

TALK ABOUT HOT WEATHER

Corn Belt Records Distanced by the Arizona Desert Article.

CROWDS THE TOP OF THE TUBE

Not Unusual for the Mercury to Mark 140 Degrees in the Shade—Economic Hotel Cooking with Sunshine for Fuel.

When the Weather bureau several days ago declared that Phoenix was the hottest place in the United States, the Washington Post, the mercury marked 120 degrees.

Along the eighteen-mile trail, which runs from Phoenix to Tempe in an unswerving line across the sand desert, there are four roadhouses, and in the shelter of these the heat has many times in the months of July and August registered as high as 140.

Such heat as this, accompanied by the inevitable humidity which ever surrounds Washington, would mean certain death to every man, woman, child, beast and reptile that would attempt to exist above the surface of the earth.

As terrible as is the heat in these arid roadhouses, with walls and ceiling several feet thick, the air is cool compared to the infernally scorching temperature of the desert without.

Neither man nor beast ventures out in it after 8 in the morning, until the great furnace of fire has gone out in the western horizon. Then traffic begins, and the smooth desert trails are dotted by the bright moon or dim starlight, taking advantage of the temporary fall of temperature, until the blaze in the eastern sky warns them that it is dangerous to go further.

The days are spent in absolute inaction in the arid roadhouses, while little sleep can be obtained, nature does not demand it.

Not an Idle Jest.

It is no idle jest when an Arizonian tells you that he can fry eggs in the sun. It is a common occurrence, and I remember one roadhouse keeper told me that from July to September he never had a fire in his kitchen stove.

Even bread, which is made after the fashion of Indian tortillas, is baked on a rock in the sun, while beans and coffee can be boiled easily with the aid of a glass, which is supported so as to throw the rays of light into the cooking vessel.

This necessity becomes the mother of invention. Yes, and a greater one than cooking with a fire. In all that dry, burning heat the Arizona settlers drink the coolest refreshing water, though there is not a lump of ice for many miles around.

Centuries ago the southwestern Indians learned the art of pottery making. Their workmanship is not so beautiful of mold, dainty of coloring nor exquisite of design as that of their artistic brothers, but it is a thousand times more serviceable.

It is their earthen vessels, or "ollas," as they call them, which furnish the inhabitants of the "hottest place on earth" with a cool, refreshing drink. These vessels are porous and perishable, but the greatest blessing to the people of the tropic land is that, round in body, with outward rolling rim, they can be suspended either from a rafter or wagon bed.

When filled and closed these ollas are wrapped with sacking and hung up in the most convenient place possible and each person passing under them gives a push, thus keeping them in constant motion, or, if one be carried beneath a wagon, the rocking of the vehicle causes it to swing. The moisture which seeps through the porous pottery with the breeze caused by the motion effects an evaporation which chills the water.

But cool water is one of the few luxuries the Arizonian who is located at a distance from one of the few cities of the territory possesses in compensation for the many inconveniences he must of necessity endure during the hot months and few of them are cool. Butter and milk are absolutely unobtainable, unless he lives on a dairy farm, and even then the butter is of a thin, oily consistency. Fresh meat is a rarity and green vegetables are almost an unknown quantity.

The absolute dryness of the air is the one quality which makes the atmosphere of the zone endurable. A sunstroke is unknown. While the terrible heat will sometimes produce brain fever, or perhaps even insanity, it rarely affects the heart, as it does in damper climes. For instance, when the mercury reached 120 in Phoenix, not a single fatality was reported, while in New York at 85 there were seventy-three deaths in one day from heat.

Another remarkable fact in connection with this—that one would suppose to be unbearable heat—is the fact that but three horses died from its effect in as many years in Phoenix, while hundreds of them succumb yearly from this cause in the cities of the east.

Cause Many Fires. One of the mail wagon drivers who runs between Tempe and Mesa told me that during July, August and September he always carried a jug of water with him in his wagon in addition to his olla of water by night. The former, he explained, was to moisten the wheels where they rubbed against the axle, to prevent the friction causing it to ignite.

Making Life Endurable. The people of Phoenix suffer less from the heat than the inhabitants of any other town in the low altitudes of Arizona. In the capital there is no scarcity of water. Great canals carry water there for hundreds of miles across the desert.

Lottery of Marriage

Fifty years ago little Lizzie Collinger of Mount Gilead, O., while playing one evening in the dooryard of her mother's home, disappeared. No news ever came of the missing child and the mother faded and died of a broken heart.

Her father, J. H. Collinger, still lived on the old farm. Finally Collinger inserted an advertisement in a matrimonial journal. Six months ago he got a reply from a Miss Amy Franz, San Antonio, Tex. He corresponded with her for several months and then it was agreed that the two should marry.

Collinger sent the woman money to pay her fare to Ohio. She arrived a few days ago and the wedding was to have taken place shortly.

A week ago the bridegroom-to-be, who is 35 years old, discovered a peculiar birthmark on his prospective bride's arm. He asked the woman her history. She said that until she was 15 years old she had traveled with gypsies, when she made her escape in Texas. She is now 54 years old.

A tiny locket that had escaped the thief-gypsy was produced and from its golden face smiled the face of the child's mother.

There was no wedding, of course, but the ray of sunshine came to the old home of the solitary man in the finding of his long lost daughter.

Little Ruth Cook, the 7-year-old daughter of E. J. Cook of Sterling, Ill., refuses to be comforted because her parents tell her she is not the wife of 7-year-old John Rife, son of W. H. Rife, who died on Monday evening a party of friends of both families assembled at the Rife home.

Mr. Young says he ordered Kilpatrick to desist from enticing his wife away, but that Kilpatrick refuses to refrain from the companionship of Mrs. Young and that he insists on making arrangements to have all five of the Young children sent to the reform school for juvenile delinquents and that he has practically succeeded in getting Mrs. Young to consent to the arrangement.

The injunction perpetually enjoins the said Kilpatrick from visiting Mrs. Young or putting himself in her presence or visiting the place where she is staying, or from speaking to her or writing to her, or indirectly corresponding with her either by herself or through the aid of third persons, or from meddling in any way with the children or fixing any scheme to get them sent to the reform school.

"Have you carefully considered all that I have said, my boy?" asked the old gentleman the day after he had given his son a little fatherly advice, relates Leslie's Weekly.

"Yes, father," replied the young man meekly.

"You are getting near the age at which a young man naturally begins to look around for a wife, and I don't want you to make a mistake."

"I'll try not to, father."

"No butterflies of fashion, my boy, but a girl of some solid worth, one who has some sense, father."

"Never mind the piano playing and Del-sarte lessons; never mind the dancing and small talk. When you find a girl who can cook, my boy, it will be time to think of marrying. When you find a girl who can make up her own dress, it will be time to think of getting a wife."

"I have resolved, father, to seek such a wife as you describe," said the young man with determination. "I see the folly of seeking a wife in society. I will go to an intelligence office this afternoon and see if I can find one that will answer. And then I'll have mother call on her, and—"

"Young man, I'll break your neck in about a minute!"

"But you said—"

"Never mind what I said. I've changed my mind."

George Hazel of Helena, Mont., in speaking of the formerly great influence wielded by the justices of the peace on the frontier, told the following story:

In the prestate day of Montana the justices of the peace reigned supreme in the land. They joined men and women in life, buried them in death, were general peace-makers to the community at large and judges of dog fights.

Their position in western communities was unique, and the stories that have been told of them have an unforgettable character to be found in Washington, however, was one Reed, J. P., who ruled over the town of Belknap, Mont., since deceased, in the early 70s.

"He performed at Belknap in the winter of 1878 a marriage ceremony that is classic in our annals. He made the bride swear that she would support the constitution of the United States and the organized acts of the territory of Montana; that she would be ever loving, faithful and true, and would be ever willing to defend—with her life if necessary—the honor of her God, her country and her flag.

The bridegroom was compelled to swear that he would split the wood, carry the water, shovel the snow, build the fire, and under any and all circumstances try to be a perfect gentleman. Instead of returning her devotion with sturs and sweets he would repay it with kisses and kind words. If he ran shy of kisses, he was to call on the justice of the peace, who was long on kisses, but short on girls.

Reed wound up this unique ceremony by making the couple recite the Lord's prayer in unison. And the ceremony ended with a crack of a revolver and a pop of beer corks."

Small Freddie had been complaining of a pain in his jaw, when his 3-year-old sister said: "Freddie, lemme see oo lame tooth."

The little girl was watching her mother and father discussing a plate of oysters the other night. "Mamma," she said after some thought, "you eat them face and all, don't you?"

Little 4-year-old Mabel, coming into the room one day and finding the baby with one end of a doorknob in his mouth, exclaimed: "Baby, take that key right out of your mouth or the first thing you know you will have the lockjaw!"

Little Elsie—The Joneses have named their new baby "Louie." Aint that a shame? "Mamma—Why is that a shame?" "Little Elsie—Why, 'Louie' is a boy's name and it's a girl's name, too, so the poor child'll grow up and never know if it's a boy or a girl."

"Mamma," remarked little Elsie, after the question so often asked, "What shall I give her for a wedding present?" has been answered in an original manner by a bride-elect the unique memento of a piece of his own skull, tastefully set in gold. Such an offering could not be general under the best circumstances, for, after all, a skull has its limits and a fellow must retain enough of his own to get on, if he possessed, or there would be no marriage ceremony.

In the present instance this sentimental giver had his head cracked by a Boer and the surgeon who did the trepanning kindly saved the pieces. When the man returned to his room, he discovered that the pieces covered his head one bit after it had been cured, to a jeweler, who fashioned a fetching little frame for it. The bride, it is said, now wears the souvenir next her heart.

Charles Bell of Albion, Mich., became so confirmed a believer in the efficacy of faith that he believed his own prayers would be without any ill effects. So he took twenty-four grains of morphine the other day. The next morning he appeared sick, but triumphant, and told of his feat. He said he had vomited up the morphine and felt no serious ill effects from taking it. The success of this test probably encouraged him to go further with his experiments, for he bought a revolver and declared his intention of proving that he could shoot himself without fatal results. He then went to the front yard of his home and, placing the revolver in his temple, fired. Death was instantaneous.

A man connected with a large department store is thus quoted in the Philadelphia Record: "I have under me about 150 girls—salesgirls, wrappers and clerks. All of them are healthy looking and yet I noticed that they got sick a tremendous lot. The other day I had occasion to go to the cloakroom, and there I saw a sort of roster neatly typewritten on one wall. 'Mondays,' it said, 'Miss Brown, Miss Smith, Miss Jones, Tuesdays, Miss Bell, Miss Willing, Miss Gray.' And so on. I wondered what it meant, and then all of a sudden the scheme dawned on me. I took a copy of it. With that copy I can now tell beforehand what girls will plead illness on any particular day of the week. A wonderful thing, wasn't it? But it isn't in operation any longer. The general health of my department is much better than it was."

There is a warning for fussy married men in the story of the Binghamton couple who recently fell out because of the husband's criticism of his wife's cooking. They had been married only a few months and the only one on earth appears to have been the only one on earth who had not heard anything particularly aggravating about the woman's burnt steak, or her heavy biscuits. Perhaps he compared them to the traditional 'eat to mother's. Anyway, it was something dreadfully irritating, because a plighting the woman arose up in her wrath and impaled him good and hard on the times of a fork.

That ended the discussion, as well as the young husband's further interest in eatables of any sort. And it goes to show that man is treading on dangerous ground when he undertakes to impugn the merits of woman's cooking.

Both Prizes and Blanks Drawn.

"You are getting near the age at which a young man naturally begins to look around for a wife, and I don't want you to make a mistake."

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observing a crab scuttling along the beach. "I guess the mamma crabs are awful careless."

"What an odd fancy! Why do you think that?"

"Cause they let the baby crabs walk too soon, and that makes them bowlegged."

"Child," said the businesslike matron acting as leader of the visiting committee, turning to the dirty-faced little girl chewing gum in one corner of the room in the tenement house, "wouldn't you like to live in a better part of town than this?"

"No, ma'am," said the dirty-faced little girl, "but when I get bigger I'm gonna 'summin' through your part o' town some day."

It had been raining all day and little Mark, on the back piazza, was impatient because he was kept from play. His mother,

thought she heard him talking to some one, so when he came she said: "To whom were you talking, Mark?" "I was talking to God," replied the little fellow. "I asked him to make it stop raining so I could go out and play, but He never let on He heard me."

Rev. Dr. Richard Coell Hughes has been elected president of Ripon college, Wis., and, born in 1861, is one of the youngest college presidents in America.

Rev. H. T. F. Duckworth, who has been appointed professor of divinity in Trinity university, Toronto, is a graduate of Merton college, Oxford, and is rated as a brilliant scholar in England.

The contract for a memorial window to Rev. Richard S. Storrs, to be placed in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, of which he was the pastor for fifty-three years, has been awarded. The subject will be "The Ascension of Christ."

A \$50,000 electric lighting system is to be installed in the Church of Notre Dame in Paris. Heretofore the massive edifice has received its "dim religious light" from wax candles. It was feared that gas would damage the paintings and walls.

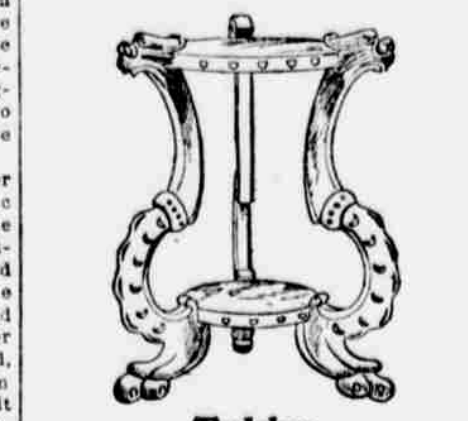
Rev. Mr. Fearson, who holds the office of sheriff of Cumberland county (Portland), Maine, says that since he began his vigilance enforcement of the state prohibitive law he has received offers of at least \$100,000 in bribes. These were all tendered in the vain hope that he would "let up."

For the first time during his pontificate of twenty-three years Pope Leo recently entertained eight guests at luncheon in the Vatican. This unusual act was a direct compliment to the pontiff's physicians, Drs. Lajoux and Mazzoni, in accordance with Vatican etiquette the guests sat at a table in the center of the dining room and the pope alone at a table in an alcove window. Rev. John S. Staunton, Jr., rector of St. Peter's Episcopal church of Springfield, Mass., has resigned his position in order to become a missionary in the Philippines.

He was born in 1861 in Michigan and was graduated from the Columbia school of Mines in 1882. Then, after a year of teaching, he entered Harvard in the class of 1886, from which he was graduated.

Great Sale Sample Furniture, Carpets and Rugs

Tomorrow we start a two weeks' sample furniture sale. This is not a mere talk sale, but an actual fact; one where great price inducements are made on high quality goods. We have been preparing for several weeks this sample furniture sale which includes all library and parlor tables, of a prominent manufacturer's sample line, together with our large regular stock. Hundreds of special values at 1-4, 1-3 and even 1-2 regular price in dining tables, chairs, china closets, sideboards and buffets. Parlor divans and odd pieces in abundance in this sale. Brass and iron beds, bed sofas, hall trees hanging and standing, and hundreds of other pieces at wonderfully reduced prices. Note a few of the specials.



Library Tables. Round top, mahogany finished, 26 inches in diameter, heavy design, with mottled and beaded rim, rose turned legs, regular \$15.00, sample price \$10.75.

Dining Tables. Some pretty Dining Tables in the golden oak greatly reduced in price, ranging at sample prices, \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$18.00.

Linoleum. Think of it, Linoleum at 85c per square yard. The quality speaks for itself. A better grade at 85c per square yard.

Rugs. An example or two of bargains in our Rug department.

Parlor Furniture. A great assortment to select from at special sample prices. Genuine price reductions for the quick moving of desirable sample pieces.

Dining Room Furniture. We have a number of special inducements to offer in this department.

Samples of Ingrain Carpet. All one yard square samples of Ingrain Carpets at 10c. COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co. 1412-1416-1418 Douglas

Advertisement for Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co. featuring a large illustration of a man and a woman, and text promoting 'PRICKLY ASH BITTERS' as 'THE SYSTEM REGULATOR'. The text describes how the bitters cure various ailments like constipation and indigestion, and is particularly beneficial for workers. It includes a testimonial and the slogan 'TRY IT THIS YEAR.' and 'SOLD EVERYWHERE AT \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.'



A FALSE FACE.

When dyspepsia fastens on a man it changes his feelings and it changes his looks. He frowns now instead of smiling. His expression is harsh instead of kindly. He is wearing a false face—a face which does injustice to the real nobility of his nature.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition, and the record of the cure is written on his face and the feelings of the person cured.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not a stimulant or temporary tonic. It cures the diseases that are the cause of ill-health and builds up the body with sound health.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." The sole motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious imitations.

"Last spring, early in the winter my feelings and condition," says Mr. A. J. Vanderweir, of 875 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill., "and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and then write how I felt. I am happy to say I am getting to feel fine. In all I have taken six bottles of the Discovery, and you have done me the best of good. All my friends have done the same. I feel fine and my health is better than it has been for years. The medicines have made the great change in me, from the downy man that I was, with hardly a word to a man who can walk, sleep, eat and feel fine and that I feel all the time. I am very thankful that I wrote to Dr. Pierce. His 'Discovery' and his little 'vial' 'Pellets' have almost made a new man of me. I feel joyful as I did at thirty years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged bowels.