If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

only by the exercise of the greatest

care that I can keep it from suc-

cumbing to some pulmonary trouble.

the purchasers to invest in more ca-

were capable of so much treachery.

Why a Cemetery Is So Called.

The Manufacture of Glass Eyes.

two eyes are ever the same. No ar-

tificial eye has its exact fellow either

in color or in size in the whole world

The method of the manufacture is

not a very complicated art. They

are firstly glass plates, which are

blown by gas jets, then molded by

hand into the form of an ovel shaped

The coloring of the eyes is effected

by means of tracing with fine needles,

blacks, which colors are assorted to

patched to their various destinations.

A Neat Rascallty,

A neat pickpocket dodge practiced

upon rural looking persons in this

town is based upon the known good

nature and courtesy of the average American citizen. The pickpocket,

clad in fine raiment and carrying a

of a street car, facing the dashboard.

He struggles with a pair of tight

to button one after putting on the

In nine times out of ten he picks

the right man, and while the bene-

tactor buttons the gloves the pick-

pocket with his disengaged hand

takes the other's watch. The confed

pursuers in case the thief is detected New York Letter.

Unjust to Visiting Pasters.

Ministers who accept an invitation to

occupy a pulpit for a Sunday or two

during a pastor's vacation have a right

to expect that their compensation shall

be commensurate with the ability of the church. When the pastor receives two

or three thousand a year it is hardly fair

to put "the supply" off with a ten dollar

all. We have known of ministers who,

having accepted an urgent invitation to

occupy a pulpit, have not received a

sum that they would offer to the brother

who has preached for them at home

during their absence, and they were out

man facing him on the platform.

stick, stands upon the rear platform came into her head that would rid the

gether before being eventually dis-

-London Hospital.

How is it?

New York Herald.

public.

Yet the canary bird sellers have

UNCLE SETH'S ADVICE TO POETS. The poets what write about nymps an them

things.
An driuds an goddesses hain't got no sense—
An sylfs an angels what fly round 'th wings
'Ithout ever a-stoppin to light on the fense—
They hain't got no idee
Of what po'try sh'd be.
An they don't toch a feller like you an like me.

For they talk about gods the old Greeks uster the coldest weather almost entirely sing.
An goddesses nobody b'lieves in no more;
In a kin of a classical ting-a-ling-ling.
They say the same things we have all hearn stand around with them for hours and no bad result seems to come of it.

In a langwidge so gran
That we can't understan,
An too stylish an swell for a worksday man.

W'y, bless ye, there's po'try in flowers an birds
An courtin an luv an young bables enough
That don't hev to hev long academy words
To make a man yell, "Thet's the stuff, thet's

Yes, thet's jest the stuff Of which any ole duff Like you and like me can't fill up with enough. Jest fix up yer songs so us plain folks can hear, An make 'em some sense for me an my wife; Make 'em jingle an gallup 'ith everyday cheer; Wet 'em down 'ith the joose of the winepress

Fetch 'em up from your heart,
Where all songs orter start.
Let your Pegasus go an climb into our cart!
—Sam W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

"Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths." If it is only a plain, everyday sort of silver spoon it doesn't count in these fin de siecle days. It must be a souvenir spoon, and no common one at that, or one had better not have been born. This is indeed a time, if not an age, of luxury, and even the poorest people are not contented with the plain usages place where the dead bodies of hu six columns on the first page. At the named, but on her, Mn and appointments of the past half man beings are buried." But that bottom, at the very bottom of the sixth word—not one word.

And to make it wors. century. It is an age of constant is all he says, and there is not a changes, where nothing lasts, and in 5-year-old child in the land that could which anything that is before the not tell as much without referring

public more than a year is considered a matter of ancient history. The wonder is that with such an existing state of things a fad like that of collecting souvenir spoons should have lasted more than one season, and yet the interesting fact remains that the fancy or fad or whatever you choose to call it of souvenir spoons is just as eagerly followed now as it was five years ago, when first introduced. - Once

A Cat That Put Out a Fire. Some of our friends have a cat

which they esteem very highly On a cold winter day Mr. and Mrs. B. went to church, some five miles away, and left the house in the possession of the cat Tom who upon their return home rushed out and buried his paws in the cold snow.

Wanting to find out the meaning of this behavior on Tom's part, they examined his paws and found them blistered and burned. They walked into the house and found to their surprise that the carpet around the grate was burned, but the fire had been extinguished. They now took in the situation. A coal had fallen out of the grate and set the carpet ablaze, which had been extinguished by Tom, who had burned his paws in the effort he made. -Cor. New York

ANTI-FERMENTINE

Is a HARMLESS preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Antifermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-fermen-

Turin proposes an international exhibition in 1904.

JUST A LITTLE

pain neglected, may become

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

SPRAIN may make a cripple. BRUISE

Just a little

may make an ugly scar. Just a little COST ST. JACOBS OIL.

A PROMPT and PERMAHENT CURE. Years of Comfort against Years of Pain for JUST A LITTLE.

opy of the "Official Fortfolio of the Columbian Exposition," descriptive dings and grounds, beautifully Illus-in water color effects, will be sent to dress upon receipt of 19c. in postage by THE CRARLES & VOGELER CO.

Hark! Flark! Beverley Bells are ringing. Are ringing o or the lea.
Their clear toocs all the twillight chill
With clanging melody.
There's a white face at a window.

There's a white face at a window,
There's a sad heart in the town;
Is that a bride by the gray Graside,
Clad in a wedding gown?
Ring, Bells of leverley,
Hing on as ye rang then;
There is no wirth in Heaven or earth,
No truth in the hearts of men!

BEVERLEY CELLS.

O'er twillt square and street;
Twas years ago they once rang so,
And Oh, the dream was sweet!
He is not dead, but faithicss—
She donned her gown in vain;
Though her heart may break for his false

He will not come again!

Ring, Bells of Beverley,
Ring on as je rång then;
There is no mirth in heaven or earth. No truth in the hearts of men!

Bush: Hush:
Beverley Bells are dying
Upon the still night alr;
There's a figure at the threshold,
There's a footfall on the stair,
Regretting, grieving, yearning
For the love of days gone by.
He has come at last to redeem the past—
Why makes she no reply?
Ring, Bells of Beverley.
For a broken spirit passed,
For a weary breast that has found its
rest.

MME. DERLINE.

rest.

And a soul at peace at last!

Clifton Bingham in London Theater.

Prince Agenor was literally beside himself on Friday, April 19, 1889, at the opera during the second act of "Sigurd." The prince hurried from box to box, and is enthusiasm kept growing.
"That blond! She's

999999999999 an ideal, that blond! Look at that blond! Do you know that blond?" At last he found Palmer, the banker. Whenever I buy a canary it seems

"The name, the name of that blond in the Sainte-Mesmes box?" to be a bird that is especially subject "Mme Derline" to colds and pneumonia, and it is "Is there a M. Derline?"

"Assuredly-a notary-my notarythe Sainte-Mesmes' notary. And if you you want to see Mme. Derline closer come to my house to the ball next Thurstheir wares for sale in the streets in day. She will be there." After the opera, when people were go-

unprotected from the wind. They ing out, the prince took a position at the foot of the grand staircase. He had entrapped two of his friends. Come," he said to them, "I want to show you the most beautiful woman in

I give it up. There must be some Paris. conspiracy between the dealers and Just as he said that there was standthe birds by which the latter die as ing within two paces of the prince an soon as they are bought, compelling alert young man attached to one of the morning newspapers, a newspaper widely naries. You wouldn't think to look read. This young man had a sharp ear. at the little yellow fellows that they He caught as it flew the expression of Prince Agenor, whose high position in Dealers bring them over from Eu- society he knew. He managed to avoid rope with very few precautions meeting the prince, but when Mme. Derline was about to pass the young reagainst disease or accident. If 1 leave one of my canaries alone for 10 porter was clever enough to overhear, minutes at a time, however, he swalwithout losing a single word, the conversation of the three brilliant noble

lows a piece of rag and chokes to death, or the cat gets him. I sup-Mme. Derline arose the next morning pose the whole secret of the thing at 8 o'clock. Her maid came in, placed consists in knowing what you're a salver on a little table, lit a big fire in about. From results I am led to bethe open grate and withdrew. lieve that the importer and the open were on the salver a cup of chocolate air dealer know what they're about and a newspaper-the same thing every and that I don't, at least as far as morning.

the canary birds are concerned .-Mme. Derline touched the rim of the cup to her lips and burned herself. So she had to wait awhile. She put down the cup, took the paper, unfolded it, and Webster says a cemetery is "a capidly, with a look, ran through the and the duchesses who were there were six columns on the first page. At the named, but of her, Mme. Derline, not a place where the dead bodies of hucolumn, she found these lines:

"Last night there was a very brilliant by ear-old child in the land that could not tell as much without referring Many of the most distinguished women to his "Unabridged." In tracing the of fashion were there—the handsome derivation of the word I find that Duchesse de Montaiglon, the pretty the root is in an old Jewish word Comtesse Verdiniere de Lardac, the ad "caemeteria," meaning dormitories mirable Marquise de Muriel and the pior sleeping places. Later on the quant Baroness de Myrvoix. form of expression was changed to

"We have to announce a new star "requietorium." In that section of that has suddenly come to shine in the "Camden's Remains" which has the Parisian constellation. The house was heading of "Concerning British Epi in ecstasics over a blond with sad eyes, taphs," I find the following: "The with eyes like steel, and whose shoulplace of burial was called by St. Paul | ders-ah! what shoulders! Those shoulsemenatoria, in the respect of a sure | ders were the event of the evening. On hope of a resurrection." The Greeks all sides people were asking: 'Who is she? 'Who is she?' 'To whom belong call it "caemeterion," which means

those divine shoulders? 'a sleeping place until the resurrec-"To whom? We know, and our readtion." The old Hebrew word for ers will thank us for telling them the cemetery means "the house for the name of this marvelous beauty-it is living," the idea being that death is Mme. Derline."

only a protracted sleep that will Her name! She had read her name! terminate on the day that Gabriel blows his trumpet.-St. Louis Reother. All the letters of the alphabet seemed to dance like mad in the newspaper. After awhile they grew quieter, stopped and got back into their places. In Thuringia there is a whole dis-She managed to find it again-her name trict which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial

and took up her reading: "It is Mme. Derline, the wife of one of eyes, husbands, wives and children the most esteemed and richest notaries all working together at this means of of Paris. The Prince de Nerins, whose livelihood. And yet, though these word carries authority in these matters, said last night to every one he met, simple German village people turn 'That is the most beautiful woman in out their produce by the dozen, no Paris,' We are entirely of that opinion.' She finished reading, and a sudden

anxiety seized her. "Edward? What will Edward say?" Edward was her husband. She had the moment she asked herself what Edward would say Edward hurriedly opened the door.

"Why do these newspaper men medthe tints being left to the taste of the dle in what doesn't concern them? This individual worker, though the scope is an outrage! Your name! Look at it there; your name in this paper!" of their taste is necessarily limited to Mme. Derline very sweetly and gently

grays and blues and browns and set about bringing this rebel to reason. "Why this rage, this great vexation? Is that, then, so horrible, a misfortune so frightful?" Reduced to obedience, M. Derline

went down stairs to his office to make money for the most beautiful woman in Paris. A very wise and a very timely occupation, because scarcely had Mme. Der line been left alone when a thought

notary's strong box of a very pretty bundle of bank notes. gloves, and having vainly endeavored It seemed to her that her new position imposed new duties upon her. She other, appeals to the kindness of the could not present herself at the Palmers' ball without a new dress and one from a celebrated band. So she ordered her carriage in the afternoon and resolutely gave her coachman the address of M.

dressmakers in Paris. "Ob, madame, a ball dress-a splenerate inside is at hand to baffle the did gown for Thursday," said that au-cust dignitary; "I don't dare make such a promise, because I could not fulfill it. There are responsibilities to which I nover expose myself"-

Two tears, two little tears, glistened on the edge of her lashes. M. Arthur felt himself moved. A woman, a pretty woman, weeping there before him. Never had such homage been paid to

"Oh, no, not simple; on the contrary, pulp. very striking-brilliant in the highest degree. Two of my friends are your judge steruly. customers" (she told him their names) M. P. H. U. No. 565 -S. F. N. U. No. 582 of pocket their traveling expenses. - | line!"

rical.

Mme. Derline returned the next day and the next after that, and every day until the eve of the famous Thursday, and every time she went back, while waiting her turn to try on her gown, she ordered dresses, very plain, but never-theless costing 700 to 800 francs.

Nor was that all. The day of the first visit to M. Arthur, when Mme. Derline walked out of the fine place she was grieved, absolutely grieved at the sight of her coupe. It had been her mother-in-law's coupe and had rolled around the streets of Paris for lifteen years.

ing coupe to be driven to a very illustrious carriage maker's.

That night, adroitly seizing the psy-

Derline that she had seen a certain little black ccupe, lined with deep blue satin, that would divinely frame her new The coupe was bought next day by M. Derline, who bimself began to realize the extent of his new duties. But next

to that pretty toy of a coupe the old in his eye, horse that drew the old carriage, and Brignoli old coachman who drave the old horse. That is why on Thursday, April 25, at 10:30 p. m., a very handsome sorrel mare, driven by a very correct English coachman, drew M. and Mine, Derline to the Palmers' house. Nevertheless, yet one thing was lacking-a little groom by the English coachman's side. But one must use a certain discretion. The most beautiful woman in Paris proposed

the little groom. While she mounted the staircase at the Palmers' she distinctly heard the repeated little blows of her heartbeats. She entered, and for the first minute she enjoyed the delicious sensation of success. Yes, decidedly all went well. She was in the way of having all Paris at her feet. And sure of herself, more confident, more courageous, more rash, she advanced, leaning on M. Palmer's arm, who introduced her on the way to counts, marquises and dukes.

"I am anxious to present to you one of your greatest admirers, who the other night at the opera could talk of nothing else but your beauty—the Princo de abused man on earth, and they were

Mme. Derline was not to see the Prince de Nerins that night. Nevertheless he had counted surely on going to Palmer's house and presiding at the apotheosis of his notary's wife. But he excellent dinner was served at his to be persuaded to go to a first per- \$10 each for having hurt their feelformance at a small theater. They lings.—New York Tribune. The principal character was a young queen, who was always escorted by four regulation ladies of honor.

Three of these young ladies were well known to first nighters as having figured in a good many finales of operettas and in not a few precessions of fairies. But the fourth-oh, the fourth! She was new, a magnificent brunette of the most surprising beauty. When the audience was leaving, Prince de Nerius said to every one who would listen to him: "That brunette! Hein! That brunette!

man in Paris. The most beautiful." The next morning Mme, Derline found in the fashionable intelligence of her newspaper ten lines about the Palmers' ball. The marchionesses, the countesses

about the theatrical performance landed in enthusiastic terms the beauty of the ideal lady of konor and said, "Moreover," "We the Prince de Nerins declared that in ably with the intention of lying down contestably Mile. Miranda was the most again at bedtime."-Youth's Compan-

seautiful woman in Paris." Mme. Derline threw the paper in the fire. She did not wish her husband to know that she was no longer the most beautiful woman in Paris.

Nevertheless she held on to the great dressmaker and the English coachman ort she has never dared to ask for the little groom.-Translated from the French of Ludovig Halevy for the New

Harry Edwards and His Specimen.

The late Harry Edwards was an upon a short excursion into the coun clear, white skin which always ac-She grew dizzy. Her eyes crossed each try. As they were waiting at the companies red hair. This skin is ab station for the returning train, the two women lounging back in relaxed | the sun's rays, which not only bring attitudes of utter fatigue, the actor out the little brown spots in abunstrolled away for a little walk. Presently he came rushing back, his face plaster, producing a queer, creepy full of excitement. "See here!" he sensation, as if the skin was wrincried, holding up to view a little wilting plant, "I've looked for this from Maine to Florida. It's an extremely

rare specimen of the"- etc. The ladies turned their heads languidly in bis direction. Mrs. Edwards said nothing. The other drawled. "It seems to me-a-very-common -weed." The extinguished botanist stared in blank anger for a moment never in her life called any other man Then he turned on his heel. All his inquire what family affliction had than her husband by his first name. He rising fury could seize upon was a taken place. They were admitted was loved, this notary, and almost at loudly uttered epithet. "You're two into the darkened drawing room, cads!" he flung back over his shoul- where, clad in deep mourning and

der.-New York Times.

A woman's handkerchief is so closeand fiction, particularly fiction, it frequently figures among the keep They accuse you of being the husband sakes of the ardent lover. We have of the most beautiful woman in Paris. | all thrilled at its discovery upon the breast of the wounded hero.

It is simply indispensable to every condition of woman. If she is nerv ous, she toys with it: enthusiastic, she applands with it; tearful, it is her friend indeed. Moreover, in seek in as good a state of preservation as ing either to stop a street car or beckon her lover, it is her signal. In the margins is unpardonable, vulgar, ill latter capacity it contributed largely toward bringing about one of the most renowned tragedies of our own times.-Philadelphia Times.

Stephen Langford, a wealthy farm-

er of Madison county, Ky., has just had completed for him here a stone coffin. It weighs about 1,500 pounds Hence the superstition prevalent in Arthur, one of the most illustrious and is made of Kentucky limestone many agricultural countries that a quarried from Langford's farm. He cow breaking into a garden foretells is 80 years old, but is apparently in a death in the family. The psycho the best of health. Mr. Langford pomp was merely looking for a soul says that the country around his to escort to the hereafter. New home is overrun with polecats, mirks | York Telegram. and groundhogs, and he believes the only way to keep them from devouring his body is to have it buried in a

"I was only rushing the growler, of contractile nervous force and are "Sixty days."-Detroit Free Press. and electricity.

BRIGNOLI AT DINNER.

In a Fit of Anger He Yanked Off the Table cloth and Smashed Everything. One night Brignoli invited several friends to sup with him after a performance in Baltimore, and on reach ing his apartments found the table set and the waiters in readiness to begin bringing in the dishes. He was extremely particular about the appearance of his table, and always took a critical view of the crockery, silver, linen, etc., before inviting his friends to sit down. On this occasion his Mme. Derline only entered this shock- eagle eye discovered several small holes in the tablecloth, and his anger

was all aflame in an instant. Too full of wrath to speak, he chological moment, she explained to M. caught hold of the corner of the cloth and gave one long, quick jerk, clearing the table completely and scattering knives, forks, spoons, plates, etc., all over the room. The astounded waiters ran to the proprietor with the tale, and when he ar day he saw it was impossible to harness rived on the scene there was danger

Brignoli knew he was in serious equally impossible to put on the box the trouble, and forthwith brought into play all his cunning to get out of it. He pretended that the waiters had treated him in a most outrageous manner; that the tablecloth was not fit for a bog to eat off of; that the dinner was cold; that the wines were warm-in short, he made the proprietor believe that everything was just as bad as possible. Then to wait for ten days before asking for he began to mollify him by praising his house.

How was it that every one he knew in the whole United States had recommended it to him? How could it be that good people thought so well of it? Everybody had told him that it was the only first class hotel in Baltimore. And this-and this was the way a guest was treated! Surely there was some mistake. The landlord could not possibly know that one of his guests had been so imposed on! No first class house

would submit to it! In short, the wily old fellow made the landlord think him the most soon the best of friends. The land lord himself attended to the setting of the table. The best of everything in the house was put on it, and an dined at his club and permitted himself expense. Brignoli gave the waiters

A Joke of a Court Fool.

The term fool is often misapplied. Thus, Charles the Simple was no fool, but a man of extraordinary simplicity and strength of mind and feeling So Homer, when he called Telema chus a fool or "silly," did not employ the word as a term of reproach, but of endearment.

The court fool, or jester, was for merly an important person in the households of kings and princes. His There's nothing like her in any other influence over his master was considtheater. She's the most beautiful we- erable, and many clever sayings of fools are still in existence.

Charles the Simple had a jester named Jean, who one morning tried his master's nerves by rushing into his room with the exclamation: "Oh, young brood out of their beds, says sire, such news! Four thousand men have risen in the city!" "What!" cried the str

'With what intention have they "Well," replied the jester, "prob-

Red Hair and Freckles.

Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by a superabundance of iron in the blood. This it is that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy haired, and this strong animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emoenthusiastic amateur botanist. On tions than their more languid fellow one occasion he was accompanied by creatures. The excess of iron is also Mrs. Edwards and a friend of hers the cause of freckles on the peculiarly normally sensitive to the action of dance, but also burn like a mustard kling up."-Analyst.

What Are We Coming Tof The following is printed "for true in a London journal:

The house of a well known lady novelist was the other day observed to be shrouded in the gloom of drawn curtains and lowered blinds. Sympathetic friends presently called to holding a clean pocket handkerchief in her hand, the lady novelist sat, weeping, upon the couch. A sympathetic and inquiring murmur from ly identified with her that it seems a the visitors elicited a fresh burst of part of her presence, and both in fact tears as the lady sobbed forth: "Af fliction? Yes, I should think so. My

hero is just dead!" The Borrowed Book. "The borrowed book." What a text for a sermon, said a clever author. If books are borrowed, mar them not neither turn down the leaves, and above all, be careful to return them when borrowed. To write on the bred. - Good Housekeeping.

A Cow Superstition. According to Indo-European folklo e the clouds of the heavens were nothing but cows, who were invested with the duties of a psychopomp. At times these clouds descended to the earth and assumed their bovine garb, but their duty remained the same.

What Wrinkles Signify. Wrinkied foreheads in children bestone coffin. --Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch. token consumption, rickets or idiocy. Vertical wrinkles of the brow come early to men who do much brain The prisoner was a tramp arrested work. Arched and crossing wrinkles "Mon Dieu, madame, I am anxious to for chasing a watchdog all over the about the lower middle of the foremake the effort-a very simple dress" - back yard and kicking him into a head betoken physical or mental suffering. Fine close meshed wrinkles "Guilty or not guilty?" asked the which cover the face, sign of age and decrepitude, are caused by loss

The story that Cleopatra killed herself by allowing an asp to bite her has long been believed, but probably has no better historical basis than the fanciful imagination of a gossipy Roman historian. For some time before her death she made careful preparations for that event and tried many differ ent kinds of poisons on her unfortu nate slaves to see which would produce death with the least apparent agony. She probably died by one of these poisons, for she was as adept in such matters as any of the Borgias. No asp was found in her room, and the wound on her breast supposed to have been that of its bite probably had another origin, for her whole body was covered with bruises, where she, in Egyptian fashion, had struck herself with her fists and torn her

sideration. Her husband was recov ering from a serious illness. The day when the worst was over the doctor smiled, with the remark that all be needed was quiet and spoke of a pow der which he would leave. Rising to go, the wife reminded him of the powder "to keep her husband quiet," when to her amusement the doctor turned, and looking her in the face said: "The powder was not for your husband, but for you. He will be quiet enough if he only gets the

The Deacon's Thoughts. Good Boy-Here is that penny you gave me to put on the contribution

chance."-Exchange.

plate. I made a mistake an put in a button instead. Father-Hum! What did Deacon Sharp say when he saw it? Good Boy-He didn't notice it.

guess the church is out of kindling wood, because I heard him mutter something about getting more chips from the ole block -Good News Salti, a Sardinian city, has no po

chapel. Marriages are ratified by a priest or registrar at a parish many miles distant, to which brides and bridegrooms travel in batches to have the necessary ceremonial conducted. The minute green bodies found on the fresh water polyp have been

The house of commons has met on Sunday II times, on various occa sions when urgency demanded it. The first time was in the reign of Ed ward III, the last at the death of George II.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terri ble time every morning to get her she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

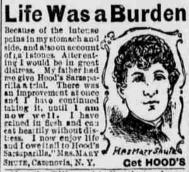
Be not affronted at a jest. If oue throw ever so much salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou art

raw and ulcerous. Junius

THE NURSE'S DELIGHT. Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being an anodyne, will relieve soreness of the limbs or

stiffness of the joints and enable a patient to sleep quietly and naturally. Just such a remedy are Allcock's Portion Plasters. Placed on the chest or on the back, if necessary cut into strips and placed over the muscles of the limbs, they work marvels in the way of soothing and quieting restlessness. Being perfectly simple and harmless in their composition, they can be used freely, and many a sufferer has thanked them for a night of quiet rest, grateful both to him and those who care for him. BRANDRETH's PILLS do not weaken the

Unmixed evils rarely occur. The fact that money has been tight is said to have resulte in a good deal of sober thought.



Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUÂLED. CASH PRIZES To Introduce our Powder, we have de-termined to distribute among the consum-ers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person of close returning us the largest number of certificaties on or before June 1, 1894, was will give a cash prize of \$100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 IN CASH.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, Or.

\$3000 GIVEN AWAY to those guessing nearest the number of Visitors at the World's Fair. Particulars and cure of private Male and FREE Female diseases all sent Agents wanted. Standard Remedy Co., Seattle. LA'S POISON-IVY PILLS-A sure cure for polsoning from Ivy-vine or Oak. If not im toved in 2 DAYS, return the bottle and ge our money. Sold by all Druggists.

A gents and school children wishing to make — oney, write us for circulars of our State and C ty Maps; every school child should have one; sells at 20 cts. also our new Atlas; sells at sight; \$1.00; just the books to sell these hard times. Owen & Co., Ainsworth blk, Portland, Oc.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asth-ma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured prevented by hot bathing, friction

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HUNT'S REMEDY

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Hercules Gas Engine

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Uneasy Pass et (on an ocean steamship). Doesn't the seel tip frightfully? Dignined Stewar Pe wessel, num, is trying to set a good example to the passengers.

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she, in Egyptian fashion, had struck herself with her fasts and torn her flesh with her nails in her grief for the loss of Antony.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Golden Ellene.

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