



UNCLE DICK OGLESBY.

Two Characteristic Stories of the Genial Ex-Governor of Illinois.

I think it was during the Cleveland-Blaine campaign that ex-Governor Oglesby of Illinois, "Uncle Dick," as he is familiarly known, first made a stay of any length in New York.

He and a companion had a sumptuous luncheon, ordered of course by the introducer, who wound up by inviting the governor to smoke. The clerk at the cigar counter handed out some fine Havana cigars. Uncle Dick was about to take one, when some thought arrested his hand, and he asked:

"What's the price of these?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "Holy smoke!" ejaculated the governor. "Put 'em back! Put 'em back, quick!"

"But, governor, this is my treat," said his friend. "Daren't do it! Daren't do it! Put 'em back!"

"Yes, but governor"— "I tell you I daren't do it. Why, man, if they should ever find out in Illinois that I smoked a 25 cent cigar in New York, they'd turn me out of the church, and it would ruin me politically forever. Daren't do it! Ten cent cigars are good enough for me in New York and 6 cents at home."

Uncle Dick always prided himself on his success in campaigning when called upon to reach a man's vote through his family pride.

On one of his tours he passed through a country town in Illinois, when he came suddenly upon a charming group—a comely woman with a bevy of little ones about her—in a garden with a high picket fence in front of it. He stopped short, then advanced and leaned over the front gate.

"Madam," said he in his most ingratiating way, "may I kiss these beautiful children?"

"Certainly, sir," the lady answered demurely, "there is no possible objection."

"They are lovely darlings," said Uncle Dick, after he had finished the eldest. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply. "Of course they are—the sweet little treasures. From whom else, marm, could they have inherited these luscious eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing. "By the way, marm," said Uncle Dick, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that Richard J. Oglesby, Republican candidate for governor, called upon him this evening?"

"Alas, sir," quoth the lady, "I have no husband." "But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?"

"I fear you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"—Exchange.

Doctors or No Doctors.

Take haphazard a number of people of both sexes and of all ages. Divide them into communities. Let the doctors of each nation have a community to themselves—this division would be indispensable because the difference which exists between the treatment prescribed, say, by a French and by an English doctor, has to be experienced to be believed. Let the allopathists, the homeopaths, the hydropathists, the thousand and one sets of medical faddists, all have a community of their own. Give the nostrum mongers free hands. Suffer the faith healers to work, unimpeded, somewhere, their own sweet will, and amid the whole number of the communities permit one to be set apart in which no doctor of any sort or kind, regular or irregular, shall be allowed to place a foot or have a voice. If such a test were feasible, I wonder what the result would be. Or, rather, I do not wonder—I should like to have a wager depending on the issue.

I would wager that, all things being equal, position, climate, circumstances, color, age—the physical history of the communities would be pretty much the same. They would all suffer from the same diseases, would be treated or be beaten by them, in much the same way, and would die at about the same age. Of this I am certain—and in this I believe that the physicians themselves would be upon my side—that the medically supervised communities would be every whit as closely acquainted with pain, disease and suffering before the curtain finally fell as that one community in which no doctors were.—All the Year Round.

A BUILDER TALKS.

A GREAT SUFFERER FOR YEARS. CURED IN TWO WEEKS.

A. N. Tompkins, a Resident of Oregon City, Relates a Most Wonderful Story.

From the Enterprise, Oregon City, Or. A representative of the Oregon City Enterprise visited Mr. A. N. Tompkins, the well-known carpenter and builder of Oregon City, and finding him hard at work, asked if he was the man who had been ill of rheumatism. Receiving an affirmative answer, the reporter asked if he would have any objections to making a statement of his case, how he was cured, etc., for the benefit of the public.

"No objections at all," said Mr. Tompkins. "I have suffered with lumbago for years, having had bad spells off and on. Sometimes it would lay me up entirely. Whenever I did any heavy lifting, or got wet or caught cold, I would have a bad spell. Sometimes I would be so bad that I could not straighten up. I was always looking for something on which I could count for certain relief, if not absolute cure. I tried many physicians. One nearly succeeded in making a morphine fiend of me by injecting morphine into my body to relieve the pain he could not cure and was not honest enough to admit. All these medicines and doctors did me no good, some even as in this case, doing me harm."

"While working on the Barclay building some months ago I had an attack. I immediately went to Charman & Co.'s drug store and told Mr. Charman to give me a box of Pink Pills. Having bought them I commenced taking them at once, and after the first day I experienced relief, and in two weeks I was entirely well. I had in that time used part of the second box. Being at the home of my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lena Tompkins, and hearing her complain of rheumatism, I gave her the balance.

"Now, I have worked right along, and in spite of the present wet weather and the fact that I have a heavy cold just now, I have no indication of the presence of my old disease, and any one of the three things (heavy work, wet weather and a cold) which I now have combined, would have given me a bad spell heretofore. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a great remedy, and I believe they have absolutely cured me. At least, if they have not, it is only a question of continuing the remedy long enough, and if I ever have a return of the pain I shall fly to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Reciprocity.

"Want a shine?" said the diminutive bootblack to the barber who was sitting in front of his tonsorial palace waiting for a customer.

"Naw," answered the barber. "I can do my own shining."

"Then I'll do my own shaving, darn ye!" returned the wrathful hoodlum.—Chicago Tribune.

Explained.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully fiery a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.—London Weekly Telegraph.

Uncongenial.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing." Very shortly the answer came back: "Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."—London Tit-Bits.

APPLES BETTER THAN WHEAT.

Some Startling Figures Done by an Enthusiastic Oregon Editor.

That it will not do to put all of one's eggs in one basket has been thoroughly demonstrated by the berry crop this season. With thousands of crates ripe the ability to reach a market is without any fault of ours suddenly taken away. The strawberry crop has been the principal one of this section, and while it will not only hold its present yield, but will double and treble it, it will in a year or two become of secondary importance. Prunes, peaches, cherries and small fruits generally are a necessity to the fruitgrower because they furnish him with money early in the season as well as early in his business. They are a means to an end, furnishing money to support the family and to improve the farms. They all bear one fatal objection as a crop to be relied upon, and that is the absolute necessity of finding a market for them as soon as they are ripe. This may not be true of the prune, but for it the same condition exists—it must be taken care of at once when ripe.

The fruit of Hood River, the one that is to make her famous as well as prosperous, is the winter apple. That can be kept. It can be gathered leisurely, once in bearing, bring better and steadier returns and at the very least outlay. John Sweeney's orchard last year, the first year of bearing, produced more net money than would or could have been derived from the same area of land sown to wheat in 36 years. This year it should yield 50 times as much, next year 70 times as much, and then for 20 years 100 times as much. In other words, one acre of winter apples is worth more, year in and year out, than 100 acres of wheat. Six acres of good orchard will yield a larger net yield than a section of wheat land. Multiply the acres in Hood River valley by 100 and some idea of the wealth that it will eventually produce may be gained.

In other words, every section in fruit will produce a cash value equal to three townships of wheat. The winter apple is going to accomplish this result, and the next few years as the young orchards come into bearing will prove the truth of this assertion, though it now seems a wild one. We can but reiterate our former words: "Plant apple trees. Twenty acres if you can; one tree if that is your limit, but plant at every opportunity." When this valley is an orchard from the mills to the summit east of us and from the river back for 20 miles, then only will it have attained its full development.—Hood River (Or.) Glacier.

CARUTH'S QUESTIONS.

His Thirst For Information Sometimes Takes All the Ginger Out of a Climate.

The habit of Representative Caruth of interpolating some pointed question and spoiling a climax when members are delivering a speech, as he did recently when he asked Mr. Quigg at what period in history and in what country gladiators were booted and spurred, had a strong illustration in the Fifty-first congress.

Representative Dolliver of Iowa was in the peroration of an impassioned address, in which he was picturing the loyalty and devotion to American institutions of sundry immigrants. He was giving the house a thrilling and touching word painting of the goodness of these poor immigrants, declaring they had turned their backs upon the monarch ridden countries of Europe to greet the sun of liberty in their new home in America.

"I have had them sitting by my side in my office," he exclaimed, "while I was writing letters for them to their old friends across the sea and to their old homes, and they were shedding tears."

At this point a strange voice from a seat somewhere on the other side of the chamber chimed in. It was Caruth's. "What were they crying about?" he asked.

There was an uproar of merriment all over the floor, and Mr. Dolliver's fine forensic effect was shattered by a shout of laughter at Caruth's impudent interjection.—Washington Post.

Eugene Field's Portrait of Debs.

The newspaper portraits of E. V. Debs are not accurate. They represent him as fat and sleek, and he is not. Debs is tall, blue eyed, pale, smooth shaven and inclined to baldness. He looks very like Bill Nye, and the fact that he wears spectacles emphasizes the resemblance. He dresses very plainly, but neatly. He talks fluently, he is an omnivorous reader, and he particularly likes poetry. Of address he is candid and cordial. He has to a degree that quality called personal magnetism. Five minutes with him would suffice, we think, to convince a reader of human nature that Debs is a man of high ideas, honest convictions, unswerving integrity, great intellectual vigor (or perhaps, rather, zeal), exceptional simplicity of character and consummate impracticability. His traits are those, we believe, which, taken singly, are most admirable, but which, bunched, are very likely to get him into trouble.—Chicago Record.

Information For the Examiners.

The Hon. Champ Clark, formerly of Kentucky, has no respect for the civil service laws, and he does not hesitate to say so, as was indicated by his vigorous speech in the house the other day. In the course of his remarks he made a general assault on the civil service system, which, he declared, was the most monumental fraud of the century. "Not 10 men in this house," said he, "could stand an examination for a \$900 clerkship. Why, they asked one man how many British soldiers were sent over here during the revolution. The applicant replied that he did not know the exact number, but he knew a d—d sight more came over than went back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DEFYING THE DOG DAYS.

Mechanical Processes Employed to Make Winter Temperature This Summer.

The effort to bring the advantages of refrigeration obtained by mechanical processes within the reach of small consumers has taken two directions—the production of small and inexpensive automatic machines and a system of supply of the refrigerant from central stations. The latter is now in successful operation at both St. Louis and Denver.

In one of the St. Louis restaurants, which the enterprising owner has decorated in a manner suggestive of the polar regions, pipes upon the walls are connected with the street line, so that in sweltering summer he can turn on the cold and defy the dog days. An atmosphere of 12 degrees below the temperature out of doors has an enticing coolness.

Another example of the varied applications of the system to be seen in a cafe window daily is a display of eatables upon a heavily frosted table. This attraction is secured by making for the top of the table a shallow closed tank completely filled with brine, through which are passed the pipes of a refrigerating coil. The brine, being cooled below the freezing point, gathers its snowy covering from the moisture of the atmosphere. Above it in the window are pipes curved to form the letters of the proprietor's name. They, too, constitute an expansion coil and glisten with a heavy, snowy coat. In a drug store an elaborate soda fountain exposes not the customary pictures of frostwork, but real frost. The refrigerating pipes are ingeniously carried through this fountain in such a way as to cool without danger of freezing the various liquids and are exposed to view in places curved in fanciful shapes and presenting a refreshing sight of dry white frost.—W. W. Smith in Cassier's Magazine.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Make great endings sometimes. Ailments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atrocious maladies, dangerous to themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of trouble which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely contracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Host—Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword. Chorus—When was that? Host—A la raffe.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 650,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published. The recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing only, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1,000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The First Edition is precisely the same as those sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Nowhere are boys better cared for and more thoroughly taught than at Hoitt's School, Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal. The school is in charge of Mrs. G. Hoitt, Ph. D., and will reopen August 6th. —S. F. Chronicle.

Hoax—Is Longbow as fond of fishing as ever? Hoax—No; he's joined the church.

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