

THE ROYAL Baking Powder

supersedes all others in leavening power, in purity and wholesomeness, and is indispensable for use wherever the best and finest food is required.

All other Baking Powders contain ammonia or alum.

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

Booth's Fondness for Tobacco.

"A good deal of nonsense is written about Edwin Booth's destruction by tobacco," said Dr. Hugh Blake Williams the other day. "Tobacco didn't kill him, and I doubt if it ever killed any grown man. On some men, of course, it has a bad effect, but there are few recorded cases of actual tobacco poisoning. Many of the brightest and strongest men we have are confirmed smokers, and I know of at least a score who smoke as much as Mr. Booth did. He was a heavy smoker, but his pipes and his black cigars had a soothing effect on him. Tobacco was to him a sedative narcotic, and it seemed to still his otherwise turbulent nature. What do I consider the cause of Mr. Booth's death? Well, you must remember that he was 69 years old, and that at that age all of us, no matter how even our lives have been, must face the constant threat of death."

Mr. Booth's Life was not an even life.

It was turbulent and irregular, and it was increased by the melancholy that arose from his brother's acts and from the other misfortunes of his family. He was dreadfully careless of his health. When I first knew him, he would venture out of his hotel insufficiently clad, he would sit up late smoking, he would eat irregularly—in short, he conducted himself with little regard for his health as a man could show. All these things came into the picture, and at last he died. In addition, I never knew a man who suffered so harshly in a physical sense from what might be called sentimental grief. It permeated his life and made his system, although he was naturally strong, less able to withstand disease. He was always the melancholy Dane.

He has been dead for seven years when he was playing Hamlet.

When all the other actors were chattering after the play, he would arise with his chin sunk on his chest and his arms crossed and stalk gloomily into the flies. As deep a sorrow as ever the prince felt had seized the soul of this actor. I believe he knew his death was coming swiftly over five years ago. It was a heavy weight that he carried, and he was a man who would not let it go until he was forced to.

Five Kinds of Paper Money.

"How many kinds of money are there?" repeated Assistant Treasurer Sam Bailey when asked the question. "Five, and you'll want an instant I'll show you samples of them all."

Returning with five crisp bills, he sealed off the first at random and held it out at arm's length. "This is United States treasury note of greenback, the government's note of hand, legal tender at its face value in payment of all debts—all means all doesn't apply for it. It is also exempt from other taxation stipulated in the contract. That is to say, the government sometimes makes a contract to pay in gold, but not for this note. It is a legal tender for all purposes."

There is a \$20 gold certificate.

That represents 20 gold dollars deposited in the United States treasury. The gold certificate is not, as many think, payable in gold or silver. It represents the silver coined each month, under the bullion purchase act of 1891, and is payable only in silver. It is not subject to taxation, and the holder is obliged to refuse. The fifth kind of paper money is the national bank note. It displaced the old state bank notes, and is secured by United States bonds purchased by the bank issuing it and deposited with the United States treasurer. It is legal tender for all debts, public and private, except interest on the public debt, and is subject to taxation. It is not subject to taxation, and the holder is obliged to refuse.

There is a war note.

There is a war note for the war note of the Government. It is issued in the form of a national revenue tax of \$10 a pound on starch in all forms not edible. A device of this sort has been devised by the Government for the purpose of raising money for the war effort.

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Fresh Air and Exercise.

Get all that's possible of both, if in need of fresh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil builds up flesh and strength quicker than any other preparation known to science.

Scott's Emulsion is constantly effecting Cures of Consumption, Bronchitis and kindred diseases where other methods fail.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

When Ducks Were Common in Ireland.

There was much truth in the story which has been told of Dick Martin, of Galway, who, being in conversation with the prince regent, was addressed by the prince with "Do you ever go to Ireland for a contest election in your country?" "Yes, your royal highness, as usual." "And who will win?" "The survivor, please your royal highness." Martin answered with a look of indifference.

Colors That Last Long.

As two bright scarves are given filled with brilliant flowers, the red flowers will first lose their gorgeous colors as the light diminishes, and then the grass and leaves will appear grayish. The last flowers to part with their distinctive color—white flowers being left out of the account—will be the blue violets, as this factor is useful to the artist in his colors. In fact to avoid their enemies, violet flowers in the twilight—Youth's Companion.

A CURFEW SONG.

Peace, weary world! Thou hast grown tired of roaming
Over the map of our globe and its people;
Through the gray dusk of twilight
Come with its message and its peace for
All the long day the children have been straying
In the bright meadows, by the running
Now they return a-weary from their playing
Home to their mothers and the land of
dreams.

All the long day the lark was singing praises
Far from the tumult of the noisy town,
All the long day the lark was 'mid the
daisies,
All the day the sheep were on the down,
Soon in the fold the lambs will be sleeping,
Soon in the flock the lark will dream of
moons,
Breathing of peace, the rivulet is creeping,
Through the shut lilies and the budded
thorn.

I have been weary also with my longing—
Weary with hopes for what I could not
win;
Weary with doubts and cravings that were
throbbing
Through the dim gate where faith should
enter in.

Now in the eventide, while stars are burning
In the gray channel of the twilight sky—
While the young lambs and children are re-
sounding
Home to their resting place—why should
I not
Tired of my solitary, willful roaming
Far from the tumult of the noisy town,
Father, hasten, through the silver glimmering
Back, like the prodigal of yore, to thine,
—Arthur L. Salmon in Good Words.

AN EPISODE OF '63.

Night had fallen on the banks of the
Chippewa and the fight was over. It
had been hot and fierce while it lasted,
and the battered remnant of southern
troops, though at last they had been
forced to flight, leaving one-third their
force on the field, had thinned their
ranks of their companions. Though the
smallest of the episodes of a war whose
effects settled the future of the American
continent and affected the history of all
mankind, the battle had brought the
peace of death to many a valiant hero,
its bitterness to many a woman and child,
yet, yet, you are aware, praying, safe in
distant cities, for the husbands and
fathers whose lips would never meet
those of their wives. Out in the
open, in the frosty sky, but from the
horizon a ridge of ink cloud spread
up to the zenith, threatening not only
to quench their feeble fire but to deepen
the crisp, powdery snow in which the
landscape was smothered. The river
ran like a long black snake between its
winded banks.

To Roland Pearson, monotonously
tramping on spongy ground along the
bank by his own feet in the snow at a
tantalizing distance from the nearest of
the small watchtowers which glanced
around the central one, where the off-
icers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if
the dawn would never come. A year's
hard campaigning had toughened him
to all the accidents of war, and the coldest
and longest night's watch after the
hardest day's fighting on a marching camp
to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But
he had been wounded in the fight,
though not seriously, yet painfully, and
the consequent loss of blood and
the bitter cold was weary well nigh
to death.

In the dim twilight of the night the
monotonous chant of the river near at
hand combined with weakness and
weariness to stupefy his senses, and for
minutes together he shuffled along in
the track he had worn in the snow with a
quiet unconscious persistence, awak-
ened at the cool air that he had to
shuttering start and falling asleep again
he had well turned to sleep. At last
at last a deeper dose was ter-
minated by his falling at length in
the snow. He gathered his stiff, cold
limbs together and lay down shivering
at the foot of a tree, with a nerve
struck at different points of his
rigged uniform, and slowly melted by
contact with his scarce warmer skin.
Served at last to keep him awake.

"I am alone," he muttered to himself.
He spoke each word upon a separate
note of pain and weakness. He wore the
southern uniform, and Roland saw that
one arm and one leg dragged from his
body, helpless and distorted. An old
saber cut traversed his face from the
cheekbone to the temple. He looked
the very genius of defeat.

"I am dying!" he panted at Roland.
The young man pulled his head as he
looked down at him and shrugged his
shoulders with a scarce perceptible ges-
ture.

"I know," said the southerner; "I
don't grow at that. I've let daylight in
a few of your fellows in my time, and
would again if I got the chance. Now
it's my turn, and I'm going to take it
quiet. But I want to say something—
write something to my wife in Charles-
ton. Will you do that for me? It isn't
much for a man to ask of another, I
don't want to die and my wife to be
wretched without saying good-bye to her."

"You must look sharp then," said Rol-
and, kneeling beside him. "For I shall
be called into camp in a few minutes."
He took an old letter from his pocket,
and with numb fingers began to write,
at the wounded man's dictation, on its
blank side.

"My darling Rose," he began.
Roland started as if stung by a snake,
but bent a sudden look of questioning
rager on his companion's face. The
southerner looked back at him for a
moment with a look of surprise. Then
his face changed.

"Jim Vickers," said Roland.
"Roland Pearson," cried the other, and
for a moment there was silence between
them.

"Last time your name passed my
lips," said Roland slowly, "I swore to
put a bullet into you on sight."
"I guess you never did," Vickers
"I've got two bullets. Not that I'm
particular to a bullet, or only you
might finish the letter first, anyhow.
For God's sake, Pearson," he continued,
sudden emotion compelling his dare
devil cynicism, "write the letter! It's
for Rose. She won't have a cent in the
world if I can't send her the news I
want you to write, and she and the child
will starve. I got her by a trick, I know,
and a nasty trick, too; but I've done
my duty. I'll let you have the pen, the
woman I ever cared a straw for, really.
And she loves me too. Shoot me if you
like, but for God's sake write the letter."
Roland bent his head over the scrap
of paper again.

UPON THE SNOW-LADEN AIR.

Upon the snow-laden air, and he retraced
his steps to the shed with an awful
dry leaves and twigs, with which, by
the sacrifice of one of his few remaining
cartridges, he sprang up a flying fire.
Vickers lay quiet watching him
through half shut lids.

"What sort of game is this?"
"I'm going to see if I can pull you
through cheerfulness," said Roland, with an
affectionate cheerfulness.
"You can't," said Vickers; "I heard
what Ned said just now. I'm booked
for the journey through, I know it.
Don't you be a fool. Follow the boys
and leave me here. I'm beyond any
man's help. You won't be well, you al-
ways were a nutmeg headed sort of
creature. I never know you to have more
than one idea at a time, and that one
wasn't worth much, as a general thing."
"But this is madness—sheer, stark
madness! Look at the snow! Another
minute of this and you'll be snowed
up. It's just chancing a good life after
a bad one. I know you ain't doing it
for me; it's for Rose. Well, if it was
any use I wouldn't say no. But it isn't.
I shall be a dead man in twenty-four
hours at most. Nothing can save me."
"I'm just going to see if I can't
Roland, taking up his gun and speaking
in a quite casual tone, "If there's any
game about, this weather will drive it
under cover I'll be back presently,
anyhow."

"He flung some of the broken timber of
the shed upon the fire and went out."
He had not taken six paces toward
the blinding flakes when Vickers' voice
rang out with startling loudness and
suddenness. "Good-bye, Roland!" and a
loud report seemed to shake the crazy
old hut to its foundation.

Roland ran back. Vickers was lying
dead, with firelight playing brightly on
the barrel of a revolver clinched in his
left hand.

Ten minutes later he was lying in a
deep swoon, and Roland was tramping
through the snow on the track of his
attachment. — Henry Murray in Strand.

The servant girl's question is still a burn-
ing one to many a mother's heart. It
is and it is likely to remain a question
of paramount interest to housewives for
some little time to come.

A good many more, less foolish, edu-
cated women have been proposed and al-
ready still social philosophers are war-
ring over it without material result.

In the first place they don't agree among
themselves. Some really is, and those
who do agree upon that point can't
agree upon any other except that the bird
is not certain quantity, and a source
of trouble to the child and the mother
and every eye of a mother that cannot be
blinded.

It is to be noted that our great-grand-
mothers had precise little worry
birds. Their was in the habit of
living in the same family till she
got married, and as often as not she
married one of her mistresses' boys. In
any case, she was really, and she was
not independent and worthy before
the eyes of men. Her education
was not good, and she was not
of her mistress, and the two read the
Bible together with the same uncer-
tainly as to the meaning of the
passages of Scripture. What she did
and went to heaven we are taught that
were not there separated by any line
of caste or favor.

But it's different nowadays, to be sure.
It is impossible for the bird girl to
be taken into the family as one of the
family. Yet her lot might well be softened
and brightened by a little human sym-
pathy and understanding. It is a great
thing if she will be content to be
what she is, and if she is left to
will tend to restrain her from becoming
worse. And she is not likely to leave
a mother who seems to be appreciated.
—Chicago News.

Professional or Married Life for Women.

London physician, Kenneth, a well known
London physician, lectured with the fol-
lowing: "Women should not attempt to
carry on a profession after marriage. I
mean the women of the upper and middle
classes who are in professions. It is not
necessary that they should be the
breadwinners; that duty should devolve
upon the husband, and I am confident that
the right education, and the right living,
and stronger in every way if the mothers
would exert themselves less.

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First-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. The meals are prepared for hours and comfort. Board and room for week, \$7.10; for 10 days, \$12.00; for 2 weeks, \$21.00. Single rooms 50c to \$1.50. Room coach to and from hotel.

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German Syrup

Best in the World!
Cures when other remedies failed.
I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

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Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia
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HAVE YOU GOT PILES
This is a fair face may prove a foul bargain. MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES SAFFOLIO
RHEUMATISM CURED BY THE USE OF Moore's Revealed Remedy.

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