The United States Government reports ROYAL a pure cream of tartar baking powder, highest of all in leavening strength.

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

Late United States Dr. H. a. mott

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

THE INFANT

Blooming, precious little flower Of the sacred bridal bower, Why dost thou so smile on me In thine Eden infancy?

Ah, yes! Ah, yes! In pity thou Wouldst still cast sunshine on my Still give a rose unto the shroud; Still hang a rainbow on the cloud.

Blooming, precious little flower Of the sacred bridal bower, Still, oh, still shed light on me From thy heaven of infancy! —New York Ledger.

Where Is Hades Located? The ancient philosophers were of the opin-ion that the infernal regions were at an equal distance away from all parts of the earth's surface, which may be the founda-tion of the modern idea of hell being at the tion of the modern idea of hell being at the center of the earth. The ancient Jews also located the place of torment at the center of our little sphere. According to them, there were three passages leading to it. The Wilderness, by which route Dathan, Koran and Abiram descended; the sea, because it is written that Jonah cried to God out of the belly of hell; the third passage is at James Jews begans it is add.

Jerusalem, because it is said:
"The fire of the Lord is in Zion, and his turnace is in Jerusalem." Mohammed said that hell had seven gates—the first for the Mussulmans, the second for the Christians, the third for the Jews, the fourth for the Sabeans, the fifth for the Magians, the sixth for the pagans and the seventh for the hypocrites of all religions. Whiston, the English astronomer, believed that hell is stuated on a comet, and that one moment the damned will be in the blistering heat of the sun and the next in a region of terribused. When I faced him, he recognized me and fairly blushed through his black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is black skin at the recollection of his crime character than that in which servitors were attired.

"Hullo, my masters," cried he, step potion works already. Now for my character than that in which servitors were attired.

"Hell on y masters," cried he, step potion works already. Now for my character than that in which servitors were attired.

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"Hell on y mast for the pagans and the seventh for the ble cold. Among Christian sects there are two controverted opinions in regard to hell —one concerning its locality, the other the duration of the torments.—Philadelphia

The Clever Advance Agent. group of actors and managers were oring the fact that there were no more lever advance agents. They claimed the nen with vivid imaginations had either me proprietors or managers or else ppeared entirely. "The best advance agent in this country, remarked one man-ager, "got his training with Barnum's cir-cus. I first met him in Fremont, Neb., and he was with the show. The morning of the performance it was rumored about that the elephants while bathing in the Platte river had got caught in the famous quicksands of that stream. Bulletins were put out every hour, stating that the elephants had sunk another inch or two. The river banks were crowded with people, and and he winked to the elephants. The big animals slowly crawled out of the mud and started for the grounds. Of course the crowd followed, and most of them went into the tents. This trick was played in every town on the Platte river,"—Cor. Springfield Graphic.

Letter Carrying In China In China before a letter is mailed or de-vered to the carrier its contents are displayed, and the keeper of the letter shop then signs his "chop," or sign, so that its point of origin may be determined. Parcels may be transmitted in the same manner, the charge for carrying being a percentage of their declared value. The shop keeper gives a receipt for the letter or package, and he thus becomes responsible for its safe de-livery or its return to the sender with seal about two-thirds of the expense of transnission is paid by the sender, the remainder seing collected from the receiver. Thus the shop is secured against entire loss from transient customers, and the sender has some guarantee that his letter will be con-

who are regular customers keep an open account with the shop and make their Canoeing.

Canoeing is a sport particularly adapted to the American. With our innumerable waterways, whether river, lake or land locked bay, almost all the American people may have the opportunity of sharing in this most enjoyable of pastimes, if they will but use the proper precautions. Canoeing is easy to learn, at least canoeing with a paddle. Sailing a canoe is decidedly a gymnastic exercise and would better be ing is easy to learn, at least canceing with paddle. Sailing a cance is decidely a gymnastic exercise and would better be est to the young athlete. But to follow the old precept, "Paddle your own cance," the same qualities are required which are necessary when the injunction is taken in a metaphorical sense. To know what he wants to or a canocist to bear in mind. Albeit ast do it gently.—Boston Advertiser.

red with dispatch. Native merchants

P. P. Elder was speaker of the house of representatives in Kansas when Windom and General Sherman died in 1891. Windom died 24 hours before Sherman, and don died 24 hours before Sherman, and ag on the statehouse was pulled half

way down.

When the news came of the great general's death, the sergeant-at-arms rushed in and asked Elder what he should do.

"Put the flag at half mast," said Elder.
"But it is already at half mast for Windom," explained the sergeant-at-arms.
"Then pull it the rest of the way down, you goose," exclaimed Elder petulantly.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Feminity of a Canoe.

A canoe is considered by many to be more decidedly feminine than any other craft. She is coy, she has pretty little coquettish ways, and she is a store of perpetual surprises. "Beware, take care; she is fooling than?"

the cance is particularly adapted to wom-na's use. A cance must be made a friend, and it cannot be driven, but must be led. A cance is a shy water sprite; any violent ar audden action frightens her, and if she is displeased abe throws one overboard.—Bo-

BETRAYED BY HIS HAND. Lightning's Victim Recognized by the Man Who Had Been Robbed.

Who Had Been Robbed.

Charles E. Thorpe from Oregon, formerly a business man of Philadelphia, called at The Progress office. Said he: "I happened to take a seat in the car just behind a plainly dressed but good looking colored man. There was nothing unusual about that circumstance, however, and I would probably never have noticed whether I sat behind a colored or white range but for a little agent. red or white man but for a little event of no greater consequence than the colored man's placing his hand upon the back of the seat in which he sat.

"The train had nearly reached Tucson when the colored man happened to throw his right arm over the back of the seat, with his hand in plain view, and I was almost thunderstruck at what I saw. I could scarcely believe my eyes and eagerly leaned forward to get a closer look at the hand and be sure that I was not the victim of an optical illusion. I satisfied myself that there was no mistake. The third and fourth ingers of the colored man's hand were as an inch wide ran along the back of his and and up his arm as far as I could see. "I was sure I had seen that hand before. I went to the front end of the car after a drink of water simply that I might get a

look at the man's face. Every doubt was then removed. He was George Waldron, the man who had been my coachman in Philadelphia for over 5 years some 20 years ago. Though I paid him well for his services, in an evil hour he stole over \$300 from me and fled to parts unknown. I never made any effort to find him outside of the

of land.
"But he has the mark of Cain the whole length of his body," continued Mr. Thorpe, "and he got it while he was working for me. Though I have read stories of similar cases, I don't believe there is another man in the world marked in the same way that Waldron is, My house was on a hill, and ures, strode to the front. he was standing in a barn during a severe thunderstorm, with his right hand uplifted the Butts," growled he. "Get ye to where he was and passed down his arm and body and through the floor. It burned his clothing wherever it touched his body and "We will have m

tore the shoe from his right foot and threw it nearly across the barn. "Of course the shock knocked him down and rendered him insensible for a moment. hough he suffered no lasting injury. But the one. He was too frightened to pray, and he looks half scared even now. He will always bear on his right side, from the tips of his two outside fingers, which were next to the building, to the sole of his foot, the white streak which marks the track of

A Lie Told In School,

It has always been father's purpose to give his children a fair education, but as the family increased in size and numbers and father's salary would not grow in the same proportion, he found it necessary to cut down some of the avenues of expenditure. One of his first thoughts was that of the shoe bill for the family. Said he, "I'll be the cobbler when any shoes need repairing after this." Unfortunatey my shoes gave out first, and the next day was set for repair day. Father brought from the shop where he was working some of the old belting that had been laid by. This leather was thoroughy saturated with oil, and as I entered the schoolroom next day with new tape on my shoes the oil would form a mark on the floor, just like a footprint on the newly fallen snow, and what good excuse to tell I couldn't think of.

It became an eyesore to the whole school, and I was wishing somehow I might take a vacation. Finally the teacher noticed it. I was called up to the desk, leaving my track all the way, and asked to explain. Shaking like a leaf, I told the story. My brother Jack and I had got to fighting the other day in the cellar, and he threw me in a pan of grease that was near by cooling. That lie settled the teacher, but the other element of the school were not satisfied until they stood me on my head and looked at my shoes.-Cor. New York

In a City Restaurant. A trifling incident noted not long ago in a city restaurant tells its own story and needs no spoken moral. Two girls, possibly attendants in a shop, were sitting together eating their luncheon, and one was holding forth to her companion

on an experience which had just befallen "I came in here," said she, "and got this seat, but wan't long before an old lady came in and sat next to me. She took off one pair of glasses and put on another. Then she stared and stared at the bill of fare and laid it down, 1 thought first she couldn't read a word

Then she turned around to me. "'Will you let me sit next to the window? says she.

"I didn't take any notice, and in a minate she said it again. Then I answered " 'No,' says I, 'this is my seat, and I'm

going to keep it.'
"She turned 'way round in her chair then and looked me all over. Then she looked away. But I guess she knew I'd offered to Michael Rexthorpe as a tribgot the best of her, for she did have the ute from one who, though ignorant, was nners to say:

"The gyour pardon.'
"She spoke real low, and I noticed she landsome forester's motive in a molooked kind of surprised."—Youth's Com-

LOVE'S QUEST.

I sought Love in each highway far and wide— At every door stood long with outstretches hands,

At last, footsore and weary, I turned home, To find there in thy gentle, tear filled eyes Sweet love, long sought for—and no more

It was a sweet summer's afternoon toward the middle of the Fifteenth century, and the inhabitants of the little

village of Friars Holt were all assembled upon the green, watching the attempts of some of the younger men to send their arrows straight to the center of the butts place of recreation.
"Another shaft missed the clout,"

laughed an old man, as the arrow stuck complain that lads of Wainwood make havoc among his deer if he hears of such shooting as this,"

"Hold your prate, Gaffer Jenkyn," said the young man who had discharged the last shot, pettishly unstringing his bow; "it was a cross wind which marred wizard's ward," he added, crossing himself devoutly as he cast a glance of scorn and abhorrence at a young maiden standing some little distance apart from the group of rustics-a fair haired girl of middle height, with a pair of laugh-

ing gray eyes.

Her age could scarcely have exceeded eighteen years, and the merry expression of her face as she smiled at the woebegone look of the discomfited bowman had no more wizard's glamour about it than is always to be found in the rippling laughter of a pretty girl.

"Yes, there she be, sure enough,"
muttered Gaffer Jenkyn, with a glance

of malevolent hatred at the young girl. "What business has she down among us? Even if she can't cast spells herself she can tell all about us to that old warlock who lives in the ruined tower in Cairnstone Chase."

By this time general attention was drawn to the beautiful intruder, and threats and execrations were leveled at

At first the girl appeared unconscious of her danger, but all at once a stone thrown by a lad grazed her arm, and as she perceived the threatening attitude of the crowd a look of intense terror passed across her face and she turned to "Do not let the witch escape," cried

an old crone. "I lost two sweet grand children last autumn. They said it was the falling sickness, but I know better It was through the devilments of the old wizard and his ward." A menacing circle soon formed around

the poor girl, whose entreaties for mercy were received with shouts of derision and she would have been seriously mal treated had not a figure burst through the ranks of her assailants and loudly asked the meaning of their cowardly conduct. The man who interposed in the girl's

behalf was attired in the picturesque dress of a forester, though he wore no and the cloth of which his Lincoln green | goest thou, Hob?"

tract ants; "what wit is this? By the bones | change of Jonathan the Archer, call ye yourmanner?" A confused chorus of explanation rose

who had first suggested violent meas-

and resting against the side of the building, when lightning struck the barn on the side deer and leave honest men to look after your own business of stealing the king's

"We will have no witches or warlocks among us, and this wench, who lives up at Cairnstone Chase with old Michael Rexthorpe, shall not come down here

casting her spell over us and ours." As he spoke he laid a rough, sinewy if there ever was a scared darky he was hand upon the shoulder of the shrinking girl, but in a moment staggered back under the effects of a heavy blow dealt him by the man called Hob of the Butts who, placing the girl's arm in his, drew her through the crowd, not one of that flash of lightning."-Pomona (Cal.) which ventured to manifest any opposi-

left Friars Holt some little distance be-hind them, and then the girl said tim-

"I thank you, fair sir, for your kindness in rescuing me from that dreadful man. I thought I should have died with terror when he laid his hand on me.

The forester laughed merrily, "Matt Clink and I understand each other, pretty one," said he. "But tell me, who are you? Why did they call you a witch and want to throw you into the pond?" Tears started to the girl's eyes. "I am called Sybil Tressider," answered she, "and I am no witch, though I live up in Cairnstone Chase with that fearful

nan, Michael Rexthorpe.
"My father, Reginald Tressider, who believed that he could find the philosopher's stone, was the owner of the house in the Chase and Michael Rexthorpe was his trusted familiar and acolyte but my poor father died and the fearsome man Michael has taken everything. He says I am his ward, and though I am not absolutely a prisoner, yet he has forbidden me to go beyond certain limits."

Hob of the Butts stroked his chin thoughtfully. "A sad tale," said he. But what doth he up in the lonely tower, from whence as I have passed that way at night I have seen strangely colored vapors issue and clouds of bright sparks float away like evil demons on their errand of ill."

"He searches for two things-the secret of eternal youth and the waters of oblivion," replied Sybil Tressider. Hob of Butts looked puzzled. "I know not what you mean by the last," said he

"It is the draft which brings forgetfalness," answered the maiden. "Then Matt Clink often finds that

when he quaffs the nut brown ale," re-turned the forester, with his merry laugh. "I cannot ask thee in," replied Sybil "but from the bottom of my heart I thank thee. I have not met a friend since I can recollect." She turned from him with a sigh and

made her way slowly toward the time worn tower, which stood like some giant sentinel watching over the bleak waste.

In a very few days Hob of the Butts again found himself in the vicinity of the tower, and with a wiliness which those who were acquainted with his frank and open nature would never have given him credit for, he carried on his shoulders a fat doe, which he humbly ute from one who, though ignorant, was a devoted admirer of learning. The cunning old man fathomed the

gifts, even though he felt in his heart

that Hob of the Butts bad a magnet in Sybil Tressider. He received him graiously and accepted the present.

Sybil and the forester had now many opportunities of meeting, and a strong eeling of affection sprang up between -not unnoticed by the keen eyes of

There were times when he felt inclined to rend his snow white beard with disap-

And now began a new life for Hob of the Butts. His former sylvan haunts and gay companions knew him not, for MAID SYBIL'S LOVER. he became Michael Rexthorpe's drudge, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, and yet he felt that this unaccustomed toil was amply repaid by the opportunity of breathing his love in Sybil's car and hearing her shy answer

One day Michael's countenance was which stood at one end of the chosen cried he. "I have found them. I am not quite certain of eternal youth, for that will be a gradual process; but of the waters of oblivion I have no doubt. quivering in the turf, falling three yards short of the butt. "The king will never ort of the butt. "The king will never of testing the latter and will do so on that jolter headed archer and see if it will make him forget Sybil." He hastened away to the keeping room

of the tower with the silver goblets. each containing a small quanity of some liquid, pure and colorless as crystal. "I will quaff youth," said he, "while my shooting, unless, indeed, it was the the archer shall drain the cup of obliv-

ion to the dregs."

Meanwhile the lovers were engaged in earnest conversation beneath a pink May tree, which grew on the south side of the tower.

"Have you not made up your mind yet, dearest Sybil?" murmured the archer in impassioned tones; "will you not exchange this dull tower and the harsh words of your guardian for the sweet a faithful worker in this enterprise, and it retreats of the merry greenwood?

"The prior of St. Williston's chapel is ready to join our band and my trusty comrades will give you a hearty wel-come. Fly with me, then, and do not waste your young life here. For awhile the maiden hesitated, and

then with a deep blush consented to follow her lover. They returned, and as she entered the

the table "Where hast thou been, gadabout?" said he, with an angry frown, "and where is that oaf of a bowman? Send him hither and I will hasten him up by partaking of a cup of strong waters with him before ne goes forth on his quest."

Michael placed the goblets at separate ends of the table and then shambled out of the room. As he did so the girl caught a malicious twinkle in his eye. which raised her suspicions, and with lightninglike rapidity she reversed the positions of the cups; then hastening to her lover she whispered a few words in and bread. My wife and children are with-

He nodded, and in a few seconds entered the room, where the seeker after the mysteries of the occult was in wait. The members of Brother Smith's flock the mysteries of the occult was in wait-

"You want some venison, I hear Master Rexthorpe," said the forester "I can lay my hands upon a fair white year. doe in half an hour."

goest drain this, 'twill hearten thee up." The forester tossed off the contents of badge or cognizance to show that he was the relainer of any noble house was the retainer of any noble house. room when the old man said, "Whither

of Jonathan the Archer, call ye your-selves Englishmen to behave in such a chalice and fell stricken to death, while large extent upon the criminal furnishing He drained off the contents of the the forester and the maiden journeyed on to where light and happiness awaited from the little crowd, but the smith, them, for love has been ever the spring of eternal youth, while it is only death's hand that can brew the liquor which fills "This is no business of thine, Hob of the cup of oblivion. -Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., in Boston Globe.

A Musical Canine Critic.

A wonderful story of a French musical A wonderful story of a French musical critic is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him and to have seen him in attendance on musical personances. He was a dog, and his name in public was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known. At the beginning of the French revolution e went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuileries nalace. He marched tened knowingly to their performances, and after the parade disappeared, to return

promptly at parade time the next day.

Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him work of engraving a \$1 or \$2 bill is just as great, and the risk of passing them nearly was discovered that after dinner he always attended the theater, where he seated himself calculy in a corner of the orchestra and listened critically to the music.

If a new piece was played, he noticed it instantly and paid the strictest attention.

If the piece had fine, includious passages, he showed his joy to the best of his doggish disapproval.-Youth's Companion.

Apt as "the Broomstick Train." on a suburban train that was just slowing | freshly for that matter, three cases that

up for the East Cambridge station. on exhibition there. It was standing on a sonable assurance again t detection will be single track that is carried over the road the true test. When they have passed this, beyond, and of course it attracted much at | then I will believe in their reformation.' tention from the passengers in this partienlar car. Suddenly a child's voice, shrill and distinct, as all children's voices are when they are saying something especially

Any one who has seen the Meigs models and noticed the peculiar angle at which the wheels are set in order to conform to the single rail idea will appreciate the child's apt description. Evidently almost every one in the car had, for the laugh that followed the remark had not subsided when the brakeman shouted: "Next stop Boston! Boston!"-Boston Herald.

Starch as an Enemy of the Artistic. An artist in New York city inveighs bitterly against starch as one of the curses of this nineteenth century. "Not only does it make our clothes unpleasant to wear, but It makes them hideous to look at." Bring ing out a copy of a Tanagra figurine, he continued: "Now, look at the beauty and simple dignity of that toga and contrast it with the dress of the modern man. That was soft and yielding; the modern shirt, collar, cuffs, hats, shoes, corsets, even the women's gowns, are hard and unbending. The effect of antique dress was grace: the effect of our dress is that of stiffness and discomfort. It is more than an effect-it is a fact. Nobody could be easy or look thoroughly well in our clothes. We want to organize a reform movement against

Sufferings of Ballet Girls. "If you knew what agony ballet girls suffer on account of their feet, you would an audience in the way they do," said a doctor who has had great experience in such matters. The premieres, if they ap pear twice the same evening, invariably have a chiropodist back of the scenes to attend them between acts. It is peculiar, but ballet girls get corns under their great toe nails. I have seen a premiere danseuse come off the stage smiling and fall down in a faint as soon as she was out of sig the audience, all caused by the pain in her

PRIVATIONS OF POVERTY.

Clergyman-Is it true, Miss Ruth, that ou said my last Sunday's sermon bored Starvation In This Land of Plenty Is Not you?
Miss Ruth (with a little gasp)—Oh, my, no! Goodness gracious, no! I said that it —er—penetrated my very soul. Isn't it strange how people misconstrue things!— Altogether a Theory.
This gay world of ours, which smiles s

blithely on its favorites, has few charms for the unfortunates who lack the wherewithal to buy bread and raiment, and life is dou-bly bitter to those who are suddenly reiced from affluence to absolute poverty, ich was the unhappy fate of Lucille Ad-If we cannot afford the time nece for masticating our food properly and in-corporating it thoroughly with saliva, it would be better to take nothing but broths ams, an actress, who a few years ago pos-sessed a fortune of nearly \$1,000,000 and died in abject poverty in a New York hosand similar foods. The use of water and other liquids as lubricators is not to be tolpital the other day. While it is not probable that she died of absolute starvation, erated seems that the privations of her later years were the cause of her death. A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.



LUCILLE ADAMS. Miss Adams was buried by the Actors' fund, which was practically brought into existence by her action in caring for Miss Eliza Newton, who died in Bellevue under circumstances similar to ner constances similar to ner constances similar to ner constances similar to ner constances similar to ner constant started a fund to bury Miss New ton by going to all the principal actors and well known people of wealth in New York and asking them for subscriptions. This was the start of the Actors' fund. She was a faithful worker in this enterprise, and it was mainly through her efforts that the fund was made a success.

Miss Adams vas born in Carlisle, Pa., in She married Kenard Davis, an Engage of the muscles disappear under their touch, and even deep-seated pains of the stomach, liver and kidneys are relieved and cured. circumstances similar to her own. Miss Adams started a fund to bury Miss New-

tune in Nevada silver mines and lost it. Then she went on the stage and played with John McCullough, Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. Her last engagement was with Denman Thompson two years keeping room she saw her guardian ago. Miss Adams was a beautiful woman, carefully placing two silver goblets upon and from a photograph of her representing the Madonna a painting was made, and is now on exhibtion at the Columbian exposi

Adversity has no humors for a proud spirit like Miss Adams', who suffered in secret rather than reveal her humiliating condition. Very different was the case of Rev. S. A. Smith of Silver Mine, Conn., who did not hesitate to make the following announcement from his pulpit on a recent Sunday: "I come to you this morning with an empty stomach. I have not had a mouthful to eat today, because I could not get it. There is not even a crust in the cupboard. For over a week I and my famout proper clothing. I do not ask charity, but only that you pay me the salary that took umbrage at this public proclamation, and it is likely that he may have to live on

snowballs after the berry season is over. Mr. Smith gets a nominal salary of \$300 a Another ill paid worker in the vineyard "Tis well," answered Rexthorpe, is Captain Katie Tilghe, a Salvation Army rubbing his hands; "but before thou lassie, who was recently found in Hacken-

sack, N. J., in a condition of destitution bordering on starvation. Captain Tilghe's when the good people of Hackensack dis-covered her situation they promptly re-

the means for his own detection," said Chief of Police Harrigan of St. Louis the other day. "Greed is essentially the con-trolling attribute of the man who seeks trolling attribute of the man who seeks the short cut to wealth by recourse to dis-

"Take, for instance, the crime of sweat- gives you a little temporary good. tional slice off of the cut loaf, but he would needs sweat off \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 worth of gold, and thus invite detection and arrest. Nothing can be "just as good." "The government has rarely been bothered with counterfeit bills of smaller de-nomination than \$5. Why? Because the

ernment, and then leaving himself a good profit? No, he prefers to make his dollar of lead and glass and take chances on the penitentiary.

"There may be all over this broad land ability, but if the piece was ordinary and men living quietly and respectably upon uninteresting he yawned, stared about the the fruits of one good first class crime, but theater and unmistakably expressed his I doubt if there are many of them. It may sound a little harsh, but I am not a believer in the reformation of thieves. That may be Apt as "the Broomstick Train." because my experience is against it, but I It was on the Boston and Lowell railroad have in my mind right how, and quite bear out my convictions. The downfall of It will be remembered that the Meigsele-vated milroad shops and yard are located munity, but in each case I had said: "These quite near the station and that for some | men think they have reformed, but the optime past a fine model of the cars has been portunity to make a heavy gain with rea-

the physical strength of a Samson, but he cannot help to take down the pictures for embarrassing, cried; the annual spring cleaning without feeling "Papa, papa, look at the bowlegged horse completely exhausted with his labors."

> The Victoria cross, which we often read of having been conferred upon some British soldier for conspicuous bravery, is of the Maltese form, made from Russian cannons captured at Sevastopol,

That delicious fruit, the mangosteen, has been called Siam's peculiar glory. It grows only in Siam and a lew neighboring locali-

Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as

Purity and

Leavening Power

UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

n Introduce our Fowder, we have de-minist to distribute among the commu-a number of CASH PHIZES To person or club returning mathelance mbr of cashing and the land

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IF YOUR BUSINESS DOES NOT PAY Chickens are easily and success raised by using the Petaluma In

Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt!

You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BAR-

GAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

RHEUMATISM CURED BY THE USE OF



Moore's Revealed Remedy. ASTORIA, OREGON, January 18.—I can state with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY my husband was relieved from an old case of RHEUMATISM and my roungest boy cured entirely of INFLAMMATORY RHEY MATISM when the best doctor I could get did him no good. Voss to gratize HRE. R. V. STEELD

Two Things about

Catarrh in the Head First-It is a constitutional

Second — It requires a consti-

tutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparills, which reaches and circs Catarrh by purifying the blood and building up the system, so as to throw of
the disease. Thomands who formerly
suffered from Catarrh agree that

Hood's Sarsa Cures

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you charry? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 80 cta. Injector free.

August

Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly

with stomach trouble, and was for

physician. He finally, after trying

everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to

cease eating solid food. On the rec-

that August Flower has cured me."

FISH BRAND

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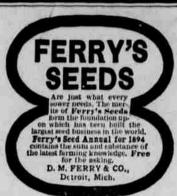
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