

Awful... Cataclysm

Is the So-Called Mountain Cloudburst.

The most destructive form of mountain storm is the so-called cloudburst, when the rippling brook suddenly becomes a roaring river, carrying death and destruction in its path. The noise made by a cloudburst has no parallel. Above the rumble and roar of a mass of rushing water is heard a grinding, groaning sound of falling trees, of slipping earth and rolling boulders, while the banks of the stream far above the danger line tremble as if in an earthquake. The senses are numbed by an awful cataclysm, and it seems to the spectator, although he is on the high banks and out of actual danger, as if the very foundations of the earth had burst, and judgment day was come. The flood tosses about mighty trees and rocks as if they were straws, the banks of the stream seem to dissolve before his eyes, and a feeling of awe at the irresistible power of nature steals over the observer. Once witnessed, a cloudburst is never forgotten.

In point of fact, however, there is no such thing as the bursting of a cloud. The term "cloudburst" is a convenient expression by which the result of a very heavy rain is designated. Nearly all the surface of the earth in the mountain region is made up either of rocks or adobe soil. The latter, in most cases, has never been broken to cultivation, and is almost impervious to a sudden heavy downpour of rain. The consequence is that the mountains are cut up with arroyos, gullies, and water courses, and in the course of unnumbered ages into mighty canyons which astound the tourist.

In an unusually heavy rainfall the great mass of water spread over a large area instead of sinking into the ground is quickly accumulated in the beds of the streams, which rise many feet in a short time. When this accumulation is rapid enough and the "lay of the land" is just right the water rushes down the bed of the stream in a solid wall and is called a cloudburst. The same precipitation in an open country, or in one in which the soil has been broken up by cultivation, would be called a heavy rainfall, and would do no damage unless continued long enough for the streams to rise out of their banks and flood the country.

One of the most destructive storms of this nature, so far as its manifold consequences are concerned, took place in the spring of 1864, when a cloudburst occurred at the headwaters of Cherry Creek. This is a small stream, dry most of the year, but notorious for its eccentricities. It flows through Denver and empties into the Platte river, within the confines of the city. Just at nightfall the water swept down this dry creek in a wall said to have been ten feet in height, carrying everything before it. Many people were

drowned and many buildings were washed away. All night long the creek flowed bankful of water that was thick with wreckage. People were rescued during night on rafts and improvised boats. The most serious loss was by the city hall, which was swept away by the water, together with all the records on file there. These records included not only those of the state and city, but also the United States land filings.—T. C. Knowles, in Ainslee's Magazine.

ELEVATED DOG KENNEL.

Skyward Canines Whose Feet Never Touched Earth.

A dog kennel upon the roof of a six-story building surrounded by tall skyscrapers, in the midst of the busiest portion of the business center, is one of the curiosities Chicago has to offer, says the Chicago Tribune. This novel kennel is located upon the roof of a prominent downtown theater and is the property of a department store immediately adjoining. It has been maintained with great success for three years. The dogs in this kennel are fox terriers and are used by the manager of the department store to keep the place clear of rats that fairly overrun the place before their introduction. The manager claims they are superior to cats or professional rat catchers, as, unlike cats, they are cleanly in their habits, and unlike the professional rat man they do get rid of the rats that infest the place, both by killing and frightening them away. "Before we introduced these little four-footed guardians the damage wrought by rodents ran up into the thousands of dollars every year; now our loss is comparatively slight," said the manager. There have never been less than six and sometimes as high as twenty dogs in the kennels at one time. Twenty litters of puppies have been born during the two years the janitor has been in charge, averaging five pups to the litter. This makes 100 dogs that have sprung to life upon the rooftop in that time, and of that number but one was lost, and it was accidentally pushed over the edge of the roof into the arway in the rear of the building and was crushed to death by the fall of six stories.

There are at present seven dogs in the kennels, and but one of them, a bull terrier lately introduced, has ever set foot upon the ground.

Perhaps as curious as anything connected with these aerial kennels are the names the janitor, who is of a poetic nature, has bestowed upon the dogs. There are six fox terriers, the males being named "Sky," "Air," "Cloud," "Smoke," and "Vapor," while the female glories in the name of "Sunshine." The bull terrier, which is as white as bull terriers can be, bears the name of "Soot."

NORSELS of WIT & HUMOR

To Myself at Six Months.

Young rascal, with your bland surprise; Your corrugated, lofty brow; The look of marvel in your eyes, As asking, "What is coming now?" I know not if you're here or she— Your clothes say naught. No doubt it's true They called you "it." Please speak to me— Whose wondrous prodigy are you?

They claim that you are I—are I! I' faith, this portrait bears attest (A fact that I will not deny) The first edition is the best. And I was "cunning," "cute" and "sweet!"

And did I bleat "goo-goo," "goo-wah?" And kick my tootsies—now but feet? And thrill with pride my fond mamma?

Deep-nested in your wayward brain, What thoughts were hid, so none might know? Or were your bounds the counterpane, A rubber ring, a new-found toe? Did phantoms of another life You just had left still dwell within? Or were those movements, meaning-rite, Aroused by some obtrusive pin?

Did you, impatient, long for day When you would be as old as eight? And in your odd, capricious way The very name of "baby" hate? Ah, babe, the pity is that here You did not stay content, I see; But onward led from year to year, Behold the thing you grew to be!

The Man Who Had the Vote. From London Tit-Bits. The following is an unreported incident before one of the commissioners appointed to inquire into a certain election petition:

"What is your name?" "George Jones." "Well, what do you know of this?" "On the day of the election I went to the Spotted Dog." "What did you do there?" "I see'd a man." "Well, what did he do?" "He gave me 5 shillings, and said as how I was to vote for —?" "No, sir." "What did you do then?" "Went to the Pig and Whistle." "Well—there?" "There I see'd another man." "What did he do?" "He gave me 5 shillings and said I was to vote for —?" "And did you vote?" "No, sir." "What did you do then?" "I went to the Red Lion." "And there?" "There I see'd a man, too." "And did he give you 5 shillings and tell you to vote for Mr. —?" "He did so." "And did you?" "No, sir." "Why here, on your own admission, you have obtained 15 shillings to vote for one of the candidates; did you vote at all?" "No, sir." "Why not?" "Because I ain't got no vote; it's my father, George Jones, who's an elector."

Wealth and Early Rising. "Do you think that early rising helps a man get rich?" "I don't know," answered the man who makes careful distinctions. "I should say it depended on whether he's the one who starts the first street car or the ice-man."—Washington Star.

An Excuse. "She has been divorced three times," said the Boardwalk gossip. "But," remonstrated the Chicago lady who had not caught the drift of the conversation, "perhaps she did not marry until late in life."—Philadelphia North American.

Overdoing It. "Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems so skyaht fo' fear dey won't gib de debble his due dat wey seems liable to fohgt about wut's comin' to de yothuh people."—Washington Star.

Roundabout Information. The Henpecked Husband—"Is my wife going out, Mary?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know if I am going with her?"—London Titbits.

COMMON CAUSE FOR WAR. At last it is led to the edge and urged to jump, which it will by no means do. Then the drivers twist its tail, put a stick behind it as a lever, and get six men at each end of the stick, while six more tug at ropes which are attached to the animal's horns.

After a struggle, often lasting half an hour, and frequently after prolonged and cruel beatings, the poor beasts are all on board, where the more excitable prance about among and over the human passengers.

Next comes the moving of the heavy cart, which must be dragged on to the ferry-boat by the strength of a small army of men.

On the farther bank another exciting struggle occurs. The exit of the carts and animals is impeded by the struggles of those who are eager to cross to the other shore, and cannot be content to wait until the boat is unloaded. Order is unknown, and it is a wonder that people are not frequently killed in these tumultuous crossings.

Off-Hand Prescription. "I've a dreadful cold, doctor." "I see you have. Let me feel your pulse. H'm. Yes. You'd better take a hot bath, and under no circumstances get your feet wet."—London Titbits.

Helping the Movement Along. "Your order prohibiting the smoking of coffin nails in your office was based, I presume, on the injurious effect of the habit upon young men, was it not?" "Yes, and we felt, besides, like doing something in a practical way for the benefit of the fresh air fund."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Wasn't Whipped. "Say, Tommy, die fer ma lick yer?" "Naw; she wanted to, but she was 'fraid I'd holler so loud I'd wake the baby."

Double Distilled, Perhaps. "The editor of Life has decided that Peoria is the meanest city in the nation." "Peoria is the great distilling town, isn't it?" "Yes." "Then I suppose its meanness must be of the distilled kind."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Be Expected There. St. Peter shook his head doubtfully. "This record," he said, "shows that you have been in the habit of using profane language." "But only on the golf links," urged the applicant for admission.—Chicago Post.

Could Not Help It. Benevolent Person (to old tramp). You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be begging at your age. Tramp (indignantly). How on earth can I beg at any other age now, I'd like to know. Give me a penny.—London Titbits.

The Leisure Class. Lord Sayvan-De Livrus. Ah! but your leisure claws in this country have no titles. Miss Sharpe. Nonsense! What the matter with "hobo," "Wearly Willie," "Dusty Roads," and so one?—Philadelphia Post.

What He Got. "Pardon me," said the suitor as he picked himself up at the bottom of the front steps, "but there seems to have been a misunderstanding somewhere. I asked for your daughter's hand, and I have received your foot."—Chicago Post.

His Intentions. "Papa thinks," she said, shyly, "that it is about time you were declaring your intentions." "Tell the old gentleman," he replied, "that I love you too much to marry you."—Philadelphia North American.

Not a Real One. "Is she what you would call a summer girl?" "Oh, dear, no. Why, she hasn't learned how to lie in a hammock gracefully yet, and you know that's the first requisite."—Chicago Post.

Good Advice to Ignore. "How does it happen that you are so successful in politics?" "I act exactly contrary to the advice given me by my political opponents, and then I know I can't make a mistake."—Chicago Post.

Not Superstitious. Wicks—"Poor fellow! He's in a bad way; the doctor says his voice is gone completely." Wacks—"I suppose he'll have to use the deaf and dumb language when he wants to talk to anybody."

Making It All Right. Mrs. Young Wife. You are sure there are 5 pounds of sugar in this package? It seems very light. Grocer. That, madam, is because it is entirely free from sand.—Boston Transcript.

The Betting Odds. "Do you think McKinley will be elected?" asked the short man. "Do I?" cried the enthusiast. "I'll bet an ounce of gold to 16 ounces of silver that he is!"—Philadelphia North American.

Always in Season. "Oysters are out of season, I believe?" said the puffy party. "Yes," replied the head waiter, glancing across at the dude who was dining a soubrette, "this is the lobster season."—Philadelphia North American.

Vacation May Be Cut Short. "Your wife has gone away for the summer, I understand?" "Well, she thinks she has, but if she could see my bank balance once possibly she would know better."—Chicago Post.

Fly Paper Philosophy. "After all your talk about sensational journalism," exclaimed the fly on the edge of the sugar bowl, "I'm surprised at you." "What about?" gasped the captured fly, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the sticky trap. "Well, I notice that the paper you're stuck on is decidedly yellow."—Philadelphia Press.

PATENTS. List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors. Edward H. Allison, Fort Yates, N. D., game or toy; Benjamin F. Keeney, Watertown, S. D., boiler washout device; Herbert W. Kingsbury, Winona, Minn., safety grating; Simeon C. Lawlor, Duluth, Minn., window cleaner; Jacob Markus, Harrison, S. D., veterinary obstetrical instrument; Haldora Olson, Duluth, Minn., obstetrical appliance; Henry G. Roth, Minneapolis, Minn., cabinet; William J. Stewart, Minneapolis, Minn., knife guard; James Wrywell, Breckenridge, Minn., organ; Marwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 and 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Not One. "Here," said an angry pawnbroker to an impetuous customer, "who don't you pay me and take your watch?" "I can't," confessed the depositor, sadly.

"Well, you are the worst I ever saw." "I guess I am," was the candid response. "I haven't a single redeeming quality."—Detroit Free Press.

\$100 Reward \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Consistent Circus. "Why, Dollie, where's Marle? I thought you were playing circus." "Well, she got mad and went home 'cause I wouldn't give her any peanuts. I was the monkey and she was the tiger, and tigers don't eat peanuts."—Bazar.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

What's His Address? Borrow—Easy, is he? Grapher—Well, I should say, I wrote to him once and asked him to lend me \$2. It seems I spelled "two," "too," and forgot to cross the "t." He sent me \$100.—Philadelphia Press.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

The Intellectual Girl. "It's a great drawback to have sense." "What do you mean?" "When a girl has sense all the men she likes best are afraid of her."—Chicago Record.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 223 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Professional Amenities. Smith (the critic)—You're a regular has-been. Villanelle (the poet)—You're a regular never-was.—Judge.

Every Boy and Girl should learn to write with Carter's Ink, because it is the best in the world. "Inkings in Ink" free. Carter's Ink Co., Boston.

A Price Pie. "Here's t'yer health, Sylvester." "Where'd ye git the liquor?" "Squeezed it from the mince pie a temperance lady gimme."—Life.

Neglect your hair and you lose it. PARKER'S HAIR BALM renews the growth and color. HINDENBERG'S, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Why They Mourn. Dicker—What is the flag o' nthe life insurance building at half-mast for? Ticker—Dead policy-holder, probably.—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 15c a bottle.

An Errand of Mercy. Riches may not always bring happiness, but it seems to an unrich person that they might be sent after it very successfully.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players chew White's Yucatan Whist playing.

The loftiest active volcano is Cotopaxi. It is 18,880 feet high, and its last great eruption was in 1855.

BOOKLETS FREE, BENNE PLANT. SAMPLE BOTTLES BY MAIL 20c. J. & C. MAGUIRE'S EXTRACT. CURES Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Bowel Complaints—NEVER FAILS! In the market since 1841. Recommended by leading Physicians. Used by our Army and Navy. Sold by all Druggists. J. & C. MAGUIRE MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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OLDEST OF GAMBLERS

Was "Hi" Pierce, Formerly a Wealthy Plunger, Who Died a Pauper.

Hiram Jackson Pierce, known to all the Bowery as "Old Hi," last of the old-time gamblers, "cashed in" late on Wednesday night at St. Vincent's Hospital, to which he was taken a week ago, suffering from cancer. To his fame as a prominent figure in the palmy days of faro "Old Hi" added the distinction of being a nephew of President Franklin Pierce.

During his career of more than half a century he made and lost a score of fortunes, but when the last call came at the age of 72 he was penniless and had been for many years.

Pierce spent the last years of his life at the Majestic Lodging House, No. 270 Bowery, and rarely went far from the corner of the Bowery and Houston street.

He was born in Quincy, Mass., and began his sporting career as an expert bowler. Then he became a speculator and soon took up race track and card gambling as a profession. His first great success was made as the keeper of a gambling house in New Orleans. There he made nearly half a million dollars, but lost it all and then became a member of the fraternity of card sharps who used to work the Mississippi steamboats in the days before the war.

After the war he came North and lived in handsome style with his family in the then fashionable quarter south of Washington Square. He was devoted to his wife and children and every Sunday he took them to Dr. Eaton's church, to the support of which he contributed liberally.

The loss of all his family, who died within a few weeks of diphtheria in 1879, broke his heart and started him on the downward path. His money melted away, and from a prince among gamblers he became a common faro dealer, falling lower and lower until he sank to the level of a hanger-on in the lowest class of games.

Pierce's reputation for fair dealing was none of the best. He gambled to win, and one of his favorite epigrams was: "I'd rather go to — with the sinners than to Heaven with the suckers."

John L. Sullivan was one of the old man's friends, and on learning of his

death offered to pay all the funeral expenses. Similar offers were made by Jim Wakeley, Paul Farrell and other sporting men.

"Old Hi" will be buried beside his wife and children in his family plot in Greenwood.—New York World.

A Chinese Ferry. Ferries in China are numerous, and so are the heavy carts to be ferried. The spectacle of a crossing is full of surprises, says Rev. Arthur H. Smith in "Village Life in China." To get one of the clumsy carts down the steep and shelving incline to the river requires considerable engineering skill, and accidents are not infrequent. When the edge of the ferry is reached the whole team must be unhitched, and each animal got on board as best it can be. Some animals make no trouble, and will give a mighty bound, landing somewhere or everywhere, to the imminent peril of any passengers on board. When an animal refuses to budge—an occurrence at almost every crossing—its head is bandaged and it is led around and around for a long time, so as to induce it to forget all about the ferry-boat.

At last it is led to the edge and urged to jump, which it will by no means do. Then the drivers twist its tail, put a stick behind it as a lever, and get six men at each end of the stick, while six more tug at ropes which are attached to the animal's horns.

After a struggle, often lasting half an hour, and frequently after prolonged and cruel beatings, the poor beasts are all on board, where the more excitable prance about among and over the human passengers.

Next comes the moving of the heavy cart, which must be dragged on to the ferry-boat by the strength of a small army of men.

On the farther bank another exciting struggle occurs. The exit of the carts and animals is impeded by the struggles of those who are eager to cross to the other shore, and cannot be content to wait until the boat is unloaded. Order is unknown, and it is a wonder that people are not frequently killed in these tumultuous crossings.

He—There are the Smiths over there. She—Sh—h! We don't speak now. We have changed servants.

Or-Hand Prescription. "I've a dreadful cold, doctor." "I see you have. Let me feel your pulse. H'm. Yes. You'd better take a hot bath, and under no circumstances get your feet wet."—London Titbits.

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The tripping feet—the sparkling eye—the graceful movement—belong not alone to the budding maiden. These graces are the right—aye duty of every woman until the hair whitens—and regal dignity replaces them.

The mother who guards her strength has so much more to devote to the care and education of her dear ones. She should be a comfort—a cheer—always.

Yet how many feel that they have the strength to properly balance the home? The world is listless, weary and morbid. Its blood moves sluggishly and is full of impurities. It needs a kindling, invigorating tonic to set it afire—it needs Pe-ru-na.

THE ONE MEDICINE

In the world which women may rely upon positively. Pe-ru-na is good for everyone, but particularly for women. The various weaknesses which afflict their delicate organism spring from inflammation of catarrh of the mucous lining, and Pe-ru-na is a specific for catarrh in any organ of the body. Any congestion of a mucous membrane simply means catarrh of the organ affected. This is why Pe-ru-na cures all sorts of troubles where other remedies fail. If there is a catarrhal affection the matter with you anywhere Pe-ru-na will cure you.

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