The United States Government reports ROYAL a pure cream of tartar baking powder, highest of all in leavening strength.

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

Late United States Government Chemist. Dr. H. A. Mott

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Hermit Hunter Found

Last Saturday two hunters from Clearfield who were out in the wilds of the Alleghanies found a dead man in Andy Reese's camp on Boon's mountain. The dead man's name was John Gilland, and for several years he had lived alone there in the mountain fastnesses with no companion but his dog save when a hunting party would locate at the camp for a short season. For months at a time he never saw civilization, living exclusively on the game and fish he could shoot and catch.

For a long time he lived in a hut made of bark, fashioned like an Indian tepee. He wandered over the mountain with dog and gun, and seemed to enjoy his solitary existence. When found it was evident that he had been dead several days, perhaps weeks, and the gaunt and emaciated form of his faithful dog was by his side, almost dead from starvation. And he would no doubt have remained there and died by the side of his dead master and never dreamed of deserting his post. Dogs sometimes do things that make us ashamed of our humanity. The body was taken to Clearfield and buried on Monday. It is presumed that the man died of pneumonia or some kindred disease, as he had pulmonary trouble.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents.

A Powerful Flesh Maker.

A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

Scott's Emulsion

stands alone in the field of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partly digested before taken.

Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

To Introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, Or.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

AN AGILE HISTORIAN.

What Brother Bill Won In a Canadian Bicycle Race.

The thick necked barber was telling about a road race in which his brother, who is somewhat of a bicycler, had ridden.

"Why," he said, "that race was just like pie for Bill. He won that medal as easy as if he had found it."

"Where was it?" asked the man in the chair.

"Over in Canada. You see, it was this way: Bill hadn't been doin much trainin, but I says to him that that race was a pudd'in, an he went into it. He won in a walk. The prize was a $150 bicycle."

"Had an easy thing, did he?" asked the man in the chair.

"Easy ain't no name for it. He got that horse an buggy that was hung up for the prize as slick as if some man had come along an give it to him. It was a cinch."

"Were there any other good riders in the race?" asked the man in the chair.

"Oh, half a dozen or so was scratch men, like Bill; but, you see, Bill didn't mind no little thing like that. He said to me before he went over that he was out for that grand piano that was put up for first, an he didn't take no chances. He just cut out the runnin from the very start, an when he got home he says to my sister, says he, 'Sis, I won you a grand piano over there of them blamed Canucks, an it will be over here in a day or two,' says he. An, say, that piano is a daisy an no mistake."

"Pretty valuable prize," ventured the man in the chair.

"Oh, sort of. Besides the piano, there was a $250 watch that was hung up too. Bill he just naturally cabbaged the hull outfit. When it comes to ridin a bike, Bill's as good as they make 'em."

Just then a lantern jawed, stoop shouldered youth strolled into the shop. "Hullo, Bill!" said the thick necked barber. "I was tellin this gentleman about the prize you took over in Canada the other day."

"Yes," said the man in the chair, "as near as I can make out it was a medal, a bicycle, a horse and buggy, a grand piano and a $250 watch."

During the recital the lantern jaws of the youth opened wide in astonishment. "Was that what he said?" he asked.

"As near as I could make out," replied the man in the chair.

"Well," said the lantern jawed youth slowly, "that's pretty close for him. What I got was an oak rocking chair."

And the thick necked barber took an inch of skin off the chin of the man in the chair for revenge.—Buffalo Express.

A Yale Student With a High Stand.

It was during a period when President Porter was holding recitations in the Athenæum that the following story is told, the substantial truth of which is vouched for here: In one of the class divisions was a young fellow active in athletics, who found it difficult to blend proficiency in baseball with the 40 pages of advance and review which made up the normal day's lesson in Dr. Porter's bulky volume on "The Human Intellect." Taking advantage of Dr. Porter's easy going recitations, the young fellow hit on the following device: He divided the 40 pages into eight sections of five pages each. For each section he prepared an answer, usually based on a suggestive line or two, sometimes evolved from inner consciousness. At recitation he simply watched Dr. Porter turn the pages, basing his answer absolutely on the number of pages turned. From pages 5 to 10 meant answer number two, from pages 25 to 30 answer number 6, and so on, not the slightest attention otherwise being paid to the question.

The young pioneer in psychology, who rattled off the answer with all the flexibility of speech and earnestness he could command, always met a gracious smile from Dr. Porter and found subsequently by this audacity he had secured a stand in psychology among the first half dozen in the class. Years after he met Dr. Porter and explained the trick and its result. The president turned the thing prettily. "Mr. Blank," answered he, "if you got eight ideas out of each 40 pages of my 'Human Intellect,' you got so many more than most of your class that you deserved your stand."—New Haven Cor. New York Post.

A Fifty Years' Tryst.

Dr. Nevins tells a very touching story in his "Disorders of the Brain." A patient of his, a young lady engaged to be married, was often visited by her intended husband by the stagecoach, which passed within a mile or two of her house. One day she went to meet him and found instead an old friend, who brought the news of his sudden death. She uttered a frightful scream, "He is dead!" and then all consciousness of her misfortune ceased. "Day by day for 50 years did this poor creature in all seasons journey to the spot where she expected to see her lover alight from the coach, and day by day she uttered in a plaintive tone: 'He is not come yet. I will return tomorrow.'" Could anything be sadder than this romance from a doctor's notebook?

Reading a Girl's Letter.

A caution to girls who write indiscriminately to young men was seen on one of our street corners the other day. A youth evidently not in the habit of receiving many letters was reading aloud to a companion a missive which any passerby could see was intended for "Dear Will" alone, but the other youth evidently enjoyed the contents as well as the reader.—Springfield Graphic.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

It Is Agog Over the Pollard-Breckinridge Case.

SIMILAR SCANDALS OF THE PAST.

The Cases of Senators Conkling, Sumner, Christiancy, Cameron and Ben Hill, and Representatives Thompson and Taulbee. Private Lives of Our Public Men.

There has always been a great deal of talk about the corruption of official life in Washington, and there lurks in the minds of a good many people a sort of ill defined idea that the private characters of some of our congressmen are not very creditable to men in their exalted stations. Whatever foundation there may be for these vague suspicions, it is certain that such moral obliquity as exists in Washington society is kept pretty well below the surface, and, so far as outward appearances go, those who walk in the bright light of publicity lead very decent and well regulated lives.

This fact is emphasized by the profound sensation created not only in Washington, but throughout the entire country, when it was known that Miss Madeline V. Pollard had brought suit against Congressman Breckinridge of Kentucky charging him with betrayal and breach of promise of marriage. Owing to the distinguished character of the defendent and the hitherto spotless reputation of the young woman herself, the public was taken entirely by surprise, and not since the day General Dan Sickles shot Philip Barton Key has Washington society been so stirred.

Of course the case of Senator Conkling and Kate Chase Sprague caused a good deal of excitement when it was first sprung upon the public, and the scandalous conduct of the young wife of the late Senator Christiancy created considerable righteous indignation. Senator Sumner was also the victim of an unfortunate marriage, which embittered his life, grieved his friends and shocked society. But all these things happened long ago, and are now nearly forgotten. In more recent years a woman named Raymond brought suit against Senator Ben Hill of Georgia, who was then one of the leaders of the Democratic party. She alleged pretty much the same condition of affairs as does Miss Pollard, but her case was not pressed.

Another famous case that resembles that of Miss Pollard in a good many particulars was the suit of Mrs. Mary S. Oliver against Senator Simon Cameron, who was then 81 years old. On May 5, 1880, a decision was rendered for the defendant. It has frequently been alleged that women who attempt to expose congressmen do not receive fair treatment in the courts, and that charge was repeatedly made in the Oliver-Cameron case. A woman who has grown gray in the honorable service of one of the departments said the other day:

"Miss Pollard does not know what she is doing when she undertakes to down a United States representative. We who have lived here for 25 years have seen many a good and virtuous woman absolutely destroyed in such an effort. Hundreds of perfectly pure and lovely women in our remembrance have come to Washington upon receiving promises from the representatives at home of good positions in store for them, only to be cruelly wronged, and in most cases they have carried their secrets to the grave, realizing their perfect helplessness to secure redress of any kind."

Mr. Breckinridge is not the first Kentucky representative to get into trouble over a woman. About 10 years ago Congressman Phil Thompson, Jr., shot and killed a man who was too attentive to his wife. Mr. Thompson was acquitted at the trial and re-elected to congress. He is quite intimate with Mr. Breckinridge, and only a few days ago went to Washington to see what he could do to assist his friend in his present emergency. The Kincaid-Taulbee case is still fresh in the public mind. Kincaid was a correspondent and had been writing rather freely concerning alleged irregularities in the private life of the congressman. Taulbee called him to account, and the correspondent was obliged to kill the congressman to prove his case.

MISS POLLARD.

Mr. Breckinridge is celebrated as a lawyer and as an orator and moves in the most select circles of Washington society. He introduced Miss Pollard into this society, and for years she was known as his especial protege. He placed her on an intimate footing with the members of his own family, and, it is alleged, introduced her to Mrs. Blackburn, wife of the ex-governor of Kentucky, as the young lady whom he intended to marry.

By reason of his silver tongue and silver hair Mr. Breckinridge has long been a spectacular figure in the house and has been the hero of many dramatic scenes similar to that described in the following newspaper report of a speech delivered in January, 1888:

But it was the last speaker, Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky, who carried off the honors of the day. He is ever the most striking figure on his side of the house, his heavy mass of snow white locks and full snowy beard standing in perfect relief above the severe black of his coat. He was dignified, impassioned and eloquent all at once. Twice he fairly swept the house off its feet, and the auditory, both on the floor and in the galleries, shouted and clapped their hands at the close in a storm of applause, only to break out the second time a moment later.

Mr. Breckinridge is short and rather stout, with blue eyes, white hair and beard and ruddy complexion. His manners are cordial and courteous, and he retains perfect self command under the most trying circumstances. The charm of his conversation is convincing and persuasive. His discourse is brilliant and magnetic. He is probably the most finished speaker in the house, and was selected as the orator for the opening exercises of the Columbian exposition. Owing to a disagreement with the managers of the fair the engagement was not fulfilled. Colonel Breckinridge was born in Philadelphia Aug. 28, 1837, and has practiced law in Lexington, Ky., for many years. He is serving his fifth term in congress. Mr. Breckinridge is an active member of the Presbyterian church, and was conspicuous at the general assembly in Washington last May.

Miss Pollard is a native of Lexington, Ky., and is described as a fascinating woman and a bright conversationalist. While not exactly beautiful, she has expressive eyes, and her features are illuminated by intelligence and vivacity. She is well educated and ambitious, and is struggling to make a name for herself in literature. In this connection it is asserted that she has performed some work decidedly more creditable to her than the doggerel verses written as a lovesick schoolgirl and addressed under the cover of an autobiography to one of her classmates. This autobiography clears up in a measure some portions of the young woman's early life which recent vagrant and contradictory newspaper stories have done a good deal to obscure.

It identifies the man who paid the expenses of her education at the Cincinnati seminary as one Rhodes, an old gardener who "fell head over heels in love with her." She tells how she induced him to educate her by promising to marry him. That she had no intention of fulfilling that obligation she frankly confesses. "When I think of the debt of gratitude, as well as the financial debt I owe him, I almost die of pain. How can I marry that old wretch, when I hate him so? I do not love another, but, notwithstanding, I must crawl from under those miserable clutches."

There is some very vague reference to a young lover on whom her ardent affections were "foolishly wasted," and the epistle concludes:

Do you wonder that I look at you and your gifted admirers-your kind, loving and gifted parents and loving sisters and brothers and happy home, and feel a bitter pang in the knowledge that I may never hope to participate in such pleasures? But, oh, my little brook of conscience is calling to me. I am deprived of some—I might say all—of earth's real pleasures, but if I face the world and withstand her snares I know there is a mansion beyond where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." * * *

From my window everything looks cold and dreary, just as my future does before me. Possibly in a few more days—in other words, years—I may be wrapt in a gentle sleep that knows no waking, and to say that I would be very sorry would be to tell a story. I love life and would dearly love to be here when the prophecy I mean to scribble on the opposite pages is fulfilled. It will be of course. My whole life is written here—I should have said the sorrows of my whole life. My dear friend, I must tell you my secret of secrets is—I am going to try to be an authoress. * * * This is the last day of vacation, and I am glad and sorry too.

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

If the grass has grown green on poor Madge's grave,
When you, dear Lizzie, have conquered your task so brave,
Let one tear of sorrow fall gently for me,
Although I may be resting under the living tree.
I love you so dearly I want to wait and see
Just what cruel fate holds for thee.
But if God takes me home to him,
I will be happy and free from all sin.
Tonight you are happy, Lizzie, dear,
But think and love Madge, who in spirit is near,
God bless you both, dear Lizzie, I say,
And to that effect I will always pray.
Eternally yours, MADGE.

As all romantic and sentimental schoolgirls are at times liable to drop into lachrymose doggerel, this effusion should not be permitted to prejudice the case of Miss Pollard.

Mrs. Breckinridge, who has received such unpleasant notoriety through this unfortunate affair, was married to the congressman at Louisville only a few weeks ago. She was a widow of Rumsay Wing, minister to Ecuador during the Lincoln administration. She and Colonel Breckinridge are cousins. The engagement, which dates from last March, was kept a secret, and the marriage was a surprise to many of their friends. Mrs. Breckinridge is about 38 years of age. She is described as a tall, slender woman, with clear cut and very pale features. She is highly educated and has been prominent in society.

C. H. CLARKE.

A Mobile Mystery.

There dwelt in Mobile a few years ago a unique character who had a secret and guarded it well. This man was a one legged, grizzled old fellow of an ancient mariner type, who might have been Lascar, Portuguese or mulatto for all one could tell. Every day for 30 years or more he stumped down the street and seated himself on the steps of the State bank. He spoke to no one, except to heartily curse any stranger who mistook him for a mendicant, but smoked his pipe and drank rum at intervals from a flask until sundown, and then he stumped off to his cabin on the edge of a bayou, about two miles from town.

The remarkable thing about the mysterious old tar was that every Monday morning he entered the bank, and producing a single Spanish doubloon of the seventeenth century received its bullion value in currency for it. He never had more nor less than the single doubloon. Of course everybody along the gulf of Mexico is a believer in the existence of buried spoils of the buccaneers of the Spanish main and the later day gulf pirates of Lafitte's day, which was just after the war of 1812, and every man and boy in Mobile was satisfied that the old one legged tar was a survivor of the band of Lafitte and that he had access to a buried treasure. He was followed and watched in vain. When at last he died, there was only found on his person the change from the last doubloon sold to the bank, and although the cabin was torn down and the soil for acres around overturned to the depth of six feet no trace of the hidden hoard of the old one legged pirate was ever discovered.

Customers Too Particular.

Some years ago the proprietors of a so called "ulster house" in London placed in their windows a placard setting forth a new rule of their establishment, namely, that no orders given by Americans would be executed unless the orders were paid for beforehand. The proprietor on being interviewed declared that American ladies were much too hard to please—infinitely more so than English ones. They insisted upon having their things made to fit or they refused to take them. "I had an ulster sent back to me the other day, for instance," he remarked, "by an American customer merely because it was longer in front than it was at the back." Only that and nothing more!—Lucy Hooper in Home Journal.

The Name of Stebbins.

The Stebbins family is fairly numerous. It is not now a classic name. Its owners wear it ignorantly. More the shame for them. It is by right a classic name, borne as it was by the first of Christian martyrs—St. Steven, sometimes spelled Stephen. Steven is the Dutch way of spelling it. Spell it in Spanish—Esteban. Drop the initial silent e and then you have Steban. Among the ignorant the step to Stebbins is very short. And the honorable name of St. Steven takes on degradation, even as the fine old Norman-French name D'Aubaine becomes the homely Dobbins.—Davenport Democrat.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1894 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in this brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained, without cost, of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

"Charity," remarked Meandering Mike, "begins at home, and it's got er most oncomfortable habit of settling down behind a woodpile."

GOOD HEALTH ABOVE WEALTH.

Everybody knows this, and if questioned will acknowledge it. Yet many who will spend any amount of labor in getting money, when it comes to taking a slight precaution against sickness or using some simple remedy for its cure, will use neither time nor money.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the cheapest and most efficient external remedy ever offered for the relief and cure of pains in the chest, side, back or limbs. Stiffness in the joints, strains and twitching of the muscles disappear under their touch, and even deep-seated pains of the stomach, liver and kidneys are relieved and cured.

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Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GRENEA for breakfast.

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—the great, griping, old-fashioned pill. Not only when you take it, but unpleasant, from first to last, and it only gives you a little temporary good.

The things to take its place are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One of these at a dose will *regulate* the whole system perfectly. They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They act in Nature's own way. No reaction afterward. Their help *lasts* and they do *permanent* good. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the cheapest, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or money is returned. Nothing can be "just as good."

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

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Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.

Two Things about Catarrh in the Head

First—It is a constitutional disease. Prof. Gross, a leading scientist, says: "Catarrh is a constitutional disease which manifests itself by local symptoms." Dr. Dio Lewis says: "Catarrh is not a disease of the mucous; it is a disease of the man." Therefore he says snuffs and other local applications are useless.

Second—It requires a constitutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which reaches and cures Catarrh by purifying the blood and building up the system, so as to throw off the disease. Thousands who formerly suffered from Catarrh agree that

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DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

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