

One Pure Baking Powder.

Like Telling a Secret.

A story is told and it is a true story that over seventy per cent. of all the baking powders sold contain either alum or ammonia, and many of these powders contain both. The ill effects upon the system of food raised by alum or ammonia powders are the more dangerous because of their insidious character. It would be less dangerous for the people were it fatal at once, for then such food would be avoided, but their baneful action because imperceptible at first and slow in its advances, is no less certain.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is declared by all authorities as free from alum, ammonia or any other adulterant. Its purity has never been questioned, and while it does finer and better work, it costs no more at retail than many of the adulterated powders.

Beware of Ointments for Cancers That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is great and it is not possible to derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle.

One of the hardest lines of duty to a woman is the clothes line.

The manufacturers of Star Plug chewing tobacco have made St. Louis the greatest tobacco market in the world by furnishing the consumer a better tobacco than is produced by other manufacturers and always making the plugs of Star Plug sixteen-ounce pounds. It pays to study the interests of the consumer, as he is "the Judge and the Jury."

THE QUIMBY HOUSE, Portland, Or., is the best \$1 a day hotel on the Pacific Coast. Try it. Quimby & Edwards, proprietors. New Hotel on Front, Fourth and Alder streets, Portland; central, newly furnished; best accommodations for the least money. Try it. M. A. Dudley, Prop. Free bus to and from trains, etc.



Tobacco is man's most universal luxury; the fragrant aroma of MASTIFF PLUG CUT starts people to pipe-smoking, even those who never used tobacco before.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

Test the Seal

of your Water Coat

Before Buying

POUR some water in the glass holding the seal tight as here shown or anywhere else where there is a seal, and if it is water tight, there are people in the market that look very nice, but will not hold water. To test your Water Coat, hold it over a glass of water. If it is water tight, it will hold water. If it is not water tight, it will not hold water. If it is not water tight, it will not hold water. If it is not water tight, it will not hold water.

1. Is it water tight? 2. Is it water tight? 3. Is it water tight? 4. Is it water tight? 5. Is it water tight? 6. Is it water tight? 7. Is it water tight? 8. Is it water tight? 9. Is it water tight? 10. Is it water tight?

Watch Out for the Seal

See how the seal is made. It is made of a special material that will not hold water. It is made of a special material that will not hold water. It is made of a special material that will not hold water. It is made of a special material that will not hold water. It is made of a special material that will not hold water.

A. J. TOWER, Mfr., Boston, Mass.

Beauty often depends on plumpness; so does comfort; so does health. If you get thin, there is something wrong, though you may feel no sign of it.

Thinness itself is a sign; sometimes the first sign; sometimes not.

The way to get back plumpness is by CAREFUL LIVING, which sometimes includes the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a free little book which throws much light on all these subjects.

Scott's Emulsion, Chemist, 215 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or RALLING RICKNESS a life-long study. I regard my REMEDY as the best ever known. Because others have failed in no reason for not now meeting a cure. Send me at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Indelible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 187 Pearl St., N. Y.

INDIAN DEPRECIATION PENSION PATENTS LAND HOMESTEAD POSTAL CLAIMS

The "EXAMINER" BUREAU OF CLAIMS

San Francisco Examiner.

If you have a claim of any description whatsoever against the United States Government, and wish it speedily adjudicated, address

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Manager, 617 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE FOXGLOVE.

In grandmamma's garden, in shining rows,
The foxglove grows as it trimly grows;
The sun dial quaint the hours tells,
The foxglove tall with spotted bells;
And in a corner and a quiet place,
As childhood's self had dwelling there.

In grandmamma's garden a child I played,
With naught save the foxglove to be afraid;
I counted the spots on the foxglove's cheek,
And knew it could tell if it would not speak.
How cunningly it hid its night
Had painted them by faint daylight.

In grandmamma's garden the foxglove grew
With every wind would nod and sway;
Full well I knew that they were wise,
And watched with childlike's eager eyes
To see them whisper each to each,
And catch the secrets of their speech.

In grandmamma's garden still I walk,
With every wind would nod and sway;
Their speech not yet my manhood learns,
But when I see them you'll return,
I wonder at them still in vain—
But with them all my heart is vain.

—Arlo Bates in Youth's Companion.

THE SANCTITY OF LOVE.

The Abbe Marignan, as soldier of the church, bore his fighting title well. He was a tall, thin priest, very fanatical, of an ecstatic and upright soul. All his beliefs were fixed with the most unwavering. He thought that he penetrated the designs, the wishes, the intentions of the creature.

Everything in nature seemed to him created with an absolute and admirable logic. The "wherefore" and the "because" were always balanced. The dawns were made to render glad your waking; the days to ripen the harvest, the rains to water them, the evenings to prepare for sleeping, and the nights dark for sleep.

The four seasons corresponded perfectly to all the needs of agriculture; and to him the suspicion could never have come that nature has no intentions, and that all which lives has bent itself, on the contrary, to the hard conditions of different periods, of climates and of matter.

Only he did hate women; he hated them unconsciously, and he despised them by instinct. He often repeated the words of his Master, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and he added, "One would almost say that God himself was ill pleased with that particular work of his hands." Woman was the temptress who had ensnared the first man; she was the being which is feeble, dangerous, mysteriously troubling. And even more than her weak body he hated her loving soul.

He had often felt women's tenderness attach itself to him, and though he knew himself to be unassailable he grew exasperated at the need of loving which quivered always in their hearts.

Woman, in his mind, had only been created to tempt man and to prove him. You should not approach her without these precautions for defense which you would take, and those fears which you would cherish, near a trap. She was, indeed, just like a trap, with her arms extended and her lips open toward a man.

He had indulgence only for nuns rendered harmless by their vow; but he treated them harshly notwithstanding, because, ever living at the bottom of their chastened hearts, he perceived that eternal tenderness which constantly went out to him although he was a priest.

He was conscious of it in their looks, more moist with pity than the looks of monks; in their ecstasies, in their transports of love, which angered him because it was women's love; and he was also conscious of it, of that accursed tenderness of their voices when they spoke to him, in their lowered eyes, and in the meekness of their tears when he reproved them.

And he shook his cask on issuing from the doors of the convent, and he went off with long strides, as though he had fled before some danger.

He had a niece who lived with her mother in a little house near by. He was bent on making her a sister of charity.

She was pretty, and hairbrained, and a great tease. When the abbe sermonized she laughed, when he was angry at her she kissed him vehemently, pressing him to her heart, while he would seek involuntarily to free himself from this embrace, which, notwithstanding, made him taste a certain sweet joy, awakening deep within him that sensation of fatherhood which slumbers in every man.

Often he talked to her of God, of his God, walking beside her along the footpath, walking through the fields. She hardly listened, and looked at the sky, the grass, the flowers, with a joy of living which could be seen in her eyes. Sometimes she rushed forward to catch some flying creature, and bringing it back, would cry: "Look, my uncle, how pretty it is! I should like to kiss it." And this necessity to "kiss flies" or lilac berries worried, irritated and revolted the priest, who saw even in that the ineradicable tenderness which ever springs at the hearts of women.

And now one day the sacristan's wife, who kept house for the Abbe Marignan, told him very cautiously that his niece had a lover.

He experienced a dreadful emotion, and he stood choked with the soap all over his face, being in the act of shaving. When he found himself able to think and speak once more he cried, "It is not true; you are lying, Melanie!"

But the peasant woman put her hand on her heart: "May our Lord judge me if I am lying, Monsieur le Cure. I tell you she goes to him every evening as soon as your sister is in bed. They meet each other beside the river. You have only to get there between 10 o'clock and midnight, and see for yourself."

He ceased scratching his chin, and he commenced to walk the room violently, as he always did in his hours of gravest thought. When he tried to begin his shaving again he cut himself three times from nose to ear.

All day long he remained silent, swollen with anger and rage. To his priestly zeal against the mixer, being in the act of shaving, he added the moral indignation of a father, of a teacher, of a keeper of souls, who has been deceived, robbed, played with by a child. He had that egotistical choking sensation such as parents feel when their daughter announces that she has chosen a husband without them and in spite of their advice.

After his dinner he tried to read a little, but he could not bring himself so far, and he grew angrier and angrier. When it struck 10 he took his cane, a formidable oaken club which he always carried when he had to go out at night to visit the sick, and he smilingly regarded the enormous edgel, holding it in his hand. The countryman's fist and cutting threatening circles with it in the air. Then suddenly he raised it, and grinding his teeth

he brought it down upon a chair, the back of which, split in two, fell heavily to the ground.

He opened his door to go out, but stopped upon the threshold, surprised by such a splendor of moonlight as you seldom see.

And since he was endowed with an exalted spirit—such a spirit as must have belonged to those dreamy poets, the fathers of the church—he felt himself suddenly distracted, moved by the grand and serene beauty of the pale faced night.

In his little garden, quite bathed with the soft brilliance, his fruit trees, all arow, were outlining in shadow upon the walk, their slender limbs of wood scarce clothed by verdure, while the giant honeysuckle climbing on the house wall exhaled delicious, sugared breaths, and seemed to cause to hover through the warm, clear night a perfumed soul.

He began to breathe deep, drinking the air as drunkards drink their wine, and he walked slowly, being ravished, astounded and almost oblivious of his niece.

As soon as he came into the open court he stopped to contemplate the whole plain, so inundated by this caressing radiance, so drowned in the tender and laughing charm of the serene nights. At every instant the frogs threw into space their short metallic notes, and the distant nightingales mingled with the seduction of the moonlight that fitful music of theirs which brings no thoughts but dreams, that light and vibrant melody of theirs which is composed of kisses.

The abbe continued his course, his courage failing, he knew not why. He was so enraptured, he suddenly felt exhausted; he had a great desire to sit down, to pause here, to praise God in all his works.

Down there, following the bends of the little river, wound a great line of poplars. On and about the banks, wrapping all the tortuous watercourse with a kind of light, transparent wadding, hung suspended a fine mist, a white vapor which the moon rays crossed and silvered, and caused to gleam.

The priest passed, yet again penetrated to the bottom of his soul by a strong and growing emotion.

And a doubt, a vague uneasiness, seized on him; he perceived that one of those questions which he sometimes put to himself was now being born.

Why had God done this? Since the night is destined for sleep, for unconsciousness, for repose, for forgetfulness of everything, why, then, make it more charming than the day, sweeter than the dawns and the sunsets? And this slow seductive star, more poetical than the sun, and so discreet that it seems designed to light up things too delicate, too mysterious, for the great luminary—why was it come to brighten all the shades?

Why did not the cleverest of all songsters go to rest like the others? And why did he seek himself to singing in the vaguely troubling dark?

Why this half veil over the world? Why these quiverings of the heart, this emotion of the soul, this languor of the body?

Why this display of seductions which mankind never sees, being asleep in bed? For whom was intended this sublime spectacle, this flood of poetry poured from heaven to earth?

And the abbe did not understand at all.

But now, see, down there along the edge of the field appeared two shadows walking side by side under the arched roof of the trees all soaked in glittering mist.

The man was the taller and had his arm about his mistress's neck, and from time to time he kissed her on the forehead. They animated suddenly the lifeless landscape which enveloped them like a divine frame made expressly for this. They seemed, those two, like one being, the being for whom was destined this calm and silent night; and they came up toward the priest like a living answer, the answer vouchsafed by his master to his question.

He stood stock still, quite overwhelmed and with a beating heart. And he thought to see here some Bible story like the loves of Ruth and Boaz, the accomplishment of the will of the Lord in one of those great scenes talked of in the holy books.

Through his head began to hum the verses of the Song of Songs, the ardent cries, the calls of the body, all the passionate poetry of that poem which burns with tenderness and love.

And he said to himself, "God perhaps has made such nights as this to clothe with the ideal the loves of men."

He withdrew before this couple, who went ever arm in arm. For all that it was really his niece; but now he asked himself if he was not about to disobey God. And does not God indeed permit love, since he surrounds it visibly with splendor such as this?

And he fled in amaze, almost ashamed, as if he had penetrated into a temple where he had not the right to go.—Guy De Maupassant.

The Emperor as a Business Manager.

When I think of the emperor as the business manager of a practical political corporation I am constantly inclined to look for the key to his success and popularity in Germany by quoting the laconic opinion of him expressed by an American officer who was presented to him for the first time at the Baltic maneuvers in 1890. He came away from his audience flushed with excitement, and I expected a vigorous report from the fact that this officer had been drawing his impressions of Germany principally from Paris and St. Petersburg.

"What do you think of him now?" I said.

"Immense; he has a genuine Yankee head on him."

It only need be added that this complimentary was the highest in the court vocabulary of my fellow countryman.—Poutney Bigelow in Century.

The Boys Go Armed.

It is but a short time ago that a professor in one of the leading colleges of San Francisco slapped the face of a rich banker who had published a long and bitter attack upon him (the professor's) venerable father, a divine of great eminence and fame. The professor was at once shot down, although he was entirely unarmed, and had informed his adversary of the fact. Yet the jury declared that it was a case of justifiable homicide, and the accused left the court without a stain on his character.

Even the children,aping their elders, carry pistols and knives with the utmost nonchalance, and a few weeks ago, when the principal of one of the public schools had occasion to administer some much needed corporal punishment to a lad of 12, the young rascal drew a huge revolver on the head master, and the services of the chief of police had to be called in for the purpose of disarming him.

At the request of the terrified principal the police subjected all the pupils present to a personal search and examination, with the result that thirty-five revolvers of all sizes, from the "Colt navy revolver" to the "22 caliber popgun," besides a dozen knives of murderous appearance, were seized and confiscated.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

TAKEN FOR A CRANK.

A semi-delicious delight often seems to possess the children in gawking at those with weak eyes. The irritability of the nervous hyperaesthesia is ridiculed as natural in temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by indigestion among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

The size of your offering does not depend upon what you take out of your pocket, but what you leave in it.

A WEAK BACK KEPT STRONG.

R. H. Gilliam, Hixburg, Appomattox county, Va., says: "ALCOCK'S PLASTER has enabled me to work and labor for the last two years. I have been troubled with a pain across my kidneys and a weakness of the spine, which at times rendered me almost helpless. The first relief I obtained was by wearing two ALCOCK'S PLASTERS, and I use about two every month, and I have no pain or difficulty. I consider them the best plaster in use. I, for one, cannot do without them."

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the state prison.

CONSUMPTION AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing is immediately relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

Good looks go a long way, but finally the paint wears off and there you are.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.



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Cleared away—all the troubles and ailments that make woman's life a burden to her. She's relieved, cured, and restored, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Periodical pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, all "female complaints," are cured by it. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate medicine—not a beverage.

If you're a tired, nervous, or suffering woman, then the "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine that's guaranteed, in every case, to bring you help. If it doesn't give you satisfaction, you have your money back.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

When applied to the nostrils, it will be absorbed, effectually clearing the head of catarrhal virus, causing a healthy opening. It is a powerful medicine, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the nose and restores sense of taste and smell.

50c

HAY-FEVER Try the Cure.

A particle is applied in each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50c at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

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Tutt's Hair Dye

Gray hair or whisks changed to glossy black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a rich color, acts as a restorative to the hair, and contains nothing injurious to the hair. Sold by druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price, \$1.00. Office, 29 Park Place, N. Y.

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You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.

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RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BURNS.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

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Of all kinds and in any quantity—wholesale and retail—at lowest prices.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send you a bottle free, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any one who will send me his name and address. T. A. STURGEON, M. D., 123 Pearl St., N. Y.

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