"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market."

Marien Harland

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

IT WAS ROUGH ON THE LAD.

But Then He Looked So Proud They Did Not Dare Offer Him a Lift.

"Rhone du glace?" he asked of the first

and that, in fact, he must retrace his steps.

After walking all day this was tough news, but there was only one thing to do, turn about and trudge sturdily back. So back he went to Airolo, and after a bite to eat up the mountain side in the grandest

walked the night out, landing at Hospen-

thal about 4 in the morning. Then he

gence would be along at 8 and went to ed. It was the best that he could do.

At 8 the diligence came along—and was crowded. They could not give him a seat.

So there was nothing to do but climb again

the day before

climb the road he ought to have taken

But what a climb that was! It seemed

as if his feet were as heavy as iron shoes. There were great blisters on them, and he could scarcely put one foot above the

When we had traveled for several hours

a carriage came along, going the same way as he. It had Americans for passengers. Oh, if they would give him a ride! He looked at them beseechingly. Two young ladies in the carriage looked at him with

interest. They had heard his story at Hos-penthal. They said afterward that they were dying to offer him a vacant seat in their carriage, but he had such a proud look on his face—heaven save the mark!—

at they did not venture lest he should ent it. And so between his silence and

resent it. And so between his silence and theirs he got no ride, but was soon left behind by the strangers, who told the story when they reached the glacier, and re-lieved the fears of his father, who was al-most frantic with grief and anxiety. It was nearly 6 o'clock when he crept down to the hotel on his blistered feet. Of

when the people learned of the night, and when the people learned of the miles of mountain climbing that he had done they

As for the two young ladies who pitled but

As for the two young ladies who pitted out did not invite him, they retired within their shells and hurried away as quickly as they sould. So another romance was spoiled because the actors did not do the preper

thing, and the wedding which would have taken place in novels did not come off. Alasi how often it is thus in the happen-ings of the real world.—New York Herald.

In one of Bret Harte's clever parodies of

the French he tells a story in words some thing like these: Three gamins were play-ing in the streets of Paris. A priest passed by. "There goes a priest," cried one; "look out for your eggs and your chickens!" Then the priest, hearing the words, knelt

down and prayed for the boys. But upon reflection he was convinced that it was not the fault of the boys, but of their parents.

the fault of the boys, but of their parents. He knelt down the second time and prayed for the boys' parents. On another thought he saw that it was not the fault of the boys' parents, but of society. He knelt down again and prayed for society. As he rose from his prayer he said to himself: "My friend, who is society? You and I are society." So he knelt down the last time and prayed for himself.—San Francisco Argonant.

Hard Work for the Almighty.

There is a minister in New York city who said once that he was not certain that he should ever make a long prayer again. What led him to say this was the

d his mistake, was told that the dil-

Uncle Sawback (entering lamp store)
-Thar, I've brung this instrument back. Dealer What's the matter with it? Uncle Sawbuck—You said it was

nner lamp, but Sairy Ann can't git a me note out of it nohow.—Hartford

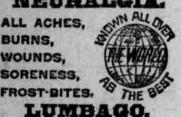
Emperor William of Germany is a very rapid speaker, and when he is rat-tling off an address at the rate of 275 syllables a minute the reporters go out-side to see a man and come back when the storm is over to write out what they

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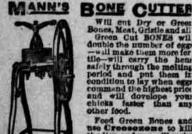
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and Petite, one year old; 3 to 4 feet per 1,000; 4 to 6 feet high, 855 p-r 1,000, done at co-r, All ross warranted true and free from insects or scale. Send YTHUB, J. DAVIH, attorney in fact for kins; addres, Porti-nd Or.

UICK!-Want to sell 1000 cases fine SUGAR CORN. Per case of 2 doc, we say \$2.25, \$2.45, \$2.75, \$2.85; and Fancy Honey flow, 3.40. Also 500 cases Facle Peaches. High grade goods, \$3.50 per case. To mose them at once. MITH'S CASH STORE



IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of night, To stray in her solitudes vast, To stray in her solitudes vast, Pale Memory whispers a vanished delight, And summons a shade from the past.

That we loved speak again is her art. How the strains of her violin sound, at her will, Like the chords of a human heart! It is only a dream, such as travelers say Thirst gives in the lands of the sun; And the ead, sweet face and the form pass away The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words, If only one moment, to stay, But all that I hear is the twitter of birds That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloud land of anow,
Are a lake and a valley so fair,
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,
To tell she is sleeping them.
—W. Gow Gregor in Chambers' Journal.

A CALIFORNIA MUSTANG.

The other day a Kern county rancher telegraphed to the best horse doctor in San Francisco:

"Take the next train, come out to my farm, and do what you can for my mus-

The doctor went, found an old saddle horse, long past usefulness, in fact dying, and returned, wondering what made the rancher so anxious about the animal

Others wondered, too, until the story was one day told to a few friends who were visiting at the old ranch house near the foothills. There is perhaps nothing in the affair which marks it as different from many occurrences on the frontier, where homes are far apart, and where life itself may sometimes depend upon a saddle horse's speed and bottom. But, told as the rancher told it at his own table, it was a story that long clung to the memory.

When I was in Switzerland I ran across a half whimsical, half pathetic little incident which befell a Yankee bey of 17. It didn't show much sense on his part, but pienty of pluck, which is not as good as sense, but a good thing when it is needed to fetch a fellow through.

His party was going up to the Rhone Giscier, and he in heedless fashion did not ascertain that the pass divided above Hospenthal, the Furca being the correct road, while the St. Gothard went to the left and down into Italy. He was doing the trip on "It was more than thirty years ago, be said. "I was 18 years old, and had been away from home attending school. When I came back to the ranch in Kern, near the foothills, my mother came cry-

ing to the door to meet me.
"My little sister was very ill. She was only 6 years old, my pet and delight, and my mother was a widow. An elder sister was in Tuolumne teaching school; my brother, who managed the own into Italy. He was doing the trip on flown into Italy. He was doing the trip on foot, while the rest of his party were riding. Taking the footpath, which was a shorter cut than the carriage road, he missed the fork in the road and started off toward Italy without knowing his mistake. He could talk enough French to say Glace du Rhone, and that was about all. ranch, had gone to Stanislaus to buy sheep, and mother and baby were alone. It was eight miles to the nearest village and stage station, from which place I had walked, reaching the house at dark. I went in and found little Mary uncon Rhone, and that was about all.

He trudged along the greater part of the day, stopping at a wayside inn for a bite of lunch and a bottle of beer, and not until he reached Airolo at the foot of St. Gothard diff he begin to suspect that all was not right. He saw a pretty valley with a tiny glacier at the end.

"Bhoards glaces" he waked of the first scious; my mother could not tell what was the matter. I ran down to the pasture and called my colt, Major, the horse I ever owned. He came at once, and I saddled him and rode off at a

"It was early winter, and rain had made the road heavy; cloudy all day, a drizzle began before I had been five min-He pointed to the distant ice, and the man nodded, so he went on at a rapid pace. for it was getting late. It was a beautiful and peaceful little vale, dotted with humble crucifixes. The people were polite and bade him good evening, men, women and children. utes in the saddle. I had neither whip nor spur. Now and then I spoke to Major, and he knew there was work before him. Two miles we went without a panse, the road dead level and so slippery that I could feel Major slide children.

It was not until nearly sundown that he met an intelligent fellow who talked French and comprehended his Rhone du giace question. He got very much excited, and by gestures more than words indicated that the lad was away off the track, and that, in fact, he must retrace his stere. like a log on a frosted sidewalk; but he managed to keep to his feet and resume his wild pace. He took the bit in his teeth and ran, snorting with excitement; for a year he had not been ridden, and his muscles were steel, his lungs like a steam engine. I let him walk for a few moments, then let him have his head again and again, until he swept into the village in a tearing gallop.

"'Not here,' was the answer, as I hammered at the poctor's door. 'Gone ten miles into the foothills to the old Bemont place.

monlight that ever shone.

And so, footsore and weary, with pain at his heart to think of the anxiety of his father when he failed to turn up, he nearly "That was east in a direct line, and three miles south was another village where perhaps a doctor could be found. If not it was but a few minutes lost, for another road could be taken to Be-

mont's. "Again the wild pace under the clouded sky and cold rain, thoughts of my lonely mother and little sister urging me to yet greater haste. The road was hard, with a thin coating of mud that spattered me from head to foot, and the wind blew sharply in my face. I lived over in memory every scene of our lives, every word said to my sister, every act done in the past-her arms about my neck in thanks for some simple gift; long days behind the plow, with her toddling feet in the furrow; a child asleep in the summer grass, a bunch of wild poppies in her chubby hand, the calico sunbonnet tossed back from the curly head. Then I remembered that when I went away mother wrote me that every day little Mary asked: 'Won't brother Tom come home

to-night? I want to see brother Tom. "Well, I reached the village and found that the doctor, who lived there, was sick himself. Nothing to do but to start for Bemont's. Again the gallop, no longer on level roads, but through rolling hills and under a darkness that was Egyptian. We were descending into a hollow between high hills. The road was narrow, dark, slippery, and the soft sound of falling rain drowned the noise of wheels. Through a break in the eastern clouds the stars shone out above the hill crest. Suddenly, instantly, without stroke of warning, there loomed up before me, dreadful as De Quincey's Vision of Sudden Death, a vast moving pile, six mules, a Carson wagon ore laden to the brim, a sleepy driver nodding on his seat—and tearing into that mass of wood, iron, stone and animal life was a

tired horse with a heartsick rider. "Simultaneously the discovery came upon us.all. The driver awoke with a loud, affrighted cry, the snorting mules sprang back in a wild group; I heard whiffletrees and harness enap, and a sud-den flash of lightning lighted up the dark hollow between the hills to the very feet of the frightened animals. Of myself I could do nothing, so narrow was the space between, so brief the time left for thought. But the instinct of the horse I rode was my salvation. On one side of the road was a shallow ditch, on the other a steep wall of rock. Major gathered himself up and made a leap sideways; screaming as he sprang, and we landed safely below, clearing by a few inches the tangled leaders and the great wheel of the ore wagon. Wild with terror still, Major began to run as he had not run before. He climbed the bank again, and resumed his tearing pace

remark of a very small boy whose mother attends his church. Since the minister learned of the remark, it may not be under the start of tell the story. It was a very long prayer, and when the mother was leading her son from the church after the services ster tol. over my face by the wind of his terrible "That night in the village the teamher son from the church after the services the boy said to her, "Mamma, don't you think God must get awfully tired?" His mother looked at him in surprise. "What makes you think so!" she asked. "Oh, he ster told his cronies that a ferocious lookso hard." She waited a moment. past. The sheriff heard the story and "What makes you think God works so hard!" she saked finally. "Oh, he works hard listening to so many long prayera"—

New York To "On the works for Josquin Murietta and his desperate gang, and for weeks the miners up in the

along the roadway, his long mane blown

hills sent a guard with their ore wagons

"I reached Bemont's in safety only to find that the doctor had returned to the valley by another road, and was already far past any chance of being overtaken; for the condition of my horse now began to warn me that I must slack the headlong pace. I hired a rancher and sent him on a fresh horse after the doctor, while I took the shortest way back across

the wide unfenced country.

"When I reached home Mary had been dead an hour. No human power could have prolonged her life. She rewived a little once after I had gone and asked if brother Tom had come home. "No one except myself ever rode Major again. I found it very hard to bear the

thoughts of my little sister that came up when I was riding over the hills with the mustang, so I turned him loose in the pasture, and he never had saddlemark but once since, though I have had dozens of men come to me and offer to buy him at any price. It was a great ride we had —the longest and hardest gallop on rec-ord in this part of the country, and though I never said much about it, the

horse had his reputation. "When was he ridden again? It was about four years afterward, when he was at his best. There came word from Căliente that a Merced horse had beaten every mustang in the San Joaquin val-ley. The boys along the Kern county cattle ranges for twenty-five miles tried to beat the Merced mustang, but all that summer he swept the stakes at ev-ery sheep shearing and rodeo. One day a dozen of them came for my mustang, and I lent him for one race, to save the credit of the county. He dusted them all, and for months after horsemen came to see him and get him on the race track, but I never let him go again. One time and another I have been called a great many different kinds of a fool for letting the best korse in the valley rest in the pasture."—Charles Howard Shenn

College Societies in New York. The college fraternities bind men together for life in ties that are never broken. I think you will be surprised to know some of our leading men who belong to them, and still in their busy later years take great delight in assistin to keep up the organizations and the old spirit. Associations or chapters of gradnate members of the fraternities are maintained in New York city by fifteen of the orders, and some of the clubs are in a flourishing condition. Alpha Delta Phi has a club house near Columbia col-lege, and the Manhattan chapter of this order keeps up a summer camp at Lake order keeps up a summer camp at Lake George, called Camp Manhattan. The Beta Theta Pi fraternity has a summe resort at Lake Chautauqua called Woog-lin. The D. K. E. order has the largest graduate club in the United States in this city, with a fine clubhouse and an

excellent restaurant. Several other of the clubs do not own their houses, but rent quarters. There are a good many papers devoted to these associations printed in this city. I know of The Palm, of Alpha Tau Omega; the Chi Phi Quarterly, the Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly, and the Delta Upsi-lon Quarterly. The first college fraternity flag ever unfurled to the wind was run up on the top of the Astor House in 1870 by the boys of the Theta Delta Chi. It was black, white and blue, and since that time nearly all the fraternities have adopted flags showing their colors.

Whose Face Was It? A few years ago while a workman at Pueblo, Colo., was dressing a block of stone his chisel uncovered a hard concretion near the surface of the block. Presently this concretion, which was rounded on the back, dropped from the perfect model of a human face on its under surface, every outline perfect, unhurt and unmarked by the tool which had dislodged it. The imprint in the block was as perfect as the model on the concretion, and many plaster casts were taken from it by archæologists and local curiosity seekers. Some of these casts found their way to the museums of the learned societies of Europe, where they created much exciter and were the subject of many debates Many scientists were inclined to take it as a perfect human fossil, but the majurity insist upon it being merely an idol of prehistoric times. The stone in which it was found was from eighty feet below the surface.-St. Louis Re

Sent Her Love.

It would be difficult to select the mor beautiful of the two women. The one who stood near the door in street dress was a queenly creature and very magnificent in ed, but the other, sitting carelesaly upon the divan, the outlines of the figure half hidden, half revealed by a Greek gown, ex celled in sweetness and grace.

The girl on the divan was yawning. Where are you going, Clara?" she asked

indifferently.

The queenly creature adjusted her hat with the assistance of the pier glass oppo

site. "To call on the young person across the way, you"--A shade of impatience flitted across the sweet face of the classically gowned

charmer.

"Know. Do you"—
The radiant beauty paused while she smiled at herself over her shoulder.

"Want to send her any message?"

"Clara"-The seated lady looked really hurt.
"I don't understand," she exclaimed in

ritably, "how you can eall on that horrid, deceitful thing!" Her brow knit in a frown. "I think her just as mean," she insisted, 'as she can be!"

The queenly creature had finished with her hat and was working with her gloves. "Then you don't care to send her any

The soft shoulders shrugged beneath the "Ob, yes, Clara. You may give her my ove, if you please."—Detroit Tribune.

Ringing a Street Car Bell. A passenger in a Broadway car the other day observed that the conductor invari-ably gave one pull on the bell cord to stop

any gave one pull on the bell cord to stop the car and two pulls to start it. The double signal struck the passenger as being something new, and he inquired about it. "Them's the proper signals," said the conductor patronizingly. "One hell to stop the car and two to start her. "Tain't all the conductors that lives up to 'em. Most conductors only ring the bell once, no matter whether it's to start or stop the car. Of course where both the conductor and the driver are old hands and well acquainted one bell is enough to start the car as well as to stop. 'Tain't so much in the number of bells you ring as it is the way you ring. A veteran driver can understand the different ways of ring-ing a car bell just as well as if the con-ductor was to talk to him."—New York Times.

Why Dumas Laugher

Sir Richard Wallace once heard the elder Dumas laughing botsterously in his study, and was told by a serving that Dumas was working and that he often laughed was working and that he often laughed like that at his work. It turned out that the great novelist was 'in company with one of his own characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring." But this was years ago, when imagination went hand in hand with animal spirits. It would be difficult to imagine one of the modern intense-realistic-analytical school so easily diverted. - Boston Journal.

How Some Reporters Work We started in to get out our first edi-tion a week ago yesterday, and the following are the hours kept by one man on the paper:

From 12 noon Thursday to 7 a. m. Friday.
From 12 noon Friday to 11:30 p. m. Saturday.
From 12:30 a. m. Sunday to 7 a. m. Monday.
From 12:30 a. m. Tuesday to 7 a. m. Wednesday.
From 11:30 a. m. Tuesday to 5 a. m. Wednesday.
From 11:45 a. m. Wednesday to 5:30 a. m. Thursday.
Jay.

Total number of hours at work for the week amount to 139 hours 45 minutes. Average, 18 hours 32 minutes a day.— Newburyport Standard.

A Farmer's Predicament. A western Nebraska farmer, having no corn to feed them, loaded up a wagon box full of shoats and took them Broken Bow to sell. No one would take them, and he turned them loose. The marshal told him he would arrest him unless he took them out of town. He then drove home and was going to kill them when some one told him that he might be arrested for cruelty to animals. He hardly knows what to do.—St. Jo-seph News.

Walter M. Leman, a veteran actor, who had played before Gen. Jackson, Davy Crockett, Aaron Burr, Charles Dickens and other celebrities, some of whom he knew personally, has just died at San Francisco at the age of 78 years. Apropos of the amusing baby bunce

game by which a number of leading United States senators were fleeced, it is said that over five hundred real or alleged infants have been named after Chauncey Mitchell Depew. A 14-year-old cat belonging to Mrs.

Bradley, of Westport, Conn., recently died. It was given an expensive funeral. The remains were placed in a handson casket, and a granite slab is to be erected over his grave. King Kalakaua's most intimate friend

in emergencies.

AN ENEMY BAFFLED. There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to billousness. With this enemy they are c astantly beating with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach litters will baffie it. Mere pargatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipat on a on but also by sick hea aches, yellowness of the skin in dependix, nauses, furred tong e and uneasiness, more particularly upon pessure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-billions cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney comp aints, rhoumatism and nervountess. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digret, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard timic.

"Who is the belle to night?" asked she, As they stood on it e ball-room floor: He looked around the room to see. And she speaks to him no more.

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had severe headaches and severe sinking pains in my stomach. Having heard so much about Hood's Sarapar-illa, I concluded to try it. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are

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