Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IF I HAD KNOWN YOU.

If I had known you, oh, if I had known you,
In other days when youth and love were strong,
I would have raised a temple to enthrone you
On some fair pinnacle of cloudless song.

If you had touched me then with your dear laughter,
As now its echo smites me in my grief,
I would have given my soul to you, and after
Lived in my love—grown old in my belief.

If you had loved me, oh, you would have loved me,
Earth would have worshiped us, its seers sublime,
My song had been a psalm, and saints had proved me
Prophet and priest, your poet for all time.
—W. S. Blunt in Boston Budget.

The General Drift to Cities.

The tendency of the laboring population in rural districts to migrate to the cities is receiving forcible illustration in Germany. Not only has the city of Berlin increased in population nearly 200 per cent in the last quarter of a century—at a rate of progress four times as rapid as that of London—but almost all the great towns in Germany exhibit a similar tendency to augment their population at the expense of the country. In many parts there are not enough laborers to perform the necessary agricultural operations. The country is, in fact, becoming deserted, and in some cases land is approaching its "prairie value." In the kingdoms of Saxony and Bavaria at this moment there are said to be many small farmhouses, each with a large plot of garden land, advertised for sale at prices which elsewhere would barely suffice to pay the ordinary conveyancing fees. One little property of this sort, for instance, is offered to any purchaser for the ridiculous sum of $20 and another for less than $50, house and land included—all freehold. It is pretty clear that all Germany's protective import duties have been powerless to ward off agricultural depression. In fact, her farmers appear to be suffering a good deal more than those of Great Britain.—New York Post.

The Throwing Power of a Wave.

To appreciate wave force and what may be termed the throwing power of a wave, let it be understood that in the winter of 1860, at Bishop's Rock lighthouse, the bell was torn from its fastenings, although situated 100 feet above high water mark. At Unst, in Shetland islands, a door was burst in at a height of 195 feet above the level of the sea. The most wonderful effects of wave force recorded were witnessed at Wick Harbor breakwater. Blocks weighing from 5 to 10 tons were built in above the line of high water, first with hydraulic lime, then with Roman and last with Portland cement. This great work was considered by the most learned engineers in England to be capable of withstanding the assaults of the ocean for ages, but in October, 1864, over 300 feet of this giant barrier was swept away.

In 1872 a monolithic block, 1,350 tons, was lifted bodily and carried to leeward of the breakwater, and in 1873 another and heavier concrete mass, weighing 2,600 tons, which had replaced the former, was swept away intact and carried to a point equally distant.—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Interesting Sight.

A most interesting sight to see is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies" and with teeth of "pearly whiteness," and with cheeks that have stolen the "deep carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of hot potato.—London Tit-Bits.

~WON'T SOUR~
Bread made with
GOLDEN WEST
BAKING POWDER.
It makes a light, live, sweet loaf. Dealers sell it on the manufacturers' guarantee, CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Or.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC
FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal. . .

TRADE S.S.S. MARK
"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."
C. B. McLemore, Henderson, Tex.

TREATISE on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!
SLICKER
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

A FOE TO SHOPLIFTERS.

A New York Girl Who Acts as Detective In a Dry Goods Store.

An enterprising and intrepid young woman is Miss Louise Alexander of New York city, who occupies the rather novel position of detective in a large dry goods store. During the holidays she made the record of capturing nine alleged thieves within a week and saw them all held for trial by the police judge. Miss Alexander is a slight brunette who discharges her duties with quiet, un-

MISS LOUISE ALEXANDER.

obtrusive grace, but we have not yet heard that any young men have gone shoplifting in her bailiwick expressly for the pleasure of being caught by the fair detective.

Miss Alexander was engaged through a detective agency and had hardly got her bearings in the store when she caught a man and woman. They were Richard Johnson and Frances Kline. Miss Alexander watched them at the ring counter. The woman wore a hat and looked like a purchaser. Several trays of rings were handed out. While the woman was engaging the saleswoman the man slipped three rings into his overcoat pocket. Then he bought a cheap ring and started out.

Miss Alexander waited till Johnson got out on the sidewalk to give him no excuse. Then she told him he was wanted inside. At once his hand dived into his pocket, with the thief's first impulse to throw away stolen property. But the little hand of the 19-year-old detective clutched his wrist.

"Keep your hand there," she said. When a policeman came, the girl's nervous grip unclasped, and in the pocket the three rings were found. Johnson was sent to the island for five months. The woman, pleading innocence, got off.

Miss Alexander seldom has much trouble with the men, but the female shoplifters sometimes show fight, as did the handsome actress whom she caught stealing rings the other day. As the woman walked out of the store she was approached by the detective, who said, "The proprietor wishes to see you in his office."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the young woman turned on her, and raising an umbrella she carried in her hand brought it down on Miss Alexander's head. Fortunately the detective wore a bonnet, and the blow, while ruining it for wearing purposes, did no further damage. The customers in the store were at once thrown into wild excitement, not knowing the cause of the commotion, and crowded about the young detective and her prisoner, who threats, tears and entreaties were of no avail. The rings were found in her possession, and she was lugged off to the station house.

Miss Alexander says she depends most upon her natural gift for reading dishonesty in faces. "I can always tell by the eye," she says, "if there is anything wrong in a person. If I had to depend solely upon seeing articles stolen without any tips from the thieves' faces, I am afraid I would have a hard time of it."

A Physician's Experience.

The following story is about Dr. Wilsey, who saw himself die out west and came back to life again:

The doctor told how he saw himself go out of his body, saw his body lying on the bed, with his wife and sister kneeling by his side and weeping. He thought it a great joke on them that they should not know he was as much alive as ever. He laughed outright at the "joke," and was surprised that they did not hear him laugh. He went out of the house down street, and then struck off into the country, thinking to himself, "This must be the road people take when they die."

He hadn't gone far when a voice warned him that if he got beyond a certain point he couldn't get back. But the sensation of being free from his body was so delightful and the landscape was so inviting that he felt no desire to return. All the while, however, he seemed to himself to be attached to his physical body by a fine, almost invisible thread, which kept drawing him back. He lost consciousness, and when he revived he was again lying on his bed with his family around him.—Boston Record.

A Vegetarian Cat.

A gentleman residing on Bush street is the owner of a black cat which he calls Nig, which has developed an extraordinary fondness for vegetables. "Nig is extremely fond of vegetables," said the owner of the cat. "We first noticed that he liked green peas when he was but 6 months old. Then my wife caught him eating some that had been left on a dish after dinner, and he was stealing them. After that I tried him on string beans, cauliflower, asparagus and green corn. He relishes them all and cries for any of the vegetables when they are set on the table and he does not get his share, but what he likes most is asparagus.

"I have known him to eat eleven plain boiled ones, one after another, and he only eats that portion which is soft. Potatoes! No, he seems to draw the line at potatoes, but he fills up on baked beans. He appears to enjoy them as much as does a Bostonian."—San Francisco Call.

Sunset
Collection of SWEET PEAS
DIRECT FROM THE CALIFORNIA GROWERS
A large packet each of 25 New and Distinct Varieties mailed for 75c.
Sunset Seed & Plant Co.
(Sherwood Hall Nursery Co.)
SAN FRANCISCO

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

To a girl brought up with a belief in the right of individual independence of thought and action there was something in Mrs. Randolph's practical ignoring of that right which startled her in spite of her new conservatism; while as the daughter of a business man her instincts revolted against Mrs. Randolph's unbusinesslike action with the telegram, however vulgar and unrefined she may have begun to consider a life of business and its connections. The result was a certain constraint and embarrassment in her manner which, however, had the laudable effect of limiting Emile's attentions to significant glances, and was no doubt variously interpreted by the others. But she satisfied her conscience by determining to make a confidence of her sympathy to the major on the first opportunity.

This she presently found when the others were preoccupied, the major greeting her with a somewhat careworn face, but a voice whose habitual kindness was unchanged. When he had condoled with her on the terrifying phenomenon that had marred her visit to the rancho—and she could not help impatiently noticing that he, too, seemed to have accepted his wife's theory that she had been half deliriously frightened—he regretted that her father had not concluded to come down to the rancho, as his practical advice would have been invaluable in this emergency. She was about to eagerly explain why, when it occurred to her that Mrs. Randolph had only given him a suppressed version of the telegram, and that she would be betraying her or again taking sides in this partisan divided home. With some hesitation she at last alluded to the accident to the artesian well.

The major did not ask her how she had heard of it; it was a bad business, he thought, but it might not be a total loss. The water may have been only diverted by the shock, and might be found again at a lower level or in some lateral fissure. He had sent hurriedly for Tom Bent—that clever young engineer at the wheat ranch who was always studying up these things with his inventions—and that was his opinion. No, Tom was not a well digger, but it was generally known that he had "located" one or two, and had long ago advised the tapping of that flow by a second boring in case of just such an emergency. He was coming again to-morrow. By the way, he had asked how the young lady visitor was, and hoped she had not been alarmed by the earthquake.

Rose felt herself again blushing—and what was more singular, with an unexpected and, it seemed to her, ridiculous pleasure; although outwardly she appeared to ignore the civility completely. And she had no intention of being so easily placated. If this young man thought by mere perfunctory civilities to her host to make up for his clownishness to her he was mistaken. She would let him see it when he called to-morrow. She quickly turned the subject by assuring the major of her sympathy and her intention of sending for her father. For the rest of the afternoon and during their al fresco dinner she solved the difficulty of her strained relations with Mrs. Randolph and Emile by conversing chiefly with the major, tacitly avoiding, however, any allusion to this Mr. Bent. But Mrs. Randolph was less careful.

"You don't really mean to say, major," she began in her dryest, grittiest manner, "that instead of sending to San Francisco for some skilled master mechanic you are going to listen to the vagaries of a conceited, half educated farm laborer and employ him? You might as well call in some of those wizards or water witches at once." But the major, like many other well managed husbands who are good humoredly content to suffer in the sunshine of prosperity, had no idea of doing so in adversity, and at the prospect of being obliged to go back to youthful struggle had recalled some of the independence of that period. He looked up quietly and said:

"If his conclusions are as clear and satisfactory to-morrow as they were to-day I shall certainly try to secure his services."

"Then I can only say I would prefer the water witch. He at least would not represent a class of neighbors who have made themselves systematically uncivil and disagreeable to us."

"I am afraid, Josephine, we have not tried to make ourselves particularly agreeable to them," said the major.

"If that can only be done by admitting their equality I prefer they should remain uncivil. Only let it be understood, major, that if you choose to take this Tom, the plowboy, to mend your well you will at least keep him there while he is on the property."

With what retort the major would have kept up this conjugal discussion, already beginning to be awkward to the discreet visitor, is not known, as it was suddenly stopped by a bullet from the rosebud lips of the ingenuous Adele.

"Why, he's very handsome when his face is clean, and his hands are small and not at all hard. And he doesn't talk the least bit queer or common."

There was a dead silence. "And pray where did you see him, and what do you know about his hands," asked Mrs. Randolph in her most desiccated voice. "Or has the major already presented you to him? I shouldn't be surprised."

"No, but," hesitated the young girl, with a certain mouse like audacity, "when you sent me to look after Miss Mallory I came up to him just after he had spoken to her, and he stopped to ask me how we all were, and if Miss Mallory were really frightened by the earthquake, and he shook hands for good afternoon—that's all."

"And who taught you to converse with common strangers and shake hands with them," continued Mrs. Randolph with narrowing lips.

"Nobody, mamma, but I thought if Miss Mallory, who is a young lady, could speak to him so could I, who am not out yet."

"We won't discuss this any further at present," said Mrs. Randolph stiffly, as the major smiled grimly at Rose. "The earthquake seems to have shaken down in this house more than the chimneys."

It certainly had shaken all power of sleep from the eyes of Rose when the household at last dispersed to lie down in their clothes on the mattresses which had been arranged under the awnings. She was continually starting up from confused dreams of the ground shaking under her, or she seemed to be standing on the brink of some dreadful abyss, like the great chasm on the grain field, when it began to tremble and crumble beneath her feet.

It was near morning when, unable to endure it any longer, she managed without disturbing the sleeping Adele, who occupied the same curtained recess with her, to slip out from the awning. Wrapped in a thick shawl she made her way through the encompassing trees and bushes of the garden that had seemed to imprison and suffocate her to the edge of the grain field, where she could breathe the freer air beneath an open starlit sky. There was no moon and the darkness favored her; she had no fears that weighed against the horror of seclusion with her own fancies. Besides, they were camping out of the house, and if she chose to sit up or walk about no one could think it strange.

She wished her father were here, that she might have some of her own kin to talk to, yet she knew not what to say to him if he were here. She wanted somebody to sympathize with her feelings—or rather, perhaps, some one to combat and even ridicule the uneasiness that had lately come over her. She knew what her father would say: "Do you want to go or do you want to stay here? Do you like these people or do you not?" She remembered the one or two glowing and enthusiastic accounts she had written him of her visit here, and felt herself blushing again. What would he think of Mrs. Randolph's opening and answering the telegram? Wouldn't he find out from the major if she had garbled the sense of his dispatch?

Away to the right, in the midst of the distant and invisible wheat field, there was the same intermittent star, which like a living, breathing thing seemed to dilate in glowing respiration, and which she had seen the first night of her visit—Mr. Bent's forge. It must be nearly daylight now. The poor fellow had been up all night, or else was stealing this early march on the day. She recalled Adele's sudden eulogium of him. The first natural smile that had come to her lips since the earthquake broke up her nervous restraint and sent her back more like her old self to her couch.

But she had not proceeded far toward the tent when she heard the sound of low voices approaching her. It was the major and his wife, who, like herself, had evidently been unable to sleep and were up betimes. A new instinct of secretiveness, which she felt was partly the effect of her artificial surroundings, checked her first natural instinct to call to them, and she drew back deeper in the shadow to let them pass. But to her great discomfiture the major in a conversational emphasis stopped directly in front of her.

"You are wrong, I tell you, a thousand times wrong. The girl is simply upset by this earthquake. It's a great pity her father didn't come instead of telegraphing. And, by Jove, rather than hear any more of this I'll send for him myself," said the major, in an energetic but suppressed voice.

"And the girl won't thank you, and you'll be a fool for your pains," returned Mrs. Randolph with dry persistency.

"But according to your own ideas of propriety Mallory ought to be the first one to be consulted—and by me too."

"Not in this case. Of course, before any actual engagement is on you can speak of Emile's attentions."

"But suppose Mallory has other views? Suppose he declines the honor? The man is no fool."

"Thank you! But for that very reason he must. Listen to me, major; if he doesn't care to please his daughter for her own sake he will have to do so for the sake of decency. Yes, I tell you, she has thoroughly compromised herself—quite enough, if it is ever known, to spoil any other engagement her father may make. Why, ask Adele! The day of the earthquake she absolutely had the audacity to send him out of the room up stairs into your study for her fan, and then follow him up there alone! The servants knew it. I knew it, for I was in her room at the time with Father Antonio. The earthquake made it plain to everybody. Decline it—no! Mr. Mallory will think twice about it before he does that. What's that?—who's there?"

There was a sudden rustle in the bushes like the passage of some frightened animal—and then all was still again.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A HARD MAN TO KILL.

A Sailor Who Bobs Up Serenely From All Kinds of Accidents.

The Bucksport correspondent of the Bangor News tells of a sailor hailing from that town whose thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes would fill a volume. He is known to fame as George A. Jordan. He has fallen overboard, been thrown overboard and jumped overboard. He has fallen from the mainmast head, foremast head, mizzenmast head and down the hatch times innumerable. He has been caught in the main sheet, knocked senseless by thrashing blocks and first mates and picked up for dead on 27 different occasions. He has been slashed up in fights ashore and jammed up in the dock, has been wrecked a dozen times and has floated without food or water for a week or more on several occasions. When skipper of the banker J. J. Cowell, on the Grand Banks, his cable was caught by a whale, and the vessel was towed for several hours at lightning speed, with the bow almost under water.

In spite of all these little incidents Jordan is still tough and hearty and furnishes interesting newspaper items occasionally. Last fall he was mate of the schooner Waterloo, was knocked overboard by the boom and was in the water some time without support till the vessel could come about and pick him up. His last escape occurred at Rockland on a recent Sunday. The crew of the schooner Pearl had a drunken carousal during the absence of the captain and in some way set the vessel on fire. Jordan was one of the crew, and with his clothes on fire was on the point of jumping overboard when he was captured and the fire extinguished. He will be on deck again soon, ready for more adventures.

Centers of Crime.

The most notorious crooks at the present writing are produced by the Balkan states, and the police of all civilized countries, especially Germany and Austria, watch with terror the influx of thieves, burglars and crooks of all kinds that are wending their way westward from Servia, Bulgaria and Bohemia. Bucharest is known today as the greatest den of swindlers in the world. Even the great American centers cannot hold a candle to Bucharest. It is the exit, so to speak, the initiative station, for the crooks of the Balkan states from where they travel westward to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Rome and New York. The international criminal profession is recruited through a large contingent of the uncivilized element of the Balkan peninsula, which is still further increased by what comes from Russia and Galicia. The international pickpocket art is, in Europe at least, almost entirely carried on by Roumanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Russians and Galicians. They outrank in cleverness the once world famous English and American professionals in that line.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtile and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Dude—My ancestaws came ovah in the Mayflower, don't you know. Bluff—As ballast?

EXPOSURE TO CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE.

Public men are constantly liable to danger arising from sudden changes of temperature; sometimes from heat to cold, sometimes the reverse.

Henry Thorne, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes from Exeter Hall, Strand, London, February 2, 1888:

"I desire to bear my testimony to the value of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I have used them for pains in the back and side arising from rheumatic and other causes never without deriving benefit from their application. They are easily applied and very comforting. Those engaged as I am in public work which involves exposure to sudden changes of temperature will do well to keep a supply of Allcock's Porous Plasters in their portmanteaus."

Brandreth's Pills act upon the whole system.

When a friend turns out not to be a trump then is the time to discard him.

For throat diseases and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Troches," like all other really good things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by John I. Brown & Sons.

There is more life in one grain of wheat than there is in a bushel of chaff.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
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I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. George W. Dye, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

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For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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"I have been through a terrible siege of illness, and owe my present health to Hood's Sarsaparilla. First, I was taken sick with measles, and on the eighth day the doctor said I had bronchitis following that complaint. In a short time lung fever developed, and I was in a serious condition for quite a while. When I began to get a little better, my friends thought that if I ever got up I would have Consumption. I had such a terrible cough and threw off twice my weight. After an attack of the grip I was very weak and did not gain health at all until I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had no appetite for anything, and was sick at my stomach continually. Before I had taken one bottle there was A Change for the Better. The second bottle did for me what no medicine had ever done. It gave me strength and brought my general health up to where it was two weeks
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
before I was taken with the measles. I have now finished my third bottle, and feel strong and well. I shall always thank to Hood's Sarsaparilla." E. Irena Harris, Irving, Oregon.
Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

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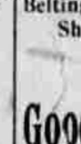
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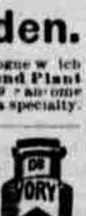

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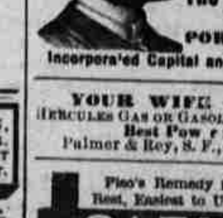
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