All other Baking Powders contain ammonia or alum.

Here's a curious thing-a river in the

you read about. All travelers in Colorado know of the interesting Veta pass, in the

southern part of the state, by which the railroad finds its way over the Sangre de

pass stands the tallest mountain in Colora

do, Sierra Blanca, about 14,450 feet in alti-

tude. Veta pass opens south of this peak. North of it is an opening into another

iever passes beyond.

A New Use for Cocaine.

give a victim of corns fever and ague. To the uninitiated it is a blood curdling mys-

their countenances through the warm hours of a ball and dance after dance has

tive ear, yet in most of the recorded in

pleasure rather than pleasure. Thus, a

the fatal habit of howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a

less the dog was removed. There is also an account of a dog that died of grief be

cause he was forced for a long time to lis

ten to music that was repulsive to him.-

Peculiarities of Russian Winters.

There is one curious thing about a Rus

sian winter. In the latter part of October

a sign can be seen of an approaching change, when suddenly, without any ap

parent warning, a light haze will be seen

in the northern sky, and in twenty-four

hours the thermometer may fall 50 degs. The change is so sudden and violent that

travelers are frequently frozen to death be

after their flocks have been caught in one of these blizzards, and, missing their way

home, have lost their lives, their bodies re

maining under the snow until the following spring. The suddenness of a Dakota blizzard is well known in the northwestern

part of our country, but it is tardiness per sonified when compared with the rapidity

with which a Russian winter storm comes

When the Empress Josephine went to

meet Napoleon at Bayonne in 1808, the municipality sent a company of young Lan-

dais stiltsmen to escort her. Turning back.

riages, although the horses trotted rapidly. During her sojourn at Bayonne the shep-

herds on their stilts gave much amusement

rith frequent falls.-M. Guyot-Daubes in

As twilight approaches a garden filled with brilliant flowers, the red flowers will

Popular Science Monthly.

they very easily kept up with her car

on.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

fore they can gain shelter.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"A good deal of nonsense is written about Edwin Booth's destruction by tobacco," and 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 est 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 gars had a soothing effect on him. Tolacco was to him a sedative narcotic, and It seemed to still his otherwise turbulent nature. What do I consider the cause of 21r. Booth's death? Well, you must re-riember that he was 60 years old, and that at that age all of us, no matter how even our life has been, must face the constant

"Mr. Booth's life was not an even life. It was turbulent and irregular, and it was avercast by the melancholy that arose from his brother's acts and from the other misfortunes of his family. He was dreadfully carcless of his health. When I first knew him, he would venture out of his hotel in-sufficiently clad, he would sit up late smoking, he would eat irregularly—in short, he conducted himself with as little anort, he conducted himself with as little regard for his health as a man could show. All these things cut the ground from be-neath his feet. In addition, I never knew a man who suffered so harshly in a physical sense from what might be called senti-mental grief. It pervaded his life and made his system, although he was naturally strong, less able to withstand disease. He was always the melancholy Dane.

"I have been behind the scenes 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 seemed the soul of this actor, believe he knew his death was coming swiftly over five years ago. When he was here with Mr. Barrett, I commented on the fact that he looked better than ever. 'Yes,' he said, shaking his head, 'but this appear ance of health is a mere false bow of prom-ise. It signifies nothing."—Chicago Post,

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

Returning with five crisp slips, he scaled off the first at random and held it out at arm's length. "That's a United States

Here is a \$30 gold certificate. That represents 20 gold dollars deposited in the United States treasury. Gold cannot be legally paid out for any other form of paper money. The silver certificate represents so many dollars deposited in the treasury. Gold cannot be claimed upon it. The coin certificate is not, as many think, payable in gold or silver. It represents the silver coined each month, under the bullion pur chase act of 1891, and is payable only in silver. If gold were demanded for it, I should be obliged to refuse. The fifth kind of pa per money is the national bank note. It San Francisco Chronicle. ced 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 the United States treasurer. It is legal tender for all debts, public and private, except interest on the public debt and customs duties. All these moneya are, I believe, coined in all denominations, from \$1 up, except the gold certificate, which is not issued for sums under \$20."—Cincinnati

There is a warm place in the hearts of his cllow Americans for any statesman who shall secure the adoption of a permanent starch in all forms not edible. A device of this sort has driven the Louisiana lottery out of business, and it is an open question whether starch as used in clothing, at least men's clothing, is not a more subtle, pervading and pernicious evil than lottery tickets. From an aesthetic point of view it is, of course, a cardinal sin for which no penance is in this life adequate. From the moralist's point of view the offense is nearly as great, for the sum of wickedness, superinduced by starched linen through the irritation of the nerves when the linen is stiff and the utter loss of self respect and self control when the linen is "broken down" by the infernal heats of our inexcusable climate, is not easily calculated.

Add to this the proved hygienic ills due
to clothing the human form, and especially the important organs of the thorax and the sensitive nerves in the region of the neck, in fabrics that alternate between rigidity and pulpy humidity, and the in-herent unworthiness of starch for the use of intelligent human beings is established.

Prusid Acta Tyom Purch Stones. The statement has been made that prus ric acid was made from peach stones. This is altogether a mistake, for, although under certain conditions a trace of the main principle of the deadly poison can be found in peach stones, there is not sufficient to propeach stones, there is not stimeted in ingra-duce the acid without other essential ingra-dients. Induct, without the process of fermentation there is no evidence at all of prussic acid in the stones.—Exchange.

Fresh Air and Exercise.

Getallthat's possible of both, if in need of flesh and nerve

force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.

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

Scott's Emulsion is constantly effeeting Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis and kindred diseases where other methods FAIL. pared by Souts & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

CONTROL INSTALLMENTS. Best makes. Lowest prices. Send for catalogue. W. C. BEACH, Ripon. Cal. be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twill light.—Youth's Companion.

I. P. M. U. No. 520—8. P. N. U. No. 507

Indicated a mong the particular to a billet or so only you be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twill light.—Youth's Companion.

In particular to a billet or so only you be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twill light.—Youth's Companion.

In particular to a billet or so only you be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twill light.—Youth's Companion.

In particular to a billet or so only you be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twill be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twill be the blue or violet ones. This fact is use full to such insects as, in order to avoid the account with his heart in bis cars to the jingle and clatter of arms as his comrades marched on. It died away years now. —Kate Field's Washington.

A CURFEW SONG.

Peace, weary wind: Thou hast grown tired of es with its message and its peace for

All the long day the children have been straying in the bright meadows, by the running

All the long day the lark was singing praises Far from the tumuit of the smoky town: All the long day the lambs were 'mid the

Soon in the fold the lambkins will be sleeping, Soon in the dusk the lark will dream of morn, Breathing of peace, the rivulet is creeping

Through the shut filles and the budded from the camp. I have been wearled also with my longing Wearied with hopes for what I could not letter the first chance I get."

In the gray chancel of the twilight sky-United States that goes to waste just as do some of those far away tropical streams While the young lambs and children are re-turning Home to their resting place—why should not ir

Tired of my solitary, willful roaming
O'er the sad moorland, by the sighing sea,
Father, I hasten, through the silver gloaming. Cristo range into the great dey plain of San Luis. At the western gate of this Back, like the prodigal of yore, to thee.

-Arthur L. Salmon in Good Words.

AN EPISODE OF '63.

pass, now almost forgotten, called Mosca pass by the Spanish settlers, who formerly used it a great deal. It is the gorge of a Night had fallen on the banks of the mountain stream which comes clattering down from the snowy heights of the central range, gathering contributions from each slope until, when it reaches the open valley among the foothills, it is a noisy and Never was a river more promising, and bers of their conquerors. Though the mouth, over the body of a patient as you descend its growing current you picture to yourself the wide belt of green the plain. But alast no such beneficence awaits w. Across the mouth of the pass on this western side the winds have heaped a line of drifting sand dunes. They are as yellow as gold and sharp ridged as the who, yet unaware, were praying, safe in yawn and a shiver. waves of a chopping sea. Into them the river rushes from its mountain sally port distant cities, for the husbands and faoyous and brave in its strength, but it The thirsty sand swallows up as fast as they come the ceaseless supplies the river pours down. The waves subside, the curhorizon a ridge of inky cloud spread up- sicep." ward to the zenith, threatening not only to quench their feeble fire but to deepen it," said Roland. "Do you remember ents slacken, the ripples spread out and disappear, and you may walk upon a dusty strand around the gorge of that brave stream within 100 yards of where it dashes the crisp, powdery snow in which the Jim Vickers?" landscape was smothered. The river out of its rocky gates.-Goldthwaite's Geowhitened banks.

To Roland Pearse, monotonously tramping on sentry duty along the track The prevailing masculine style of shoes the English pointed patent leather artiworn by his own feet in the snow at a cle. The mere sight of a close fitting pair of these pedal decorations is enough to around the central one, where the offic to come and have a look at-him." cers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if the dawn would never come. A year's yawn. tery how some of the most fashionable large feet in San Francisco get into such hard campaigning had toughened him excruciatingly tight shoes. Still stranger has been the equanimity of the wearers. No symptoms of suffering have been visi-ble in their faces. Smiles have wreathed to all the regulents of war, and the coldest and longest night's watch after the hardest day's fighting or marching came to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But he had been wounded in the fight, though not seriously, yet painfully, and

treasury note or greenback, the government's note of hand, legal tender at its face value in payment of all debts—all means all, doesn't it?—public and provate, except when otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. That is to say, the government's note of hand, legal tender at its face value in payment of all debts—all course there is a scientific except when otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. That is to say, the government's native contract to pay and the police elegantly say of one would be all the night was over and the figure of the river near at hand combined with weakness and for weariness to stupefy his senses, and for weariness to stupefy his senses, and for weariness to stupefy his senses, and for wounded man, who awoke and groaned minutes together he shuffled along the track he had worn in the snow with a she was raised. Arrived under shelter, track he had worn in the snow with a local photographer till his valet "blew the local photographer till ment sometimes makes a contract to pay in gold, but if not then this note is a legal tender for all purposes.

The to to any to be a contract to pay in gold, but if not then this note is a legal tender for all purposes.

The to to any to be a contract to pay in gold, but if not then this note is a legal this wise: Master and man had gone to a shattering start and falling asleep again both shattered, and three of his ribs shattering start and falling asleep again were broken by a horse's hoof. Roland country hop, a very swell affair. When the hotel porter got the luggage (not bag gage) up to the camera artist's room the valet was taken with hysterics. One valise steps. At last a deeper doze was terminated by his falling at full length in missing-left on the train.
"That's the bag with the cocaine and timbs together and limped along shivering, swearing at the snow which had naster will faint without it," he moaned. "Why, he ain't a flend, is he?" asked the penetrated different loopholes of his ranged uniform, and, slowly melted by "No, no; but his feet is. I 'ave to vawrn-ish his pedal hextremities three times a contact with his scarce warmer skin. served at last to keep him awake. He night so that he can wear a No. 4 shoe on a No. 11 foot. Oh! What will I do?"drew from his pocket a flask containing a modiemy of whisky. It was little enough; he could gratefully have drunk twice the amount, but, with a self denial taught by many bitter experiences Although it is said that the howling of

he took only a mouthful and reserved a dog may proceed from a disagreeable or agreeable note in music striking its sensithe rest for future needs. With a vague idea that a new best stances howling seems to be a sign of diswould somewhat relieve the monotony of his watch he street into another track, and trudged resolutely at right tain dog vegularly attended the parade at the Tuileries and howled if, perchance, a angles with his former course, the two lines of footsteps making a gigantic musician blew a discordant note. Again, a gentleman at Darmstadt, who was a fin-ished musician, kept a dog named Max, cross upon the snow. His former lassi-tude was again beginning to conquer him, when it was suddenly dissipated by instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of howling whenever a a voice, which rang out on the stillness with startling suddenness, instinct with

mistake, and well known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome "If you have the heart of a man in your breast, for God's sake, help me!" judge seated by his master's side. One tenor went so far as to refuse to sing un-Twenty feet from where he stood. Roland beheld the figure of a man raised feebly on one elbow above the level o the snow. There was only just ligh enough to distinguish it. He approached it cautionsly, with his rifle advanced, and shooting rapid glances from the prostrate figure to every clump of snow covered herbage or inequality of ground which might afford shelter for an amor the first of November the weather will be as mud as it is here in September. Not

"I am alone," the man said He spoke each word upon a separate sob of pain and weakness. He were the southern uniform, and Roland saw that one arm and one leg dragged from hi body, helpless and distorted. An old saber cut traversed his face from the It has occurred that farmers out looking cheekbone to the temple. He looked

the very genius of deveat. "I am dying!" he panted at Roland. The young man pulled his beard as he ooked down at him and shrugged his shoulders with a scarce perceptible gos-

"I know," said the southerner; "I don't growl 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. Put I want to say something-t write something to my wife in Charl 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 rot in this cursod

to the ladies of the court. They ran races, threw money on the ground and all tried to pick it up at once, and performed many exercises of cunning and skill, accompanied be called into camp in a few unmutes." "You must look sharp then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, 'for I shall He took up old letter from his pocket. and with numbed fingers began to write. at the wounded man's dictation, on its

wilderness without saying goodby to

When Duels Were Common in Ireland. There was much truth in the story which has been told of Dick Martin, of "My darling Rose," he began, Roland started as if stong by a snake. Galway, who, being in conversation with the prince regent, was addressed by the prince with "So you are going to have a contingual of the prince with a sudden look of questioning tager on his companion to have a and bent a sudden look of questioning

> "Roland Pearse!" cried the other, and for a moment there was silence between

"Last time your name passed my final. "Goodby I shall fall in with lips," said Roland slowly, "I swore to the next detachment if I pull through first lose their gorgeous color 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 he the blue or violet ones. This feet is the particular to a buillet or so only you maple and hemlock, darted among the "I've got two already. Not that I'm the road, here thickly surrounded by

devil evnicism, "write the letter! It's for Rose. She won't have a cent in the world if I can't send her the news want you to write, and she and the child will starve. I got her by a trick, I know, fire. Vickers lay quiet watching him through half shut lids. and a masty trick, too; but I'd have done murder to get her. She was the one "Say, Roland." he said woman I ever cared a straw for, really.

"Go on," he said hearsely, and Vickers went on, panting out the words with an eagerness which proved the sincerity of his affection. The letter had regard to the disposition of certain sums of money for which the voncher had been destroyed by fire during the siege of Philipville two days previously. was scarcely ended when a bugle sounded "That's the sentinel's recall," said Ro-

hand. "I must get in. I'll forward the He rose. Vickers, with a dumb agony of grateful entreaty in his face, feebly through the dim gate where faith should held up his left hand—the right arm was shattered. After a moment's hesitation Roland beut and took it.

"Here," he said, "take this," He dropped his flask beside him. "Keep your heart up: perhaps you ain't as bad as you think. I'll see if I can get Tears started to the wounded wretch's

eyes. "Rose had better have taken you, I guess," he said. Roland turned sharply

away.
"I'll be back as quickly as I can," he said, and plowed his way back into camp without a single backward glance. Chippaloga and the fight was over. It the camp, roughly run up as a tempo-Coming to a large test, the only one in had been hot and flerce while it lasted, rary hospital, he passed between two and the battered remnant of southern rows of prograte figures, sunk in the troops, though at last they had been sleep of exhaustion or tossing in agony, forced to flight, leaving one-third their to where a man in the uniform of an force on the field, had thinned the num- army surgeon was bending, pipe in smallest of the episodes of a war whose want to speak to you when you've finissue settled the future of the American ished, Ned."

continent and affected the history of all | The surgeon nodded without raising mankind, the battle had brought the his eyes, completed his task, ran his peace of death to many a valiant heart, blood stained fingers wearily through its bitterness to many a woman and child. his hair and turned to Roland with a

"Ti. "s the last of 'em," he said; "I've thers whose lips would never more meet | been at it since nightfall, and I'm dead theirs. Overhead, the stars sparkled beat. Cut it short, old man; we start keenly in the frosty sky, but from the in an hour, and I mean to get a wink of "I'm afraid you'll have to do without

"Jim Vickers?" repeated the surgeon. ran like a long, black snake between its "Oh, yes! The man who married Rose

Roland winced and nodded. "He's out there, shot in the arm and leg. Says be's dying. He didn't know tantalizing distance from the nearest of the, and asked me to write a word for the small watchires which gleamed him to Rose-to his wife. I want you The surgeon shrugged, with a half

> "He's a Reb, I s'pose? Haven't seen him in our crowd. pretty much the same to you as another | habit of living in the same family till she

might save him."

Ned shrugged again, tossed some lint though not seriously, yet painfully, and between the consequent loss of blood and there are signs of flinching.

An ordinary man subjected to such methods of torture would take off his shoes before half the night was over and shoes before half the night was over and such methods of torture would take off his shoes before half the night was over and shoes a shoes before half the night was over and shoes a shoe and the night was over the night was over the night was over the night was found Vickers asleep, with the empty was defective, of course, but so was that whisky flask lying on the snow beside of her mistress, and the two read the Bible

hand combined with weakness and weariness to stupefy his senses, and for minutes together he shuffled along the minutes together he shuffled along the ways raised. Arrived under shelter was a runned sacar a minute mighty men of old. When they died and went to heaven we are taught that they were not there separated by any line of mighty men of old. When they died and went to heaven we are taught that they were not there separated by any line of ere he had well turned to retrace his were broken by a horse's hoof. Roland Yet her lot might well be softened and watched his friend's face, but it wore brightened by a little human sympathy the aspect of even gravity common to the faces of men, of his profession enthe snow. He gathered his stiff, coal the faces of men of his profession engaged at their work, and nothing was to learned from it. His task finished, he patted his patient's shoulder, collected | Chicago News. ms tools and left the shed. Roland followed him to the door.

What do you think? Can be pull through?" "He would with proper nursing and good food; not without.

"Can we take him with us?" "No, the colonel wouldn't hear of it.
We have to join Meade at Petersburg breadwinners; that duty should devolve in two days, and we can't afford to be upon the husband, and I am confident that bothered with lame prisoners. Leave the rising generation would be healthier him some biscuit and a bottle of whisky and stronger in every way if the mothers and let him take his chance. We've would exert themselves less. done all we could."

"I can't leave him," said Roland. "You've got mighty fond of him all of "I'm as fond of him as I always was,"

swered Roland. "It's Rose." "Well," said the other after a moment's silence and with the air he might have worn had he found himself forced to apply the knife to the flesh of his own "if you want my opinion you chall have it. You'll do a long sight business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And besides you can't save football team, I can only say I am perfectly him. He'd take months to heal up in aghast. Women must place before them hospital, with every care and attention." give me a hand to get him to the warest own," said Roland vaguely, but tena-

away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick, gray cloud. "That'll be falling in another hour. You'd be snowed up. And then-hang it all, man, I must be at the Masjid-Jama of Bagdad to large at all. You don't suppose that you're audiences on literature, rhetoric and poetry. joing to get leave of absence to nurse a

Johnny Reb? "I might take it," said Roland, "And be shot for desertion?"

"That's as may be. The chances are I shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must but she would to a certainty have been go and answer to my name and then burned as a witch. Dzat-ul-Hemma, cor see if I can't drop behind." Ned held his head in his hands as if it would else burst with the folly of his

"Lean't stay here all day talking d-d nonsense," he said angrily. "I'm off into carap.

He strode away and Roland kept pace with him. He did not need his friend's try where the birth of a daughter was con assurance of the folly of the act he sidered a calamity, secured to the semeditated. He quite recognized that, but it was only in the background of his thoughts, which were filled with the memory of a woman's face. How could he leave the man Rose loved to die while any possible effort of his might suffice to save him? The first flakes of the coming snow-

storm fell as the detachment started. It marched in very loose order, for the road was rough, the snow deep, most of the men more or less broken with wounds and fatigue, and it was known that no enemy was within sixty miles. Roland fell little by little to the rear, where the clumsy country wagons lumbered along full of the wounded under Ned's charge. "You'll take care of the letter," whispered, and thrust it into his friend's

upon the snow laden air, and he retraced his steps to the shed with an armful of dry leaves and twigs, with which, by the sacrifice of one of his few remaining cartridges, he speedily made a blazing

what sort of game is this?" And she loves me too. Shoot me if you like, but for God's sake write the let-"I'm going to see if I can pull you through," said Roland, with an affecta-Roland bent his head over the scrap of

tion of 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? Well, you always were a nutmeg headed sort of creature. I never knew 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 hour or two and we shall be snowed

It's just chucking 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 the wood," said 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, He flung some of the broken timber of the shed upon the fire and went out. He had not taken six paces through

rang out with startling loudness and suddenness, "Goodby, Roland!" and a lond report seemed to shake the crazy old but 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 snowdrift, and Roland was tramping through the snow on the track of detachment. - Henry Murray in Strand.

The Servint Cirl Then and Now. The servant girl question is still a burn ing one in nearly every center of popula tion and it is likely to remain a question of paramount interest to housewives for some little time to come. A good many more or less foolish solu-

tions of it have been proposed and aban-doned and still social philosophers are wor-rying over it without material result. In the first place they can't agree among them selves what the question really is, and hose who do agree upon that point can't agree upon any other except that the hired an uncertain quantity and a source alse vexation to housekeepers. The leed girl is human. That is one often seems to be forgotten by

an complain about her. If it were They have their woman's pride, their femi-

trouble is bound to follow.
It is to be noted that our great-greatm in our crowd."
"Yes," said Roland, "but one man is with their help. Hannah was in the reckon, and-you know Rose. You got married, and about as often as not she married one of her mistress' boys. In any event she was a "help" and not a "servant," She resented the latter appellation and monotonous chant of the river near at him.

There was a ruined shed at a hundred together with the same uncertainty as to the big words and the long names of the

But it's different nowadays, to be sure. It is impossible for the hired girl to be taken into the family as one of the family. will tend to restrain her from becoming worse. And she is not likely to leave a place where she seems to be appreciated.

Dr. Arabelia Kenealy, a well known London physician, is credited with the fol lowing: "Women should not attempt carry on a profession after marriage. mean the women of the upper and middle classes who go into the professions. It is

"I look anxiously at every baby that comes under my notice in the hope that I shall find some improvement in the type, "You've got mighty fond of him all of some increase in standing, compared with a sudden," said Ned, with something of the generation that has preceded it, but instead of this there is only steady deteri-oration observable. This deterioration is particularly noticeable among the childre of very active mothers. The cleverest and most highly educated women, the wome who take the most active part in public affairs, have the most weakly and puny children. Another thing, women are going into too active forms of exercise.

that she is capsain of a cricket eleven or selves the alternative, to earn their living, to exercise their faculties, and to gratify their ambitions in a professional career to become good wives and mothers, and if they choose the domestic life they mus recognize that they must sacrifice their personal happiness and ambition in the future happiness and success of their chil dren.

A Woman of Mohammed's Time. In the fifth century of the Hegira the Sheikha Shuhda, designated Fakhrunnissa ("the glory of women"), lectured publicly She occupies in the annals of Islam a postion of equality with the most distin-guished ulemos. What would have be fallen this lady had she flourished among the fellow religionists of St. Cyril can be judged by the fate of Hypatia. Possibly also would not have been torn to pieces rupted into Dzemma, "the lion heart," the hereine of many battles, fought side by side with the bravest knights. It is a caluminy, therefore, to say that the Islamic system has lowered the statu-

of women. The teacher who, in an age when no country, no system, no commu married, mother or wife-who, in a coun sidered a calamity, secured to the sex rights which are only unwillingly and under pressure being conceded to them by the civilized nations of the Nineteenth cen tury—deserves the gratitude of humanity.
If Mohammed had done nothing more his claim to be a benefactor of mankind would have been indisputable. Even under the laws as they stand at present in the pages

of the legists, the legal position of Moslem females may be said to compare favorably with that of European women.—Ameer Al in Nineteenth Century.

A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," in New York city, was spending month in one of our backwoods districts. Going to the postoffice shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment "Sister who?" he asked. "Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady, "a Sister of St. John the Baptist." "Well, I should rather think not," responded the man FAR AND WIDE

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthimus of Fanama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Hitters at fords to inhabitants and asjourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived inmigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrile specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. If annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortilies those who are it against rheumatic aliments bred and fostered by outdoor exposure; infuses genial warmth into a frame chiled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their nower to harm moning and evening mists and vajors ladeu with hirtfulness; strengthers the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

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Is a splendid place for people with weak lungs, but thousands of people in that con dition cannot possibly go to Colurade There is not one, however, who cannot Ters. The moment any one feels that he has taken cold one of these world-renowned PLASTERS should be put on the back between the shoulder-blades, and another on

the chest.

These will serve two purposes. They will protect the delicate lungs, and will also relieve the congestion occasioned by the cold.

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Atlcock's Porous Plasters keep the pores of the skin open, and assist nature in her remedial work. They neither burn nor blister, and can be worn without the

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cleanse the system. "Is your daughter foud of the plane, Highs?" No: she's very unkind to our plane. She beats two hours a day at least." the blinding flakes when Vickers' voice

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The oil of grape seeds has been found to be so valuable for certain purposes as to warrant its extraction at considerable expense, and a new industry will soon

A little daughter of a San Francisco nillionaire was baptized the other day with water brought especially from the river Jordan in a basin of bammered

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL]

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

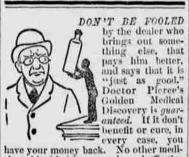
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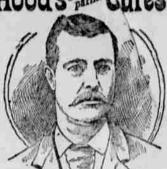
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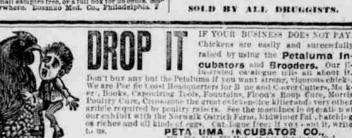
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