

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.

U. S. GOVT. FOOD REPORT.

The official report shows ROYAL BAKING POWDER chemically pure, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce, which was greatly in excess of that shown by any other, and more than 40 per cent. above the average.

Hence Royal Baking Powder makes the lightest, sweetest and most wholesome food.

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

SHE BUILDS TO LIVE.

Eccentric Mrs. Winchester and Her Mansion That is Never Completed.

There is a woman near San Jose, Cal., who believes that she will die when she ceases building additions to her residence. She has lived in her San Jose mansion for ten years, but the carpenters have never ceased building, and they will not cease their work so long as the mistress of the mansion is alive. The eccentric woman is Mrs. Winchester, widow of Oliver Fisher Winchester, the famous inventor of the Winchester repeating rifle, who died in 1880, leaving her a large fortune, much of which has been devoted to building operations in San Jose during the past 14 years.

The Winchester residence is a huge, rambling two-story structure and is located on a 100-acre farm six miles from San Jose. It stands in the center of a large and beautiful lawn dotted with fountains, statues, rare plants, trees and flowers. The house itself is probably the strangest specimen of architecture in the United States. There are towers, minarets, turrets and domes galore, and when the observer convinces himself that he has seen them all he has only to turn a corner.

"Then, your highness, one would have to take some pretty adagio. H'm, h'm," replied Reichardt, and he searched among the music portfolio to find something appropriate. Finally he held one sheet of music in his hand longer than the rest and examined it.

"Would that do, Mr. Reichardt?"

"Your highness, we have not yet come to that. The thing is too difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's 'F sharp minor sonata,' melolious voice, 'papa's birthday.' It will be held on the sheet of music between now and his majesty's birthday is too short."

"Oh, Mr. Reichardt," replied the prince coaxingly, "I will be very diligent! Please, please! It will do—it must do! And," added the little prince merrily, "if it will not go 'adagio' at all go 'fortissimo'! Papa always says that to me."

Accordingly the difficult adagio was practiced, after all, and cost a great deal of diligence, application and patience. On March 22 the young prince surprised his royal father with an execution of the lovely composition, and indeed he played it with wonderful firmness and great expression. For this manifestation of his extraordinary zeal his favorite wish was realized. Papa made him the present of a room, completely furnished carpenter shop, for, as is well known, the prince learned to carpenter, besides book binding and typesetting.

Forty-four years later.

It was in the year of mourning, 1888. The imposing Castle Friedrickskron, called so immediately after Emperor Frederick's accession to the throne, lay there in the rain and mud and majesty, beauty, and man and nature—yes, all these breathed happiness, rapture and life.

Alas, no! For in one of the apartments of the lower floor lay, with pale face, on a slightly raised couch, a man of whom a slighter and sunnier, and who had been said that Chiron said of Achilles, "How ever hard sorrows worked on him, he never appeared as grand as he was in reality."

It was the noble Emperor Frederick, stricken by a most cruel fate, the sufferer so resigned to his lot. The eyes, formerly so clear and bright, were closed, and he saw the sun of beauty and to absorb the radiance thereof as well as to give forth all that is beautiful, grand, good and noble in man's spirit and heart, looked wearily in front of him. Only occasionally, when they lifted themselves to look through the open window far into the main drive, which leads through the royal gardens and terminates here at the castle, more radiance and cheerfulness filled his eyes, and the gaze into the ocean of verdure, in which marble statues shone here and there, seemed to bathe itself in the enchanting beauty of nature.

The empress entered. She tried to appear very hopeful and cheerful and seated herself beside the couch of her dearly beloved husband. Just as she fields outside, so the royal patient's countenance was smilingly covered with sunshine. He smiled at his faithful wife and in gently waving his hand toward the window he seemed to say how glad he felt to see the beautiful weather. Toward the last the sufferer, who could no longer speak, preferred to make himself understood by means of signs, and the imperial family came to the bedside and were in attendance had acquired such practice in the interpretation of these signs that the emperor could dispense almost entirely with the troublesome writing on tablets.

The empress asked her noble husband if he had any particular wish, and after a pause he made his fingers move as if he were playing the piano.

"Who shall play?" asked the empress, and added anxiously, "And would it not excite you too much?"

"No," indicated the emperor, and then he wrote on his tablet, "I desire very much to hear music, could not Ruffer, Victoria's teacher, come?"

"I shall send for him," replied the empress. "He is over at the Bornstrater church just at present and is giving her an organ lesson."

The empress then gave the order, and toward half past 11 o'clock the artist and composer of the "Merlin" appeared to answer the honored call. In the apartments adjoining that of the emperor stood a grand piano, at which the artist sat down as soon as the doors of the adjoining room were opened. The emperor had asked him to play several of his favorite melodies and listened with visible pleasure to the language of sounds which both came from and went to the heart. The pianist, greatly moved, had already played several songs of the emperor and of other composition, and each time the emperor sent him his thanks, with the request to play more. Again the last chords of a melody had died away, when the empress asked, "What word?" "Does it not tire or excite you?"

The emperor replied in the negative, and said, "Only one more. An adagio from a sonata. It shall be the last."

The master then in the next room, sure at heart, complied with his dying emperor's wish. Again he seated himself at the piano and played a touching adagio.

The emperor listened. His eyes became brighter. He beckoned to the empress and wrote down in feverish haste: "Forty-four years ago I played that adagio for papa's birthday. Of course not as well. It is from the F sharp minor sonata. Very pretty. Thank Ruffer heartily. Last piece. Thee sleep!"

It was really the last melody, this adagio! They were the last musical sounds which reached the ears of the dying monarch, the last greetings of the art so loved by him—his farewell greetings! Adagio slept the sufferer, who endured endless pain without complaint, over into the kingdom of eternal and purest harmony.

Translated from Chicago News by Anne L. Wagman.

Not Fitting.

With the warmth of a loving heart the missionary pleaded with the throb of the slightest savages.

"Come," he urged. "You are naked. Christianity will clothe you."

The woman near the front shook her head.

"Not this year," she rejoined quietly, but firmly. "I think the light green you people are all wearing would make me look just horrid."

The wind would unquestionably have soured through the tops of the trees had the latter not chanced to be cocoa nut palms and quite inadequate for soothing purposes.—Truth.

THE FIRST AND LAST.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AND SCHUMANN'S ADAGIO.

The Young Prince Learned It to Play on His Father's Birthday—Forty-four Years After It Soothed the Last Hour of the Dying Emperor.

It was the year 1844. Prince Frederick was then in his thirteenth year. The music lesson had just ended, and the prince's master, Reichardt, the composer of our beautiful patriotic song, "Was Ist Des Deutschen Vaterland," was about to depart, when the young prince detained him.

"Mr. Reichardt," said he, with his sympathetic, melolious voice, "papa's birthday. It will be held on the sheet of music between now and his majesty's birthday is too short."

"Oh, Mr. Reichardt," replied the prince coaxingly, "I will be very diligent! Please, please! It will do—it must do! And," added the little prince merrily, "if it will not go 'adagio' at all go 'fortissimo'! Papa always says that to me."

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ST. PATRICK'S.

Two St. Patrick's days in succession—that of 1894 and 1895—have been remarkable for being clear and cloudless. Nevertheless, there were typical wild furies, and while the old adage is supposed to have done good, it has never succeeded in driving out rheumatism and like pains and aches, which hold their own at this time of the year. No, it has been left to another saint and a more successful, St. Jacob's Oil, and when a cure for rheumatism it cures promptly. Don't trust the weather, but have a bottle ready all the time.

Too Cautious.

The father of Gueau de Reversaux had been a distinguished lawyer, and through his influence he held important offices in the government. When the revolution began, he gave up his office at La Rochelle and retired to Chartres.

From the time that the revolution began Gueau de Reversaux devoted his attention exclusively to preserving his own safety. He wrote no letters; he would receive no letters; he saw no visitors and paid no visits; he spoke to no person and allowed no one to come near him. It would have been impossible to be more prudent than he was.

However, he wanted some sheds built on his farm near Chartres and ventured to consult a carpenter. The carpenter told him that he could not undertake the work immediately, as Gueau de Reversaux wished, because most of his workmen were drafted to join the army at once.

Gueau de Reversaux replied: "The workmen need not go. They can send substitutes."

This remark was heard by the workmen, but only the first phrase made any impression on them. They reported everywhere that M. Gueau de Reversaux, who must be good authority, had said that they need not go. The news went to headquarters that Gueau de Reversaux declared that they could not undertake the work immediately. This was considered to be a conspiracy, and he was condemned to death. He was at once taken to the Conciergerie prison, and he paid for his selfish folly with his life.—Youth's Companion.

A Spook on the Car.

The messenger on express car No. 5 on the run between Reno and Ogden had rather a queer experience. When the train was passing Iron Point, in the eastern part of the state, he heard a voice calling him by his given name, asking, "What was done with the corpse?" He was at once as though glued to the car floor, and the package of letters and newspapers dropped from his hands.

Not a human being was in the car but the messenger, and in a moment or two he recovered from his astonishment enough to think that some one had smuggled into the car at the last station and began looking through the trunk and under the seats, but all in vain. He was busy moving the trunks when, in the same voice, he heard some one say, "Oh, you might hunt till doomsday, but you could never discover the mysterious individual who is addressing you."

The messenger's hair was now standing on end, and he was unable to even carry his own weight, much less anything else. The trip was made from Iron Point to Reno without further incident, but the messenger says he wants no more of car No. 5.—Reno (Cal.) Gazette.

A No Name Family.

There is a rich retired merchant living in one of the many beautiful suburbs that surround cultured Boston who has reared and educated quite a large family of boys and girls without even naming them or allowing any one else to do so. He says a person has a perfect right to choose his or her own name, and he has rigorously insisted upon this idea being carried out to the letter. All of his children have borne pet names until old enough to select one for themselves. Quite odd, is it not? A bit confusing, too, is a new idea, and everything new is welcome.

POOR INDEED!

The prospect of relief from drastic cathartics for persons troubled with constipation is poor indeed. True they act upon the bowels, but they do not remove the cause of the trouble, tend to weaken the intestines, and is prejudicial to the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitter is an effective cathartic, it is gentle and non-detrimental. Furthermore, it promotes digestion and a regular action of the liver and kidneys. It is an excellent remedy for all cases of indigestion, biliousness, rheumatism, and is of great benefit to the weak, nervous and aged. As a cathartic it cannot be surpassed. Physicians cordially recommend it, and its professional endorsement is fully borne out by popular experience. Hostetter's Bitter is most improved by this agreeable invigorant and alterative.

"Has old tough quack smoking," inquired one man of another. "I don't know whether he is or not, but he died the other day," was the evasive reply.

ATHLETES.

One small bear witness to ALCOCK'S PODOBASTERS as invaluable for their purposes.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says: "I have found it imperative to have pure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. I discovered such a remedy in ALCOCK'S PODOBASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALCOCK'S PODOBASTERS gave me almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In 'sprain' and 'distention' races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

BRANDER'S PILLS rectify the secretions.

A little miss was listening to her sister while she was playing the piano, and after keeping still a while, said to her sister, "Why don't you open the draught and make it sound louder?"

REWARD.

\$10 Reward for information as to the present whereabouts, or death of Ansel White, who left Santa Cruz, Cal., in 1895. Address, Wm. Pierpont White, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

This is a concise, reasonable explanation of the whole matter.

The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

That this is not theory but fact is proven by the voluntary statements of thousands cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the next column.

"With pleasure I will state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully. For several months I could not lie down to sleep on account of heart trouble and also prostration of the Nerves. For three years I have been doctoring, but could not get cured. I received relief for a while, but not permanent. Soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a change for the better. In a short time I was feeling splendidly. I now rest well and am able to do work of whatever kind. If I had not tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I do not know what would have become of me. I keep it in my house all the time, and other members of the family take it, and all say there is

Nothing Like Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have highly recommended it, and one of my neighbors has commenced taking it. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla at every opportunity."—Mrs. S. BURBANK, 404 Erie Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay to each and every one of the HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Swore to before me and subscribed in my presence, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

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.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sold by Druggists, 75c.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakota, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South Rock Island, Rock Island, St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pilo's Ointment. MARY THOMPSON, 2913 O Street, Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

MUSIC STORE—Wiley R. Allen Co. the largest, finest stock of Pianos, Chickering, Hardman, Fischer Pianos, Baby Organs. Low prices, easy terms. 10-CENT MUSIC—Send for catalogue.

TRY GERMA for breakfast.

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ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels is the necessary key to make it regular. They cure Headaches, Brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than camomile. Catalogue and circulars sent free for a name. Will mail sample free, or a full box for the Gold Standard. BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a part of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals, before, and before retiring.

CATARRH

KEVIN'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the nasal passages, relieves all inflammation, heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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SAVE SHOE LEATHER.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. IT FITS. IT IS THE BEST. WE MAKE THEM. WE USE THE BEST MATERIALS. WE MAKE THEM IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. WE MAKE THEM IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. WE MAKE THEM IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally as durable. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. These superior qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

CHICKEN RAISING PAYS

If you use the Petaluma Incubators or Brooders, make money while others are waiting time by old processes. Catalogue and circulars sent free for a name. It describes every article needed for the poultry business.

The "ERIE"

mechanically the best and most durable. We are Pacific Coast Agents. Bicycle Catalogue mailed free. Full description, prices, etc. AGENTS WANTED. PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Petaluma, Cal. BRANCH STORES, 231 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS' CO. PALMER & REY BRANCH

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oil. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON DEALERS. N. P. N. U. No. 692—S. F. N. U. No. 690

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Footstomach stops pain and restores the teeth. Full size. Mailed, 50c. K. W. Gilman, Salted, Ct.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

SAVE SHOE LEATHER.

Ask for Dyer's Diamond or Oval Shoes and Rejuvenating Heels. Both are worthless. For sale by leading shoe dealers. Evansville, Ind., 100 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

If you want work, or can organize a lodge, write to the Order of P. M. A. Argonaut, Room 2 and 28, Dunsmuir Building San Francisco, Cal.

MALARIAL DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ACHES? DOES EVERY STEP SEEM A BURDEN? YOU NEED MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.

Three doses only. Try it.

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Its First Customers Were Brokers, Who Caused It to Become Popular.

The first hansom cab in America had an interesting history. A reminiscence, voluble, red faced caddy told it late the other night up by the Thirty-third street stand. It was brought over in 1870 or 1871 by John Patent of the Pacific hotel, in Greenwich street, just above Cortlandt, and it cost \$70. Its driver was old John Carter of Liverpool, since deceased, who came to New York in 1861. The original cab that John Carter drove was a handsome one, made very much like those now in use, but it had a claret body and red running gear. An interesting feature of it was that it was bolstered with a pair of patent axles, which were so complicated that Carter was the only man who could grease them.

For some reason the cab was not put into running immediately after it was imported, but was laid up in the stable for 1 1/2 years. Then John Carter ran it from the Pacific hotel, but there was not business enough there, and he went down to the corner of Broad street and Exchange place, where trade flourished, and he used to get fares from the big brokers. Morosini was said to have been a good customer of his, and Jay Gould, if reports are accurate, rode in it once or twice. It was a familiar feature about the Stock Exchange for four years, and then it broke down, ending the career of the first hansom cab in America.

Feeling the Gas Man.

"It's a very funny thing," said a housekeeper the other evening, "how the gas companies regulate their bills. A neighbor of mine cooks her breakfast by gas and doesn't light it again until night comes. Her gas bills average \$8 or \$9 a month. Now, I cook three meals a day by gas and leave a jet burning all night so I can get hot water to dilute condensed milk with for the baby. My gas bills don't go above \$5. I don't know what makes the difference, but I suspect my neighbor bought her gas stove from the gas company, so they know she uses one. They don't know I have one. That must be it."—New York World.

Energy in Matter.

It is estimated by Professor Dolbear that a lump of coal weighing a pound has in it energy enough to lift its weight 1,000 miles high. He says that this energy is inherent in matter; that every particle of matter is constantly exerting its force on every other particle, and that if not prevented they will come together, no matter how far apart they may be.

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