Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A BALLAD OF LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

'Tis a subtly sweet suggestive phrase,
But the simple soul who is lured thereby
Will make a sorrow for many days.
In secret oft will he moan and cry
And vote the thing a tremendous lie,
For it means, this phrase that sounds so fair,
A world of trouble and toil and care
And a wild distracting wish to go
Away from it soon and anywhere.
I speak of the things whereof I know.

It means all little transparent ways
To hide away from the common eye
The fact that your bread and butter stays
In your desk; that you bake and boil and fry
In a single dish. It means to try
To hang your garments, the best you wear,
In a folding bed, that last despair
Of honest souls; and, bitterest blow,
It means a kitcheny parlor air.
I speak of the things whereof I know.

It means to shrink 'neath the stern amaze
Of the lordly butcher's and baker's eye,
Apologizing in meek dispraise
For your modest wants. To rave or sigh
Over the pangs of the bought pie.
'Tis to pray a strong, heav'n reaching prayer
For the meal a man pronounces "square,"
And to be once more in life below
Free from that peace destroying snare.
I speak of the things whereof I know.

ENVOY.

Ye who have 'tempted this life to share,
Pause ere ye enter the tiger's lair;
Consider the truth I fain would show,
For with hand on heart I firmly swear
I speak of the things whereof I know.
—Carlotta Perry.

A Mother's Way.

When the Rev. Horace Bushnell was a boy, he was very desirous of knowing something about music. No one in the family could teach him, however, and his mother, with that divine patience and insight which belong to mothers in general, found that if the lad was to have his wish at all it must be through her. She obtained a book and soon taught him all she knew—the scale, the keynote and how to find it, and the time of the notes.

This was only "book learning," however, and the question was to adapt it to the use of the voice. Little Horace wanted to sing by note, and that his mother could not teach him. She could sing by ear, however, and the two hit upon a species of reverse process. The mother sang familiar tunes, and the boy watched the notes, observing how the intervals and time ran along, and, as he expressed it, "soon began almost to sing with us."

And from singing airs they knew into notes that bore no meaning they finally learned to sing airs they did not know out of similar notation. The method had been unlocked, and further progress was easy. The mother's heart had found out the way.—Youth's Companion.

"The Lost Continent."

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, the well known ornithologist of the British museum, delivered a lecture at the Savage club on "The Lost Continent." Dr. Sharpe first illustrated the zoo geographical regions of the world, with their peculiar forms of bird life, and explained the occurrence of isolated forms in different portions of the globe by the existence of a former land connection now vanished beneath the sea. The idea of an ancient tropical continent at the south pole uniting South America, Madagascar and Australia is arousing considerable interest and discussion in scientific circles at the present time, chiefly owing to the support which it has received from the recent discoveries in the Chatham islands of Mr. H. O. Forbes, the well known Malayan traveler. The lecturer in conclusion dealt with some problems of the geographical distribution of birds for which no reasonable solution has yet been offered.—St. James Gazette.

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.

Insect Engineering.

The greatest bridge builder in the world is the spider. There is a point on the Meramec river not far from the Missouri Pacific bridge where a large spider made a bridge clear across, a distance of over 200 feet. He first sent out a flier, a sort of kite string, which was carried across the stream by the breeze and lodged in a tree opposite. It was then braced by guys to other branches, and thus 50 feet above the water was a perfect suspension bridge. In comparison with this insect work the Niagara and Brooklyn bridges are trifling.—St.

Babies

ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, makes babies fat and well, strengthens growing children and nourishes mothers. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

CHARMS OF MEXICO.

The Way to Travel In This Country of an Ancient Civilization.

Mexico is so enormously interesting, so wonderfully picturesque, that every winter and spring it will continue to be invaded by travelers who, when they are kindly, courteous and well behaved, are welcomed. The Mexican people are always pleased to meet intelligent and appreciative travelers. One meets with charming people in out of the way towns, who throw open their houses with pleasure and display their treasures for the foreigner's gratification.

When you come to Mexico, you should bear in mind that this is a country with an ancient civilization, that you will not find here the barbarism of the frontier, that there are hundreds of old houses filled with relics of the romantic past, that the fine old Spanish traditions survive with the best families, and that in many respects we Americans may well learn of the descendants of that indomitable race that overthrew the Moors in the old and gallant days when Spain was a camp of armed men.

The charm of Mexico comes when one travels in leisurely fashion—when one has loafed the golden days away in interior towns—in still and delightful Queretara, in Guadalajara, that enchanted city, that bit of Andalusia transplanted to the western world; when one has sat under the trees and near the fountains of Morelia, that archive of courtesy, that repository of good will and kindness. In the hush of ancient gardens, planted, perchance, before a rose bloomed on the Atlantic coast of the United States, one may abandon one's self to the enchantment of the hour, turn slowly and distractedly the pages of a sixteenth century author in a vague dream of peace, of falling waters, perfume of flowers and song of birds.

To me the witchery of this land of sunshine is its suggestion of the past. One may often imagine the clock of time to have been set back several centuries, and that one is living the slower, more tranquil and leisurely life of those days when good books were distilled from the brains of men of genius, insensibly and without effort. Who could imagine Montagne, Cervantes and their glorious company writing under pressure for the magazines or the modern press syndicates? Drop by drop their thoughts, like honey, fell upon their pages, and books that have the charm of permanency, of strong and deep humanity, were produced.

In this modern world, in this age of the tireless, rumbling presses, of the ever clicking telegraph, of ceaseless hurry and whirl, some lands should be reserved for those of us who are not wholly and unreservedly in love with our century. Mexico, Algeria, the high and solitary places of Peru, where the great silences are still unvexed, lands such as these should be kept as charming, restful rooms in the mansion of humanity, for the use and occupancy of those to whom modern improvements are not necessary, indeed too often a huge and horrible bore. Sometimes one comes to think that the best use of the locomotive is to whirl one out of the country where it is made.—Boston Herald.

OUR NEW MINISTER TO KOREA.

Professor John M. B. Sill Is One of Michigan's Best Known Educators.

Like the old cove in the swamp, Korea's only cry up to a few years ago was "Let me alone!" She was called the "Hermit Nation" and closed up as tight as an oyster when strangers came near her. About the first intercourse the United States had with Korea was in 1871, when a fleet under Admiral Rodgers was dispatched to avenge the burning of the American ship General Sherman and the massacre of her crew. When the fleet arrived off the Kangwa forts, the Koreans opened fire. American marines were landed and captured the forts and then retired down the Han river. In 1882 Commodore Shufeldt was commissioned by congress to seek treaty relations with Korea, and aided by the influence of China succeeded that year in his mission. Korean

JOHN M. B. SILL.

ports were then thrown open to the world, and many foreigners now reside at Seoul, the capital. In 1890 four American officers went to Korea to train the king's army.

The first minister sent to Seoul by the United States was General Lucius Foote. John M. B. Sill, our newly appointed minister resident and consul general, is 62 years of age and has long been prominent in the educational circles of Michigan. When only 18 years of age, he began life as a country schoolteacher in Hillsdale county, and later entered the state normal school. He was the first male graduate of this institution, became at once its professor of English and officiated as its principal in 1858 and 1859. From Ypsilanti Professor Sill went to Detroit as the first superintendent of the Detroit public schools. He served two years in this capacity and then began a 10 years' term as principal of the Detroit female seminary.

After 11 years more of labor as superintendent of the Detroit public schools he was called to again take charge of the state normal school in Ypsilanti and remained in educational harness there until last year, when he resigned. During his long and honorable career as a teacher of the young idea the most flattering success has met his every effort, and he has written several textbooks that have been used in many schools. He has long been a Democrat of liberal views, and his present post in Korea will be worth $7,500 a year to him.

The American legation in Seoul consists of a number of buildings surrounded by a brick wall. The grounds are large and pleasant and contain among other things a garden and a tennis court.

Sunset

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Guests at Camp Nineteen.

By FRANKLIN FILE.

He went at the searching in such a prompt, professional way that the astounded men offered no objection. He first took all the money from Jack High, examining and marking it piece by piece, and then he seized upon Old Jugg Brown's winnings in the same methodical manner.

"How do we know who and what you are?" Boss Donald interposed. "I don't believe I'll let a pair of fortune telling tramps fool with this camp."

"Old Hannah is in the houdoo line," was the fellow's calm explanation. "I'm only a sort of traveling partner. Of course I ain't her son, and of course the yellow on my face is butternut stain. I've been sent to do this job neat, and I've done it. Here's my credentials," and he submitted a metal shield and a document to Donald.

"But you've blundered, my capable friend," said Jack, with professional calm. "The money may be bogus; I don't know, for we have only just won it at poker from Mr. Wiams."

"That's a fact," Jugg hoarsely added; "we just won it from Mr. Wiams."

Aleck Wiams walked into the assemblage. "What's that you're saying?" he exclaimed. "You've been playing poker with me? Why, I haven't touched a card in months. And you, Jugg—where could you get money to start in with? If you two are in a scrape it won't help you out to go to lying. I was fast asleep from 8 o'clock till I heard the singing."

CHAPTER III.

THE CANVAS JAIL.

"Father, this young lady is Miss Wallace."

One of the prairie wagons was made a prison for the two captives. The walls were only canvas, and the entrance had nothing more like bars than the crossings of cord that tied the flaps together. But Deputy Sheriff and Detective Alloway re-enforced the cloth with human safeguards. Boss Donald was convinced of the prisoners' probable guilt, and he felt that it was right to lend four workmen to the duty of patroling around the wagon until morning. He had no sympathy for Jack High, and not much for Old Jugg Brown; and his rude kindliness to Deuce and Will found expression in a brusque command to clear away from the vehicle containing their despised fathers.

"I'm sorry for you, Will," he said, gripping the young man's shoulders with his brawny hands and scowling into his face, "but you can't do anything for the old man to-night. As for you, Sis," and he grasped her wrist with scarcely lessened force, "what you want to do is to go to sleep. Now, don't cry."

There was not the faintest suggestion of tears in her frightened eyes, and the suggestion that they would shut themselves in sleep was so absurd that she could almost smile at it.

"Can't I stay with dad?" she pleaded.

Aleck Wiams had been active and insistent in helping Alloway to establish a sure jail, and to Deuce's request he peremptorily said: "No, you can't. We don't propose to give him your sharp wits to help his own in some scheme to escape. You nor Will can't go near them till morning."

"Look here, Mr. Donald," the girl persisted, ignoring Wiams, "you're all making a mistake. My dad is a gambler, and he can't be called a circumspect gentleman; but he isn't a counterfeiter and he wouldn't cheat any man out of a nickel except in the way of cards. Besides, he hadn't any money, good or bad, when we got here. You know that," and she appealed to Will Brown.

"It is so," Will assented earnestly. "He had to get a dollar from me."

Wiams laughed viciously. He had not known before how small an amount it had been possible for him to win in the game, and he angrily exclaimed: "Your worthless parent—he hadn't a cent either, I suppose, but we find his pockets full of counterfeit money just the same. Where did it come from, I'd like to know?"

"He says he won it from you," said Will.

"Tell me how—in this game that never was played—how it was that he could start into it without a cent to play with?" Wiams excitedly argued.

"Better be off to bed, my boy," Boss Donald said; "you can't do anything to-night. Off with you!"

Will Brown obeyed the last emphatic command, so far at least as to slowly quit the spot. Deuce would have followed him, but the hand of Donald was still on her wrist. "Little girl," he said, with abated harshness, "you're going to get right into the hammock in my tent and stay there till daylight. I can't use my quarters to-night, anyhow, and you're welcome to them."

There was force enough in his one arm to conquer her hardest resistance, and so she made none by either word or motion, but let him lead her to a tent, which was high and square, for it served the boss as a daytime office as well as for sleeping quarters. It had no occupant until they entered. From one end pole to the other a hammock was strung. It was as high as the man's breast, and therefore about level with the girl's chin. Without a word he lifted her in his arms and laid her in the suspended couch.

"Now there's no use fretting," he said, with what was gentleness in such a man accustomed to giving gruff orders to gangs of laborers; "you go to sleep, do you hear?" and he set the hammock to swinging like a cradle. "Nothing shall happen to your father before morning—nor to you. Good night."

"Thank you," she responded faintly. "Good night."

She lay alone, gazing wide eyed and sleepless at the canvas roof, with her mind in an absolutely thoughtless condition. The blow had stunned her, and she only slowly regained her accustomed mental activity. The sky became filled with drifting black clouds, and it was at increasingly rare intervals that they let the moon shine through. At one of these times, following a few minutes of darkness, the illumination was so sudden and brilliant that the change roused her from a lethargy which might otherwise have lulled her to sleep. An instant of daze, of confusion as to where she was, and then she saw a man sharply shadowed on the side of the tent. It was a startlingly vivid silhouette. The figure's pantomime was that of cautious stealth, and it was her first alarmed belief that it was inside the tent. But it was noiseless and it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. She stared at the blank fabric. Then the clouds shut off the light again and she was left in a gloom that was almost black.

"Sisst!" came to her alert ears as she dimly saw that the entrance to the tent was being cautiously opened. "Don't be scared, and don't make any noise," was whispered.

She swung her feet over the edge of the hammock and sat up. Instantly the intruder was close to her, with his hands clasping hers to keep her still, and she saw that he was Will Brown.

"I've come to talk with you, Deuce," he said; "I don't know why, for I don't see that we can do a thing yet."

"I'm glad you've come," and she held hard to his hands, like a child not fully awakened from a nightmare. "I was lonesome and scared."

"But we can at least come to an understanding about this matter—this arrest. I am sure my father didn't know the money was counterfeit. He is a drunkard—as much of a sot by spells as circumstances permit, but I never knew him to do a dishonest act. Thirst for whisky would tempt him to indiscretions, but to nothing so methodical or calculating as to deal in bogus bills. It isn't in him, Deuce; he wouldn't be equal to it if he tried." He stopped with an indication that politeness prevented him from going on.

"But you're thinking that my father has brains and badness for it. What kind of an oath can I take, Will Brown, to make you take my word for the truth?"

"Whatever you tell me—now—here—I will believe you."

Their hands were yet clasped together, and as he stood before her, while she bent her head in her earnestness to see in the darkness whether he looked serious or mocking, their faces almost touched.

"Then I tell you that my father is innocent about this bad money. We hadn't so much as a dime between us when we got here. He had lost in an unlucky game all the money we had started with from Omeda. That's why we came along here no better than tramps. He surely—surely brought no counterfeit bills. I am not saying he's what he ought to be; and I'm afraid it's likely he's used a bad bill if he had it. But, no—no—don't think he is a criminal. We're very, very intimate—dad and I; and he's an honorable man in his sort of way. We're adventurers, but upon my soul we are not reprobates. My mother is watching us from up yonder, you know, and she would see it if dad was to take me to disgrace. He promised her he wouldn't, and he hasn't."

She was weeping now, and when she loosed one hand to wipe away the tears Will's disengaged arm encircled her protectingly. It was wholly a caress of sympathy and faith, as she somehow understood, and in a moment she was sobbing, with her face buried on his shoulder.

"There—there. Don't cry any more," he conjured her, and then went on with a good reason for continued weeping: "You can't help your father in his predicament, and"——

"Don't say that," she interrupted, slipping down from the hammock and standing with every fiber tense for action. "I must help him, whether I can or not."

"Then let us get at the mystery of the case if we can," Will admonished her, "so as to know what is best to attempt. We are convinced that the bogus money was won from Aleck Wiams, are we not? and therefore we must conclude that Wiams is the real criminal. The officer, Alloway, says the government got information of a quantity of counterfeit treasury notes being sent into this region. He was detailed to search them out. He found that they were being circulated along the route of this telegraphic expedition, but very sparingly. Then he hit on the ruse of pretending to be a son of the houdoo woman, and that is all he probably knows about it. He will take his prisoners back to Apahoque in the morning."

"That is a rough town, full of Oklahoma boomers. We came through it three days ago."

"And Alloway spoke of the chances that an Apahoque mob might lynch his captives, because some of the bogus bills have been passed there. He talked to Wiams about this danger, and Wiams offered to provide half a dozen men for a posse. Hush!"

The admonition was caused by Deuce's incautious cry of alarm. "Don't you see," she said, "that if Wiams has made two men scapegoats for himself he will get them lynched instead of saving them? They'll be murdered."

"We will muster a force to defend them."

"Better release them to-night."

"How?"

"Well, somehow—anyhow."

The girl was emboldened with her purpose, and her companion caught from her an ardor of spirit uncommon to his calmer temperament.

"Let me think," he meditated. "The guards can't be expecting an attack from the outside. They're only watching the wagon to see that its inmates don't break out. Mightn't I take one unawares when the others were not too close by, silence and down him by throwing a blanket over his head and so give you a chance to slit the canvas with a knife? If we had four horses ready we might get away before much of an alarm could be raised."

"Could you fight a stronger man than yourself? It would be better to let me help you."

"The fellow might be stronger than I, but probably not so quick or dexterous, for I am something of a wrestler. Besides, he would be caught at a disadvantage. And your part would require all your time and presence of mind."

They discussed the details of the plan freely yet rapidly. Then Will went out to get the horses ready. He found where the two mustangs were tethered. These and two other horses he saddled and left at a point a few rods along the road. Then he reconnoitered the prison wagon. The guards were drowsy and unalert. The rest of the camp seemed to be fast asleep. He returned to the tent. Deuce was pacing to and fro like a young tigress in a cage. A knife gleamed in her hand.

"I found it here," she said, "and it seems sharp enough to cut canvas quickly. Here's a strong and not very heavy blanket for you to muffle the man with. Can we do it right off?"

"Yes," Will replied.

They emerged cautiously into the darkness, which had become as heavy as rain laden clouds could make it, and passed a dozen tents and wagons in which no signs of wakefulness were given by the occupants. Suddenly Will, who was ahead, drew Deuce back behind a wheel. He had heard the approach of footsteps, and there was barely time to ensconce themselves before Aleck Wiams passed by so closely that they could have touched him. Will left Deuce where she was and stole after the man until he entered his own tent. It was a small one, exclusive to Wiams' own use, and situated near by the makeshift jail. A light soon glimmered within, and then the watcher saw him fasten the opening together, inclosing himself with remarkable care.

Will dropped on his hands and knees, crept slowly to the back side of the tent and lay flat on the ground. The canvas showed no hole through which he could look in. He crawled all the way around the tight structure without discovering a lesion in the cloth. He heard Wiams astir within, and the position of the lighted lamp was changed several times. At length, despairing of a less risky device, Will took out his penknife and made a tiny slit. With one eye at the aperture he looked in.

Aleck Wiams sat astride a trunk, on which stood the lamp, while in his hands he held a package of treasury notes of the same fraudulent manufacture that had been taken from his two scapegoats. He was irresolutely fingering them, as though making up his mind with difficulty what to do with them. When a determination was reached he had to summon all his resolution to carry it out. He held a handful of the notes over the glass funnel of the lamp, but before the heat ignited the paper he drew it away.

Wiams was compelling himself to reluctantly burn the remainder of his stock of spurious money for fear that it might be discovered. He had obtained it to mix with cash to pay to his employes. A little had been used in that way, and Detective Alloway had followed the trail by means of these cautious outputs. It seemed the part of common sense to make his safety sure by destroying all the evidence of guilt rather than keep it at his peril. Again he held the package over the lamp and a charring corner broke into a flame.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" Will Brown yelled impulsively.

Wiams' action was equally inconsiderate and instinctive. He dashed the lamp to the ground. But instead of putting out the light he created a vastly greater one. The glass broke with an explosion, and the oil was thrown over the man's clothes. The tent and its occupant were instantly ablaze.

A screech of fright and agony resounded through the camp. The tent flamed high, and was gone like a flash of fireworks, leaving Wiams burning like a great torch. The oil had saturated his garments and he was enveloped in fire.

The four temporary jailers ran hastily to the spot. Deuce Low was next. She saw the burning man, and believed that some mischance of the intended rescue had delivered her father from durance into this awful disaster. She had brought the blanket from where Will had dropped it on leaving her. She desperately wrapped the woolen cloth around the fiery object. Then other hands helped and the flames were smothered, but they saw that the man was dead, and Deuce as well as they recognized him as Aleck Wiams. Her father hugged her, for the abandonment of his jail had left him free to join the excited throng.

"Oh, dad!" she cried, kissing him hysterically, "I thought 'twas you."

"Well, you were saving your father just the same," exclaimed Will Brown, "for you kept this evidence of his innocence from being burned," and he took from the scorched hand of the dead criminal the half burned bunch of counterfeit notes.

There was no more imprisonment for Jack High and Old Jugg Brown. A few days later they were discussing the singularity of their escape and the commendable parts played in that event by their children.

"It occurs to me," said Jack, without quite hiding his idea that such a thing would be condescension, "that nothing would delight me more than to marry my girl to your boy."

"An' I've been a-t-h-inking," responded Jugg, with still less concealment of his belief that the bestowal of honor would be his, "that I'd like to have my boy marry your gal."

"Of course my daughter would not go into an engagement without first getting my consent."

"An' my son wouldn't pop the question without my knowin' of it beforehand."

At that moment the youngsters joined them.

"Father," said Will Brown, "this young lady is Miss Laura Wallace, and she has consented to become my wife, and in telling you of it I am going to say something to you—straight and plain. You must sign a total abstinence pledge and keep it or we will disown you. The escape you have had should be a life warning to never taste whisky again."

Old Jugg Brown was silent and solemn a moment before grasping his son's hand, and said: "So help me God, I will never taste the stuff again. An' I wish you g-o-y."

"Dad," said Miss Wallace, "it is true that I have engaged myself to Will, and you are the only reason why I shouldn't be his wife. But if you will swear to let that game of poker be your last hand of cards I will name the wedding day and put you on probation."

"I solemnly swear that I will never gamble again," he slowly answered. "God bless you!" and he kissed a scar which the fire had left on her hand.

The fathers subsequently signed their names to a certain marriage certificate as "Robert H. Wallace and Henry A. Brown, witnesses." The nicknames of Jack High and Old Jugg were silenced along with that of Deuce Low when she became Mrs. Brown, and it seems improbable that they will ever be revived

THE END.

How They Told Them Apart.

"In a country hotel where I had stopped for supper," said a traveler, "I saw on the table some boiled eggs. As I reached for them the waitress said:

"'Do you like them hard or soft boiled?'

"'Soft,' I said.

"'The soft boiled are in the other dish,' said the waitress.

"Then as I looked the other way on the table I saw another dish of eggs. But they looked precisely like those in the first dish, and I wondered how anybody could tell them apart if they should ever get mixed up. As long as they were kept at the ends of the table where they were first placed it would be very simple, but suppose some polite guest should say to his neighbor:

"'Will you have the eggs?'

"And suppose the man should say, 'Yes, thank you,' and take them, and suppose one dish should in this way work along the table until it was alongside the other, or, for that matter, suppose the dishes should change places, as they might easily do, who could tell then which was hard and which soft? I found myself rather amused by this idea, and I asked the waitress how they could tell which was which.

"'Why, the soft boiled are in the square dish, and the hard boiled are in the oval dish.'

"Then I stopped talking for quite a spell, for it seemed clear to me that I was in some things not an intellectual giant."—New York Sun.

Found It.

Chicago City Editor (to reporter)—I see that in writing up a suicide you refer to the "cold and remorseless river."

Reporter—Yes. Always like to throw a feeling into what I write.

City Editor—That's capital. But did you ever see a river stricken with remorse?

Reporter—I don't know that I have.

City Editor—Well, then, go and find one. By the way, don't come back until you do find one.

The reporter goes away. Two days later he returns.

City Editor—Hello! Got back, have you?

Reporter—Yes.

City Editor—Well, did you find a remorseful river?

Reporter—I did.

City Editor—What river is it?

Reporter—The Mississippi.

City Editor—Why remorseful?

Reporter—Because years ago it decided to run by St. Louis.

City Editor (springing to his feet)—Young man, take my seat. I resign.—Texas Siftings.

Why Johnny Ate Them.

Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up.

Johnny Billus—Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma.—Chicago Tribune

The name of Jos. W. Beveridge of Portland is prominently mentioned in connection with the candidacy for the office of State Printer in the coming election. He has never been prominent in politics, having been too busy with the management of one of the largest printing offices in the State, where he has made a record for artistic skill, rapid handling of large contracts and economical conduct of the office.—Jacksonville Times.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY

is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtile and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Old Lady—My friend, are you a Christian? Beggar—Well, mum, no one has ever accused me of workin' Sunday.

THE BEST TEACHER.

The Arabs say that the best teacher is Time. That is true, especially when year after year enforces the same lesson. For more than thirty years ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have been in use in every part of the world, and the testimony is universal as to their value as an external remedy for pains of every kind in the back, chest and side. Some people have learned the lesson so well that they try to imitate them, and the result is a host of counterfeits, all pretending to be just as good as ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and unconscious that by this very statement they acknowledge that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS hold the first place. Be sure and get the genuine.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS always act uniformly.

Many a poor wife has found it necessary to use the broom in keeping the flies off her indolent husband.

Irritation of the throat and hoarseness immediately relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

The widower about to remarry is the most unselfish of mortals. He seldom thinks of No. 1.

WATER MOTOR.

One Tuerk Water Motor, new, that will develop from 10 to 15-horse power; can be had at a sacrifice by addressing
PALMER & REY,
Portland, Or.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

A POTTER PRESS.

Size, 33x48 inside bearers; table distribution; bed springs; will print nine-column folio or six-column quarto; a splendid all-round press for country office; for sale cheap; guaranteed in order. Address
PALMER & REY,
Portland, Or.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

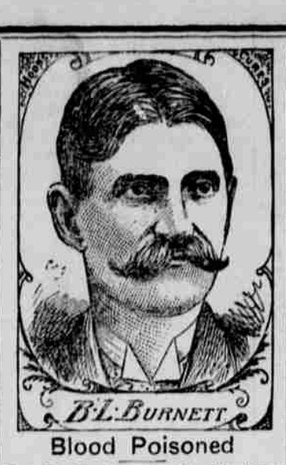
SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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



B. L. BURNETT

Blood Poisoned

But Hood's Sarsaparilla Purified, and Restored Health.

"Three years ago a file penetrated one of my legs just above the knee. Failing to receive the necessary treatment,

Blood Poisoning

set in. I became so weak and my system so run down that I could hardly turn in bed or help myself in any way. After several months' confinement, my wife took me to Walla Walla, Wash. Here the surgeons amputated my leg half way between the knee and the hip. Following this my health improved slightly but shortly gatherings began to form on my body. Finally Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I could see a change from the first. Gradually I have improved; I am growing stronger and the painful gatherings have disappeared and I am almost cured of my ills. All the credit is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla and I feel that I can not speak too highly of it." B. L. BURNETT, Starke's, Oregon. Get only HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

TRADE MARK.

This Trade Mark is on the best

WATERPROOF COAT in the World!

Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

The sower has no second chance. If you would at first succeed, be sure and start with

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Every planter should have it. Sent free.
D. M. Ferry & Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

INSIST ON HAVING THE

Belting, Packing and Hose, Boots and Shoes, Rubber and Oil Clothing, Druggists' Rubber Goods,

—MANUFACTURED BY—

Goodyear Rubber Co.,

73 and 75 First St., Portland, Or.

Write for catalogue—FREE.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

Bee Supplies.

SEEDS.

PORTLAND SEED CO.,
171 Second Street, - Portland, Or.
Send for catalogue.

YOU WANT THE BEST, Send for our Catalogue of INCUBATORS. Best makes. Low prices. Easy payments. Address W. C. Beach, Ripon, California.

CORD-WOOD.
HERCULES GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE
Best Power for the Purpose.
Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. and Portland, Or.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

N. P. N. U. No. 535—S. F. N. U. No. 612

CLIP, SAVE AND SEND TO US

A complete set of our 13 advertisements, of which this is No. 1. The set is worth $25, and we will show you that money for it in the following way: *If you will cut out this first advertisement and send it to us, together with the name and address of both subscriber and paper, and date of paper from which they are clipped,* WE WILL ALLOW YOU $25 TOWARD THE PURCHASE OF ONE OF OUR NEW, LARGE SIZE, ALL STEEL FEED CUTTERS WORTH $40. Only one Feed Cutter to any one person.

This makes the cash payment only $15 for this Feed Cutter, which will be found as superior to any now in use as the Aermotor was to anything in existence when it first appeared, and will drive from the field all competitors and take and hold the trade in Feed Cutters as the Aermotor, the Aermotor Steel Fixed and Steel Tilting Tower have in Windmills and Towers.

The talent which the Aermotor Company has shown in driving, revolutionizing, getting and holding the windmill business of the world, can be turned to many fields in the agricultural implement line and it proposes to show what it can do by taking up a number of articles, making them of steel and putting them in their final shape at a single stroke, as was done in the case of the Windmill and Steel Tower, and it proposes to furnish them at a greatly reduced price.

This Feed Cutter, for the present, will only be furnished on the above terms. THESE TERMS GIVE YOU THIS SERIES OF 13 ADVERTISEMENTS A CASH VALUE OF $25. We shall offer other articles for which we will accept these advertisements or single copies of them, in part payment. One will be a Steel Hand Truck, in which we feel a special pride in showing our skill as reviners and improvers of staple articles. The cash requirement with this will be ridiculously small.

The third advertisement in this series will show a Steel Circular Saw and Frame, for farm and mechanics' use. It is a PERFECT FOOL SAW WITH PERFECT SAFETY GUARDS, and runs with very much less power than ordinary saws and has a better rake. THIS $40 SAW AND FRAME WILL BE GIVEN FOR $15 AND FIVE COUPONS CLIPPED AS ABOVE OF ADVERTISEMENT No. 2.

In localities where we can we are going to make liberal offers to accept copies of these advertisements in part payment for Windmills. If you have any thought of using a windmill this year write to us now, stating what you think you would need, whether Pumping or Geared, and if possible we will make you a liberal offer. The past year, though one of unparalleled financial disturbance and business depression, has been one of great prosperity to the Aermotor Co. The fact that the Aermotor Co. in the past six years has lessened the Cost of Wind Power to the Consumer to One-third of its former Price has received great praise and has brought to its factory an enormous volume of business. Even at the very low prices at which we sell Steel Windmills and Steel Towers, made in the most perfect manner, of the most perfect material, and GALVANIZED AFTER COMPLETION, THUS PERFECTLY PROTECTING EVERY PORTION OF THE METAL, it is possible to save few cents on each outfit, and these few cents on the enormous number of outfits are wholly satisfactory to the Aermotor Co., which has always derived more pleasure from the service it has rendered a great number of people and from the pride it takes in doing well whatever it puts its hands to, than from the money it makes from its enterprise.

This year, because it buys its material more cheaply and expects an enormous increase in its ever growing business, it offers its patrons a vast increase in the quantity and quality of material employed in the construction of its Steel Towers. The accompanying diagram, 21-2x2 1-2 shows the smallest angle that will be used up it in the corner posts of Towers, even for the 8-ft. wheel. For the 10-ft. we use 3x3. Thousands of tons of angles for Towers, calibrated and very straight and perfect are now being delivered at our works. Others who bought a few tons, and therefore your supply, of 2x2 angle only, they are using for 8-ft., 10-ft., and even for 12-ft. wheels, will read this paragraph with surprise and sorrow, since we have not previously given them any information concerning what we will use for '94.

The Aermotor Co. proposes to distribute $500 IN GOLD IN PRIZES for the best essays written by the wife, son or daughter of a farmer or user of a windmill, answering the question, "WHY SHOULD I USE AN AERMOTOR?" For conditions of competition and amounts and numbers of prizes send for circulars to the Aermotor Co., Chicago, or to its branches, at San Francisco, Kansas City, Lincoln, Neb., Sioux City, Iowa, Minneapolis, Buffalo, or 65 Park Place, New York City. Aermotor Pumping and Geared mills, All Steel, all Galvanized after Completion, delivered free on cars at Chicago and to point in any one, anywhere, at the following prices

8-ft. $26. 12-ft. $50. 10-ft. [illegible]

DOCTOR

Pardee's Remedy,

THE GREAT CURE

—FOR—

INDIGESTION

—AND—

CONSTIPATION.

—A SPECIFIC FOR—

Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia

And All Other Blood and Skin Diseases.

It is a positive cure for all those painful, delicate complaints and complicated troubles and weaknesses common among our wives, mothers and daughters.

The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Scrofula, Salt Rheum