TN all receipts for cooking I requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. AND THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

W. II. Beller recently turned up at his home in Mercer county, W. Va., after having been lost for 19 days in the New Pine mountains. For the first four days he traveled constantly in the endeavor to find his way out of the wilderness which he was lost. When he found that he had but two matches left, and fearing that he might use them up and be unable to kindle a fire, he picked out a permanent camping place, started a fire against a pine tree and made ready to live as best he could until aid came. His tree burned until it fell and then be piled brush against the fallen trunk in order to keep the fire going. He re-mained at that place 15 days, moving a few feet each day as the fire traveled

along the prostrate tree. He slept as best he could by night, and by day never lost sight of his fire. Once an antiered buck came within rifle shot, but Beller had the chagrin to see his rifle leaning against a tree, with the buck between him and the weapon. He hallooed at intervals each day, and the noise at last brought a hunter to his aid. Beller was then a baggard wretch, his clothin, ourned in many places and his fingers both burned and frozen. He believes that he could not have held out two days longer. - New York Sun.

Sufety on the Dig Ocean Liners.

The strange, eventful history of the overdue Cunarder proves two things for. say, the 200th time. One is that the on gineers know their business. The other the still more patent fact that there are not a few persons in and out of news-paper offices who dearly love an excuse for making a commotion. It is disagreeable to be delayed for four days on the north Atlantic, just south of Newfound hand and in a stormy December. It is like being kept for an hour outside Can-non Street station in a freezing fog. Dut. after all, when you are in a Canardewhich drifts as steady as a church with three sea anchors out, when there are weeks' provisions on board without having recourse to short rations when you are in the track of the trade and steamers are passing as quick after when you have from 100 to 500 fathoms of water under you and there is no lee shore nearer than the Azores, it is quite unnecessary to play at shipwrecks and msters.—London Saturday Review.

The solitary man who pecks at a stone step in front of the capitol with his mal-let and chisel does just enough pecking let and chies does just enough pecking to keep warm. He does not care to hurry his job, and abobdy cares to hurry him. The longer he is at it the longer it will be before anybody has to provide him with another job. The man himself him with another job. The man himself him to him himself is not interesting, but as a type he is worthobserving. His method is the universal tone in government service. The disposition to do the least possible work in return for pay is manifest in all the clerks deaks in all the bureaus, and something very much like it seems to take hold upon congress itself now and then. — Washington Cor. New York World.

Wholesale Perjury.

A foreign steamship lately arrived at New York word corrected and provided with a sworn certificate that he or she was an American citizen or a tourist. The whole crowd was promptly landed. And yet of all the 500 American citizens and tourists. Singularly enough, not one could speak the American language. The ways of some immigration agents are ways that are dark and vain.—Boston Journal.

The New Mall Fig.

The permant to be borne at the mast.

The pennant to be borne at the mastships is 20 feet long, 8 feet 0 inches at the mast and 5 feet at the end of the swallow tail. Its field is red, bordered by 0 inches of blue. In the upper left hand corner is an eagle in blue, with arrows and a branch in its talons, and bearing on the breast a shield with stars and stripes in the left of the left of the stars and stripes in the left of the left of the stars and stripes in the left of the left of the left of the stars and stripes in the left of the left ships is 20 feet long, 8 feet Cinches at the red and white.-Charleston News and

## Flesh

means strength to withstand chronic allments, coughs, colds and disease Sound flesh is essential to

## Emulsion

enriches the blood, builds up flesh and fortifies the system against sickness and chronic ailments. Physicians, the world over, endorso it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! pured by Scott & Berran, H. Y. All Draggista

A DETROIT BUILDER

HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Came to Detroit About Forty Years Age -Lovi Elsey's Experience Worthy Serious Attention.

Away out Gratiot avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business center, there are many attractive homes. The intersecting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and home-like comfort than that of Mr. Levi Elsey, the well-known builder and contractor, at 74 Moran street, just off Gratiot. Mr. Elsey is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMullan and Campaw blocks, in which he displayed his ability as a superintendent.

"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yeaterday in conversation." From the Detroit Evening News !

lage to a city," he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer. "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently

happened in my life has interested my friends. "It is now about eight years ago since tith my first case "It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blustering day I was down town, and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact, it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size, and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up, and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged, and was propped up in the bed at an angle of 30 degrees in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities.

"I had several doctors attending me, but I believe my own judgment helped

but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a siege of two months I could move around; still I was on the sick list and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured, and suffered any amount of an-

as well in other cases as they did in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Onyx In Washington.

A vein of onyx was discovered in Garfield county, Wash., recently, which the report of an expert mineralogist who visited and examined the find a week or so since shows to be of considerable extent and probable value. The possible ex-tent of the mines is 1,000 acres, and open-ings for a mile show a 10-foot vein. The people of the vicinity claim that their county is possessed of the only only

me Comfort From a New Fashion "I hear that crinoline is going to be worn again," remarked Bliffers. "Ah," sighed Goggins, "that means a

box at the theater instead of a seat; but, then't heaven, there won't be room in the box for a chaperon too."—Harper's Ba-

voice instead,
The full voice to strengthen and guide soul,
heart and hend;
I am tired of shadows that give but a promise
of light;
The purple gloaming stretches its fingers far
down the night.

I am tired of starlight, filling the air with

mystical haze,
And I long for the noontide glare, the light, the
heat, the blaze;
I am so tired of groping in the valley of unrest,
And my heart's blood stands stagnant between
the vale and the crest. I am tired of all the valu deceptions of practi

cal life,
The misunderstandings, the worry, the turmoll-aye, and the strife;
More than all, I am sick of self, with all its weak desire, That burns in my heart like the flame of a fu-neral pyre.

Speak, O voice divine, and bid this curious heart be still; Teach it to strive ne more, to be satisfied with

by thy power!
contentment gild my lips and fill with
peace each lowly hour!
—Mary Inge Hoskins in New York Sun.

Far away the golden haze hung over until night.

the aisles of silver green leafage with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient

Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dress-maker, with an incipient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hopfields, and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marier's daugh-ters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsomer since he has turned gray! I do wonder why he never married."

"I can tell you, then," said the rector's laughter, who dearly loved a morsel of "Because his first

"As if any one would jilt Will Pen-dexter!" said incredulous Fanny.

"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then—and all this happened 20 years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clusters of pale green hops. "That was be-fore he inherited Pendexter farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran way with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the New York stage.

Fanny drew a long breath. "And what became of them?" said she.
"Oh, they went to Italy, where the
count expected to succeed to large es-

uddy face and magnificent height of the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered hear him ask Mahala Bently about her baby in the offhand, ordinary guage of everyday life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "Good day," just as if there had been no Countess Caprivi in

blue orbs—orbs that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry she had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sparkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver bound gourd which always hung

"might I have a job of work in your hop-fields? We have come from the city-mother and I—there's nothing to be picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the spicuous failure in Montreal. The wood hops might do her good. Please, sir, en block paving in front of the Langevin we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep block in Ottawa has stood well, but it in the barn and have a bit of something was a most exceptionally expensive pav to eat between whiles!"

"I don't want you to work cheap," said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympa-thetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudged money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeeper can put you up in one of the vacant back chambers over the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Pendexter farm."

"Pendexter farm!" The woman, who had been sitting on the mossy cattle trough, slowly lifted her head here and pushed back her worn

we come? I knew a man named Pendex "Yes," said the squire, who had given

a little start at the first sound of that low contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Caprivi! To think that fate should have brought us together again after all these

The pale woman struggled to her feet

and clutched at her daughter's slim

"Let us go, Isora," said she, "Wewe have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl who scarcely as yet comprehended all this byplay. Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter. Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!" "I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We-

uming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let bygones be bygones. You don't suppose I would turn you from

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said she

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years go. Let us be friends again, Clara." For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was—how haggard were her cheeks, and how like smouldering fires the light burned in the sunken eyes.

She told him all that afternoon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself, how her life had been an aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor money; how he had left her with the baby Isora on her hands to shift as best she might for horself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had inished, "why didn't you come to me?" "Because I had wronged you so deeply," she faltered.

"You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well. it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you hear me, Clara? Must! Bless my heart! You'll grow strong in these country breezes, and that pale girl of yours will get color

So they staid at the Pendexter farm and beautiful Isora Caprivi grew fairer to look upon with every passing day. 'that girl of yours is prettier than ever you were.'

"I know it," said Mme. Caprivi. And as she spoke the words a pang

ealousy struck sharply through her leart. Yet was it not natural enough of Isora's opening loveliness?

And in her room that night Clara

wrestled with her own heart and con-

quered it.

"He will marry Isora," she told her-self. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in the prime of life-it is as it should bewhile I-I am only a wreck, waiting on the shore of time for the usual billow to come and sweep me away. God bless his noble heart! God bless my sweet souled girl! And God grant that they may be sappy together for many, many long and happy years!" ,
The squire came to Mme. Caprivi the

next day with rather an embarrassed face.
"It is coming," thought Clara; "I knew

would." "Clara," said he, "I've a question to She held out her hand with a smile.

"Ask it, then, freely," she said gra-

"Should I be making a fool of mysel" if, at my age, I were to marry?" "You would be doing the most proper and natural thing in the world," answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"Then, by Jove, I'll risk it," said the squire jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives over again, my girl?"

Mme. Caprivi grew pale, then red. spoken too abruptly? Have you"—
"No," said Clara faintly. "But—but

thought it was Isora that you loved." "Then you thought wrong," said the squire briskly. "I have never loved any oman but you, Clara, and I never So they were married quietly, and the

autumn of life shines softly over them as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hopfields of Pendexter farm. And poor Clara is content at last

Jay Gould In Iceland. Marie Jonreau writes me that when she was traveling in Iceland she found that of all our great countrymen the only one who seemed to be familiar to the Icelanders was Jay Gould. One of the first questions her native guide asked ber on learning that she was from Amer ica was: "You come from America. Per haps, then, you know Jay Gould? And has he really more money than he can ever count?" Even far in the interior of the island, where the people could speak no English, they begged the guide to ask her if she really knew or had ever seen the wonderful Crossus, who to them was like some prince from the "Arabian Nights."—Boston Globe.

A Surprised Man.

A Lewiston laundry clerk carried terror to the heart of one customer the other day-a big man to whom he sent a small man's linen. When the customer tried to get into that linen he thought that he had swelled up and sent for a doctor. It gave him a good scare, but, Lord, how he talked when he came back with it for his own!-Banger Commer

Wooden Pavements In Canada. Wooden block paving is proving a con-spicuous failure in Montreal. The woodblock in Ottawa has stood well, but it was a most exceptionally expensive pay-ing of the kind. The Montreal experience confirms previous indications that our climate has little use for ordinary wooden paving.-Ottawa Journal

Porcine Longevity In Georgia. We heard yesterday of a hog being captured in the river swamp a few days ago that was marked by old Uncle Jack Hurst in 1870. This would make the hog 23 years old, which is a most re-markable age for a hog to attain.—Cor Atlanta Constitution.

If prayer and womanly influence are doing so much for God by indirect meth-ods, how shall it be when that electric force is brought to bear through the bat-tery of the ballot box?—Frances E. Wil-

The Interstate Corn Palace and Fair association has been organized at Sioux City, Ia., with \$100,000 capital, to succeed the Corn Palace association.

Lovers of the mysterious will be in-terested in this authentic story. Two years ago the portraits of President Har ison, Mrs. Harrison and Dr. Scott were reproduced in a group on glass. Several copies were made. Each portrait was colored and touched up by the artist who took the group. One of these pictures was given to a near relative of the presi dent, who lives in Baltimore. The por traits were all good likenesses, and she prized them very highly. Here is where the mysterious part comes in. About three months before Mrs. Harrison's death the colors in her picture on the glass commenced to fade. When she died, only the head was visible, and that

faintly. Then the same phenomenon was ob served in Dr. Scott's portrait. It began to grow dimmer and dimmer until only the head remained. Dr. Scott died with in a few weeks of his daughter. The curious part of the matter is that Presi dent Harrison's portrait stands out a clear and strong as it did on the day i was finished. The same colors were used on all these portraits, and there is no apparent reason why one should not ins as long as the other. - New York Press

THE LAND OF PROMISE

THE LAND OF PROMISE

Is the mighty West, the land that "ticked with a hoe laughs a harvest;" the fil Dorado of the miner; the goal of the agricultural emigrant. While it teems with all the elements of wealth and prosperity, some of the fairest and most fruttral portions of it bear a harvest of mataria reaped in its fultiness by those unprotect d by a medicinal asfegurart. No one see aling or dwelling in a melarial locality is safe from the securge without Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Emigrants, bear this in mind, Commercial travelers solourning in malarious regions should carry a bottle of the Bitters in the traditional gripsack. Against the off-cits of exposure, men rail or bodily overwork, damp and unwholesome food or water, it is an invalible defense. Consuppation, recumentsm, billousnes, dyspeptis, rervousness and loss of strongth are all remediced by this genial restorative.

THEY SOOTHE - NEVER IRRITATE

clasters, because, as they think, they burn and blister. That is true of many, but not of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They never irritate the skin, but always have a

never irritate the skin, but always have a soothing effect.

They are useful in case of any local pain, and as a rule will bring immediate relief. If they do not, it is because the trouble has been allowed to become so serious that no external remedy will reach it, and the chances are that any treatment will fail.

For stitches in the side, weakness or lameness of the back, stiffness of the joints Allock's Possus Plastess have been proved again and again to be not only a relief, but a cure.

A COMPLETE RECOVERY.

D. E. Coughanour writes from Quarts-burgh, Idaho, of the complete recovery of Mrs. Caughanour from rheumatism. She had been troubled for years, and had suffered great pain, often not being able to walk. Happy over his wife's relief, he tells about it as follows:

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(Calderwood's Rheumatism Cure):
Gentlemen: My wife took three bottles
of your Cure, which aimost cured her. I
sent for three more for her. She took one of these, and then was perfectly well. The remaining two bottles she gave to a woman who could not walk, and they cured her. My wife had suffered for four years with rheumatism—sometimes so badly that she could not walk. Yours.

rheumatism—sometimes so oadly that could not walk. Yours,

D. E. Corananoua.

The price of the medicine is \$5 per package of three bottles. For further particulars apply to

N. J. Srosz & Co.,

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San Francisco, Cal.

N. Y.:

Dear Sir-I am giad to say that the use of your "Golden Medical Discovery" has saved me many doctors bills, as I have for the past cleven years, whenever needed, been using it for the erysipelas and also for chronic diarrhes, and am giad to say that it has never fulled. I have also recommended it to many of my neighbors, as it is a medicine worth recommending.

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About old Portland's flood;
Row everything was swept away
From where it once has stood;
Row 5th of monstrous site were caught
Beneath the electric lights.
And how the ocean vessels salled
Clear up to Fortland Heights.
The actual scenes of the flood are pictured in
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hem Cough Syrup. Transas Greek Use in time. Said by druggists.

we must go!"
"Clara," said the squire, he himself as-

my door?"
Clara looked into his face.

A SQUIRE'S ROMANCE.

Hop picking was always a gala time t Pendexter farm.

the hills like a quivering veil; the bland air was full of soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods, and wherever a dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and the masses of goldenrod and purple fringed asters held up their clus-ters of dazzling bloom. And in the hop-field merry voices echoed from morning

Will Pendexter, walking up and down Scripture story—princely Beas standing in his harvest fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to every one. "Isn't be handsome?" said little Fanny

genuine romance. love jilted him."

tates, and I suppose they are there now."

Fanny looked with secret awe at the

the world. But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet.

had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water

"Where are we, Isora? Whither have

"You're sweet enough to eat," he cried, At which her heart tuned cold; For she was a missioner fair, And he was a cannibal bold. Some people have a prejudice against

proved again additional field but a cure.
BRANDREYN'S PILLS are safe to take at

Begger-Will you give me a dime? I am starv-ing. Salains (nurrying past him)—So am i, and I'm going to be late for dinner if I don't look sharp.

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