THE EVENING JOURNAL. 50 Cents a Month; contains all the news.

Damage on the Coast.

SELECTIONS

A GREAT CALL FOR CARS.

Orders from Cable and Electric Roads and in View of the World's Fair.

"There is a remarkable boom in car-building throughout the country just at present. "All the railroad companies are making great preparations for the World's fair at Chicago," said General Horace Porter, vice president of the Pullman Car company. "They anticipate an immense volume of travel to Chicago next year from every part of the country and also a very large influx of visitors from abroad. In anticipation of this largely increased passenger travel the railroad companies have been placing large orders for cars for some time past, and the result is that all the carbuilders are filled up with orders, and have at least all they can do until late in the spring to catch up with these orders.

"It is not only the railroads running to Chicago from New York and the east generally that are thus increasing their car equipment in anticipation of World's fair travel, but railroads in every part of the country are doing so. It would seem that they anticipate carrying not only the people of the United States to Chicago, but carrying foreign visitors all over and around the land.

"Then, too, a highly important factor in creating the present boom is the fact of so many street car companies all over the country changing their motive power from horses to electricity or cable, but I believe very largely to electricity. It is surprising—the extent to which this change is being made, as indicated by the orders for new cars. Of course such a change necessitates re-equipping the road with cars, and you will readily see that this means a vast amount of car-building and rebuilding."

This view was amply corroborated by the agents and officers of several other big carbuilding concerns. They all agree that this is a great year for car-building, and that practically all companies have enough orders on hand to keep them busy for some months.

"It is really remarkable," said the agent of one prominent company, "the extent to which electricity seems to be coming into use as a street car motive power. It was predicted that this year would be the biggest yet known in electric carbuilding. It has proved so, but the indications are that next year's output will largely exceed it. We have had to build another plant, almost doubling the size of our works, exclusively for building cars for electric street railroads. And I know this has been the case with several companies. Not only is electricity coming largely into use on old roads, but the growth of street car systems in towns, and short railroads connecting towns and villages, has increased at a surprising rate since electricity began to take its place as a practical means of railroad traction, and there is of course a corresponding increase in the carbuilding business. Electricity seems to be increasing traveling facilities and conveniences at a greater ratio even than it is superseding old methods of traction."—New York Sun.

The Use of Fat as a Food Threefold.

Liebig taught that fat split up in the body, and that the free carbon combined with the oxygen taken in in respiration to produce carbonic acid, and that it was by the act of respiratory combustion that the body heat was maintained. Fatty foods were hence considered necessary as heat producers. Recent investigations, however, show that though fat is split up and combined with oxygen in the production of heat, especially during muscular exercise, the process is effected in the tissues by the action of the cells, and not in the lungs as formerly taught.

The use of the fat is now regarded as threefold: To maintain the body heat. In cold latitudes, where the body is subject to rapid cooling, fatty foods become a necessity, so that the carbon may be easily supplied for combination with oxygen in consumption. Hence the Greenlander consumes large quantities of blubber and oil; To produce force. A muscular tissue is only produced at the cost of oxidation in the tissues; fat is rapidly burned off during exercise. If absent the tissues themselves would be wanted. To prevent the use of albumen. A purely albuminous diet is wasteful. It has been proved experimentally that a small amount of meat food taken in combination with bread and fat suffices to maintain the albuminous structures of the body better than an exclusively lean meat diet.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Tennyson's Letters.

Like other great men, Tennyson was pestered by correspondents. A lady once got his autograph in a clever manner. She wrote to him that she could not understand the meaning of one of his poems, and the poet's answer to her was: "Dear Madam—I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson." On another occasion a gentleman wrote to him asking his advice about some literary work, but failed to get any reply to his letter. He wrote again and again, until twenty letters had been sent. At last came this reply, "Dear Sir—It is a fact, alas, but no fancy, that half my letters are unopened."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Strange Nondescript.

Albert A. Agars, farmer, who lives near Eureka, Pa., owns a strange nondescript of the calf variety. The animal is about 2 years old, but has only grown to the size of a 6-months-old heifer. It has no tail, it is said its back rises into a hump, its nose resembles that of a pug dog, and it is further claimed, it never known to "baa," but barks like a dog. It is also said that it will have nothing to do with none of the other cattle, but seeks seclusion in unfrequented places for meditation, where, it is supposed, it moans over its hapless fate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE DYING EDITOR.

An Unknown Contributor Tells of His Woes in Blank Verse.

The owner of a paper lay dying in
his lair, and the dew of death had
gathered on his brow so calm and
fair, but a printer knelt beside him
as his lifeblood ebbed away and
asked the dying editor if he had a
word to say. The doomed man mur-
mured softly as he grabbed the
printer's fist: "Well, at last the
struggle's over, and I never will be
missed.

"Take a message and token to that
city man of mine—that all his worn
out chestnuts he had better put in
brine. There's his joke about the
weather, which he used this many
years, and the gag about the fellow
who is always hunting beers, and
the item he's so fond of on the man
who peddles books, and the chestnut
based on people who go fishing in
the brooks. Just to save the paper's
credit and to cast no slurs on mine, I
would ask him as a favor to put
such gags in brine, and the lies
he's fond of telling of the street cars
and the tacks, and the one about
some dandy who will never pay for
clothes, and the one on women
cleaning house—it's weary heaven
knows!

"Oh, I know I'll slumber happy in
my grave beneath the vine if the
man who does the city work will put
those jokes in brine. Tell the man
who tends to business not to weep
when I am dead, but to buy himself
a club and hit the first man on the
head who comes in with strings of
items and requests them printed
free when the regular rates are
cheaper than they really ought to
be. Tell the foreman when he
makes up not to turn a rule for me,
but to simply print an item saying
that my soul is free, for I want no
eulogistic taffy of that kind in mine,
and I think such hoary chestnuts
should be pickled well in brine.

"Have that gay and fresh reporter
I engaged the other day put a stop
to saying 'Sclah!' also 'We have
come to stay!' And if he should say
'Ye local' you must trample in his
gore, for you know I'd ne'er allow
it in the happy days of yore. And
the man who comes to tell you how
to run the paper well should be
greeted with a pewter chestnut bell.
And you'll print the paper promptly,
be the weather full of storms, and
the foreman must be careful when
he is making up the forms that the
beauty of the paper may through all
ages shine, and not be like its neigh-
bors, only fit to put in brine."—Yen-
owine's Milwaukee News.

Jogging His Memory.

A story told recently was of a big, burly fellow who used to drive a team from the Kennebec valley into Piscataquis county selling crackers for a bakery. On one of the outlying farms on his road lived a small man who had won almost a state reputation for beating his creditors. He met the peddler, who did not know him, and bought a barrel of crackers, to be paid for when he came back on his return trip. By that time the peddler was posted on the peculiarities of his customer. He was told at the house he was out in the field, and went to seek him.

When he asked for his pay the little fellow cocked his head on one side and looked up at him with a leer. "Who are you?" he lisped. "I don't know you. I never bought any crackers of you." The peddler grabbed him by the collar and began to swish the air with him. "Don't know me do you? Ain't acquainted with me, hey? Don't know who I am? Never bought any crackers of me, hey?" "Yes, yes, yes!" the victim began to yell, "I know you now. I remember you. I'll pay; I'll pay." The peddler dropped him, accepted the proffered money and drove on as if nothing unusual had happened during his call.—Lewiston Journal.

Mr. Armour's Charities.

Philip D. Armour is a Chicago man who makes more money than the average American citizen would know what to do with. But Mr. Armour, while a man of simple tastes, with no desire to throw money into Lake Michigan for the sole purpose of seeing it sink, contrives to disburse large sums yearly for the betterment of the human race. In a public way, excepting the Armour mission, kindergarten, dispensary, etc., Mr. Armour has done little as yet to immortalize himself among the great benefactors, but his list of private charities is a long one. Many a boy has he helped through school and college, and many a poor family has he relieved from distress. His personal appearance is that of a man who is in close contact with the good things of life, and a glance at his home shows that he knows how to spend money for the comfort of his family and for the gratification of the better tastes.—New York World.

Preferred Their Own Society.

Emerson suggested to his wife that Bridget and Mary, instead of taking their meals in the kitchen, should thenceforth be accommodated with seats at the family table. It being a case of conscience, Mrs. Emerson, like a good wife, acquiesced in the proposal, and an attempt was made to carry it out. But the servants objected; it made them very uncomfortable; they preferred their own society and surroundings, and the family of course cheerfully acquiesced.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Small Speculator.

He appeared at midnight in the office of a great newspaper, a chubby little fellow with a bright, smiling face, one of the street gamins whose wits are prematurely sharpened by contact with the world.

"Here, mister," said he, holding up a dirty little hand with some pennies in it, "I want to get some papers in the mornin; see?"

"Well, why don't you wait until morning?" said the office clerk, who was sleepy and tired and ready to go home.

"'Cause I sleep out tonight, see? and the fellers will tap me for the stuff."

"All right," said the clerk, putting the money into an envelope which he thrust into a drawer. Then the waif betook himself to the street again. The next morning the clerk came down at his usual hour, which was about 8 o'clock. A small boy sat on the steps of the office crying bitterly.

"Hello, youngster, what is the matter?" asked the clerk, who did not recognize the waif of the night before.

"Yer tapped me sure. Yer kept my boodle. Yer's bad as the kids!"

"Oh, I see, you want your papers? Well, come in and get them. What are you crying about?"

"It's too late. I was here at 4 o'clock. I'm stuck on the whole lot now," and he cried harder than ever.

The clerk was sorry for the small financier and compromised with him on a cash basis.—Detroit Free Press.

The French Girl's Hero.

A French girl feels that there is just one companion as delightful as her mother, just one friend in the world as trusty, just one confidant as sympathetic, and that is—her father. He is her hero and the knight of her dreams. Often and often have I seen the girls at school hiding their father's photograph in the leaves of their schoolbooks, kissing it enthusiastically on the sly, pressing it to their hearts when they go to chapel to say their prayers, sewing his last letter in their dresses, treasuring some little keepsake in their pockets. And when they meet one can see how the father returns his daughter's feeling by his tender clasp of her pure young hand, and the adoring affection with which he looks down into her eyes.

He allows nothing to keep him back from meeting her as she comes from school, and giving her his arm—for every French gentleman extends this mark of protection and respect to the women of his family—they start off on their long, happy walk, and many a merry romp, many a tender confidence, do they have in the short evening that follow still her early bedtime at 8 o'clock.—Henriette C. Dana in Ladies' Home Journal.

No Companion in History.

I have been digging and delving in old books in the endeavor to ascertain whether Neill, the seemingly wanton and purposeless poisoner, the poisoner of poor girls "for the mere pleasure of the thing," has had any predecessors. Hitherto my researches have been unavailing, and in the long and dismal chronicles of secret poisoning in ancient Rome, in mediæval Italy, in France and in Spain I have been unable to find even a distant analogue of Neill.

The nearest approach to the miscreant seems to have been Sainte Croix, the accomplice of the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers, who learned the art of poisoning while a prisoner in the Bastille from a fellow captive, an Italian named Exili.—G. A. Sala in London Sunday Times.

The Martinet and the Trombones.

There is a story told of a newly appointed colonel in the days of the old martinets, who expressed his dissatisfaction with the band as it marched past because the trombones did not dress the slides of their instruments properly. One man would be half way down while another was just starting. In vain it was represented to him that different instruments were of different compass and required different manipulation. That was nothing to him; he must have uniformity in the ranks.—All the Year Round.

Big Trees of Formosa.

Formosa is trying to compete with California. It claims to have trees which rival in size and beauty the famous redwoods of our own country. Ten men joining their outstretched arms were unable to surround the trunk of one of the newly discovered trees. Another one is said to have been covered with huge red and white flowers of a variety hitherto unknown.—Kate Field's Washington.

An Innocent Question.

Mr. A. K. H. Boyd, the Scotch "meenister," is, fortunately for his readers, blessed with some sense of humor. He tells us of a Scotch advocate who, while discussing with a judge the question of a vacancy on the bench, said, "I think, my lord, they might find worse than myself," and the judge replied, "Whaur?"

Legal Advice.

Mr. Suburb—My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of. What do you advise?

Lawyer—Get a bigger one. Six shillings and eightpence, please.—London Tit-Bits.

AFRICAN IRONMASTERS.

A Place Where There Are Few Strikes Because of the Fate of a Striker.

The Balubans, as the natives of the Muansanyomma district of central Africa are styled, enjoy an excellent local reputation as ironworkers. They find their crude material in the form of bog iron ore on the surface of the land. It rarely happens that digging to an appreciable depth is necessary. Their smelting furnaces, which are constructed of clay, are from six to ten feet high, from forty to sixty inches in diameter at the base and conical in shape.

The ore is tipped into the furnace from above; the charcoal, on the other hand, is introduced into basinlike side openings, which also receive a continuous air blast, while the iron and slag are removed from the bottom of the furnace about every eight or twelve hours, according to the degree of heat obtained.

The forge is a circular building some sixteen feet in diameter, with a pointed roof and open sides. At a distance it might be taken for a park band stand. In the center of this hut is the fire, which is maintained in constant activity by means of a unique pair of bellows, which merit a special description. They consist of a block of wood, generally twenty inches long, hollowed out and fitted with a funnel head made of clay. At the lower end are two orifices, over which skins are stretched. Motion is imparted to the instrument by the action of two small rods. The hammer is of solid iron; the tongs are marvels of simplicity—to wit, a bent palm branch. An iron wedge driven into a timber bole serves as an anvil.

The recollections of the Balubans carry them back to the time when they wrought metals with stone tools. Some of the natives are comparatively artistic workers. Very fine axes, tastefully inlaid with copper, are produced.

Strikes among these swarthy artificers are of comparatively rare occurrence, probably owing to the fact that the malcontents invariably have their heads lopped off and their skins placed on one side for patching, or in case of need entirely recovering the aforesaid curious bellows.—London Iron.

Timorousness of Great Men.

It has been recently stated by those who knew him well that Mr. Spurgeon was an example of the fact that public men often quake on the eve of their great successes. Though few guessed it, he was nervous in speaking, and one result of the disastrous panic at the Surrey Gardens in 1856 was that he ever afterward dreaded excitement in great audiences. At the Free Trade hall in Manchester, 1872, the orator was in buoyant and brilliant form. Yet before delivering his address he had been attacked by nervous sickness in the anteroom.

As we have suggested, this curious preliminary recoil seems to be a frequent characteristic of the efforts that establish or increase fame. Inquiry shows that some form of timorousness dogs distinction like its shadow. It may have peculiar and even eccentric features. Mr. Edmund Yates has mentioned the case of a distinguished living politician, noted for his dash and aplomb while in the house of commons, to whom on one occasion Sir Henry Halford, the eminent physician, gave an account of a railway accident. The narrator was elaborate in his description, and it was too much for his listener's nerves. In the midst of the story the doctor had to break off. His friend was on the point of fainting.—Cassell's Journal.

The Home Aquarium.

An aquarium in which plants are grown will not require the changing of water, except occasionally, when the tank needs to be cleaned. The growing plants give off oxygen and absorb carbonic acid. To arrange an aquarium with plants, cover the bottom of a glass globe or tank with gravel which has been thoroughly washed. Half fill a small flowerpot with earth, and plant in it a small Egyptian lily; then fill the pot with well washed sand. Place the pot in the center of the tank and surround it with stones, so that it may be held in place and at the same time concealed. On top of this pot, and around it in the rocks and gravel, set out a few fine mosses and vines, such as grow in fresh water. Let watercress and hornwort be among them. A north exposure is best for this aquarium. Put in the fish and feed them on bits of meat, crumbs of bread and worms.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Electricity in Mining.

One of the latest applications of electricity to mining operations is seen in a lead mine in Belgium. Each bucket arriving at the top of the shaft makes an electric contact, and a needle in the office indicates by a red line upon a revolving drum the number of buckets brought up.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Near the Sight of the Crucifixion.

The hill near Jerusalem where the crucifixion of Jesus occurred is formed of limestone. The shores of the Dead sea are lined with pumice stone, showered out of some volcano that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which cities finally sank beneath the waters of the Dead sea.—New York Press.

To See the Heart Beat.

M. Marcey, the well known investigator of animal movements by means of instantaneous photography and the zoetrope, has now succeeded in rendering the beating of a living heart visible to the eye. All the phases of the movement can be followed and properly examined by this new method. The heart employed in his experiments was that of a turtle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Machine Made Love.

Clarice—And so your engagement with Maitland is really off?

Isabel—Yes. I got tired of machine made love.

Clarice—Machine made love! What do you mean?

Isabel—He wrote all his letters on a typewriter.—Exchange.

Competitive games, especially intercollegiate, in which many elements combine to carry the excitement to the highest degree, are dangerous, not only in the final decisive struggle, but in the long preliminary training.

A pie served to Charles II was made of sparrows, potatoes, eryngoes, lettuce, chestnuts, oysters, citron, artichokes, eggs, lemons, barberries, pepper, nutmeg, cloves, mace, currants, sugar and wine.

Leaves attract dew; boards, sticks and stones do not, because leaves have a chemical use for dew and detain it, while boards, sticks and stones have none and do not.

MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

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DEAR SIRS: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to faint. I was also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until began taking your *New Heart Cure*. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

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CATARRH throat, lungs, liver dyspepsia; indigestion, and all diseases affecting the bowels, stomach, etc.; diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. Troubles of this character relieved at once; cures effected as soon as possible.

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7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:30 p. m.
12:17 a. m	Lv	Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
2:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:30 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	7:35 a. m
8:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	6:30 a. m.

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Arrive Albany	11:10 A M

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

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