# ୲ଌଡ଼ଢ଼ Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it. All baking powders except Rôyal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The focd is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will until used, and make more wholesome food.

When Women Need Praise. Did you ever know the ardent admira on men have for white? If a man be in ove with a woman, and has not yet told her, a white frock made of soft, pretty aterial will make him tell her she is the most adorable woman on earth, and for the moment it is one of those precious

women like these illusions? Yes' They make up for the many miserable moments of pretense: moments when she looks the world in the face with smil-ing lips and bright words. When among she tooks the world in the face with simi-ing lips and bright worlds. When among the gay she is seemingly the gayest and all the while her eyes are full of unshed tears over things which she cannot after.

When she grows tired of hiding her true cellings. In concealing her loves and her natreds. In covering her sorrows, even her

When she tells you she really does not carr to go some place or get some particu-lar thing, and all the time her whole being is aching to be gratified. When she looks back and regrets, looks forward and dreads. When she strives to banish thought and strangle memory; and all the while her speech is filled with mirth and

ughter. When her existence is colorless, which ap could alter but would not for some she could alter but would not for some one's sake. In such moments as these it is that appreciates these little illusions. Which please her for the moment and then pass away, yet in passing heave a trace. So be not sparing in words that will lead to them. Do not keep your precious words locked as a miser does his coin, put them in significant to them and more more in circulation. Let them get worn, per-haps in handling, but they will always be

nops in handing, but they will always be sure to bring happiness. So when you see a woman with smiling lips and sad looking eyes, praise her? That's what she wants. She is starving for it, and her eyes are mutely begging for it. And yet she hides it all and you are so stupid you will not see it. Praise her eyes a woodingty. She will

Praise her even exceedingly. She will not believe you, perhaps. But she likes it and will bless you for it.-Music and

A Natural Query. Briggs-Did you befr that Winger had married the president of a cooking school? Griggs - No. Where does he get his meals-Truth.

Her Name. "Why do you call your new cook Misery!" "Because she loves company."-Life.

Sweet Oil for Young Children

The value of sweet oil used in rubbing is not generally appreciated. When a little child has taken cold and seems restless from the effects, nothing is more soothing than sweet oil rubbed into the skin, before a warm fire, with a gentle pressure of the hand. The oil should be rubbed on the hand. The oil should be rubbed on the soles of the feet, down the back and neck and around the hips, and the little one should be carefully shielded from any draft while this is done. Such a rubbing will take the place of the daily bath at a time when the child is suffering from cold, and it is not advisable to expose it any more then in memory.

It is not advisable to expose it any more than is necessary. If the little one has a croupy cough and shows signs of hoarseness, a thick flannel saturated with sweet oil and sprinkled with camphor, and beated as hot as the child can hear it, should be faid over the chest, high enough to extend around the throat. It should be covered with another formal can bear of cottan batting to refannel or a layer of cotton batting to re-tain the heat. The heated flannel should

be changed for another as soon as it cools. By this method the cold of a little child may often be broken up and the most seri-ous disease averted. The lungs and breathing tubes of a little

The image and breathing tubes of a little baby are peculiarly delicate, and any child during infancy is very liable to contract serious diseases of the lungs from very alight cause. The little one is also cured by very simple remedies, and this layer of hot oil acts as powerfully as a mustard plaster on a grown up never a child plaster on a grown up person. A child that has been suffering seriously with a cold one day, after careful treatment of with hardly a suspicion of illness. There is no better laxative than sweet oil for a young child .- New York Tribune.

### Intellectual Women.

It is often said that study disgusts wom en with domestic labors. This is an error If anything diverts us from our daily du-ties it is not study, but frivolity. Minds that are incapable of fixing themselves on a serious subject are not the better fitted on that account to keep the household ex on that account to keep the household ex-penses within bounds or to govern their children. Women whose intellectual nur-ture consists of plays and novels are not likely to air their apartments better than those, who read history and philosophy. Frequently the scholarly woman knows how to handle a brown better than the one who have any their of the scholarly woman knows who knows nothing of science or litera-ture. Whenever an interesting volume prevents one from performing a household duty, the fault does not lie in the legiti-mate desire for mental cultivation, but in

MOONSHINE. Through curtains, mellow moonlight bathes

Through currains, notion modified terms the room. The mode tracery of the lace draws forms Grotesque and weird upon surrounding gloom, Which virid fancy into color warms. Here on the wall's a sharp and cleag profile Which momentarily grows plain to view, And, as I live, its sweet eyes siem to smile And beam on me as if they knew I knew. From either side, in dimmer light I trace The heavenly draperr round the hallowed face. It's the dear child who has left me here To dream of her with many a bitter tear. It may be trickery of the mellow moon, Jut even such converse is a precious boon. -J. W. Schwarts in New York World.

THE VOICE OF AN ECHO

Out of the window of the old wooden oridge, whose booded tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a Sep-tember night. The black hollow of the tember night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, buttressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the flood of ghostly light, and iP the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view, they were amply repaid. From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them hidden by a frinze of the forest it would have by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their only object. The small talk of acquaint-media friendshin and employed by a best to get only object. The small talk of acquaint-anceship, friendship and even love is with-in certain limits, and among people habitn-ated to each other's conventions, practi-cally indistinguishable. Frequently it is difficult to decide why the degrees should be of so much consequence to the parties. It was in this case knowledge of the world and the good temper of experience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kin-naird on perfectly unruffled terms with

that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kin-maird on perfectly unruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had long ago forgiven her, gratifying as it once had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with her earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her. Thus secure in vindication, the lust for which the dying Eve bequeathed to all her sex, Mrs. Hugonin could without the slightest reflection upon her widowhood accent once reflection upon her widowhood accept once more the companionship of a man who tolerated life as comfortably as Arthur Kinnaird. The imminence of the climac teric which she knew to be threatening him was not to be read from his figure. His step was alert, his cheeks were bronzed, his tastes were rational, and what could he desire?

She pushed back her dark hair under its She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her elbows on the ledge, gazed without speak-ing at the haunted defile. Kinnaird gavo a little laugh behind her. "Margaret," he

waid, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again." "Why, particularly?" sheasked, without turning her head.

"Oh, all this summer," he replied. She

did not ask him to be more explicit. "It is certainly an ideal place," she said, with a half sigh. "Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature restore one's youth. the beauties of nature restore one's youth. One may feel young again, but one is not really any the less dispassionate." "I am not so sure of that," said Kin-naird. "I should like to argue the point with you--if it could be argued." "You men are all alike," said Mrs. Hugonin, with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulder. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation." Kinnaird stroked his mustache thought-fully for a moment. "And so you think

fully for a moment. "And so you think me dispassionate?" he observed. "You?" said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful hugh. "Why, Arthur, there

isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to contribute!

"If you mean that," he said, slowly, "it is quite as I foured." "As you feared?" "You still believe me capable of as much

mistaken self control as I once was. And," he added calmiy, "I don't wonder."

Though there was no bitterness appar ent in his tone, Mrs. Hugonin was startled. "Really, this is pulike you, Arthur," she said gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You petulant with your past? You provoked with your recollections? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently,

# "Margaret, I love ron more than ever." "It is impossible!"

"It is impossible!" "I love you." "You cannot, cannot be in earnest," she ammered. "Why, you have never told

stammered. "Why, you have never told me." "Never-until now," he laughed. "I learned something when I lost you the first time-my darling!" "This," said Mrs, Hugonin, partially re-covering kerself, "is folly, Arthur. And it is most unfair." "Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife? No, you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quibble with your words," he said, smiling. "May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will. May they bring you back to-it was twenty that you were-when it all hap-pened. Margaret, when you were twenty-siz, I went away from the city of all my hopes, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a refugee had done before me -1 sealed up my treasures and hid them, and my store is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you-when you were twenty-all that I had been pil ing up for our married life, is intact, and now I want you to share it with me." He-pau&d a moment and then went ou: "My dear, I have simply had to wait, that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again." "Poor Mrs, Hugonin's breath came and

Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion-or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps 1 was in the wrong," she said. "But why did not you think more of yourself?" "I am thinking of myself now." said

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand inhoratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish visor to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that ill is in short the foundatu head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Rostetter's stomach filters does most effectually, resolu-ably, regulating and reinforcing digestion, pro-noting due action of the liver and bowds. Strength and quisitade of the nerves depend in prest measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervine tonic more highly estoemed by the medical fraternity than the filters. Physi-cians also strongly commend it for chills and were, theumatian, kidney and bladder troublo, ick headache and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day. Kinnaird. Kinnaird. Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung dis tracted and in doubt, the cliff before them rang faint and sibylline with an echo. It was the town clock of the village striking over beyond the trees; they could not hear it, but sent from ledge to ledge in the still night air it struck silvery and remote on the granite facade. As it sounded they both started, he at its elfin suggestions, she at its material reminder. The man who was out on a lark the night be fore feels like he had been on a wild-goose chase the next morning. Of all the practical men of whom Amer at its material reminder. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "it is 11 ica is justly proud no one holds a higher

o'clock!

o'clock!" "It is," said Kinnaird. "And we must positively go back to the hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur-and you know it, for I saw you start, too." She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked. "The augury?" "We are two old fools," she said. "Think down its him had Asthur "Think of

"We are two old fools," she said. "Think of my boy in his bed, Arthur. "Think of my thirty years-be quiet, if you please. I choose to be thirty for formality's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight When 11 o'clock strikes we recollect that we ought to be respectably at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past and it is over. Yours has been unhappy and I am oh, so very sorry! But you are contented now and, what is more, you are kind and strong-it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel-and we shall beware of echoes in future." future.

"I thought you said you had grown old," said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that re-fuses the echo." And he took her in his arms and kissed her.-Philadelphia Times.

Keeping Warm, Economically.

In his memoirs, Jules Simon relates how he earned his college expenses, which by the aid of a scholarship were reduced to about fifty dollars.

I never had any pocket money, but I do not remember once regretting it. Even the indispensable fifty dollars were not easy to get.

Happily for me, it was customary for upper class students to tutor beginners, giving a daily lesson for three france a month. I had classes from half past 6 to 8 in the morning, and from 6 to 7 in the evening. Every evening in the winter I went to my class, lantern in hand, but poorly protected against the rain by my callco shirt. After all I did not earn enough to pay

my entire debt to my landlady. She was a kind hearted woman and urged me not to think of it, but I was terribly unhappy

At commencement I took all the first At commencement 1 took an the inst prizes, and the committee made me a pres-ent of forty dollars, so that I suddenly found myself rich. I paid my debt, bought a cloth coat and a pair of shoes and allowed

myself the luxury of new text books in place of my ragged secondhand ones. I do not count those years at Vannes

Roses All the Year Round. Splendid as the blooms of the June" ones are, we want roses all summer long, hence have to look to the teas, Chinas, Bourbons and similar ones to give them to us, and they won't disappoint us.

Fellets, the smallest and ensist to take, bring you holp that Lasts. Constipution Summer roses, as we call them, bloom from first to last, giving us their smaller, though sweet scented, flowers until freezing weather comes. When the cool nights of fall come, they make a glorious display of flowers, allowing of the cut ting of many a bonquet. The well-known Hermosa, Louis Philippe, Malmaison and Agrippina are members of

reliets, the similast and ensues to take, bring you help that lasts. Constipution, Indigestion, Billous Attacks, Sick or Billous' Headaches, and all derange-ments of liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured. this class. Other good representatives are Appoline, Edward Desfosses, Louise Odier, Bongere, Caroline Marniesse, Ho-

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form of blood disease. No medicine ever introduced in this country has not with such ready sale, nor given uch universal satisfaction whenever used as that of DR. PARDER'S REMENY. This reusely has been used in the hospitals throughout the old world for the past twenty-live years as a specific for the alove diseases, and it has and will cure when all other so-called remedies fail. Send for pamphlet of testimonials from those who have been cured by its use. Frangisc's sell it at \$1.00 per bouls. Try it and be convinced. For agle by

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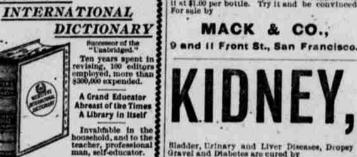
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ACTS T ONCE on the Blatn- y., I ive

and **He we is**, restoring them to a healthy so tion, and **CE ME**: when all other medicines fails Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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THE BEST KIDNEY

iantic cable. He writes: 8 EAST FIFTY-SIXTE STREET.! NEW YORK, May 8, 1885. i Several times this winter I have suffered from severe colds on my lungs. Each time I have applied ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. and in every instance T have been quickly relieved by applying one across my chest and one on my back. My friends through my advice have tried the experiment and also found it most successful. I feel that I can recommend them most highly to any one who may see fit to try them. CYRUS W. FIRLD, JR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the best medicine known. Have you ever noticed that some days you even to walk up hill all day? DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

mer, Gloire de Dijon, Mme de Vatry, Souvenir d'un Ami, Marie Ducher and Sombrieul. These are all hardy in this latitude with but little protection, and

in many places with no protection at all.

-Joseph Meehan in Eittsburg Dispatch.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTE

A PRACTICAL MAN.

place than the late Cyrus W. Field. His

on shows that he has inherited the shrewd commonsense of the man who laid the At-

lautic cable. He writes:

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the eir. There is anly one transformed condition of the intermediation of the intermed <u>BLOOD POISO</u> A SPECIALTY.

amo gravanteest with those who prifer to come browe will contrast to ture them or refund money and pay expense of comins, railfoad fave and hotes bills, if wo fail to cours. If you have taken mer-cury, todiale potash, and still have aches and prime, Muccus Fattches in mouth, four Threast, Pimpien, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcerston any part of the body, Birle or Eychrows & failing out, it is this Synhilitic BLOOD PO1803 that we guarantee to cure. We solid! the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we connot cure. This diseas that lways battled the shill of the most eminent physi-ticas. S500,000 capital behind our nucconfl tional guarantee. Absolute proofs sontaeled for applieding. Adverse COOK REMEDY CO. 1325 to 1331 Masonle Temple, Chicago, Bl

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I went ho as and was confined to my bed

unable to telp mysel

for 22 months, Doctors

felled to give me more than temporary relief. A ter great effort, I was

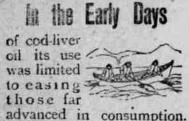
able, to get up finally and started to work at

the machinist's trade, 1

was rot well and a com-

penion machinist ad-vised me to take Hood's

TEY GERMEA for breakfast.



Science soon discovered in it the prevention and cure of consumption.

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### ORTLAND. OREGON.

N. P. N. U. No. 515-S. F. N. U. No. 590 at the start?" responded the colonel. "Tm with you."-Exchange.

the love of enjoyment, which has its root in selfishness, however elevated be its ob ect. Moreover, while the diligent hands are

busied with humble tasks the mind does not cease to roam. Is it not better that it not cense to roam. Is it not better that it should move in a lofty sphere, in the do-main of letters and science, than be occu-pled with such wretched subjects as scan dal and gossip? Those who inve the high est claim on us should be glad to have us do a little independent thinking. We are drawn closer to those who ordinarily occu-py our thoughts if we can remove ourselves from them at certain moments. It is one from them at certain moments. It is one of the privileges especially reserved for women that whatever they do for them-selves confers a benefit on others.—Sadie E. Martin in Irrigation Age.

### Children and Sweets.

American children are probably allowed greater license in eating sweets than is ac-corded the juveniles of any other civilized corded the juveniles of any other civilized nation. Even habitually wise guardians of youth often seem to labor under an im-pression that so long as a dessert, a cake or a candy is simple, it can do no harm, al though eaten in large quantities and when a parent is ignorant or indifferent, the lib erty a child has to work out his own diges the destruction is constinues fairly a const tive destruction is sometimes fairly appa

I remember well a small rustic, aged ten, who once horrified me by his recklessness n this particular. I caught him eating undy before breakfast and ventured a mild emonstrance

"Sho, that ain't nothing," he replied "Sho, that ain't nothing," he replied cheerfully. "Look here!" opening his mouth wide to display two rows of decayed plugs of teeth. "Ma she says they come that way from eatin candy. I most al ways take some to bed with me, an when I wake up in the night I eat it." Not an hour later his grandmother bemoaned to me Tommer's loss famoties. "He semida:" me Tommy's loss of appetite. "He wouldn't eat a mite of breakfast," she said. "But I guess I'll just bake him up some molasses cookies. He is real foud of them, and he'll weakn

ent them when he doesn't seem to have ap petite for anythin else, except candy."

The Trouble With a Cold. "S'matter?"

"I got an awful cold," replied Colonel Morney.

"Have you"-"Yes, I have. I have polished my bronchial tubes with 'Conlin's Consumption Coughine."

"No, but have you"-"Yes! Course I have. Fve had goose

grease rubbed all over my throat and hest, and I"-

"But, I say hold on, have you"-"I tell you there's nothing I haven't tried. I took a hot bath, drank a pint of boiling lemonade and rubbed my hide almost off with Mustang liniment, "Now, listen! Have you"— "Yes, I have. Tried them all, but they're no good. Why, last night I"\_\_\_\_\_" "That's all right, but have you"\_\_\_\_\_ "Have I what?"

"Have you time to go over to Flynn's and have something?". "Why the dence didn't you talk sense

1 4

"Come," he said, "you have no right to be ironical. Though I once let you go, it was because I thought you wished to be released."

thought you wished to be released." "Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hu-gonin, "I did not know you were serious or I should not have taken this as a joke." "I am entirely serious."

"But if 1 do"— Kinnaird-moved to the window beside her and laid a hand on her arm. "You are much mistaken," he suid, in the undis-turbed voice which so provoked her. "You must indeed think that I am taking leave of my years. I never had much vanity, I think, but what I had when I was younger I never made a pet of. Look over there at the rocks, and what do you see?" "Rocks—and moonlight. But, Ar

thur" "The rocks make me recollect," he went "The rocks make me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone mountain together. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and I let you. Now I did that be-cause I reflected that if you fell I could catch you."

"Well?"

"Well?" "You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first and made you cling to my-pardon me-coat tails." "Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, hall laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now." "After that," said Kinnaird, pursuing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up I thought always of you first. That was why I gave you up-which you naturally considered a weakness."

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation—a weakness for sentiment.

But it was checked by her vexation with her friend for breaking their tacit under standing—and by the feeling of half contemptuous pity that stole over her as he spoke. Were she a man, she thought, she would

were she a man, she thonght, she would never confess at forty to the incompetence of twenty-five. That Kinnaird did so, but absolved her again. Also, she reflected, she had had a headache yesterday, aad therefore it was very lucky this conversa-Jon had not been started yesterday, or she

than she was now. "I shall not stop you," she said in a half

"I shall not stop you," she said in a half mischlevous tone. "Go on-I won't be angry. You will perhaps admit that if there is anything rankling it is as well for you to abuse me and have it over, even af-ter all these years, whose distanties you have written." "My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping her's so quickly that, involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away. "it is well for me to tell the only woman I ever loved for me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let her go again." "Arthur!"

mong the hard ones of my life, though Sarsaparilla. I got a bottle and could quickly certainly we students were not too com-fontable. In the schoolroom benches ran along the walls; there were no deaks, and sote a change for the better. I continued, and Hood's Min Cures

we wrote on our knees. There was no fire. Sometimes our fin-gers were so cold that we could not hold gers were so cold that we could not hold our pens. Occasionally the teacher struck three blows on his desk. Then we jumped up, shouted at the top of our voices, seized each other by the hand and danced in a ring around a post. At the end of a quar-ter of an hour three taps on the desk re-called us to our work. It was an economi-cal and, I believe, a healthful way of keep-ing warm.

Sleep in Sickness.

Concerning sleep, in connection with sickness, there is a good deal of heresy re-garding the matter among otherwise well informed people. "Don't let her sleep too long!" "Be sure to wake him when it is long!" "Be suce to wake him when it is time to give the medicine; it will be a great deal better for him not to sleep too long at one time!" How often we have heard these words, or words to that effect, when, in fact, in nine cases out of ten and very likely in ninety-nine out of a hundred, they were the exact opposite of the truth. Gen-tle, restful sleep is better than any medi-cine; and how often, even how almost in-variably, does the "change for the better," cine; and how often, even how almost in-variably, does the "change for the better," for which anxious friends are waiting so prayerfully, come during sleep-making its first manifestation when the patient awakes with brightened eye, stronger voice, a faint tinge of returning health manting the features in place of the wan

mantling the features in place of the wan hue of threatening death! In the words of Sancho Panza, we may well say, "Blessed be the man who invent-ed sleep!" There are, of course, critical situations in which a troubled, imperfect sleep, may properly be broken to adminis-ter medicine; but, in these later days, phy-icians online generally give the caution sicians quite generally give the caution that, in case of restiul sleep, the patient fs not to be awakened for the administering of medicines.-Good Housekeeping.

#### Colors of Sapphires.

Sapphires have of late years become fashionable gems. The blue of the sapphire is very seldom pure or spread over the whole substance of the stone. Sometimes it is mixed with black, which

gives it an inky appearance, sometimes with red, which, although imperceptible by daylight, yet by artificial light gives it an amethystine appearance. Two sapphires which by daylight may appear of the same hue often differ extremely in color at night. If the stone be held in an ordinary pair of forceps an inch beneath the surface of very clear water,

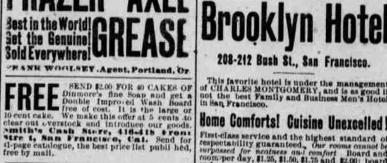
would have been much more provoked than she was now. "I shall not stop you," she said in a half remark applies to all other gems.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Poverty of Printed Language.

"God will keep up his end of the row if you give him a chance." That was the language used by Moderator Craig in his sermon, which had direct reference to the controversies before the general assembly. As it appears in print the sentence requires an expository note. Whether the word "row" rhymes with "how" or "hoe" becomes an important suestion. — Washington Star.



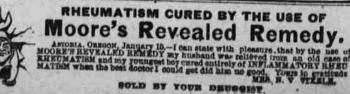
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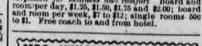






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