The latest investigations by the U. S. and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

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

ONE GIRL'S FUNERAL

It Was In the Early Days of Montana and Was Different From Most Funerals.

During the construction days of the Northern Pacific railroad many small towns were born that flourished until the road was completed and then died. The little story following actually occurred and made an impression on me that I shall never forget. To me there was a tinge of sadness that went straight to the heart. I occupied the exalted position of justice of the peace. Now, a justice of the peace in Montana in early days was a bigger man than the chief justice of the United States is today and had a perpetual variety entertainment. He married people, buried the dead, put out fires, took a drink with everybody, refereed dog fights, settled family rows, preached, made speeches and had to be ready for any kind of work. For this aggregation of duties he was called judge, but if he rendered a wrong decision his name was Dennis.

One cold morning I was waited upon by a delegation of gamblers and informed that one of the girls was dead. They said she had passed in her checks during the night, and as she was the slickest girl in the camp she was to have a 24 carat sendoff and no mistake. I went around to see the body to find out, if possible, the cause of her death. I was satisfied that the girl had taken morphine and died from the effects, and so I rendered my decision, which satisfied all. I set the hour for the funeral and returned to the cabin to prepare my remarks. There was not a Bible in the camp, and so I had to play it alone. It was a cold, stormy Montana winter day, and that added much to the sadness of the occasion. The grave was dug out among the pines, and a more God forsaken place it would have been hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get.

The hour arrived; the procession formed, myself in front of the pallbearers, consisting of gamblers, with the body in a rough pine box. Next came the girls of the town and the business men in the rear. We wended our way slowly to the last resting place, where, alone and unknown, amid the rocks and pines, with the awful stillness of the mountains, all that was earthly of that unfortunate girl would stay until the last day.

No one could pray; no one could sing. I poured out my soul to my God in my poor, stumbling way—told him all about it. We were unanimous in the belief that she was more sinned against than sinning, and would he in his infinite goodness and loving kindness forgive her, wipe out all the black spots on her soul, forget her past and save her for her soul's sake? Would he suspend all rules, throw open wide the portals of heaven, have sweetest music played on a thousand golden harps and bid that poor, tired, sin stained soul enter the realms of happiness, purity and rest?

It was our funeral, because everybody did all they could. There were but few of all kinds, to be sure, but humans with souls to save. There are many of the old boys scattered through the northwest who will recollect that stormy Montana day, and how we knocked at eternity's door for admittance for that girl's soul, and all will agree that our knocking was not in vain—that the gates were thrown open and forgiveness and rest came to her.—Orting Oracle.

Blindness Not Necessary.

Simkins was speaking about his visit to the blind asylum, and he wound up by saying what fun it would be to have some of the blind men as fellow boarders. "It would be rich," he said, "to put a cup of hot water before them and to see them gravely drink it, supposing it tea or coffee." "Awfully funny," said Mrs. Simkins. Then she thought and abruptly concluded by remarking, "Mr. Simkins, you're a fool."—Pick Me Up.

The Earth's Girdle.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.—Boston Globe.

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

Antifermentine
—PRESERVES—
Cider, Milk, Butter, Catsup, Pickles, Etc,

And does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOULD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

ANTIFERMENTINE

Is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is *guaranteed* to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD,
Portland, Or.

N. P. N. U. No. 549—S. F. N. U. No. 620

MAN WITH A HISTORY

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE THAT BEFELL JOHN W. THOMAS

Of Theta, Tennessee—Afflicted With a Peculiar Disease—His Body Covered With Lumps—Could Not Eat, and Thought He Was Going to Dry Up—His Recovery the Marvel of Tennessee.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

Mr. John W. Thomas, Jr., of Theta, Tenn., is a man with a most interesting history. At present he is interested in blooded horses, for which Maury county is famous.

"Few people, I take it," said Mr. Thomas to a reporter who had asked him for the story of his life, "have passed through as remarkable a chain of events as I have and remained alive to tell the story.

"It was along in 1884, when I was working in the silver mines of New Mexico, that my troubles began; at first I suffered with indigestion, and so acute did the pains become that I went to California for my health; but the trip did me little good, and fully impressed with the idea that my last day had nearly dawned upon me, I hurried back here to my old home to die.

"From simple indigestion my malady developed into a chronic inability to take any substantial food; I was barely able to creep about, and at times I was prostrated by spells of heart palpitation. This condition continued until one year ago.

"On the 11th of April, 1893, I suddenly collapsed, and for days I was unconscious—in fact, I was not fully myself until July. My condition on September 1 was simply horrible; I weighed but seventy pounds, whereas my normal weight is 165 pounds. All over my body there were lumps from the size of a grape to the size of a walnut; my fingers were cramped so that I could not more than half straighten them. I had entirely lost control of my lower limbs, and my hand trembled so that I could not drink without spilling the liquid. Nothing would remain on my stomach, and it seemed that I must dry up before many more days had passed.

"I made another round of the physicians, calling in one after the other, and by the aid of morphine and other medicines they gave me I managed to live, though barely, through the fall."

Here Mr. Thomas displayed his arms, and just above the elbow of each there was a large irregular stain as large as the palm of the hand and of a purple color; the space covered by the mark was sunken nearly to the bone. "That," said Mr. Thomas, "is what the doctors did by putting morphine into me.

"On the 11th of December, 1893, just eight months after I took permanently to bed—I shall never forget the date—my cousin, Joe Foster of Carter's Creek, called on me, and gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, saying they had cured him of partial paralysis, with which I knew he had all but died. I followed his directions, and began taking the medicine; as a result I stand before you to-day the most surprised man on earth. Look at my hand; it is as steady as yours; my face has a healthy look about it; I have been attending to my duties for a month. Since I began taking the pills I have gained thirty pounds, and I am still gaining. All the knots have disappeared from my body except this little kernel here in my palm. I have a good appetite, and I am almost as strong as I ever was.

"Yesterday I rode thirty-seven miles on horseback; I feel tired to-day, but not sick. I used to have from two to four spells of heart palpitation every night; since I began the use of the pills I have had but four spells altogether.

"I know positively that I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe firmly that it is the most wonderful remedy in existence to-day, and every fact I have presented to you is known to my neighbors as well as to myself, and they will certify to the truth of my remarkable cure."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

How She Wears Her Hair.

Hardly a woman wears her hair entirely plain. She may not be given to puffing and waving and curling the locks themselves, but she is very apt to introduce some sort of ornament into it. Bandeaux are very popular, and come in gold, silver and tortoise shell, as well as in ribbon to match the gown. Then there is an especially elaborate piece of network of gold and pearls called the Mary Stuart colf, which is worn over the loosely coiled hair, but is rather expensive for the woman of moderate means.

Very pretty braids in silver, with high, crownlike fronts cut in long, slender points, and either burnished until they shine like diamonds or left dull, are becoming to all faces, and need no special arrangement of the hair, as they sit well on the head, whether it is arranged high or low.—New York Letter.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE NOW

Mrs. Buffum's Version of the Buffum-Wetmore Scandal.

SAYS SHE DID NOT BUY THE BABE.

Neither Did She Inveigle the Doctor Into Matrimony, but Supplied Him With Money and Sent Him to Europe—Like the Ray Hamilton Case.

THE Buffum-Wetmore case, involving a romantic marriage, divers matrimonial difficulties and a "boughten baby," which was duly exploited in the sensational newspapers a year ago, will soon resume its place in the list of current scandals. A commissioner will presently commence taking evidence in the divorce suit in New York city, and developments are awaited with interest by a good many prominent people of New York and Pittsburg. The principals in the case are best known in those cities, although Mrs. Buffum had an interesting career in the south some years ago.

It is noteworthy that in all the columns which have been printed about the case not one word of the woman's side has been presented. Hitherto she has refused to say anything about the series of events and the attacks made upon her, but she yielded to the blandishments of a New York World reporter the other day, and the following story is the result:

Dr. Frank E. Buffum is the son of a bottler in Pittsburg. He lived in the house kept by Mrs. Eva Wetmore at 242 West Twenty-third street while pursuing his medical studies in New York. According to his story, Mrs. Wetmore is much older than he, but he was wheedled into loving and finally into marrying her. Then, in order to more firmly hold him, she palmed off a baby as her own. He became suspicious and employed a private detective to look into her history, and thus discovered that she was an adventuress. In many features the story resembled that of Eva Ray Hamilton.

With the early history of Mrs. Buffum, or Mrs. Wetmore, as she is better known in New York, this story has nothing to do. There is no possible doubt of her right to the name of Mrs. Buffum. The Buffums admit that. She says that she was born on a steamer while her parents were coming to this country, and that she has high connections abroad. She says further that her relatives are rich. She was married to an officer in the United States army when she was 14 years old and had a son by him, who died about two years ago.

For three years Mrs. Buffum, or Mrs. Wetmore, as she was then, had the houses at 240 and 242 West Twenty-third street. One of the houses she sublet furnished to a family. The other house she occupied herself and rented furnished rooms. Frank Buffum came to her house for the first time in the spring of 1891. He said he had been recommended there by his brother. Mrs. Buffum knew the brother, Dr. Joseph H. Buffum, when he was studying in New York. Joseph was then and is now professor of ophthalmology in the Chicago Homeopathic college.

"The first time that Frank called I did not see him," Mrs. Buffum said to The World reporter. "My colored maid showed him the only room I had vacant, which was the third floor front. He came around in a day or two and asked to see the room again, and I showed it to him myself. He said that he liked the room very much, but that he could not afford to pay $8 a week, which was the regular price. I told him that I would let him have it for $7, but that was the best I could do. The next day he appeared again. Then he told me that he had no means save what his brother gave him. He wanted very much to live in my house, but that he could not afford to pay over $5 a week. The summer was coming on, and as I knew his brother I finally told him he could have the room for that price. He asked me to send to the Coleman House for his baggage, and I did so. The next day he told me that he was without any ready money, but that he expected money every day from his brother. I gave him my meal ticket on the restaurant next door. A few days afterward I gave him $5 to buy a ticket for himself.

"Just about the time that Frank came to my house I sent my son Leander abroad with his uncle. We had never been parted before, and the separation made me very lonely. Like most women, I cried a good deal. One day, I should say it was within a week after he came there, Frank came into the sitting room and found me crying. He asked me what the matter was, and I told him. He came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder. 'Don't cry,' he said. 'That won't help matters any. Let me be your brother and take his place as much as I can. I'll try to be as much comfort to you as your son was.'

"That was the beginning of it all. Of course I was grateful for his sympathy. Then we began to be a good deal together

MRS. BUFFUM AND THE BABY.

We went to the theaters and places of amusement and had a good time. He was with me nearly all the while. We became very much attached.

"Then I fell ill. Frank took care of me. I never knew one person to take such care of another as he took of me. He was with me all day long. His devotion won my heart completely. Then it was we were led into a relationship we had no right to assume. At this time he spoke to me of marriage. I told him I did not want to get married.

"Early in the summer Frank came to me and said he would like to go to Europe. There were several physicians going, and he thought it would do him a deal of good. His brother wanted him to go. I said to him, 'Frank, why don't you go?' He said he had no money. I offered to lend it to him. I thought it was a little return for all he had done for me. I gave him money to buy a new suit of clothes and $1,500 with which to pay the expenses of the trip. I have since learned that most of this money and $500 more which I sent to him in London was gambled away. He was gone about three months.

"Directly upon his return he began to talk to me about getting married. I told him that I did not want to get married, but he always insisted. He began his studies in the Homeopathic Eye and Ear college at Twenty-third street and Third avenue. I paid his expenses there. We ran along very comfortably for three or four months. He kept at me to marry him, but I refused. Then there came a reason why I should marry him—a much more potent one than any argument he had advanced or could advance. I wanted to do away with this argument. He refused to let me. He said he would report it to Inspector Byrnes if I did. He frightened me. Sometimes he would say it was the best thing that ever happened, and he would talk for hours about the delight of having a little one about.

"Finally I consented to marry him, and the date was set for Christmas eve. But when that day came I didn't feel like getting married. I was very fond of Frank, but told him I would love him just as much if we were not married. That did not content him. I believe he was really fond of me, but I am sure he wanted money more than anything else. On Christmas eve I went out of the house to do some shopping. When I returned, it was after 10 p. m., and Frank was sulky. He said I could not care for him much to treat him in that manner. I soothed him and gave him the present I had bought for him.

"The following Saturday he asked me if I was going down town to my marketing. I said I was. I went to a store in Vesey street, where I have always traded, and there was Frank standing in the doorway.

"When we left the store, Frank said he was going over in New Jersey to see his aunt, and he asked me to go along, as I had never met any of his relatives. He took me to Elizabeth. When we arrived there, he left me in the station while he went out, as he said, to find out where his aunt lived and to get a carriage. He returned in about an hour. I got into the carriage, and we drove to three or four places. Each time he got out he said his aunt had moved. Finally he said he had found the place. He took me into the house, and then he said: 'Eva, this is the house of a minister, and I have brought you here to get married. You will marry me now, won't you?' At first I refused. I said that I didn't want to get married, but he finally persuaded me.

"And now, right here, let me say one thing. In the stories which Frank gave to the newspapers shortly after this time he said that he was 30 years old. When

DR. FRANK E. BUFFUM.

we were married, he told the minister he was 40 years old, and that is the age which appears in my marriage certificate, now in my possession. His face shows that he is more than 30, and it did at that time.

"After the marriage we went home, and we lived along pretty much as we did before. For months we had a happy time. Along in the spring Frank got a letter from his brother Joseph, in Chicago, asking him to come out there and assist him in his work. Frank did not go at once, as he wanted to finish his course in the college. About April 1 he started for Chicago. He remained there until June. Then he and his brother quarreled, and Frank went to Pittsburg to assist his father in the bottling business. I remained in New York. Frank wrote loving letters to me every day, giving me constant advice about the approaching event, to which he referred constantly.

"The baby was born July 12, 1892. Frank was then in Pittsburg. I received the most loving letters from him and from his mother. They wanted me to go out there and live with them. I said I would go out as soon as I was able. I reached Pittsburg Aug. 5. For awhile everything was lovely. Then the jealousy of Frank's mother began to make trouble. She and Frank were together all the time. After awhile he paid little attention to me. I could not understand the relation between Frank and his mother. Once he had told me that she was not his real mother.

"Our life flowed along peacefully and pleasantly for five months." Then, according to Mrs. Buffum, began a series of cruel persecutions by all the members of her husband's family, which finally forced her to leave Pittsburg and return to New York. Then the doctor began an action for divorce.

Mrs. Buffum weighs only 90 pounds. She says when she married Buffum she weighed 183 pounds. In her youth she must have been a handsome woman. She says she is only 36, and she also says she looks 15 years older, which is the truth. The baby, Joseph Franklin Peabody Buffum, is handsome and sturdy and bright. This baby plays a most important part in this case. In the suit for divorce Buffum declares that his wife bought the baby and palmed it off on him. He insists that he knew nothing about it until a short time before it was born. He has said that he has discovered the woman from whom the baby was secured.

"I have said nothing in answer to these charges," said Mrs. Buffum. "My time will come when the case is called in court. It will be proved by the physician who brought the baby into the world. Because I have kept silent they think I cannot prove this. They will discover their blunder when the physician goes upon the stand."

A Costly Ton of Coal.

On Jan. 10, 1789, 13 men brought a wagon with a ton of coal from Loughborough in Leicestershire, to London, as a present to the then Prince of Wales. When they were emptied into the cellar, the clerk of the cellars gave them 4 guineas, and as soon as the prince was informed of it his highness sent them 20 guineas and ordered them a pot of beer each man. They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in 11 days, and drew the coal all the way without any relief. —London Tit-Bits.

The law requires Albany saloons to close at a certain hour. The excuse of one violator, charged with keeping open all night, was that his brother had gone out of town, taking the keys with him, and he could not lock up.

The bee is an artistic upholsterer. It lines its nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

Daniel Webster still lives to some people in this country. Letters are still occasionally received at Marshfield postoffice addressed to "Hon. Daniel Webster."

The Cathedral of Kazan in St. Petersburg has sold as many as 33,092 consecrated wax candles at prices ranging from 3 kopecks to a ruble apiece.

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL.

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

A Lost Fisherman's Story.

"I had been fishing for trout one day in a North Carolina mountain stream," said a sportsman, "and was entirely unsuccessful. Upon trying to reach camp I became lost and took refuge for the night in a small cave near Grandfather mountain. The cave was dry and comfortable, and making a pillow of my coat I soon fell asleep. The next morning I was awakened by something pulling at the coat, and opening my eyes saw that it was a cub bear.

"A few feet distant was a large bear sitting on its haunches and another cub playing around her. I had no weapon of any kind and was completely at the mercy of the animal, but she was not in the humor to dispose of me just then. She sat watching the cub as it pulled at my coat, and I was careful to make no motions that might be considered as hostile. For two or three hours we looked at each other, and then the mother bear ambled off with her two cubs, and I beat a hasty retreat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Pleasant Man to Interview.

Professor Felix Adler, the founder of the Ethical Culture society, is a most pleasant gentleman to interview. He says that he has found the newspaper man to be honorable in the highest degree, and that he has never found it necessary to indicate what part of his conversation is intended for publication and what part is to be considered as purely personal. This of course means that Professor Adler does not limit himself in an interview to the matter directly in hand. He is not unwilling to speak of things that are entirely too personal for publication and will give an elaborate discourse on metaphysics to his interviewer and not express the least shade of doubt as to its being correctly put down.—Chicago Post.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Usually involves seasickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, mariners, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weaky travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious is it for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

Freddy (lighting a cigarette)—You—aw—don't mind my smoking, do you? Stranger—Not at all, sir; I work in a glue factory.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in coughs, colds and the various throat troubles to which singers and public speakers are liable. *Sold only in boxes.*

He—Oh, you may laugh; but I am not so big a fool as you think, she—Goodness! I hope not.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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No one is better qualified to speak in regard to what is useful in family life than Marion Harland. In her popular and valuable book, "Eve's Daughters or Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," on pages 103 and 445 she says:

"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight.

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BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA.

Why is it that to-day in America we step from our institutions of learning to be denied an honest opportunity of earning a living? Is it possible we have no field for our intelligent efforts? Must we go down to our graves ending an unsuccessful life? Are our parents and instructors to blame? We must unite in our determination not to fall the victims of foreign pirates and American traitors. A small book, dedicated to the boys and girls of America, entitled "Of What is Uncle Sam Thinking?" pictures faithfully what we are contending with. You will never regret ordering a copy through your stationer or sending 25 cents for same by return mail to the author and publisher, CORLIES MERRITT, fourth floor of Sherlock block, Third and Oak streets, Portland, Or.

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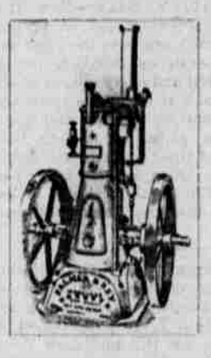

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