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A guaranteed cure for all nervous diseases such as weak memory, loss of brain power, headache, pain in the back, nervous prostration, universal lassitude, seminal weakness, impotency, and general debility.

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All kinds of fancy hair cutting done in the latest and most stylish manner.

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Ever in the city.

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The Royal Route

Others may imitate, but none can surpass it.

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Be sure and ask ticket agents for tickets via this celebrated route and take none others.

W. H. MEAD, G. A. No. 4 Washington street, Portland, Or.

I cannot say farewell to Norway, where we have enjoyed so much, without a word more about the characteristics of the people themselves.

The peculiar nature of the traveling in this country brings the tourist more into direct contact with the population of the rural districts than in Sweden or in the more southern nations.

The Norwegian is a very kind, more kind than the English, and is a more polite than the French.

What are the causes of sudden death—by a stroke of lightning? They are not many when only the so-called natural accidents are considered.

Death on the instant may result from apoplexy, or bursting of an aneurism within the chest or abdomen; it may be caused by the bursting of an aneurism in the brain.

As we grow old we should avoid those influences which are likely to induce sudden death.

The young man then drew the remarkable conclusion that physicians know little of the healing art, and that people practically throw their money away when they employ them.

Now, symptoms are divided into two classes, objective and subjective.

Objective symptoms are those which the physician observes for himself, while the subjective symptoms are those which relate to the sensations or feelings of the patient, and which, consequently, the physician can appreciate only through the aid of his doctor that he has them.

It is a man's own sense in a certain part of his body, or in some of his organs, which leads him to doubt the attainment of certain results simulated for him and during war ends.

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SUDDEN DEATH.

ONE OF THE SAD RESULTS OF OUR "GO-HEADATIVENESS."

Americans, as a Class, Live Too Fast to Live Long—The Strong Man's Great Mistake—The Old Gourmand at the Cafe Apolyx.

The Bible speaks of three scores years and an age to the man who may reasonably look forward. It seems as if at least seventy capable, contented and happy years—full of such comfort and gratification as the members of each class in our community have a right to expect—should and might be within the reach of every man and woman.

In some countries, however, we find this to be much more nearly the case than with us. Americans, as a rule, live too fast to live long.

It amounts to nothing more nor less than the simplest of problems in arithmetic to show that if he divides upon this stock twice as heavily as he should the duration of his existence will only be one-half of what it was originally intended to be.

Indeed, the matter stands much worse than this; his life is not yet begun sufficiently progressive in his ideas to manufacture constitutions ready for the American market, and in the midst of our triumphant tour de force, click, something snaps, and we vanish from the stage or break down for years, perhaps for life.

In every community such "breakdowns" may be pointed out on every side, and many, even of our most "successful" men, freely confess they have laid too high a price for their prosperity.

The prizes of existence are not great, and seem to take time to get within the grasp of all, that practically get out to win them.

Each is struggling and uncertain to himself in his grim resolve to obtain that for which he is striving.

He works day and night, including holidays, and not in the least relaxing his pace, until he has cut his meal properly, and in such a senseless luxury as a vacation he never dreams of indulging; amusement he regards as frivolous, and as abstracting too much valuable time from the prosecution of the all absorbing project.

Every waking minute he keeps his brain grinding away over ways and means, and not improbably the hours which a sensible man would devote to sleep he unconsciously consumes for the same purpose.

He is a social competitor, and his high with tint of business. Of course, in the pathway he breeds his justies and is jostled by competitors, and in a nature so tense and set in so great an endeavor as his, the constant and wearing, though almost unperceived, play of the emotions—such as envy, jealousy, hatred, disappointment, etc.—is very great.

Occasionally, at some "close shave," or some crisis of failure or success, he experiences a certain relief, and he realizes with what what starting frequency in this country that report goes. The strong man foolishly fancies he is practically inaccessible to ailment and death, and so pushes on in his exaggerated expenditure of energy until—total exhaustion, the bursting of an aneurism, or the fatal stroke of lightning, or the fatal stroke of lightning, or the fatal stroke of lightning.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

King Milan lost \$120,000 at a gambling house in Vienna.

Wendell Phillips' body lies in an unmarked grave at Milton, Mass.

Autographs of William II. have gone up from 50 to 150 francs in Paris.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks is the only Episcopal clergyman who has preached at Chautauqua.

Sir Edgar Vincent, the financial adviser of the khedive of Egypt, is making a tour in this country.

Phil Armour has clean shaven cheeks, a clear complexion, handsome mouth and wavy blue eyes.

Gen. Schofield, the commander-in-chief of the army, is one of the living authorities of natural philosophy.

Simon Cameron, who is now nearly ninety, dresses in a gray suit with a long tailed coat and wears a big Panama hat.

Attorney General Garland says he feels "as chipper" as a boy. He will spend all October deer shooting in Arkansas.

Bismarck is said to be rooted in the belief that his son Herbert will succeed him as the power behind the Prussian throne.

Lord Randolph Churchill is an enthusiastic student of Gibbon and can repeat by heart long passages of the "Decline and Fall."

The shah is to visit Europe next May, but he will not extend his travels beyond St. Petersburg, where he will be the guest of the czar.

A recent convert to "Volapuk" is Mr. Alexander John Ellis, F. R. S., a leading English philologist and author of "Early English Pronunciation."

Admiral Porter, after trying both, says that running a fleet is child's play compared with supervising alterations in your seaside cottage and getting them made to suit you.

H. W. Slocum, the tennis player, is a son of Gen. Slocum. He was graduated at Yale a few years ago and is now a lawyer.

He is a slim, angular young man, with a rather handsome face.

Lord Lansdale is sending home copious diary notes from North America for publication. When last heard from he was on his way to Fort Chipewyan, and intended going to the Arctic.

Mr. Carlo Pellegrini, the celebrated caricaturist, will not be interviewed nor photographed. He adopted his well known signature, "Ape," he says, because when caricaturing he "apes" the peculiarities of his subject.

The Prince of Wales has been installed a Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of John of Jerusalem. Bishop Quinard, of Tennessee, a member, was present at the installation ceremonies. The order maintains an ophthalmic hospital at Jerusalem.

Handicraft of France has been placed in a curious dilemma. He was taught the handicraft of a carpenter in his youth, and the striking carpenters of Paris have written to him complaining that he has not attended their meetings nor subscribed to their fund.

The mikado of Japan has almost finished his new palace, which has taken six years for its construction. It contains 400 rooms in the building, and the dining hall will seat 127 guests. The furniture of the state department came from Germany. Not the least interesting object in the palace is an American piano.

Henry R. Smith, of San Francisco, Cal., died some years ago and left a most peculiar will. He bequeathed his property to his widow, stipulating that she should educate their son as a lawyer and have him taught the country folk expect a season of calm, but if they together they know summer has come.

In Hampshire swans are believed to be hatched in thunderstorms, and it is said that those on the Thames have an instinctive prevision of storms. Before heavy rains they raise their nests.

In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie, that if it builds its nest on a summit of a tree the country folk expect a season of calm, but if they lower down, winds and tempests are sure to follow.

The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow like storm petrel is well known. Its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the Mother Carey's chicken, and is also called storm finch and water witch.

Concerning gulls in general children who live by the sea say: "Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand; it's never good weather while you're on the land" and fisher folk know that when the seagulls sing through gales and wind and rain, storm birds are also applied to the field-farmer.

To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frost at night, and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably silent among snowy, foul weather, while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued alight "foretells a liberal harvest."—Chicago News.

Know What He Was About.

"Maria," said mamma, as he sat at the breakfast table, "just glances at the weather bureau's predictions for today in the newspapers, will you?"

"It says fair weather and lower temperature."

"Fair weather and lower temperature? Ask the girl to find me an umbrella and a fan."—Arkansas Traveler.

His Old Habit.

"I suffer dreadfully from neuralgia, doctor," said Mr. Boker.

"Do you still retain your old habit of talking in a nervous manner?" asked the physician. "Innocently,"—Harper's Bazar.

THE GODIN FACTORY.

METHODS OF THE CO-OPERATIVE ESTABLISHMENT AT LIEGE.

A Peculiar Scheme of Industrial Distribution—Division Between Capital, Labor, Talent and "Nature"—How the Stock Changes Hand—Results.

As with his social policy, so in his scheme of industrial distribution, M. Godin's ideas were colored by Fourierist resolutions.

Before 1881 M. Godin had merely set apart a certain sum—\$8,000 or \$10,000—out of the profits of the year to be distributed among his men as a bonus; but in 1880 he converted the business into a co-operative company, and introduced a complicated system of arrangements for realizing effectively Fourier's principle of a just division of the produce of industry, the division between capital, labor and talent, according to the importance of their several contributions.

It is true he thought this principle theoretically defective, because talent was only a particular kind of labor, and because nature, which Fourier wholly ignored, was, in Godin's opinion, an essential contributor to production as any of the other three.

Nature's share in the division ought, he thought, to be appropriated by the state, partly by means of the nationalization of land for the purpose of letting it out to all sorts of productive industry.

But in the meantime, so long as the laws of private inheritance and private property in land remained unmodified, and the state showed no disposition to serve herself her nature's share, individual producers must each set aside that share for themselves, and consequently the first part in M. Godin's annual division is 25 per cent. of the whole net profits to a reserve fund for purposes of insurance.

In passing I may say that besides this every workman is obliged to contribute to that fund 2 per cent. on his wages, that in 1883 the fund amounted to 500,000 francs, and in the three years it had existed at that time more than 80,000 francs had been paid out of it for sick relief and pensions on a comfortable scale.

Next to nature's deal comes the deal of talent or intelligence, and that also is fixed at 25 per cent. The director alone (M. Godin during his lifetime) got and gets 12 per cent. of the profits, his salary being fixed at 15,000 francs. In 1883 this 12 per cent. amounted to more than four times his salary.

Half the profits going thus in equal shares to nature and intelligence, the other half remaining to be divided between the factory, capital and labor. Capital had already received 4 per cent. interest, and labor had of course already received its weekly wages, all before there was any calculation of profit at all, and M. Godin counted that his proper profit now was to give capital a share of the remaining half of the profits in proportion to the amount of interest it received, and labor in proportion to the wages it had received.

In 1883 the total wages of the 400 workmen in the factory were 4,600,000 francs, and the total wages paid was 1,888,000 francs, so that of this remaining half of the profits some nine-tenths go to the deal of labor.

M. Godin's scheme, however, by no means ends here; his object was to make the employes in the final result owner of the capital of the business, and with this view he decided that the laborer's share of the profits should not be divided among the employes, but to be used at their discretion, but should be applied to buy for them shares in the business.

In this way the business is gradually falling into the hands of the laborer engaged in it. In 1882 the French assessed stock amounted to nearly two millions of francs, and though the capital has been raised to 6,000,000 francs, it will only take a few more years for it to be acquired entirely by the employes. The interest on the shares they possess will receive like their wages, to spend as they will.

M. Godin states, in his book on government, that the average amount of indirect taxation on articles of consumption paid per family in France is 100 francs, or about five francs and turning to books of statistics we find that the average for France generally is only thirty francs. The people of the family live, therefore, two and a half times better than the rest of the French.

Next to the hours, and they have besides common holidays, two special fete days of their own every year—the Feast of Labor on the first Sunday in May and the Feast of Infancy on the first Sunday in September.

The director, who at the head of the whole affair, is an autocrat in all business affairs. He is elected—that is, since 1880—but he is elected for life, and his management is uncontrolled. He is elected by the French people, by the golden rods and asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery. The eyes of our countrymen are everywhere gladdened by their smiles, north and south, east and west, on the hills and the mountain sides, in the valleys and on the broad prairies, by the roadsides and the streams, and in the field and copse they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, luscious fruits.

No other country in the world is so characterized; these plants belong to America, and as such should be our pride and delight.

While on this continent there are from sixty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the gold rods and golden asters, and near all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world besides affords less than a dozen, and these for the most part of small size and confined to few localities of limited area, and always in such small numbers as to make them rare plants. The species of asters in this country are still more numerous than those of the golden rod. Both are the children of the sun, basking in its favors and reflecting its smiles.

Although many indigenous species of flowers are peculiar to this country, yet none so abundant and apparently claim possession as these—Home Journa.

A Typical Astrological Guide.

The great character of our party was the driver, Curley—a chap who is as hard to catch asleep as an old weasel. He is a straggler, built as an Indian runner, as quick as a greyhound, and can so exactly imitate the bound in full chase that it will puzzle an old hand to tell which is the real bound. He seems made of whistone, trimmed with india rubber. He will start out towards the east with a couple of dogs attached by a chain to his waist, another he leads, and his own two travel in front, with them he holds general conversation on the way. Within three hours he will start each dog after a separate deer, and by short cuts or by some bores pocus, he will be up with one or more of them coming in from the opposite direction, join his voice, and by the time the deer is killed, he is on hand to join in the hilarity and fun usual on such occasions. This indomitable fellow has but one fault, and I do not know that you would term it such; you might say it was proof of his game—he cannot get venison; it makes him sick, and we must feed him on pork.—Forest and Stream.

A New Fire Detector.

An ingenious method of detecting a fire in its incipient stage, whereby better protection is insured against fire in textile mills, warehouses, large public buildings, ships, etc., has been advanced by the fire brigade master at Paisley, England. His system depends on the best alarm method and consists of an arrangement of perforated pipes, which are laid through the interior of buildings or the lower decks of seagoing vessels. These are connected with an ordinary suction and forcing pump or pumps, either rotary or reciprocating, which, when set in motion, will in its suction arising and discharge it at a convenient point available at all times.—Hartford Times.

THE LANTERN'S LIGHT.

Lack of the Little Illustrated Paper of Thirty Years Ago.

I have not seen it stated in any of the sketches of his career that Lester Wallace was at one time an editor. And although he was such in a comparative sense only, the fact, nevertheless, is worthy of record.

In 1852 the late John Brougham originated and published a little illustrated paper here, modeled after The London Punch, calling it The Lantern. Its fame was a brilliant one.

Once a week all the leading contributors and artists connected with the paper used to meet at dinner, to make suggestions for and decide upon the principal cartoon to be printed in the next issue.

The meeting was held every Saturday night at Windust's, a famous restaurant on Park row, and after every one had dined their faculties with well served viands and muddled their brains with innumerable draughts of sherry and cigars would be the ready deponent passed around and John Brougham sitting at the head of the table, with Lester Wallace at the other end, would call the meeting to order and the business of the evening would begin.

The assignment generally broke up at about 3 in the morning; and when the subject for the cartoon had at length been decided upon, my old friend Frank Bell would go home and make the design.

In the editorial duties of the paper, Lester Wallace, so Mr. Brougham has told me, was his right hand man, while a Mr. Tinson, whom I am not mistaken, was a carpet manufacturer, with no ability whatever in art or letters, was chief adviser.

Just why these two gentlemen were chosen it is impossible to say, for their artistic and general ideas were far inferior to those of others in the party. Nevertheless the fact remains.

The contributors to The Lantern were all men of genius. They belonged to a certain set that marked a sort of Elizabethan era in the annals of New York journalism. There was Fitz James O'Brien, the author of many charming bits of verse, and an able literary and dramatic critic, who, while in the Union army at the breaking out of the war, and was killed while serving as aide-de-camp to Gen. Lander. There was Thomas Dunn English, one of the few who survive today, notwithstanding the latter attack made upon his character by Edgar Allan Poe—attacks which were calculated to kill outright any ordinary man.

Thomas Power, who was christened Micawber by the party, both for his traits in common with, as well as his resemblance to that gentleman, and William North, author of "The Slave of the Lamp," and who afterwards committed suicide, were also members of the Lantern club. Thomas Butler Gunn, who is supposed to be the one who could understand what he said, but who was, nevertheless, a very able writer and artist, was another of The Lantern's leading contributors, and there are many more whose names I might conjure up were it worth while doing so.—John Preston Beecher in New York News.

St. Paul's Indian Seal.

"It is difficult to realize," said a lady who had resided in St. Paul from the early days of the settlement, "that we had such a seal about the Indians in this country twenty-six years ago, during the Indian troubles. There was a good deal of excitement all over the city for two or three days. I remember one day an old colored woman came in great excitement to my house and said she had heard the governor had ordered the whole population to leave the city at once—the Indians were marching on us, fully armed and thirsting for our blood. She rushed away, saying she would be back in five minutes. A German woman who lived on the other side of the block, and whose lot was opposite mine, barricaded her door with her bureau and bed, and got her six ready to defend herself, and in an hour she came out, the fence was broken down in our house. She was fully convinced an attack would be made that night.

"Toward evening on that day several of my neighbors began to peek up, having heard the Indians in great excitement to my house and said she had heard the governor had ordered the whole population to leave the city at once—the Indians were marching on us, fully armed and thirsting for our blood. She rushed away, saying she would be back in five minutes. A German woman who lived on the other side of the block, and whose lot was opposite mine, barricaded her door with her bureau and bed, and got her six ready to defend herself, and in an hour she came out, the fence was broken down in our house. She was fully convinced an attack would be made that night.

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