

A man named Marshall was driving into town with a two-horse team pulling a load of hay. He fell asleep, leaving his team to go as it pleased. A hired girl of one of the neighbors had been tending a little child in a low wheeled buggy, and while stopping to chat with a friend, carelessly left the buggy in the middle of the road just as the heavily loaded hay wagon came along.

The driver of the wagon was suddenly awakened by the wagon coming to a standstill. The sleepy fellow rubbed his eyes and saw his two quiet and sensible horses calmly investigating the buggy and its infant occupant, which were directly in their path, and which they had refused to run down. The child's buggy had been struck by the wagon tongue, upsetting it and throwing the child at the horse's feet.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sermon on the Small Boy.

The average boy is a discoverer as far outranking Stanley as Stanley outranks a garden mole. Point me to a paint pot, however discarded and presumably emptied it may be, which the boy will not discover and embellish himself with. Show me a mall, however hidden, which he will not find and proceed to rend his garments on. Take me to a spot in the garden where a credulous relative has planted sweet pea seed, in the fond anticipation of floral return of purple, pink and white, which the boy, in company with the hen, has not devastated. Have you buried the family cat? Give the boy a chance and he will resurrect the remains.

Have you found a place to hide the garden rake and seclude the hoe and the spade? He will find them. And yet I adore him, provided there is no malice in his mischief. I love to have him around. If he is truthful and brave and pure there is not a trick he plays nor a destructive thing he does that is not the very spice and pepper to my broth of life. It is kicking against the pricks to try and keep a boy spick and span—give it up so far as the exterior goes, for who cares for a dude under the age of ten?

But see to it, I charge and double charge you, that you abate not your efforts by day nor by night to keep his soul clean and his thoughts pure. It is not soiled hands and rent trousers, a brimless hat and griny shoes, that evidence the boy's character and training. It is the language he uses and the things he finds to laugh at, the avoidance of cruel sports and the championship of defenseless and timid things that set the trade mark on your boy's value in the sight of heaven.—Chicago Herald.

His Unlucky Number.

"Thirteen has been an unlucky number for me," announced a certain drummer sadly. "I was the thirteenth child and have always played in hard luck. When I was thirteen years of age I had typhoid fever. Later in life I was run over by a street car No. 13. In school I was for a long time number thirteen in a class that counted thirteen pupils; so I actually began to regard thirteen with ill will. Well, gentlemen, it proved to be particularly unlucky when I began to travel on the road. I once called on a party, and after much persuasion managed to sell him a bill of goods. I was elated.

"When I counted it up I found to my surprise that it amounted to \$1,313. To make matters worse, it was the thirteenth order I had taken, and was sold on the thirteenth day of the month. Such an ominous combination of thirteens boded no good. I concluded that the party would fail, and counseled my firm not to ship the order."

"Did the party fail?" asked the other drummer in suspense.

"No, that's just the unlucky part of it. No, he is as good as gold today, and throws me out of doors whenever I approach him for an order. I tell you thirteen is a bad number!"—Exchange.

As the result of weighing 208 newly born children to determine the weight of brain, the male infant's brain weighed 11.9 ounces and the female 11.6 ounces, the weight of the brain being to the body as one to eight or thereabout.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.



Leading medical authorities state that new and improperly cured tobacco when heated in the pipe produces a rank vegetable poison.

Tobacco like liquor can only be improved by age.

This is the reason why "Seal of North Carolina" is the most popular brand of smoking tobacco in the United States. It is made from tobacco, at least three years old. Its rich mellow smoke has never been equaled.

Seal of North Carolina is now packed in Patent Cloth Pouches, as well as in foil.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!
TUTT'S
TINY LIVER PILLS
have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in the border.

Tom Fife! Novel! Better Days, or A MID- WINTER of Emerson was printed last year. Sent to you prepaid on receipt of postal card containing to publishers, Address: Wm. D. Howland, Christian Advertiser, 1178 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CASH ONE POUND A DAY. A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IS THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCE, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda. IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FLEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

THE Californian Illustrated Magazine Academy of science building, San Francisco, Cal. Devoted to the interests of the Pacific slope from Alaska to Mexico. A Library Magazine of the World. Beautifully Illustrated, and filled with good things by the best writers. Try a year's subscription at \$5. Send 25 cents for the Holiday Number. THE CALIFORNIAN has the largest circulation of any Illustrated Monthly published west of New York.

20 Per Cent. This coupon will be received by A. N. Whittier, The Iowa Jeweler, 107 Morrison Street, opposite Postoffice, in 20 per cent. discount on any purchase at his store. Watch and jewelry repairing a specialty.

MORPHINE HABIT! SURE CURE Pacific Medicine Co., 529 Clay St., San Francisco.

PORTLAND Business COLLEGE Portland, Oregon. A. F. Armstrong, Pres. Branch School: Capital Hill, Colfax, Salem, Oregon. Course of study same as that of the University of Oregon. Business, Penmanship, and English. Instruction in season throughout the year. Students admitted at any time. Catalogue from either school, free.

HOYT & CO. Want an agent in every town in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to sell PIANOS and ORGANS On commission. No stock or capital needed. Music teachers preferred. Special rates on all goods. Write for particulars. PORTLAND, OR.

J. McCRAKEN & CO., DEALERS IN: Hoche Harbor Line, Portland Cement, Brick and Tiles, Portland Cement, Hair, Fire Brick and Fire Clay, LARD PLASTER. 60 North Front Street, Cor. D, PORTLAND, OR.

HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. O. Box 100, Bala, Pa.

THE HOME MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF CALIFORNIA. Organized 1864. Assets \$2,752,112. Losses paid since organization, \$1,375,700.21. One of the most successful fire insurance companies of the age. - Selects good business upon the reputation for safety, honorable dealing, equitable adjustments and prompt payment of the losses. Agents at all principal points in California, Oregon, Idaho, Portland, O., D. J. Bush, Stumptown, California; western department, Arthur Wilson, Sec'y; Joe P. B. Webber, Cashier; L. S. Watson, Special Agt.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. WINTER & HARPER, 71 Morrison Street, Portland, Or. P. O. BOX 808.

JUDSON Dynamite & POWDER CO., 18 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO. If you want POWDER for Mining, Railroad Work, Stump Blasting or Tree Planting, send for Price List.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured the most obstinate cases. Cure causes permanent happiness by best physicians. Avoid fruitless symptoms disappear. In ten days at least two-thirds symptoms removed. Send for free book containing full of successful cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send the 10 stamps or postage. DR. H. H. HARRIS, 618 N. ATLANTA, GA. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all diseases of the urinary system, if taken in time. Cures without recurrence. Has failed. Sold by all Druggists. Manufacturers: The A. S. Weston & Co., San Jose, Cal. Price, 50 Cts.

The Greatest Temperance Book EVER WRITTEN Immense Sales Large Profits Agents wanted everywhere. No experience necessary. For terms and territory address: J. STRAUB & CO., 1178 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.