

Scraps of News.

Portland has raised its saloon license to \$600.

Canada is responsible for injecting a bad scandal into the South African war.

It must have been the earthquake that jarred down the last spell of zero weather.

Court etiquette will permit Prince Henry to spend a week in America before he officially arrives.

When he reviews the Missouri troops at Kansas City, will Gen. Funston's thoughts revert to Aguinaldo?

The proposition for a salary of \$25,000 a year to ex-Presidents has already encountered a veto from Grover Cleveland.

London capitalists have taken a flyer in the petroleum market at Beaumont. Of course, it was in the Spindle Top district.

As an incidental diversion Sig. Marconi is going to see what his wireless invention can do in the way of transmitting comic valentines.

If the consolidation of railroad and steamship lines shall continue at the present rate, a system pass will soon be good for a trip around the world.

The United States liberated Cuba and paid the cost, but can not undertake to coddle the island at the expense of sound general principles of government.

The work of Christianizing the West Indian islands will not be difficult to accomplish, as more than one-half of the inhabitants are said to be religious.

Senator Mason is fixing his fences throughout the state of Illinois, but in doing so he will leave ample and convenient lanes for the free delivery routes.

A constant demand is made for cheap transportation, and yet when the railroads resort to rate-cutting the interstate commerce commission gets after them.

The Kaiser's brass band will accompany Prince Henry on his American trip. This will give us an opportunity to hear how the "Star Spangled Banner" sounds in German.

Although unwilling to admit it, some of the English women who are to assist in the coronation of King Edward can hark back to the coronation of Queen Victoria sixty-five years ago.

"There are too many babies in the world!" shrieks Susan B. Anthony. The good lady should calm herself. Nobody ever charged her with any of the responsibility for this state of affairs.

Governor McBride, of Washington, has made a new move in his war on the railroad lobby. He has announced his intention to dismiss any state employee who accepts a pass over a railroad, and declares he will crush out the lobby.

The young man who chooses dairying as a profession is apt to succeed. The dairy farmer seldom fails to make a good living and lay by something for the future, in spite of many mistakes and wrong methods employed. It is a sure business.

Klickitaters have been enjoying good sleighing for the past two weeks. The river is frozen over at Grants and The Dalles, and mail for that county is taken over on ice. Freight is accumulating at Grants, and cannot be brought over until the ice goes out of the river.

The recent cold worked havoc among Chinese pheasants. Hundreds perished from starvation near Hillsboro. Many are so poor that they cannot fly. It is no uncommon thing for farmers to pick them up and place them in chicken-yards. The young ones seem to have suffered the most.

The Hirsch syndicate, which is boring for oil over in Malheur county, near Vale, has encountered such a heavy flow of water that all operations had to be suspended until a section of casing about 50 feet long could be made. The casing will be put down in the well to the place where the vein of water was struck, thus shutting off the water, so that the work of boring can be continued.

The Hindoo twins, Radica and Dor-dina, who were united in a manner similar to the Siamese twins, who were exhibited throughout the world, were separated by Dr. Doyon. The operation lasted 20 minutes and was successful, but owing to the weak condition of the patients, due to the illness of one of the twins, who has been suffering from thrush, the final result of the operation is still doubtful.

T. G. Halley, prosecuting attorney, also the Mayor of Pendleton, has received a copy of a resolution adopted by the Umatilla County Sunday School Association, at Athena, asking him to suppress all Sunday baseball and other games this summer. The association also signed unanimously a petition to the O. R. & N. Co., asking that company to cease running Sunday excursion trains to baseball games and other places and occasions of Sunday amusements.

The Kentucky jury of twelve Democrats who have just tried Jim Howard for the murder of Goebel voted for imprisonment for life instead of capital punishment. If they had decided to hang Howard it might have been inferred that the murderer of Goebel had been found. But the gang who are making political capital out of the assassination would regard the identification of the man who fired the shot as the worst of calamities.

Dr. Maud Allen, formerly of Portland, Or., a medical missionary from India, who arrived on the steamer Doric, after an absence of seven years, says that it is foolish for the American people to send ships full of wheat for the succor of the famine sufferers, because there is never any real dearth of cereals in that empire. It is the rapacity of the money-lenders that starves the suffering natives at the time that India is actually exporting wheat to other countries.

Addressing the Senate, Teller said he was not going to be disturbed by the unparliamentary and indecent charge made against those who do not agree with the Administration's policy, that they are unpatriotic and have not the public welfare at heart. "Because I stand here with words of sympathy for the Filipinos," said he, "I am not guilty of treason, as has been charged against a Senator in this chamber." Teller said that in 1898 the question was raised as to whether the Constitution of the United States by its own force went into operation in the Philippines. He expressed an opinion that it did not, and it could not until Congress put it there by a positive declaration of law. He maintained, however, that the Constitution ought to be extended over the Philippines, so that the inhabitants of the islands should have all the protection afforded by that great document.

Miners Crushed to Death. BUTTE, MONT., Feb. 9.—In a cave-in in the Diamond mine, one of the Amalgamated properties, two men, Jerry J. Conroy and Richard Williams, were crushed to death early this morning. Without a sign of warning an immense mass of rock, weighing over 75 tons, fell upon the men, burying them completely. Many responded to the call of rescue, but the mass covering them was of such proportions that it took five hours to reach the two men. The bodies of both were badly mangled.

It is believed that a previous blast had jarred the fissure of the overhanging walls, and that the weight of the rock was more than the timbers could stand. On the floor above two miners escaped injury.

The Captain Kept His Wits. NEW WHATCOM, Wash., Feb. 10.—When about half way through Deception Pass, the most dangerous of the Puget Sound passes, the steamer Dode, Captain Wiman, lost her rudder, at 2:30 o'clock this morning. She was close to the rocky north side at the time, and the tide, which was surging in, swung her against it. Captain Wiman signaled for "full steam ahead," and was able to hold the steamer's nose in such a position against the rocks that she was kept from swinging clear and drifting across the pass to possible destruction. For two hours the steamer kept this position.

Then the tide changed and she was enabled to drift to a place of anchorage, where an hour later her passengers were taken off by a passing steamer. A statement was signed by all the passengers expressing their admiration of the captain in rescuing them from what they termed a "most perilous situation."

Oldest Inhabitant of State Dead. SHERWOOD, Feb. 10.—Mrs. Nancy Jane Roberts, who was undoubtedly the oldest woman in Oregon, died recently at the home of Matt Baker, near Hood View, three miles from Sherwood, at the advanced age of 109 years. She was in what is now the State of Missouri in 1793.

Mrs. Roberts was born in the year of the great revolution in France, and while Washington was serving the first year of his second term as President of the United States, and six years prior to his death.

She emigrated to Oregon, with her family in the year 1832, and settled in the Willamette Valley, where she has resided ever since.

Her husband died about 30 years ago at a very old age, since which time she has made her home with her married sons and daughters, residing in this vicinity. She was a great-great-grandmother and at her death, her eldest son now living (an older son having died a number of years ago), was a hale, hearty old gentleman, with a large family and 71 years of age.

Mrs. Roberts has been totally blind, partially deaf and helpless for a number of years past, and owing to her personal appearance has avoided coming in contact with strangers, preferring the privacy of her own apartments. The gradual failure of her mental and physical powers has been apparent for a number of years, however, up to the time of her death she was able to converse intelligently for one of her impaired mental capacity.

Her death terminates the career of probably the last of the contemporaries

of Washington and the founders of the Republic. The body was buried at the beautiful Pleasant Hill Cemetery in Clackamas county.

War Week in Transvaal. LONDON, Feb. 10.—A report received today from Lord Kitchener at Pretoria shows last week to have been the liveliest week, with the heaviest losses on both sides, for several months past. Lord Kitchener gives the Boer casualties a total of 69 killed, 57 surrendered and 574 taken prisoners. The British captured 480 rifles, one pom pom and the usual grist of munitions and livestock.

The most serious British loss during the week was the capture of 60 donkey wagons, convoyed by 160 troops. At a point 30 miles from Beaufort West, Cape Colony, the enemy swept down on the donkey wagons and cut up the convoy before assistance arrived. They were able to remove only 12 of the wagons, and burned the rest. In this engagement the British lost two officers and 11 killed and one officer and 47 men wounded, while the Boers lost 24 killed and 45 wounded.

The Boers also rushed a detachment of 100 men of Colonel Doran's column, the night of February 3, when the British lost three officers and seven men killed and 17 men wounded.

Von Dones surprised Potgieter's laager near Wolmarstadt, Transvaal Colony, on February 7, killing three Boers and capturing 36, as well as 25 wagons and livestock.

Serious Fires and Loss of Life. PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 9.—A great fire swept through Paterson today and in its desolate wake are the embers and ashes of property valued at \$10,000,000. It burned its way through the business section of the city and claimed as its own a majority of the finer structures devoted to commercial, civic, educational and religious use, as well as scores of houses. There was but small tribute of life and injury to the conflagration, but thousands were left homeless and many thousands without employment.

A relief movement for the care of those unsheltered and unprovided for has already been organized and Mayor John Hinchliffe said to-night that Paterson would be able to care for her own without appealing to the charity of other communities and states. The great manufacturing plants of the place are safe and the community, temporarily dazed by the calamity, has already commenced the work of reorganization and restoration.

The fire came at midnight and was only checked after a desperate fight that lasted until late this afternoon. Every city and town within reach of Paterson sent firemen and apparatus to the aid of the city, and it took the united efforts of them all to win the battle. A northerly gale gave the conflagration its impetus and carried its burning brands to kindle the blaze afresh at other points. The firemen made stand after stand before the wall of fire, but were repeatedly driven back, and when victory finally came to them they were grimed and exhausted.

St. Louis, Fed. 9.—An early morning fire, which destroyed the Empire Hotel, a large three-story dwelling house at 2700 and 2702 Olive street, occupied by men exclusively, caused the death of 11 persons—10 men and one woman—and dangerously injured seven others. A dozen or more who had narrow escapes from death received less serious injuries or were frost-bitten. It is estimated that between 35 and 40 persons were in the building last night, and it is believed all have been accounted for. The financial loss is nominal. It is thought that \$10,000 will cover the damage to building and contents, which were totally destroyed.

Long-Range Communication. NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The steamship Philadelphia, of the American Line, which arrived to-day, broke the record for having the longest communication with the land by means of the Marconi wireless telegraph system. February 1, the steamship was, at 12:15 p.m., a few miles off the Lizard. Messages were then exchanged and the telegraphing was kept up until midnight of the following day. The last message was sent when the Philadelphia was 150 miles distant from the island. This last message was a communication from the American Line officials in England to Captain Mills, of the Philadelphia. This is the longest distance at which wireless communication has ever been had between a ship and the land.

Because of the severe weather, the Philadelphia had to put into Cherbourg, where she was delayed for over 16 hours. The Marconi system was continually working while the vessel was lying to, the connections at all times being perfect.

Tillamook Headlight, The Best Home Newspaper.

GUNS PLACED ON SKATES.

Novel Contrivance of Warfare Suggested to Wintry Climate Used by the Canadian Artillery.

It is proverbial that necessity is the mother of invention, and certain it is that our Canadian cousins are not wanting in the latter capacity. In no direction is this fact more strongly in evidence than in their method of mounting their field batteries for winter use, says the London Mail.

During the winter months, when the whole country is frequently covered to the depth of several feet with a bed of treacherous snow, it is, of course, impossible to move wheeled artillery and ammunition wagons. As, however, intending invaders are by no means given to confining their efforts to summer campaigns, it became necessary to devise some means of getting over the difficulty. Happily, Canada had in the person of Artillery Maj. R. W. Rutherford a soldier of no little resource.

By a most ingenious design he has made it possible to mount the guns, gun-limbers, wagons and wagon-limbers upon a species of "hobsleigh," the whole arrangement being joined up by traces in the ordinary way by an operation occupying at the outside under five minutes.

The change from summer to winter guise can thus be made immediately a fall of snow has rendered the roads impassable for wheeled traffic, while the advantage in superior mobility over an unprepared enemy would be enormous, as the practically noiseless motion of the sleighs would bring the guns well into range without betraying the slightest hint of their approach.

Banana Pie. Line a pie pan with a crust and bake in a hot oven. When done cover the bottom with slices of bananas cut long and thin. Two small bananas are enough for one pie. Then fill the pan with the following custard: Two glasses of milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, which has been dissolved in a little milk; yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Boil this in a double boiler until it thickens, then pour in the pie pan. Cover the top with the whites of the eggs, and place in the oven just long enough to give it a rich, golden brown color.—Home Magazine.

Eggs with Green Peppers. Chop two large green peppers fine, first removing all the seeds. Put them into the chafing dish, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and after this has melted let the peppers cook for about two minutes. Beat up six eggs in a bowl with a scant cupful of milk. If it is half cream, so much the better. Put this into the chafing dish with the butter and peppers, cook until thick, season with a little salt and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

Sour Cream Cake. Mix one cupful of cream, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one cupful of flour into which a tablespoonful of soda has been sifted, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half a small nutmeg.—Brooklyn Eagle.

POWER IN WATER. How a Little Mountain Brook in New York State is Made to Give Up Light and Power.

The ease with which small streams of water can be turned to account for supplying electric light and power is well illustrated in an installation which has been completed at a sanitarium in the heart of the Sullivan county mountains, where a saving in fuel would naturally be of exceptional desirability. A brook which flows through the property is part of the headwaters of the Delaware river. It has a fall of 70 feet on the estate, but it is at best an exceedingly small stream. In order to get the water storage it was necessary to build a dam 250 feet across and 20 feet high. This made a basin of nearly a mile in area, and holds water enough to run the entire plant 32 days without rain. The dam was built entirely of stone hewn on the site. The sanitarium consists of six large frame buildings, built on various hills, and included in a radius of half a mile. Not only are all these buildings generously lighted within, but the grounds and walks are studded with 100-hour long-burning arcs, and the tourist coming suddenly on this distant mountain nook could imagine himself in a city suburb. The plant is running so successfully that it would seem worth the while of any large institution or other requiring light and power to investigate any water power no matter how unpretentious—in the vicinity. Such an installation as that mentioned should, with ordinary management, very quickly pay for itself in the saving of fuel and other advantages.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. A Recent Visitor Says That an Irishman Occupies It, and Will Not Admit Visitors.

While waiting a few minutes for my train, regretting that I could not give a day to Salem, but must reserve it for a later pilgrimage, says a correspondent of the Chicago Post, I talked to a droll, pessimistic expressionist standing by the tunnel which rushes up from the center of the street. In this very shadow of venerable grayness he recommended the Marine museum as the feature of the place. He said Witch Hill was nothing but rocks and tenement houses.

Hawthorne's house is lived in by Pat Wight and is a shabby front, with little paint left upon it. The tenant will not let tourists in, declaring that he would be tormented to death if he did. He turned away 25 college people in a body. It must have done Pat's soul good to shut out so much learning.

"The very last lot that he did let in," explained the expressionist, "told him he had no business to eat in the same room that Hawthorne ate in."

"Now, that settles it," said Pat. "Not another mother's son sets foot in my door to tell me where to eat."

"Yes, sir," continued the expressionist, "you can see the house where the witches were tried, and you can see the house of the seven gables, but there's not much to it except the seven gables."

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN. He Discourses Somewhat Interestingly on the Children's Joy of Swinging on the Gate.

"On the occasion of a recent visit to a smaller city," said the middle-aged man, according to the New York Sun, "I was, as I watched a youngster swinging on a gate, almost startled by the reflection that in such cities as our own most children never know what it is to swing on a gate, for the simple reason that they have no gates here to swing on."

"But in smaller cities and towns every boy swings on the gate. I remember very well swinging on the gate when I was a boy. We used to open the gate as wide as it would go and stand as near as possible to the outer edge of it so as to get the longest possible swing, and then step up and let it go. The latch would snap over the holder on the gate post as we swung past, and then we'd swing back, and so on, back and forth, the number of times depending on the weight of the child. Not infrequently two children would swing on the same gate; a perilous and exciting experience for them, if they were little folks, and one that they enjoyed hugely. But while it was fun for the children it was bad for the gate. Only the most robust and well-constructed gate in the heaviest sort of fences could stand it, and even such gates finally came, with the rest, to sag. The sagging gate marked a house blessed with children."

Victoria's Pagoda. It is not generally known that at Osborne there is a garden cottage in the shape of a pagoda, where none may enter except her majesty. This cottage holds nothing but mementoes of the late prince consort and relics of the queen's youth, as well as the toys and games of all her children, many of which the prince consort made himself, for he was no mean carpenter. There are also here wonderful fishes caught by the duke of Coburg in Canadian seas, birds and tigers shot by the prince of Wales while in India, a mummy case brought from Egypt and other precious curiosities that are dearly prized by the queen, who visits this family museum every day while at Osborne and sits among the remains of her own and her children's youth.

Gladstone Wept. Mr. Gladstone during the delivery of one of his great orations concerning the Bulgarian atrocities was so carried away by his feelings that tears coursed down his cheeks, and the flow of his eloquence was arrested for a few minutes so that he might recover his composure.

AN INDUSTRIOUS VOLCANO. The most active volcano in the world is Mount Sangay, 17,190 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1723.

ENGLAND CRAZY OVER CROQUET. Croquet, the revival of which in England was announced not long ago, is said to be making alarming strides, and in places to threaten the sovereignty of golf. They have made a new game of it—three times as difficult and scientific as the old—and the craze is on.

There are various kinds of hams-shakes," said Mr. Gozlezby, according to the New York Sun, "among them the pass-on shake, which is used at receptions and one place and another where there's lots of people coming up all the time and where it wouldn't be possible for the man that the people had come to see to stop and take half a day with each person. So, if the man in front gives signs of being a stayer, the man receiving shakes hands with him heartily and says: "Why, my dear sir, I am delighted to see you." He imparts to his hand at the same time, with what grace and skill and tact he can command, a slight sidewise motion, in the direction in which the line is moving. This is the pass-on shake.

"I got it once in church. Passing down the aisle after the service, I was met at the end by one of the officers who shook me cordially by the hand and spoke most pleasantly, giving me, however, the pass-on handshake. I think I didn't quite expect it. I sort of imagine that I had always thought it the Christian's duty to put up with anything, bores and anybody else, always, and wait the other man's pleasure and be more than patient, be agreeable and polite besides. But I don't think that just now. I think now, for instance, that a man would have no more right to block up a passage in a church and make other folks uncomfortable there than he would have anywhere else; and when such a man does some along, why, it is perfectly proper to give him, in due time, with firm but gentle kindness, the pass-on shake."

A RED MAN'S DRINK. Red Ink is a Favorite Beverage Among the Indians of Indian Territory.

Vigilant as the deputy marshals are in Indian territory, and drastic as the application of the prohibition law by the courts may be, several kinds of intoxication safely defy all statutory provisions. Amazing quantities of Jamaica ginger are consumed in the territory. The stores handle ginger as a legitimate drug. A teaspoonful will cause choking and coughing for several minutes in a throat unaccustomed to swallowing the powerful stuff. But there are men in the territory who drink two or three bottles a day with apparent satisfaction to their educated stomachs. More Jamaica ginger is sold in the Indian territory than in half a dozen states where whisky selling is licensed.

Red ink is another favorite territory tippie. This is not a nickname for something else. The ordinary red ink which the bookstores of the states sell, for writing purposes is a beverage in parts of this country. The ink drinker of cultivated tastes will buy bottles by the half dozen at a time and swallow the contents with relish. Essences which sell elsewhere for flavoring purposes are drinks under this civilization. Anything which has a basis of alcohol is in demand. Intoxication is craved and the stomach of the Indian territory drinker does not quarrel with the form in which it comes. Wood alcohol accounted poison in most parts of the country, is consumed in considerable quantities. The peddlers buy it in Oklahoma, dilute it with water, and sell it by the pint on this side of the line.

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A MODERN JONAH.

The Yacht That is Being Built in Land by a Man in Mary-land.

A steam launch 75 feet long, being built 2 1/2 miles from water, is the usual sight which may be seen on the road from Pomona to Quaker Neck, Kent county. The boat is building within a few feet of the public road, and many of the original timbers have rotted away during the tedious continuance of the work. About 15 years ago, says the Baltimore Sun, Capt. A. Judson, a man who had "gone down to the sea in ships" for many years, came to Kent and opened a store. After meriting and opening a store, he bought land for a short time the village of a pretty little home near the village of Pomona and started a sawmill. Finally the old sailor conceived the idea of building his yacht. The keel was laid, the ribs slowly assumed position, and winter and summer the work dragged on. Years passed. The first timbers began to decay, and before the completion of one part the timbers were of necessity replaced by new, and yet the pet scheme was not abandoned, and now the dry land ship is nearing completion. The yacht is to be 75 feet in length, 11 feet beam and 6 feet hold. She will be propelled by steam, and the captain says, will turn off 20 miles an hour. A cabin 45 feet in length will be built and fitted up for a long cruise, the intention of the captain being to revisit many scenes of his early sailor life. The puzzling question to the casual observer is: How is this craft to be gotten to the Chester river, more than two miles away? The captain says that with one horse the launch will be quickly and easily moved. The boat now has the deck on, and it is expected that the launch will be made next summer. The launching day will be made memorable, and the sponsor for the novel craft has already been chosen.

THE PASS-ON SHAKE. Mr. Gozlezby Makes a Few Scattering Observations Upon a Fresh Subject.

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