Quality

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It is the high quality of Royal Baking Powder that has established its great and world-wide reputation.

Every housewife knows she can rely upon it; that it makes the bread and biscuit more delicious and wholesome—always the finest that can be baked.

It is economy and every way better to use the Royal, whose work is always certain, never experimental.

There are many imitation baking powders, made from alum. They may cost less per pound, but their use is at the cost of health.

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A Romance of Real Life.

The duchess of Arcos was Virginia Woodbury Lowery, of Washington, D. C. A distinguished ancestor, Daniel Woodbury of New England, once held the position of secretary of the treasury, under Jackson, and was afterwards justice of the supreme court. Montgomery Blair, a cabinet officer during the administration of Lincoln, was of the same family.

The romantic courtship of the duke and duchess of Arcos began over 20 years ago. At that time he was young Count Brunetti, of the Spanish legation in Washington, an under secretary, whose admiration for the beautiful Miss Lowery resulted in an engagement, to which the parents objected on account of the youth of their daughter, and the fact that Count Brunetti was appointed to a remote South American post, where months were required to send a communication.

The engagement was of 20 years' duration, and Count Brunetti in that time inherited estates and a title in Spain. When he returned to Washington he found Miss Lowery even more beautiful in her maturity than when he had left her. Mrs. Lowery, who was an invalid, died shortly before the wedding of her daughter, which occurred in August, 1895, at the summer home of the family in New London, Conn., and was quietly celebrated. —Harper's Bazaar.

The Irony of Fate.

"Do you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"

"Yes."

"Fate's awful funny sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his one ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch lions with a lasso."—Tit Bits.

Schilling's Best

money-back tea and baking powder at

Your Grocer's

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

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PORTLAND WIRE & IRON WORKS; WIRE and iron fencing; office railing, etc. 234 Alder.

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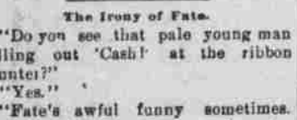

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YOU'LL BE WELL

when your blood gets in the proper condition—when it is rich and furnishes nourishment to the different parts of the body.

Moore's Revealed Remedy

purifies the blood, gives it health and richness—it cures backache, nervousness, tired feeling, bearing down pains, etc., etc. It never fails. $1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

Fancies in Shirt-Waists.

The really swell thing is the pure white silk or satin shirt-waist made in the greatest simplicity of style, and is worn with a black skirt of net. White shirt-waists in cotton goods have the preference, many being of fine lawn, tucked all over in bias or straight-up-and-down or round-and-round tucks. The severe linen waist of white, with cuffs and collar, is worn with the tailor gown having a cutaway jacket in bolero style. Some of the new waists show a cutaway at the neck, having fancy collar and revers with which are worn fancy colored or white chemisettes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Making Sure of Him.

"I think," said the thoughtful mother, "that you ought to object to young Brown paying so much attention to our daughter."

"Why?" demanded the thoughtful father. "He impresses me very favorably."

"That's just it," returned the thoughtful mother. "We must do something to make his ambitious mother think we regard ourselves a little above them socially if we are to make sure of him."—Chicago Post.

He Hoped Not.

The other day when it was raining very hard, four or five men were having a few glasses of beer in a village beerhouse, when one man said to the company:

"It's a drop of nice rain this. It should stir things up in the ground."

One curious old man, who was known to have been henpecked during his wife's lifetime, replied:

"By Jove, I hope not; I only buried th' wife yesterday!"—Spare Moments.

Parent of a Prodigy.

"What an amount of dignity Jones seems to have developed lately," remarked Brown. "He's going to throw up his job and try to get something better. He says there's no use of a man with his qualifications filling so menial a position. And he's always been such a meek, unassuming man, you know."

"Yes," replied Smith, "but I heard that his baby has just got so that it can say 'papa' so they can understand it."—N. Y. World.

A New Dodge for Summer.

Clerk—Are we going to use the sea serpent this summer?

Proprietor—I think not. I have a better scheme than that. I shall arrange to have bottles washed up on the beach every day, each one containing a message from some arctic explorer. —N. Y. Journal.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

LOVE'S LESSON.

A year ago, my love, to-night,
I sat alone and sad,
No friendly hand to clasp my own,
No love to make me glad,
Alone, with all life's sweets denied,
Of all life's joys bereft,
With hope and happiness crushed out
And only longing left.

Alone and sad, no ray of light
To beam across the way,
No hand to smooth the aching head,
Or brush the tears away,
No arms to clasp me close and warm,
No tender lips to meet,
No voice to whisper in my ear
The words, "I love you, sweet."

A little year, but in its space
Heaven's gates have opened wide,
Sorrow and pain are left without,
And I am safe inside.
Safe in the haven of your heart
Contented just to know
That you are mine, and I am yours,
Whate'er may come or go.

What have you taught me, O my love,
In that short happy year?
That earth below and Heaven above
Are sometimes very near.
That when your arms can clasp me close,
Your lips to mine be given,
I crave no more of earthly bliss,
I ask no other heaven.
—Waverley Magazine.

Paid in Full.

"HARRY, dear, don't go!"

"I must, Cis; beggars can't be choosers," I answered, bitterly. "After all, dearest girl, it will be only for a few months."

"A year, I'm afraid, Harry, from what father says."

"Well, since he has found me this work I mustn't shirk it. Good-by, my own girl."

What misery does poverty entail on loving hearts! Cicely Fleming and I had loved one another for years—ever since, indeed, we were children together. I had spent the few hundreds my father left me in completing my engineering education in Germany. Then I came home, confident of finding work. But nothing came my way in spite of every endeavor. At last Mr. Fleming's interest procured me a place as assistant engineer in building a new lighthouse on the dangerous island of Skryn, off the west coast of Ireland. It was not the work I wanted. It would bring little credit, however well done. The pay was poor, and the prospects of the hardships and loneliness were not calculated to raise one's spirits. There would be but one other skilled engineer on the spot—an Irishman, I understood, named Callan.

I parted with Cis on a Tuesday. Friday morning found me on the small sailing craft which was the only means of communication between Skryn and the mainland.

Soon we landed, and I waded ashore and walked up the steep path to the top of the cliff.

As I reached the summit a man met me, and, holding out his hand, said:

"Good-morning! You're Mr. Brydon, I suppose? I'm Callan!"

I thought the voice unpleasant, but, glancing up into the man's face, decided that it was even worse than the voice.

He was not so ill-looking—at least, as far as features went. It was not till later that I discovered the peculiar repulsion he inspired me with was due to his eyes. These were extraordinarily dark and piercing, but across the iris of one was a remarkable pale yellow mark, which, combined with a very slight squint, gave him an absolutely uncanny appearance.

Callan walked back with me. A very few steps brought us to the huts. They were the regular home-made article of wood and zinc. There was one for each of us, and a little way off another, a good deal larger, for the workmen. There were six of these—rough Connemara men.

From where we stood on the summit of the grass-clad knoll—for the island was no more—we could gaze out seaward to where immense rollers poured in gentle thunder over a ledge of black, sharp-fanged rocks. Far out on this ugly reef could be seen the beginning of the new lighthouse.

I was busy all that day getting my things unpacked and my little cabin in order. It consisted of one room only. On one side was a bunk, on the other an oil-stove, on which was perched a big iron kettle. I found I had to do my own cooking. A table and two chairs completed the equipment. There was a door on the eastern side, and a single window just opposite. I turned in early and slept like a top in the cool sea air.

Next day I was up betimes, boiled my big kettle, made my coffee, and was out on the reef before Callan was visible. The men were already at work. I spoke to them, but either they could not or would not talk. Presently Callan came out, scrambling along the reef. What a burly brute he looked in the clear morning sunlight! He spoke to the men with extraordinary roughness. They evidently feared him, and, I soon saw, hated him, too.

This puzzled me till I knew him better. But a very few days opened my eyes. If ever there lived a man without one grain of pity in his composition, it was Eugene Callan. He seemed to take an absolute delight in cruelty for cruelty's sake. There was a boy called Barney McKeown, who acted as servant to Callan. The way Callan bullied that unfortunate boy was appalling. I wondered how the others could see such things happening. But I found Callan would not keep any man on the works whom he could not absolutely terrorize. He was practically king of the place. He he did not molest, and you may imagine how careful I was not to run counter to him. For the thought was ever present, if I could accomplish my share of the work satisfactorily, it might lead to better things. And my sweet Cicely waiting for me inspired me to suffer and be strong.

Very soon I hated Callan as much as the rest.

A few weeks later we had a storm, which stopped all work.

I sat in my hut reading most of the day, and listening to the gusts that roared at times like thunder. Once or twice I fancied a shriller sound mingled with the gale.

Late in the afternoon it lulled a little, and suddenly there came, distinct and clear to my ears, a scream of pain. I sprang up and listened. Again and again the cry sounded out. It was from Callan's hut they came.

I sprang up, rushed across, and flung open the door. The sight that met my eyes made me blaze with anger. Stripped to the waist, and writhing with pain, the wretched McKeown was tied to the head of Callan's bed, while over him stood the big black bully, lashing him with a rope's end.

"What's this for?" I cried.

Callan turned his crooked gaze on me.

"To teach the young hound obedience." His voice grated with rage at my interruption. "And what business is it of yours, Mr. Pry?"

I fancied for an instant he was going for me. But I was much too angry to think of consequences.

"You're an infernal bully!" I shouted. "And if you don't chuck it I can't make you; but I'll soon let our employers know."

The bully was a coward—that I knew. But he could have killed me with one hand. So my relief was considerable when he suddenly threw down the rope's end. I untied McKeown, and, pushing him before me, left the hut.

But a hissing whisper followed me.

"All right, young man, your turn now. But you'll pay for it."

I knew well enough Callan would not forgive me for this day's work. And of this I soon had practical proof. In my spare time I used to fish off the rocks. Soon after this occurrence I have told of, I was at my favorite pastime, when—crash! a great bowlder fell from the cliff above, missing me by hardly a yard, and glancing in shivers into the sea beneath me.

McKeown, who was pitifully grateful

THE WHOLE WORLD TURNED CRIMSON AND BURST INTO A GLARE OF FLAME.

for my interference, warned me not to stand under the cliff again. Two days later I took the dinghy out. I was hardly surprised when the plug floated up in splinters and left me to swim ashore.

One day letters came across from the mainland, one from Cis and one in an unknown hand.

Cis' letter, of course, I read first. Her letters were one delight in this dreary life. Then I tore open the other and skimmed it through. Then I collapsed into a chair, dropping the letter. Then I picked it up and read it again.

Only by slow degrees did I realize its import. My mother's uncle, old Sir Bernard Child, had died and left me everything. Why, I had never seen him, hardly imagined that he was aware of my existence! I walked out, and, still in a dazed condition, called McKeown to pull me across to the mainland. Then I bolted up to the village postoffice and sent off a wire. It was hours before I got an answer. It seemed days. Toward sunset the reply came, assuring me my news was correct in every detail. I looked up the first train from Culcross in the morning, arranged about a car to take me there, and was soon rowing back to Skryn to pass what I felt, with a sensation of purest joy, would be my last night on the island.

The sun had long set behind the sea rim as we pulled into the little cove, and it was quite dark as we clambered up the narrow rock path. Reaching the top, I glanced across to the huts and thought I saw the gleam of a light flash under the door of my shanty. I was about to hurry on when the boy laid a hand on my sleeve.

"Did ye see that?" he said. "Go quietly, sorr, a minnit, till we know who's there."

Tip-toeing along, we passed round to the other side of my hut.

Yes, a faint gleam shone through the glass and then died away. Very cautiously we crept up and looked in. Pitch darkness. But, listening hard, I felt sure some one was moving inside. We stood, stooped under the sill, quiet as mice.

Presently there was a scratching from within; a match flamed up. The man who had lighted it was crouched on the floor, his body between us and the light. He was unwinding a piece of very thin twine or strong thread and carefully stringing it across the floor from the bed to the stove. He passed it round a leg of the stove and then back again, securing it finally with infinite caution to a little shiny metal tube which protruded from the top of a small parcel. This parcel was standing well hidden under one of the chairs at the foot of the bed. As the man turned I saw his profile plainly. It was Callan.

An instant's thought, and my engineering training made plain to me the whole infernal plot. The parcel was gun-cotton; the tube held acid in a thin glass receptacle. Above this was a leaden bullet, kept in place by a movable pin. The string so carefully wound across the floor was attached to the free end of the pin. A touch of careless feet against the string, the pin would pull out, the bullet fall, the glass shiver, and the acid do its deadly work on the explosive below.

Truly a charming plot, and a clever one, for who was to prove that I had not been careless with the cartridges I always kept a store of. No trace of this pretty mechanism would remain in evidence.

A sudden glow of rage ran through my veins.

I half-rose, and then crouched again as the thought came over me. The man is desperate. He won't allow a living witness of such a crime to escape. I fancied the gleam of a knife, and my bleeding body whirling down off the cliff into the dark water beneath. Life was too precious now to risk unnecessarily.

I had forgotten for the moment all about the boy. Suddenly, in a moment of mad fury—for he, too, had understood the plot—he sprang up and beat with his fists upon the pane. Callan raised himself quickly but carefully, not forgetting the deadly string. What he did forget was how near he was to the stove. As in a dream I saw his coat catch against it. It swung, and the big kettle overbalanced. For an instant it seemed to hang in the air. I strove to call out. It was too late. Smash, it fell right on the string. The whole world turned crimson and burst into a great glare of flame. Something struck me in the chest and drove me backwards.

* * * * * * * *

"Praise the saints, his eyes are open, doctor!"

"Yes; he'll do now," said another voice, in a rich brogue.

I went to sleep again.

When I awoke it was bright daylight. I was in Callan's hut, on his cot.

I felt sore and bruised all over, and at first could not remember what had happened.

Then it began to dawn on me.

"Where's——?" I began.

"Sh!" came in the same soft brogue as before. "Don't talk! Callan won't be bothering ye any more. McKeown's not much the worse, barring his hair. And there's nothing broken in yerself."

"How long——" I was mad to know how soon I should be able to travel.

The doctor checked me again.

"In a week," he said, "if you lie still."

I did, and to-morrow I am starting. Cicely will meet me at Holyhead.

ROLLED HIM IN A BARREL.

Punishment Pronounced Worse than Lynching by One Who Suffered It.

"There's something barbaric about lynching, as most people will agree," said the man with the broken nose, "but I can easily name two worse things. One is rolling a man around in a barrel and the other is a coat of tar and feathers. In my foolish young days I arrived at a town in Southern Indiana to find the people excited over several arrests for robbery. A family named Black, consisting of man and wife and a grown-up son, had been caught and made to confess to many thefts. Instead of putting them on trial, the people had determined to apply tar and feathers and walk 'em out of town. I had no objections so far as the men were concerned, but when it came to the woman I constituted myself her champion and declared that they must walk over my dead body first. For about five minutes I was a hero. Then about a dozen men grabbed me and hustled me into a room, and after the Blacks had been disposed of according to program I was brought out for punishment. Plenty of tar and feathers were left, but the crowd wanted a change, and it was decided that I should have the barrel exercise. They got out and unheaded a big cider barrel, dropped me into it, and replaced the head, and then all was ready.

"I was inclined to look upon the proceedings with contempt. I had never been rolled in a barrel, and so I had no idea of the sensations. They first kicked it along the wide unpaved street, and it had not rolled over more than twenty times when I was sick of my job. After they had enjoyed themselves for a quarter of an hour I was praying for death to hurry up. I dimly remember that after they got tired of the football work in the street they rolled the barrel up a long hill, and then let it go kiting down. You talk of seasickness; but there is no comparison. Aside from the feeling of nausea, I was jarred, jolted, and bruised from head to heels, and in one of the bumps had my nose broken. I was unconscious when they finally took me out, and for a week I was little better than a dead man. It was weeks and weeks before I got the revolving motion out of my head and could walk straight, and to this day I can't see a grindstone revolving without being affected by it. It would have been far more merciful to hang me up by the neck."

"But about the tar an feathers?" was asked.

"Well, I met the old man Black about two years later, and he still smelled of the tar. He told me that it took a week's work with soap and water to get the stuff started, and that spots were left which couldn't be got off, even when rubbed with a brick. He didn't feel the degradation so much, but what hurt his feelings was that he had been obliged to put in more work on that tar than in all his life before. He had tried the barrel racket once, and he thought it a shade worse than tar, but he had no words of sympathy with me. On the contrary, he said if I hadn't mixed in the three of them would probably have got off with a ride on a rail."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Credit Where It Is Due.

"I am afraid that our new son-in-law's aristocratic traditions will make it difficult for him to hold his own in financial affairs."

"I kind of felt that way," replied her husband, "but don't let's be hasty in judging him. I must say he talked right up like a business man when it came to fixing up a dowry."—Washington Star.

A driveling idiot went out from his lair the other day and finally reached the office, where he discovered a victim. "Why," said he, "is a man who has seen Niagara Falls and a man who has not seen Niagara Falls like a ham-sandwich?" "Givitup," said the victim, suspiciously. "It's easy," said the idiot. "Givitup," repeated the victim, firmly. "Why," replied the idiot, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch it?" "Of course I do, you fool," answered the victim; "but what's the sandwich to do with it?" "That's where you bite," said the idiot, as he made a dive for the door.—Exchange.

The loquacious individual relies more on sound than sense.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—*S. F. Chronicle.* Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Dandelions.

The market gardeners around Paris cultivate the dandelion on a large scale and sell it for good prices in the market.

"Do Not Grasp at the Shadow and Lose the Substance."

Many people are but shadows of their former selves, due to neglect of health. Look out for the blood, the fountain of life, the actual substance; keep that pure by regular use of Hood's Sarsaparilla and robust health will be the result. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Trouble Enough.

Wheeler—I tell you a bicycle is a great thing to take your mind off your troubles. I find it invaluable.

Walker—Nonsense! What troubles have you got?

"Well, the installment man comes around every week to collect the payments on my wheel."—N. Y. Journal.

An Ocean of Tea.

It has been calculated that something like 1,250,000 pints of tea are imbibed yearly by Londoners, and that the teapot necessary to contain this amount, if properly shaped would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's cathedral.—N. Y. Sun.

The total postal receipts for this year are estimated at $100,000,000, against $87,640,000 last year. New York stands at the head of the list of states and territories with $15,000,000, and Alaska comes last, with $15,000. In the table showing the average amount contributed by each inhabitant of each state to the postal revenues (which constitutes a pretty fair guage of the intellectual development and activity of the people), Massachusetts stands at the head, with an average last year of $2.30 per inhabitant.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, aching feet. We have 30,000 testimonials. All druggists and shoe stores sell it, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The "corpse" questioned the coroner's jury at a recent inquest in Maryland. Proceedings to determine the cause of death had just begun, when the subject awoke from the trance in which he had lain and asked what it was all about.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The good Dean Swift once said: I never knew a man come to greatness or eminence who lay abed in the morning.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept in which passengers may enter any complaint they may wish to make.

Remember that you can buy Jesse Moore A. A. Whiskey for the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey. For sale by all first-class dealers and druggists.

Dr. Rogers, of the Northwestern University, claims that there are 17 bogus degree-conferring "colleges" in Chicago.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Some men are so vain. A man in St. Louis went into deep mourning for his mother-in-law because he thought black was becoming to him.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

Several towns near Boston are to have steam motor omnibuses soon to run in streets where there are no cars at present.

Piles of Pain.

Many kinds of piles—itching, bleeding—all painful, terrible tortures, but are all quickly cured by Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

An offer of $23,000 for three orchids exhibited at the Alwerp horticultural show has been refused by the owner of the flowers.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
Jos. KUEHLING, 1021 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

MO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A Loud Interruption.

"I declare, Maria, this is too irritating to be endured. I told you I didn't want to be disturbed, and here somebody has suddenly sprung a most infernal clatter on me. What does it mean?"

"There wasn't any clatter, my dear."

"What was it, then?"

"Why, I just happened to pass through the room in my new red and yellow shirt waist, that's all."

"Well, don't do it again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

C. A. Dewey, a Kenosha, Wis., hardware merchant, recently ordered a ladder from a Chicago house, and after waiting a reasonable length of time wrote to inquire why he had not received it. He was informed that the ladder had been shipped by mistake to Admiral Dewey at Manila. A tracer was sent after it and it was overtaken just as it was about to be placed on board of a steamer at San Francisco.

Boston is conducting a vigorous campaign against the smoke nuisance. The superintendent of streets has just sent a circular letter to all the coal dealers warning them against the sale of low grades of soft coal. In the missive he says: "Your attetion is called to this matter now so that there may be no cause for complaint on your part later on in the event of trouble, and that your customers may be fully advised as to the action which this department will certainly take unless proper coal is used."

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters, and secured a quantity of bogus bills, which are very cleverly executed. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation.

At present England sells Colombia nearly 70 per cent of the cotton cloth used by the latter, and the United States only about 11 per cent.

The Maid and the Miracle

Miss Lucy Tucker, the daughter of a prominent farmer of Versailles, Ind., was the victim of nervous prostration. Most of the time she was confined to bed, and was on the verge of St. Vitus' dance. It was a pitiful case which medical science failed to conquer. Finally a doctor prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Her father said:

"We began giving the pills at once, and the next day we could see a change for the better in her. We gave her one pill after each meal until she was entirely well. She has not been sick a day since. We think the cure almost miraculous.

"FRANK TUCKER, Mrs. F. TUCKER."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker, being duly sworn, state that the foregoing is true in every particular.

HUGH JOHNSON, *Justice of the Peace.*

From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

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