

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE GRAND VIZIER.

HOW HE IS SELECTED BY THE SULTAN AND INSTALLED.

One of the Most Striking Scenes Connected With the Turkish Court—No One Knows Who Is to Be Named Until the Last Moment—An Impressive Prayer.

The ceremony of "naming" the new grand vizier is one of the most impressive sights imaginable, and as it has seldom if ever been described an attempt to convey some idea of it may not be without interest. It was toward 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon that the servants commenced to carry out from Djavad Pasha's rooms at the sublime porte his books, papers, pens and other private paraphernalia. This was the first intimation given to the world that the grand vizier had fallen. Shortly afterward troops filed up the hill and lined both sides of the road from the landing stage at Sirkidji to the doors of the palace. The news spread like fire under a wind, and by 5 o'clock all preparations were completed for the reception of the new occupant of the principal office in the empire. In the great council chamber the scene was unique in its quiet dignity. The room was crowded with all the high officials present and past, and though an hour or two previously none there had even guessed what was about to happen each one took his place silently and regularly, without confusion or mistake, awaiting the advent of the still unknown chief.

At the head of the hall a small vacant space was left, around which grouped the present ministers and those who had previously held portfolios. As each came in he paced slowly up the carpet with one short salute. As soon as he reached the end all present returned the terna-na with a sweep of the hand to the ground, breast and forehead. This ritualistic greeting, accentuated by the movement of scarlet fezes in unison with open hands, given in silence, and in the dim, curtained light of the council chamber, defies adequate description by the pen.

And then the newcomer returned the salutes separately, beginning at the left hand side, round the square of his colleagues, subordinates and superiors, and one more candidate for the vizierate was effaced, for nobody knew upon whom the choice of the sultan had fallen. Many names were whispered round, but as their owners entered the circle of greeting their chances were seen to be extinguished. One after another they followed on, till by a process of reduction it became a question of only two or three, all the rest of Turkey's statesmen and all her greatest pashas having already trodden the carpet and taken their seats of expectation. Then from the windows could be seen a small procession winding up the ascent. In front were two horsemen, he on the left a little man well known to all the watchers in the chamber, and on the right the Sheikh ul Islam, shining in the sunlight with his robes of pure white and gold.

In the passing of a breath the name of Ketchuk Said fluttered round the room, and a few moments later the new grand vizier, who had already thrice gone through the same ceremony, was standing in the center of the ministerial group. They drew from his breast a green silk bag, and extracting from it the imperial hat he pressed the parchment to his lips and forehead. The dark bearded sheikh repeated this homage to the words of his imperial master, and the hat was handed to the evrak mudiri, or keeper of the archives, who read aloud that his imperial majesty the sultan, knowing the devotion, well proved, of Said Pasha, intrusted to him the duties of grand vizier, and that, having full confidence in the piety of the Sheikh ul Islam, he prolonged his term of office, being anxious in all things for the best welfare of his people, and might Almighty God bless their efforts toward that end. Then again a wave of sweeping hands and bending heads went round, and the sheikh, in full, deep tones, offered up a prayer for the sultan and the empire. In a moment the council chamber was transformed into a holy place, and the politicians, pashas and scribes, with upturned palms, seemed to have forgotten for a space the world and its vanities. It would be hard to imagine anything more striking than this prayer, amid such surroundings and on such an occasion.

With it terminated the investiture. The new grand vizier adjourned to his room with his ministry for coffee and a perfunctory cabinet council, and later on the old and new viziers and ministers repaired to Yildiz to pay their first respects to their lord. Meanwhile another hat had arrived, changing the occupant of the western wing of the porte, for Said Pasha, who has been minister for foreign affairs for nine years, was bidden to vacate his familiar chair in favor of Turkish Pasha—Constantinople Letter.

Irving and Stoker.
Not many know how that talented Irishman, Mr. Bram Stoker, came to be associated with the fortunes of Sir Henry Irving. It was in this wise. Sir Henry, when on a visit to Dublin, was invited to a supper party, and during the course of the evening was induced to recite in his thrilling way "The Dream of Eugene Aram." One of his auditors, a young man with a brilliant reputation at Trinity college, was so affected by the tragedian's delivery that he burst into tears. Henry Irving asked the young man to call on him the next morning, and then and there made him an offer, which was accepted to the mutual advantage of both. The young man was Mr. Bram Stoker.—London Correspondent.

One Good Deed.
Mrs. De Ruffe—If you ever did any good in this world, I'd like to know what it is.
Mr. De Ruffe—Well, for one thing, I saved you from dying an old maid.—London Quiver.

EXPERT HOTEL ROBBER.

He Relieved Schuyler Colfax of a Bag Full of Securities.

"Did you ever hear of Charley Holt, the prince of hotel thieves?" said Detective James McDevitt. "Well, I had two encounters with that gentleman here in Washington. My first experience was brief and devoid of sensational incident.

"A guest in an up town hotel awoke one night and saw a man going through his clothes. He gave chase to the robber, who dropped his booty, consisting of a watch and several hundred dollars, in the hallway.

"He managed to outrun his pursuer and reached his room on an upper floor unseen. The hotel people sent for me, and after searching the register and making some inquiries I went straight to Holt's room and put him under arrest. He accompanied me to headquarters without a murmur, but as we had no proof against him he was let go, with a warning never to show up again at the capital.

"He staid away three years, but the next time he came he did a job of no less magnitude than to rob the vice president of the United States, Schuyler Colfax, of \$125,000 in bonds and securities. The robbery occurred at Wornley's hotel, between 5 and 6 o'clock, on the evening of Feb. 23, 1893. I had been to Alexandria that day and heard of the affair as soon as I reached the city, about 9 p. m.

"The first thing I did was to go to a restaurant keeper and ask him if any crooked people were in town. He replied that there was a party in the badger line at a place on Tenth street, near the old gas office. In company with the chief of police I went to the house and asked of the landlady if she had any strangers stopping there. She said yes, and on telling her our business she admitted us into the parlor, where a good looking young man was walking the floor, apparently in a nervous condition.

"Before we could say a word he remarked: 'I know who you are after. Charley Holt has stolen a lot of bonds belonging to the vice president. He told me so himself and said he was nearly scared to death when he found those property he had taken. You'll find the stuff in the express office, for he boxed it all up and shipped it to Philadelphia this evening.

"Here was a revelation to take a man's breath away. I never dreamed of making such a swift capture. We went to the express and got the securities right enough without any trouble. It would have been an easy matter to get Holt, but Mr. Colfax, for some reason, vetoed the proposition to catch him, and he went scot free of that particular crime. The fellow who told me was a crook, but had nothing to do with the transaction, and in consideration of the 'give away' was allowed to leave the city with a warning."—Washington Post.

A LUCKY SNEEZE.

It Came Just in Time to Make M. X. a Spanish Minister.

The writer of "Secrets in Spain" tells in the pages of The New Review how ministers were sometimes made under the regime of Queen Isabella of Spain. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of a man who was made minister for sneezing.

The story is as follows: M. X. had gone one day to pay a casual visit to one of his friends. To his surprise he found his friend very much occupied. "Excuse me," said he, "but I am very busy today. But if you have nothing to do come along with me." "Where are you going?" "I have been summoned to the palace." They set off together. At the palace one was conducted to the presence of the queen, while the other waited in the anteroom. There was a lengthy sitting in the queen's cabinet, a new ministry being in course of formation.

It was very cold and drafty in the anteroom, and the man who was waiting began to grow very impatient, as he felt a cold in the head coming on. "Whom shall we appoint to the exchequer? Whom to the Fomento? Whom to the war department?" asked the queen. Gradually after much discussion the ministry was built up bit by bit. There was now only the colonial minister to be appointed. "I must have a colonial minister," said the queen. "Whom shall we appoint colonial minister?" "No one could be thought of. All at once a loud sneeze was heard in the anteroom.

"Who is that sneezing in the anteroom?" asked the queen. "M. X." "M. X.!" The very man—the very man for the colonial minister! Tell M. X. to come in.

That is how M. X. became colonial minister—for having sneezed.

Keep Their Secrets Well.
The French keep the secrets of their ammunition wonderfully. Their powder gives excellent results, but its composition is still unknown, and their dynamite shells for the navy and field artillery have not yet been imitated by any other country. The best French naval experts believe that only quick firing guns, using high explosive shells will be of any use in the next naval engagement. They contend that these shells will abolish armor, as armor tends to increase the effect of bursting shells. The first thing our new government will have to do will be to provide our navy with quick firing guns and shells that shall be effectual. It is not denied that in both these particulars the French at the present moment are far ahead of us.—Saturday Review.

Horseless Vehicles Not New.
"Talk about these horseless vehicles," said Uncle Si. "I began 'em long ago." "Why, pa!" began Aunt Mandy. "Oh, but Edid. Don't you remember the ole ox cart we rode to our wedding in?"—Indianapolis Journal.

ONCE WORE CROWNS.

SEVEN EUROPEAN WOMEN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR THRONES.

None of Them Wants For the Comforts or Even the Luxuries of Life, but They Are All Exceedingly Unhappy. So 'Tis Said. Eccentric Ex-Queen Marie of Naples.

Although it cannot be pleasant to be a queen out of a job, there is one thing about it—none of the ex-queens of today is in want so far as the comforts and even the luxuries are concerned, save the luxury of a throne to sit upon. As this, however, is the one luxury which ex-queens are supposed most to desire, it is likely that more or less unhappiness is now the portion of the seven European women who were but are not royalities.

It is not easy to say which of these women is most interesting. Eugenie, the ex-empress of the French, has probably had the most romantic and picturesque career, and probably also she is most unhappy, since she is utterly without kin among reigning families and mourns the death of a son, the prince imperial, who was killed in the English-Zulu war, as well as that of a husband. Concerning this son it is stated that when, driven to desperation by his mother's constant repinings against fate, he announced his design of going to fight the Zulus, two score young Frenchmen offered to go with him and act as a guard of honor. This, however, was not pleasing to the ex-empress, who said her son must be protected as much but no



MARIE SOPHIE, EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES

more than others, and there is no doubt that now she blames herself for the young man's death.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, mother of the Infanta Enlalia, who visited America some years ago, lives comfortably in Paris on an income of \$100,000 a year, and even now, though not far from 80, sometimes behaves herself in a manner that would be termed scandalous if she were of ordinary birth and was declared outrageous by the infants while the latter was visiting her mother recently.

The widow of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, son of the great Emperor William and father of the present emperor of that name, is of spotless reputation, as are all the daughters of England's Queen Victoria. Perhaps her case is most pathetic of all. She is a woman of literary tastes and ability, of liking for art, of much more than average mental power, and her influence over her husband during his life was potent and for good. During all the later years of the great William this woman looked forward to the time when her husband should be emperor and she should sit with him upon the imperial throne, only to really occupy it for the brief time that elapsed between his father's death and his own from a deadly cancer.

An eccentric ex-queen is the widow of Francis, who lost the throne of Naples when Italy was unified, years before his death. He was rich, and his wealth was so increased during his life that she is even richer than they were when they quitted Naples. Being of economical habits, they lived for years in furnished apartments in Paris. His widow's name is Marie Sophie, and she is the sister of the empress of Austria and of the Duchess of Alencon. She passes for a beauty, is tall, slender and an accomplished horsewoman. It was her custom occasionally before her husband died to hire the Hippodrome, where in the presence of only the ex-king and servants she used to appear in the costume of a circus rider—tights, brief skirts and all—and jump through hoops, ride bareback at full speed and perform all the other feats of professional equestriennes. She is also a good water woman and delights in boating, being an adept both at the oars and the management of a sailboat. She is clever at repartee, and once, when her acquaintance was claimed by an old man who said she had been his guest at a hotel named the Crown, which he kept, she retorted quickly: "Do you keep the Crown? Well, you do better than I was able to."

She intends soon to abandon the apartment in Paris where she lived with the ex-king so long and then will go to live with her sister, the empress of Austria. Of the unhappy Empress Carlotta of Mexico, who has been insane ever since the tragedy that bereft her of both throne and husband, the world only knows that she is harmless; that her hair has turned white, and that she is ever looking for her Maximilian, whose death she cannot be made to understand.

Natalie of Servia, the divorced wife of ex-king Milan, seems always to have enjoyed life as much since she quitted the throne as before.

The empress dowager of Russia, whose son is now the autocrat of that country, is despondent and retiring, affected by a nervous weakness which came to her soon after the accident to the imperial train, caused by a dynamite explosion planned by the nihilists.

Hadn't Changed His Opinion.
The eminent author and actor had just finished a most lively recital of an adventure that had happened to him during the summer.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"It is great," said the newspaper man.

"I know you would think so, and if you don't know about printing it, but I still think it is a great story. I thought so last winter when I wrote it."

The rest was silent.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN DRUMMERS.

Many Branches of Trade Represented by Clear Headed Traveling Saleswomen.

"The woman drummer has come to stay, and we men won't be in it in a short time."

The above is from the lament of a certain traveling salesman, who confided some facts about his business to a reporter the other day. He is mournful, it is true, as who would not be when he saw his vocation slipping away from him? But he seems to feel that open confession is good for the soul and accordingly describes with exactness, harrowing to the souls of other commercial travelers, the full extent of the success of his feminine rivals in trade.

"There is a young woman of the name of Lincoln," he says, with dogged resignation. "She sells imported hogs. So do I—when I get a chance. But if I expect to do anything on my route I am obliged to keep ahead of her, for when she strikes a town she carries away every order in it. I must confess that these women 'knights of the grip,' as you newspaper folks call us, do much better than the men in the same lines. They are strong, clear sighted and clear headed women, some of them very pretty and all of them perfect ladies. Some of them do exactly as men do—visit a merchant in person and solicit his orders. Others engage a sample room in the hotel, and after notifying the merchants wait and receive them there. There is another class of feminine travelers who are very well and cater to individual custom. I know of several from New York who pursue this method entirely.

"Probably the best known woman on the road is Miss Virginia Poole of New York, who sells nothing but perfume. She stays in a town sometimes two or three weeks, and she does a big business. There is Miss Arline Carson, who sells millinery in all the large cities east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. She sells over \$100,000 worth of goods a year and gets a big salary. Mrs. K. B. Henry is a well known woman drummer. Her husband formerly traveled for an underwear house of New York. He died and left her with several children to support.

"She went to the firm and asked for his route. They had never sent a woman out, but they gave it to her, and she made such a success of it that she is now a member of the firm. She goes out on the road occasionally, and I heard a good story about her not long ago. She was at the Weddell House in Cleveland and had just seven minutes in which to catch her train. She went to her room, put on her traveling dress, paid her bill, ordered her baggage down, called a carriage, was driven to the depot five blocks away and caught her train. There are mighty few men who could have done that!" and the drummer subsided into sorrowful reflections.

"One of the women travelers who depend on individual customers is Miss M. A. Wilkins, who travels for a Philadelphia house that deals in children's wear. She carries eight large trunks. She mails a letter to each of her patrons, saying that she will occupy a certain suit in a certain hotel on a certain day. When the time comes, her customers drive up in their carriages and are shown to her room, where, I can tell you, they leave a lot of orders. Her trade is worth \$75,000 a year to her house. I know of one woman who sells chewing gum, another laces, another buttons, another furs. I have even heard of a woman who sells coffins. I'll bet she sells so many that the undertakers have to make kindling wood of them to get their stock reduced."—New York Sun.

Peripatetic Women Inspectors.

A question put by Mr. John Burns in the house of commons raises a point which ought not to be allowed to drop. Mr. Burns asked whether it was not the fact that there were 50,000 female operatives in the factories of Belfast and no female factory inspectors. Mr. Asquith's answer was eminently official. "Women factory inspectors," he said, "are not assigned to any particular district. They are peripatetic. Miss Abraham has visited Belfast and will probably go there again." Further pressed by Mr. Sexton to say whether it would not be possible to have a lady inspector resident in Ireland, Mr. Asquith said that there were only four lady inspectors for the whole of the United Kingdom, and it was impossible to spare one to reside permanently in Ireland. "Then why not appoint more lady inspectors?" Mr. Burns persisted, but got no answer.—London Quiver.

For Pennsylvania Women.

The Pennsylvania Woman's Suffrage association makes a prize offer as follows: Three prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 respectively are offered for the best article on "The Political Equality of Women" written by a resident of Pennsylvania. The article must not contain more than 1,500 words, must be written on one side of the paper and by a typewriter if possible. No article must be signed, but the name and address of the writer must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and placed, together with the article, in another envelope. Articles must be sent to the chairman of the committee of awards, 1326 Arch street, Philadelphia, on or before March 1, 1894.—Mary Graw, L. L. Blankenburg, Jane Campbell.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HEALS RUNNING SORES

CURES THE SERPENT'S STING

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Dermatic Egg Shampoo

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Motive Power!

HERCULES GAS and HERCULES GASOLINE

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

There is certainly some slight feeling of humiliation in being bent down and obliged to creep along for fear of a snap in the spinal column. It is such a plain case of decrepitude that we feel embarrassed.

It is seen every day when lumbar takes a good hold on a stitch in the back. There is very little sympathy for one in such a plight, for it is so well known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure it promptly and that neglect is the cause of so much disability. Why not feel the remedy always on hand and prevent such discomfort.

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, when the doctor pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am in a condition to give them something."

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing his work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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The Western Union Telegraph Company have placed an order for 2,000 Blickensderfer's Typewriters, for use in their offices throughout the United States. This is perhaps the largest order ever placed for typewriters and is certainly a strong testimonial for the superior merits of the Blickensderfer Machine. We understand this machine embodies the latest patented improvements (and weighing but 6 pounds it is easily carried), and equals any high priced machine in quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. The Blickensderfer is ready for sale in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Agents are wanted in every county. Good lively ones can make handsome money.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fee after the first day's use. Marvellous cure. Treatise and \$200 trial bottle free to all who send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

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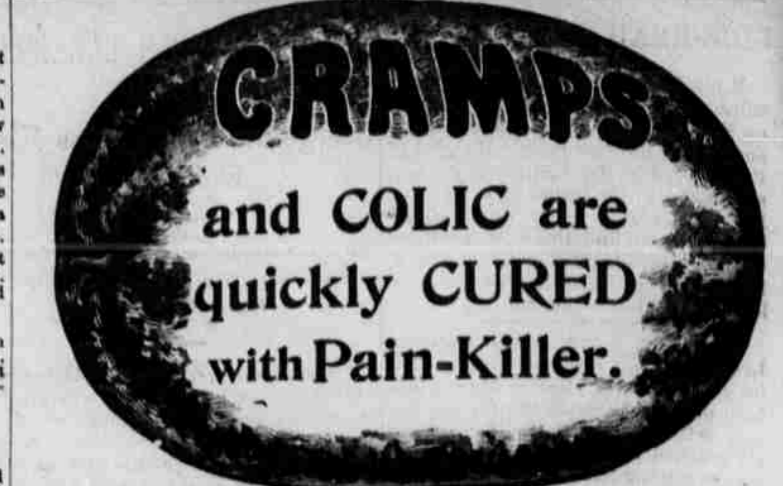
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