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KNOWLES CHAPTER NO. 12, O. E. S.—Meets at Masonic hall the 2d and 4th Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited.
MRS. C. W. TALMAGE, W. M.
MRS. C. H. MCKINNEY, Sec.

A. O. U. W.—Charity Lodge No. 7 meets first and third Fridays of each month, 7:30 p. m. Lodge room in Union block.
H. C. BURNS, M. W.
J. D. BAKER, Recorder. 10

Yamhill Lodge No. 10 D. of H. meets in Union hall second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

CUSTER POST NO. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p. m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a. m. on 4th Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.
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B. F. CLUBINE, Adjt.

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TO SCARE BURGLARS.

A FEW DEVICES SOMEWHAT OUT OF THE COMMON RUN.

They May Happen to Frighten People Who Are Not Burglars, but There Is No Doubt That Most of Them Are Calculated to Scare Every Time.

A little party of women, brought together last week by a family reunion over in Brooklyn, had under debate a communication recently printed in The Sun respecting domestic devices to serve as burglar alarms.

"We believe in tin," said one. "John cut a little groove like half of an auger hole across the tops of the front and back doors, a few inches back from the outer edge, and before we go to bed we poke into each one a stick supporting some old tinware on the extreme end. A leaky watering pot, with some old tin cups inside, hangs on one, and on the other an old dishpan, with a couple of baking tins tied to it. So long as the door stays shut nothing happens, but if it is pushed open the least mite of a crack down comes the tinware with a clatter fit to wake up everybody in the ward."

"That's all well enough for your doors, but how about the windows? A thief can open one of these new fangled catches by poking a table knife up between the sashes, as easy as you'd say scat."

"But that wouldn't open our windows. John has bored holes slanting in through the window casing into the sashes and put long iron pins in them. It is just as if every window was nailed fast, and a burglar, to get in, would have to cut away the whole sash."

"Did any of you ever try newspapers?" asked another. "No? Well, let me assure you, from my own experience, there is nothing better. Lay one or two dry newspaper sheets in the lower hall and pin a couple on the stairs. It is impossible to step on them without making a noise that, in the stillness of night, would surprise you if you never tried it before. And you can't pick them up or fold them or slide them out of the way or step over them without more noise. As for the ones on the stairs, they are simply the thief's despair. My husband laughed at me when I first put them down, but within a week, as it happened, their efficacy was proved. I was awakened one night by the rustling of paper in the hall below and awoke my husband. We lay quiet and listened. Presently there was another rustle. Then a long silence. Then more rustling, and as the sound of it died away we could hear somebody swearing in a whisper. It was so funny that my husband burst into a roar of laughter, and the fellow down stairs jerked the front door open and fled."

"I don't think scaring a burglar away is enough punishment for him," commented an elderly woman. "He ought to be hurt somehow. Mr. B. thinks so, too, and his 'warm welcome for the uninvited' is something that, as he says, 'just about fills the bill.' The bolts on our front door and the arc light before it free us of all apprehensions of attack from that direction, but twice our house was entered by petty thieves through the back door, which faces a dark garden and is in the shadow of a vine covered porch. The second time inspired Mr. B. with an idea. At one side of the door, about the height of a man's face, he fastened to the wall a springy bamboo cane, with a tin cup wired to its free end. During the day it can be turned up on the wall out of the way, but at night, when he sets it for business, it is sprung out about 1½ feet and held there by a short stick and a figure 4 trigger so set that opening the door will trip it. The tin cup, I omitted to mention, holds a good ounce of cayenne pepper.

"For a month after Mr. B. rigged that contrivance up nothing happened, and he was getting low spirited over the neglect of the burglars to take note of his new invention. Then, one night, the sharp 'spang' of the cane against the wall rang sharply all through the house and woke us up. That was followed immediately by language on the back porch fit to make your blood run cold. We got to the window in time to see two men in the garden, one leading the other, who was howling and swearing terribly. We fancied that some of the pepper had got into his eyes. Before Mr. B. could get his pistol they had disappeared in the shrubbery, and we have not been troubled since."

"That trigger, set to go off when the door was opened," remarked another woman, "reminds me of a horrid thing my husband brought home with him from a trip out west last year. It was like a pistol barrel, with a long screw on one side for fixing it to the door frame and a long spring on the other to project over the edge of the door. A little touch would make the spring fall hard on a cap and fire the thing off. The first night after Jack got home, when I was setting a chair upside down against the door, as I always did, he stopped me and put on his new contraption. When I got up first in the morning, as usual, I had forgotten all about that thing, which was down as low as my knees, and did not notice it when I went to go out. Then it suddenly seemed to me as if the world had exploded. The thing had worked all right, and in addition to making a noise louder than the sunset gun at the fort, had riddled the vestibule wall with buckshot. Jack said 'it would have filled a burglar's legs with lead,' and I believed him, but I never would allow him to put it on the door again. One such scare is enough for a lifetime."—New York Sun.

His English Fit.

"What makes the rhinoceros so sulky today?" asked the gnu.

"Some one told him his clothes did not fit him," explained the springbok.

"Dear me! And he is very angry at that? He is so thin skinned."—Indianapolis Journal.

SACRED RUNNING OXEN.

They Are the Greatest Curiosities Among Ceylon's Domesticated Animals.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 inches, or 2½ feet in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, and which is still living and believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only 22 inches high and weights but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two wheeled cart and a 200 pound load of miscellaneous matter 60 to 70 miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either feed or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk; that a Buddhistic priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used for a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison wall. The stone in question was exactly 2½ feet square.

It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30 inch square opening and miraculously passed through it.

The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon, which never grow too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the night when he miraculously escaped on the back of the first of the famous dwarfed oxen.—St. Louis Republic.

Recollections of Bismarck's Wartime.

In the columns of The Kreuzzeitung Herr Andrae, a well known Conservative politician and friend of Prince Bismarck, gives some interesting recollections of the period of the war of 1870. He says: "Bismarck read on the 9th of July the speech delivered by the Duke of Grammont on the 6th. He was at dinner and handed the newspaper to his wife, with the words: 'The Duke of Grammont must have soon got tired of his office. I shall, of course, have to ask for his resignation.' Later in the evening, while walking in the park at Varzin and thinking of the matter, the idea suddenly came to him, 'Napoleon wants war, and Grammont's speech was dictated by him.'

"He went to his room, his first thought being to telegraph to the king, at Ems, as follows, 'It would be best to mobilize at once, declare war and attack before France is prepared.' His nerves were strung to the highest tension, and he passed a sleepless night. Lying awake, thinking, there crossed his mind the text, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' 'So that won't do,' he said to himself. Then all the political consequences of his contemplated action became clear to him, and he ended by casting the first message aside and telegraphing to King William simply not to pledge himself to anything with Benedetti, who, if he became pressing, was to be told, 'My minister of foreign affairs is at Varzin.'"—London News.

A Triumph of Elementary Education.

The following little incident happened in a London suburb: A bootmaker's apprentice, a lad of about 14, delivered a pair of boots at a tradesman's house. The tradesman's wife, accustomed to orderly business ways, asked the lad, after handing him the money for the boots, to receipt the bill. At this request the lad showed the greatest confusion, so that the woman, to reassure him, said, "Just receipt it, as a matter of business." Whereupon he wrote laboriously something on the paper. In the evening, when the tradesman examined the papers on the spike, he came upon a bootmaker's bill, at the foot of which was written in large letters in a schoolboy hand, "As a matter of business." It was the youthful apprentice's literal interpretation of the demand for a receipt as a matter of business.—Westminster Review.

AT THE MERCY OF A CATARACT.

Perilous Adventure of an Acrobat Under the Niagara Falls.

"I was pretty near heaven for half an hour," said H. C. Prentice, the acrobat.

Acrobat Prentice's remark just quoted was the prelude to the story he told the Buffalo Express reporter of his adventures while viewing Niagara falls for the first time.

Mr. Prentice and Thomas Adamson went to the falls, and they tried to keep together as they went from point to point viewing all the famous spots about the cataract. They spent an hour or so in viewing the falls from above, and then they put on rubber suits and started below. They went down the elevator and then down the stairway to the rocks. After a time they concluded that they had seen all that was to be seen below, and were upon the point of returning when Prentice told Adamson to go and ask one of the guides if there were anything else to be seen down there. Mr. Adamson turned about and went to hunt for the guide. He was gone about five minutes, and when he came back his friend Prentice was missing. Adamson was puzzled at the disappearance of Prentice. Adamson had spent about half an hour looking for Prentice, when the news reached him that his companion had been found down between the rocks up to his neck in water. In a few minutes after this news reached Adamson he was joined by Prentice, who told of his experiences after Adamson had left him to look for the guide.

Mr. Prentice said that after Adamson turned back he thought he would walk down into a gully between the rocks. He noticed that it was comparatively dry there. He was therefore considerably surprised soon after he got down into the gully to have a stream of water two feet deep and moving with great violence strike him in the back of the legs. The stream was so strong that it staggered him, and to avoid being swept from his feet and carried on into the river he crouched down in an angle of one of the rocks, with his back to the torrent and braced himself to resist the power of the stream that had cut off his line of retreat. He had hold of the edge of the rock with his hands and he did not dare to let go for fear the current would sweep him out from behind the angle. He yelled for help, but the noise of the water drowned his cries. At one time he looked over the edge of the rock and saw the Maid of the Mist 100 feet away in the river. He shook his head, hoping that the passengers on the little boat would notice the motion, but no one saw him.

After he crouched down behind the rock the water washed over his body up to his neck. He was on the point of giving up when a stranger who had also come down to the rocks saw him and notified the guides. Prentice was hauled out with a pole. The stream of water that surprised him came from a millrace that is closed part of the time.

BROKEN HEARTS IN FRANCE.

Held of Less Account by the Law Than Broken Legs.

In no instance does the profound difference of national character in England and France appear more striking, says our Paris correspondent, than in the views held on both sides of the channel regarding breach of promise. Of course engagements are broken off in France as well as in England, but it is only in England that heavier damages are awarded for a broken heart than for a broken leg. The offense is all but unknown in the French law courts, whether it is that Frenchmen are less inclined to it or that the French girl dislikes bringing her sentimental troubles into court. To show English readers how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject it is enough to say that a young lady who attempted to turn her wounded feelings into cash would be regarded as only a degree less mean than the faithless man.

The very small number of suits for breach of promise have always been supported by a plea that the lady was put to expense, and there must be besides evidence of an intent to deceive. Damages in any case are very small beside the royal amounts awarded by English juries. Recently an action for breach of promise a l'Anglaise was brought into the Third Paris police court. The lady and her father, as nearest friend, produced a bill showing that they were £50 out of pocket for the broken engagement. They might have had this; but, badly advised, they put on another item of £350 for the moral prejudice. The French judge did not understand this, and he dismissed the case.—London News.

Napoleon's Statement About Enghien.

When Napoleon was on his deathbed, a maladroit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting 60 assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

Kleptophotography.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?

She—Of course I do. Would I miss anything like that?

He—Well, you want to watch him. He'll take anything in sight.

She—Gracious. Is he a kleptomaniac?

He—No. He's an amateur photographer.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PASEO.

The wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms and alamos.
In brave attire there walk, between,
Jose, Andres and Agustin.

Andres, Jose and Agustin
Stroll down the alameda slow
'Neath spreading boughs with plats between
Where rose and belled granada grow.
Tall gray sombreros, silver trimmed,
Bedecked with spangles, ample brimmed,
Shade from bright rays by clouds undimmed
The eyes of all.

They loiter on with airy grace,
A turn of head this way and that,
While sparkling smiles light up the face
Accenting gay, theatric chat.
Their jaunty jackets reach the waist,
With rows of buttons closely placed,
And braided trousers, tightly laced,
Costumes complete.

A greater charm is found by far
Than shade, bright flowers and tropic weather
In Juana, Inez and Leonor,
All pretty maids who drive together,
Clear olive faces, lips of red—
But back of them the warder's head,
The duena, accredited
For watchful eyes.

The wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms and alamos.
In brave attire there walk between,
Jose, Andres and Agustin.
—L. W. Green in "Land of Sunshine."

THE CIRCUS RING.

It Is Always Exactly Forty-two Feet Nine Inches In Diameter.

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged. It is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diverging trips to the frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic. Wherever their wanderings bring them they must find the ring always the same, else they will be disturbed in their performance, if not really rendered incapable. Trained to the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have grown used—worn, one might say—to the exact angle of declivity toward the center of the ring which the radius of 21 feet and a given speed produce.

The mound on the circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the driver. As for speed, that, after the horse has gone round two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the act. In fact, a strap generally holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder, but the horse knows just how much this empty show means and jogs on at the same old pace until, with the last jump through a tissue balloon, the act is ended.—Exchange.

The Roman Legionary.

The Roman legionary is a personage of remarkable interest. He is indeed the first soldier whom we seem to recognize as such—a disciplined man of the highest training, with pride in himself, confidence in his leaders and considerable esprit de corps; in fact, a warrior whom the modern soldier can take to his heart. There were legions and legions, of course, as in modern armies there are regiments and regiments. Some indeed, like the famous Tenth, enjoyed even a nickname, "The Larks" (Alauda). The men, if we are to believe Vegetius, suffering from the same weaknesses, could be raised by the same means to the same excellence as the veterans of the peninsula war. As to the lighter moods of the Roman legionary, are they not immortalized in the name of a Roman emperor?

Tacitus tell us how Germanicus, always a popular general, having had a son born to him in the camp, dressed the lad like a little soldier, complete even to his boots (caliga), in the hope of pleasing his men. The men of course made a pet of him and called him Caligula, or Little Boots, and it is by his camp nickname of Little Boots that Claudius, son of Germanicus, lives in history to this day. It is a curious example of the persistence in the nature of fighting men. Cochrane's rough Chilean sailors dressed up his 5-year-old son as a tiny midshipman and made a pet of him in the same way.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Roses In a Tomb Five Thousand Years Old.

Flinders Petrie, the archæologist, while excavating among some ancient Egyptian tombs, found a wreath of roses which had been bound into a garland and buried with the dead thousands of years ago. M. Crepin, the botanist and microscopist, made a careful examination of this queer find and prepared a paper on it, which he read before the Royal society of Belgium. From this paper it appears that in places where the flowers were matted together they still retained their color as well as a very faint odor. The species to which they belong is now extinct, but a rose resembling them in several particulars is still grown in Egypt and Abyssinia.—St. Louis Republic.

Have You a Shoe Tree?

The fashionable woman who does not own a shoe tree in these days is far behind the times. These "trees" are rather expensive. They must be carefully made from the last of the shoes they are to hold. They cost $5 a pair, and one must have one less pair than she has slippers and shoes. With ordinary usage they are indestructible. They keep the footgear in excellent shape and condition for the longest possible term of usefulness.

I have also seen the world, and after long experience have discovered that ennui is our greatest enemy and remunerative labor our most lasting friend.—Justus Moser.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise for temperance.—Addison.

WHEN RICHARD LOVELACE CAME TO WOO.

The feet of time make fast their pace,
And we, like players in a play,
Strut up and down our little space
And act our parts as best we may.
Alas! Alack, and well a day!
The stage is dight in somber hue,
Where once that stately vogue held sway,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

And much we marvel as we trace
The feuds and foibles passed away,
While pomp of power and pride of place
Troop down the years in grand array.
In court and camp, in fete and fray,
Fickle and flippant, stanch and true,
Such were the gallants, bold and gay,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

In doublet fine and frills of lace,
The lover sought his suit to pay,
With such a form and such a face,
Who could resist his plea, I pray?
And then that tender roundelay,
So like a wood dove's plaintive coo
Sweet Lucy could not say him nay,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

ENVOY.

Ho, Kentish towers! Your lordly race
Had swords to draw and deeds to do,
In that eventful year of grace,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo!
—L. H. Foote in Overland Monthly.

A VALUABLE DIME.

Ten Cent Pieces Coined In San Francisco In 1894 Are Worth $5 Each.

Whoever has a dime of 1894 coined by the San Francisco mint has a coin for which $5 has already been offered, and when all the facts are known regarding its scarcity it is not unlikely that it will command a much higher premium.

Inquiry at the mint elicited the information that during the fiscal year of 1894 only 24 dimes were coined at the San Francisco mint. How this came about was told by Chief Clerk Robert Barnett.

"All undercurrent subsidiary coins—viz, those containing other than the design now being used—when received at the subtreasury are not again allowed to go into circulation, but are sent to the mint to be recoined with the current design. In the course of the year 1894 we received a large sum in these coins, but having an ample stock of dimes on hand it was not intended to coin any of that denomination in 1894. However, when nearly all of this subsidiary coin bullion had been utilized, we found on our hands a quantity that would coin to advantage only into dimes, and into dimes it was coined, making just 24 of them.

"My attention was first drawn to the matter particularly by the receipt of a letter from a collector somewhere east requesting a set of the coins of 1894. In filling this order I found there were no dimes of that date on hand. Subsequently I received quite a number of similar letters and in each case was of course unable to furnish them.

"Plenty of dimes were coined that year at Philadelphia and New Orleans mints, but there are many collectors who accumulate the coinage of each mint, as each has its distinguishing mark. Those coined here bear a letter S under the eagle. New Orleans uses the letter O and Carson City the letter C, while Philadelphia coins are identified by the absence of the letter.

"We receive each year about 50 requests from coin collectors for coins, mostly for those of silver."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Lincoln's Good Breeding.

The writer remembers very well to have heard a very fastidious lady, a member of the Speed household, say that, though at that time Lincoln had none of the polish and gracefulness to be expected from those acquainted with the usages of society, he was one of nature's gentlemen because of his kindliness of heart and innate refinement. And after saying this she recalled an instance of real good manners on his part. At dinner there was a saddle of mutton. The servant after handing the roast passed a glass of jelly. Mr. Lincoln took the glass and ate the jelly from it. The servant got another glass and passed it around. Mr. Lincoln noticed that the others at table merely took a spoonful. Without embarrassment or apology he laughed quietly and remarked, "I seem to have taken more than my share," and then he went on with his dinner. Most persons, this lady thought, after committing such a solecism would have been covered with confusion and profuse in apologies.—John Gilmer Speed in Ladies' Home Journal.

Beggars Bothered the Bostonian.

Last week a citizen of Boston was "touched for a dime" four times in walking two blocks on Broadway, New York. All of the beggars were well dressed. It was rainy, and two of them had silk umbrellas. One of them sported a watch chain, while the tops of a couple of cigars stuck out the vest pocket of another. How such men have the nerve to beg on the street in a brisk, businesslike way is a mystery to a man from Boston.—Boston Post.

Equal to the Occasion.

Mrs. Luhm, an Oshkosh (Wis.) woman, had arranged to have an addition built to her barn, but a neighbor threatened to enjoin her from building. She was equal to the occasion. During the night she hired 20 carpenters, and with the aid of an electric light the building was erected before day broke.

There is an English superstition alluded to by Milton that when cats wash their faces and lick their bodies more frequently than usual a change in the weather is imminent and that rain with wind may be anticipated.

Eve must have felt that she had lost one of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

MINING OF PHOSPHATES.

Where Deposits Are Found and How They Are Prepared.

The Florida phosphate deposits are of great importance, yet their existence was discovered so recently and their extent is still so uncertain that few persons not engaged in the sale of fertilizing materials have much knowledge of the large industry which has sprung up in the Peninsular State. It has practically created a new city—Ocala—which had a population of but a few hundred in 1870, but is now a thriving business center with modern improvements, banking facilities and ample railway and transportation facilities. Engineering, the leading engineering journal of the world, makes the following statements concerning the region, which are of considerable interest as coming from an unbiased source: "There is no phosphate region in the world known today that possesses so many advantages for successful mining as the Florida deposits. The grade of material is the highest average that is being worked anywhere. The facilities for moving the products to points for distribution are good. The average distance from mines to ports for shipments is about 150 miles.

"The distributing stations for the hard rock district are Port Tampa, Fernandina, Brunswick and Savannah, the largest tonnage being moved from Fernandina, where storage bins are located and loading facilities are good. Port Tampa, the terminus of the Plant system of railroads, is constantly adding facilities for prompt handling of cargoes of phosphate and at present very nearly equals Fernandina in the amount of its shipments. Railroad are numerous and cheaply constructed when necessary to extend them into new sections. The machinery needed to mine and prepare the material is simple and inexpensive compared with that generally used in other mining operations, and the cost of a plant with sufficient land to work upon is within the reach of small investors. The working days at the mines are about 280 during the year. The climate is healthful, laborers readily obtained at a fair compensation, and skilled operatives are at hand who are becoming familiar with the business.

"The mining camps are generally well regulated, and proprietors and employees can reside at the mines with safety and with little inconvenience, as supplies of all kinds can be readily obtained at the towns located in the near vicinity of all the large mining fields. Telegraph and mail facilities are within easy access of nearly every mining camp in the state. Florida phosphates are mostly shipped to European ports and are manufactured into fertilizers in England, Ireland, Germany, France, and quite recently shipments have been made to the Sandwich Islands. Foreign agents of consumers and dealers in phosphates have their offices near the center of production, and contracts for delivery and prices are commonly fixed at points of shipment, the material being sold at a price per unit of its contents of phosphate of lime. The Florida phosphates are all used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers and superphosphate."—Boston Transcript.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Finds It Hard to Accustom Himself to Ordinary Hours of Living.

"My chief trouble now," said the retired burglar, "is about my hours. I have been so long accustomed to working nights and sleeping days that I find it difficult to change back to the hours of other folks. Instead of having my breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning I have it at 7 o'clock in the evening. Some folks make their dinner the last meal in the day, but I never could get used to that. I can sleep better on a light meal, so I have my dinner in the middle of the day—I mean the middle of the night—and my supper about 5 o'clock in the morning.

"This schedule works all right for the first half of the night. There's plenty of life then, and I can go to the theater and one place and another, but after dinner, I must say, I find it pretty tedious. When I was at work and my mind was occupied, I never thought anything about it, but now it is different. This is a bigger town than it used to be, and it's open all night. There's plenty of occupations nowadays that people work at all night, but the people that work at 'em are working at 'em. You don't see 'em around the streets, and the general fact remains that most people work days and sleep nights, and the cold fact is that from dinner time to supper time I feel sort o' lost.

"But I'm not discouraged. I don't suppose I could change the habits of a lifetime in a minute, and I shall just keep on trying till I get my hours shifted around again like other people's."—New York Sun.

Trunk Labels.

"I wish you would have a porter come up and wash the labels off my trunks," remarked a well dressed man as he signed his name to the book at the Continental last night. The guest as he spoke pointed to three big trunks that stood in the baggage room. The trunks were covered with the various labels that indicated that they had made a long continental journey. In days gone by these labels were the proper thing, and the man just home from Europe considered those glaring tags as almost sacred. But fashion has changed this year, thanks of the Prince of Wales setting the pace, and now these glaring showbills indicative of travel are no longer in vogue.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Redeeming Feature.

A.—My dwelling is bounded on the north by a gas works, on the south by an india rubber works, on the west by a vinegar manufactory and on the east by a glue boiling establishment.

B.—A nice neighborhood, I must say.

A.—Quite so; but it has one advantage. I can always tell which way the wind blows without looking at the weathercock.—Humoristische Blatter.

What Victoria Could Do.

As a matter of fact, our sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III's time, but they could still do some very astonishing things if they chose. The queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in our army, from the commander in chief to the youngest drummer boy. She could disband the navy in the same way, and sell all our ships, stores and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign country, or make a present to any foreign power of any part of the empire. She could make every man, woman and child in the country a peer of the realm, with the right, in the case of males who are of age, to a seat in the house of lords.

With a single word she could dismiss any government that happened to be in power, and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our jails. These are a few of the things the queen could do if she liked, but it is not necessary to say that her majesty never acts in matters of state except on the advice of the government for the time being.—London Tit-Bits.

A Welcome Usher of '96.

The beginning of the new year will have a welcome usher in the shape of a fresh Almanac, descriptive of the origin, nature and uses of the national tonic and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Combined with the descriptive matter will be found calendar and astronomical calculations absolutely reliable for correctness, statistics, illustrations, verses carefully selected, and other mental food highly profitable and entertaining. On this pamphlet, published and printed annually by The Hostetter Company, of Pittsburgh, 60 hands are employed in the mechanical department alone. Eleven months are devoted to its preparation. It is procurable free, of druggists and country dealers everywhere, and is printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Welsh, Norwegian, Holland, Swedish and Bohemian.

William Bain, a coalminer of Stotts City, Mo., who believed that he swallowed a silver dollar while asleep and came to Kansas City several weeks ago to have the doctors search his anatomy for it, will probably go down to his grave without the satisfaction of knowing whether he was the victim of an overheated imagination, or whether he really swallowed the coin. After the doctors had cut him open and examined the corners of his stomach to see where the dollar was concealed, they concluded that he had not swallowed it and sewed him up, but William said he knew he had gulped it down. He has gone back to Stotts City and taken his dollar with him, as he believes. The surgeons who searched his internal regions, thoroughly and were unable to find a cent, are inclined to believe it a case of strong imagination. Baine went to sleep in a chair with the coin in his mouth. A violent fit of coughing followed his awakening. He believes it was caused by swallowing the silver coin.

SLEEPY, DULL, languid and morose, is the way you feel when your liver fails to do its work properly; in consequence you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, and dyspepsia. You have a "don't care" spirit and a "played out" feeling, and everything tires you.

To set the liver in action, purify and enrich the blood, and to strengthen and vitalize the whole system, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Having a peculiar tonic effect upon the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, it makes a lasting cure of all stomach, liver and bowel disorders. By increasing the blood supply, as well as enriching it, all the organs of the body are strengthened, and the nerves are fed on pure, rich blood.

Neuralgia is the "cry of the starved nerves for food"; nervous debility and exhaustion, sleeplessness and nervous prostration are in most instances the direct result of a starved condition of the blood. The true way to cure these ailments permanently is to take the "Golden Medical Discovery," which was discovered and prescribed by an eminent physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, at present chief consulting physician and specialist to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. If you want a medical opinion on your case, write him. It will cost you nothing.

A Book of 136 pages on "Diseases of the Digestive Organs," will be mailed to any address on receipt of postage, six cents. It contains names, addresses and reproduced photographs of a vast number of people who have been cured of dyspepsia, "liver complaint," chronic diarrhœa, and kindred ailments by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

"LIVER COMPLAINT."
Climax, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.
DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—A few of my symptoms were heartburn and fullness after eating; sometimes pain in my bowels and bad taste in my mouth; sometimes I was feverish, with hot flushes over skin. After taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" I was relieved of all these symptoms and I feel perfectly well. Yours truly,
Charles Book.

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Luxury, Good Cheer, Hospitality, Delightful and Healthful Pastimes, Matchless Mountain Scenery.

SWEET BRIER CAMP.

Established last year in a romantic dell of the Sacramento Canyon, just below and in full view of grand old Shasta. It was a great hit, and promises even more encouraging results for the present year. T. J. LOFTUS, at Castella, is still in charge and will answer all inquiries.

A new candidate for public favor this year is

SHASTA VICINO CAMP

Also in the Shasta region, about a mile and a half from Dunsmuir. It is a genuine paradise for hunters, fishers and seekers of health and pleasure. Easy to reach (near the railroad), sightly, and all the necessities of camp life easily procurable.

All inquiries about Shasta Vicino Camp, if addressed to W. C. Gray, box 4, Dunsmuir, Cal., will receive prompt attention.

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