

A CYCLING MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

THE RESULTS OF LONG, HARD RIDING.

FULLY 3,000 MILES ON HIS WHEEL.

He Makes Some Reflections on the Benefits of the Sport and Tells of its Dangers.

From the Press, Ohio, N. Y.



The Rev. Wm. P. F. Ferguson, whose picture we give above, will not be unfamiliar by sight to many readers. A young man, he has still had an extended experience as foreign missionary, teacher, editor, lecturer and pastor that has given him a wide acquaintance in many parts of the country.

In an interview a few days ago he said: "In the early summer of '94 I went upon a tour through Canada on my wheel. My route was from Utica to Cape Vincent thence by steamer to Kingston, and from there along the north shore of the lake to Toronto and around to Niagara Falls. Arrived at Cape Vincent at 5 o'clock, having ridden against a strong head wind all day.

"After a delightful sail through the Thousand Islands, I stepped on shore in that quaint old city of Kingston. A slight shower had fallen and the streets were damp, so that wisdom would have dictated that I, leg-weary as I was, should have kept in doors, but so anxious was I to see the old city that I spent the whole evening in the streets.

"Five o'clock the next morning brought a very unwelcome discovery. I was lame in both ankles and knees. The head wind and the damp streets had proved an unfortunate combination. I gave, however, little thought to it, supposing it would wear off in a few hours, and the first flush of sunlight saw me speeding out the splendid road that leads toward Naples.

"Night overtook me at a little village near Port Hope, but found me still lame. I rested the next day, and the next, but it was too late; the mischief was done. I rode a good many miles during the rest of the season, but never a day and seldom a mile without pain.

"The winter came and I put away my wheel, saying 'see I shall get well,' but to my disappointment I grew worse. Some days my knees almost forbade walking and my ankles would not permit me to wear shoes. At times I suffered severe pain, so severe as to make study a practical impossibility, yet it must be understood that I concealed the condition of affairs as far as possible.

"From being local the trouble began to spread slightly and my anxiety increased. I consulted two physicians and followed their excellent advice, but without result. So the winter passed. One day in March I happened to take in my hand a newspaper

in which a good deal of space was taken by an article in relation to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did not at that time know that they were supposed to cure. I should have paid no attention to the article had not caught the name of a lady whom I knew. Reading I found that she, in similar circumstances, had been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and knowing as I did I had no doubt of the truth of the statement that she had authorized.

The first box was not gone before I saw a change, and the third had not been finished before all signs of my rheumatic troubles were gone to stay.

"I say 'gone to stay,' for though they have been every opportunity for a return of the trouble, I have not felt the first twinge of it. I have wheeled thousands of miles and never before with so little discomfort. I had had some of the most severe tests of strength and endurance, and have come through them without an ache. For example, one afternoon I rode seventy miles, preached that night and made fifty miles the hardest kind of road before noon the next day. Another instance was a 'Century run,' the last forty miles of which were made in a downpour of rain through mud and slush.

"You should think I would recommend them to others? Well, I have, and have had the pleasure of seeing very good results in a number of instances. Yes, I should feel that I was neglecting a duty if I failed to suggest Pink Pills to any friend whom I knew to be suffering from rheumatism.

"No, that is not the only disease they cure. I personally know of a number of cures from other troubles, but I have need of them only for that, though it would be but fair to add that my general health has been better this summer than ever before in my life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred), at 25 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN WHITESBORO, OF WHICH REV. WM. FERGUSON IS PASTOR.

Nothing else. A tourist had arrived unannounced at a crowded village inn. It was already late in the evening, and there was no spare bed. The traveler grew impatient. "Haven't you at least a bundle of hay you can give me?" he demanded of the landlady. That worthy was also getting impatient. "There isn't a thing left," she answered, "except a bit of cold roast beef."

Clearly Proven. Forty years since, "Porte Crayon" was down on Albemarle sound, and told a native that there were men with mouths eight inches wide. The native declared that was a fish story; Porte reproved him for his incredulity, and pointed out that deductions from known facts proved this statement. "We know," he said, "that oysters must be eaten whole; we know that there are oysters eight inches across the minor dimension; therefore, there must be mouths eight inches wide to take them in, or the beautiful chain of harmony in the universe is broken."

A Wisconsin farmer went to deliver a load of wood at a Pond du Lac school. During the fire alarm instead of the woodpile, and was astounded a second time to see hundreds of boys and girls sit past in perfect order, each with books, cap and wrap.

These boys were recently expelled from a Brooklyn public school—one for whistling in the hall, one for saying "I did," one for proposing a match when the teacher asked for one to try to burn a piece of asbestos. The request was only a trick. The rule forbids carrying matches in school, and the boy was punished for his politeness.

The long want Royal Worcester corsets is the one to buy, 65c., 75c., and \$1. Sold by Read, Peacock & Co. To The Mothers.

You have nice children, you know and nothing pleases them better than a nice nibby suit of clothes that keeps them warm and healthy. Baker has them and for but little money. Can you stand \$1.00 for a suit of clothes, or up to \$4.00? All these low prices you will find at Hiram Baker's.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICANS.

An Englishman's Opinion of Yankee Tourists.

Our Good Dollars Are Very Welcome to European Tradesmen—A Warning Suggestion to Those Who Rush Abroad.

At last comes a bit of appreciation from a source whence it has long been withheld. A young Englishman, who has been doing the rounds of the American cities, writes home in praise of us, and, better still, an English weekly, the Gentlewoman, publishes it, as follows: "The Americans I simply love; they are so wonderfully sympathetic to one. There is no trouble they will not take, or personal inconvenience they will not suffer, if in any way they can render one a service." The name of this extraordinary young Englishman is not given or it should be blazoned forth.

The weekly paper, in reproducing the extract, takes its cue from it, and urges Londoners and all English folk to appreciate the "boundless kindness and hospitality which they (Americans) heap upon us," and be ready to "receive the strangers right royally" in return. It calls attention further to the unprecedented influx of "men and women from all parts of the United States" who are now crowding, and will for the next six weeks crowd, London, and then separate for wanderings all over England, and makes a plea that they be well treated. There is a bit of policy in its concluding advice, which every one who has suffered the extortionate impertinence of the London tradespeople—an impertinence none the less because it is often enveloped in fawning servility—will say a hearty "amen" to: "In these bad times of depression in trade, it would be as much to our advantage as to theirs, not only to welcome, but to retain the Americans in England as long as possible. Not all Americans are rich, though most are generous. We are sadly in need of their dollars, but need not be extortionate, for all that."

One is provoked and indignant to think of the thousands of dollars these "crowds of Americans" will spend, not only in England but through Europe, before the autumn will send them home again. Provoked because many of the thousands will go for things that will be bought under the impression that if they are the same price they are better than can be bought at home, while, if they are cheaper than the same goods here, it will still be supposed that they are of the same quality.

A woman buying gloves in Paris last summer was surprised at the price charged her for the make of gloves she was accustomed to buy for considerably less in New York.

"An, madame," said the glib shop-girl, "but we send only our 'seconds' to New York." Of course this was wholly untrue. It is absurd to suppose that skilled American wholesale buyers are going to be imposed upon with seconds of anything, much less gloves, whose quality is a known quantity every time to an expert in the trade.

The same woman's experience in London was similar. Prices were always equal, and often greater, than in New York, but stress was invariably laid on the superior wearing qualities, a stress that was expensively disproved in the case of most articles. Tourists from this country are looked upon abroad every time as gosses to lay golden eggs. They are gosses to give their gold for the value they get, nine times out of ten.—N. Y. Times.

CANNONS OF STONE.

Defenses of the Fortress of Malta Cut Out of the Living Rock.

The most wonderful cannons on record are those which are described by Byrdone, whose travels in Sicily and Malta won well-deserved renown toward the end of the last century. Many facts and stories he recounts that seem strangely old-world to us, though the date is little more than one hundred years ago, so grandly did the French revolution transform Europe.

Malta was full of wonders, more or less dried, while the knights held it, but nothing equaled the stone guns. Everybody knows that the fortifications were cut out of solid rock, but Byrdone was right in saying that a kind of ordnance used to defend them was unknown to all the world besides.

As we understand his description, the knights left a great block of stone where they hollowed out an embrasure in the cliff, which afterward they shaped and bored in the form of a gigantic mortar. These engines contained a whole barrel of gunpowder. That shovelled in, they plugged it with a great piece of wood, fitted exactly to the bore, as a wadding, and loaded up with cannon balls, shells and other deadly materials.

About fifty of these remarkable guns commanded the spots which a hostile ship was most likely to approach. "The mouths of some are six feet wide, and they are able to throw ten thousand pounds weight of balls or stones." The range is not stated, but the falling projectiles covered an area of over three hundred square yards.

"—I have never looked out once in all my life." She—"What?" He—"Facts, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Confident of It.—Lady of the House—"I should think you would be afraid to come around in the back yard. I notice you don't do it just week on account of our big dog." Trump—"No, no, but I know that dog wasn't there any more." Lady of the House—"How do you know that?" Trump—"I let him have that piece of pie you gave me."—Detroit Free Press.

NAMING CHARACTERS.

Trouble Experienced by Novelists in Writing.

The Old Style Patronizes Not Up to the Ideas of Modern Readers—Up-to-Date Styles Demanded.

All the mechanism of novel writing has a fascination for the general public, and no part more so than the fitting of names to the characters. Why certain appellations are chosen whose aptness and quaintness at once strikes the reader is a question of great interest. The old-fashioned tales and plays, with their Swoosells, Backbits, Bolairs, etc., and the later case, Thackeray's Newcomes, follow the simple rule of descriptive names, but the raison d'etre of the many thousands which constantly absorb the public interest is utterly uncertain.

Dickens, it is well known, ransacked old London for quaint and curious names. Shop signs were his special hunting ground, and in this he had a French counterpart, Balzac. The story is a twice told tale how the great novelist dragged his companion through Paris one memorable night in search of a name to fit some one of his stupendous creations, and just as the dawn was beginning to break and the companion's strength was failing a sign was found which bore a name sufficiently outlandish to suit even Balzac's taste. The name once given, he was wont to declare it grew to the character so that separation was to him utterly impossible.

Such a separation was recently enforced on an author, Miss Anna B. Walker, well known from her many charming books, and even more famous as the sister of Susan Warner, who wrote "The Wide, Wide World," planned a book which was to treat of West Point life. In searching for a name for her hero, which would not be likely to appear in any army register, an old name came to her mind—one that she had not heard for more than fifty years, and then only once—the owner having been a client of her father. She recalled hearing him comment of the strangeness of the name, and only that circumstance impressed it on her memory.

The book was written, with the hero bearing the quaint old name, but when she submitted it to the publishers she was informed that there was some objection to having it appear "in a book," distinctive as it was through its oddness. With inward protest the patient author then set about to find another name, but the personality of her hero had become indissolubly bound to her first choice, and no other one seemed to fit it.—N. Y. Herald.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS GUNNER.

He Was a Deceit Fowl Noted for the Success of His Methods.

The sad news of the death of old "Mingo" has come to the gunners along the line of the Old Colony road, and if he was only a gunner he had a host of friends, says the Boston Globe. He has been at Widgeon point at the lake now for more than thirty years and was one of the wisest and most deceptive birds that ever deceived the northern wanderer from his journey to the guns of the sportmen.

Old Mingo gained his name many years ago from the remark of one of the gunners who was shooting over him. It was about the time of the bloody revolution in San Domingo. The old chap was struck by a stray shot, and the gunner picked him up and took him into the pen with all the solicitude of a true sportman. There was blood on the gunner's hands and tears in his eyes, and from that day the old chap was called Mingo, named after the island on which so much blood was being spilt.

When the other decoys were unable to entice the northern strangers from their course, old Mingo was tried, and he seldom if ever failed of attracting their attention and gaining their good will, for the time being at least. Whether he had a peculiar tone to his voice or whether he was a professional "masher" will never be known, but his record was second to none along the shores of that sportmen's paradise, and the gunners had all the game they wanted if Mingo could catch the attention of the gosses.

After his long and faithful service old Mingo seemed to know just how to work and when to put in his very best efforts. His ideas of enticing the gosses seemed based on principles which were on a good foundation. He seldom failed, and the old fellow has made money for his owners and lots of sport for the best gunners in the county. If there was a tenderfoot in the shooting camp he was cautioned to look out and not hit Mingo, but he at last fell a victim to the gun of an amateur who was somewhat excited.

Mingo was owned by Thomas Arnold, of North Abington, and Mr. Arnold says that if a man should have offered him two hundred dollars for the bird it would have been no temptation to him. Mingo was just what he wanted, and the most knowing bird in the county. The gunners gave Mingo a Christian burial, and he now rests in a grave dug for him near his happy hunting ground.

—The question of the influence of the size of seeds upon germination and upon the size of the plants that spring therefrom has recently been studied anew by Mr. B. R. Calloway, a summary of whose conclusions is given by the Gardeners' Chronicle. The weight and size of the seed are of great importance. A large seed germinates better and more quickly, and with it one can count upon having at the same moment from 85 to 90 per cent. of the total crop, while with small seeds the crop reaches maturity only in successive periods of time, so that at no moment in gathering the crop in toto could we have the same proportion of the whole. Besides, where with small seeds four successive crops are obtained, we have six with large seeds, their evolution occurring with greater rapidity.

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Farmers who store their wheat at the Lebanon mill this year will receive Albany prices for some when they wish to sell. See ad. of the Champion Mill.

Ripans Tablets cure indigestion. Ripans Tablets: pleasant laxative.