Royal Baking Powder Leads All.

From actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder before the public.

It is entirely free from alum and other additions injurious to health.

W. T. Wenzell

Prof. Chemistry, College of Pharmacy Dep't, University of California.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

A CLEVER SWINDLER.

A Frenchman Wearing the Rosette of the Legion of Honor a Sharp Scoundrel.

A really clever thief is engaged just now in robbing people in Paris who possess securities payable to bearer. His plan is to do a little business with some of the Parisian banks in order that he may have an excuse for hanging about the counters. He then watches the bank's customers, especially ladies, and when he sees one of them receive from the clerks any bonds or other scrip to bearer he quietly makes a note of the person's name and the numbers on the documents. Having ascertained the address of his proposed victim, he calls there later in the day or early the next morning, and representing that he is a clerk from the bank, asks for the securities, alleging that there is some little informality in them that has to be rectified. As he is armed with the numbers, in nine cases out of ten the customer gives up the documents quite unsuspectingly.

So far this ingenious swindler has eluded all efforts to detect him. He is described as a gentlemanly looking man, who wears the rosette of an "officer" of the Legion of Honor, the little bit of ribbon of a plain "chevalier" apparently being thought not sufficiently imposing now that such decorations are so plentiful.—London Daily News.

His Last Fencing Lesson.

A dispatch from Lyons announces that a sad accident has occurred at the Military Medical school there. M. Jourdan, who was just about to take one of the highest medical degrees in the school, was having a fencing lesson from the maitre d'armes, when during a vigorous attack by the pupil a short piece broke off the end of the master's foil. M. Jourdan, who was making a lunge, literally spitted himself on the blade. He went up stairs to his room, fell on the bed and died in about an hour, in spite of all efforts to save him. No blame is attached to the fencing master, as the accident could not have happened but for the violence of his pupil's attack. M. Jourdan took the first prize for fencing last year and was training for a coming assault at arms.—Foreign Exchange.

Rambler

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THAT WONDERFUL DIAMOND.

It Is the Largest Ever Known and Is Worth $5,000,000—How It Was Found.

Captain Jonas Anderson of the firm of Westergaard & Co., shipbrokers of this city, was the center of a group of curious ones recently as he carefully opened a box which had been mailed to him all the way from Cape Town. As he unfolded layers of paper wrappings everybody was on the qui vive, and at last he triumphantly displayed a plaster cast of the newly discovered Excelsior diamond, the largest known in the world.

The discovery of the monster diamond in the Jagersfontein mine was made on the evening of June 30 last. Captain Edward Jorgansonn, the superintendent of the mine, who is a son-in-law of Captain Anderson, was just quitting work after seeing the men out of the diggings when suddenly a bright lump attracted him, and he stooped to pick it up. At the same time a native Basut truck driver saw it and grabbed it. Captain Jorgansonn told the native to take it to Manager Gifford. That gentleman pronounced it a diamond of the first water and worth about $5,000,000. It was a curious fact and much commented on that a firm, Messrs. Breitmeyer & Bernheimer, had just contracted with the company to take over all its finds for one month at a certain price, and the very first find on their contract was the Excelsior.

Extraordinary precautions were taken in transporting it to the coach. A troop of the Sixteenth lancers escorted it to Cape Town, where it was transferred to the gunboat Antelope, and is now deposited in the Bank of England. The British government has offered £500,000 for it, which has been declined. The Chicago World's fair commissioners were very anxious to get the giant bit of costly carbon, and offered to insure it to the extent of $3,500,000, but the proprietors were obdurate and would not let the stone cross the ocean. The stone is white, with a bluish tinge, and reflects all the colors of the rainbow.

It measures 3 inches in length, 2¼ inches in its broadest part, and weighs 971¾ carats, or 7¼ ounces avoirdupois. The only flaw is a small black spot right in the centre. This, however, can easily be cut out. The Emperor of Germany is said to be negotiating for its purchase.—Philadelphia Times.

SWEET PROSPERITY.

Where 1,000,000 Pounds of Sugar Is Made Per Week and Everybody Is Happy.

A Napoleonville correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat writes as follows:

The weather is all that could be desired, and cane cutting and grinding are further advanced than have ever been known. The yield is excellent and the extraction far above anything on record. Mr. L. Godchaux's Elm Hall refinery barreled up 1,000,000 pounds of sugar the past week, the production of seven days' grinding. About 900 tons of cane per day passes through the reliefs, 40,000 pounds of granulated sugar falls from the vacuum pans every six hours, and under the skillful management of Mr. Eddie Godchaux there is no letup in this vast aggregation of machinery, not for a minute. With 500 men under his supervision not one hesitates, but all know their duty and do it by some kind of instinct, as it were.

During the day 100 wagons feed the maw of this monster mill with cane, and at night 500 cars are pulled in with 1,000 tons of cane to appease the ever crying call for more cane. About eight miles of railway are required to handle this vast crop. A Baldwin locomotive will take the place of mule propulsion in a few days. Yet with all this immense acreage and all this cane to handle the indomitable enterprise of the manager has led to the incorporation of about 300 acres more new land, and even now can be heard the terrific blasts of dynamite operating with fatal effects on the stumps that block the progress of the plow.

If any one were to mention the fact that this country was now in the throes of a great financial panic—that is, in this section—he would be sent to an asylum for safe keeping. Times were never better, and altogether prosperity is on top, and everybody is happy.

A Thorn In His Knee.

When a boy 17 years of age, in the year 1850, V. Newell, who now resides beyond Nichols' ranch and is now over 60 years of age, was out hunting and ran in his knee what he supposed was a thorn. It broke off so deep in the knee that the wound closed up, and all search failed to locate it. Mr. Newell finally concluded that he was mistaken, and everybody told him his troubles were caused by rheumatism.

Of late the old gentleman's knee got to be so bad that he had it lanced several times and was treated for rheumatism. A few days ago the thorn worked its way out and was found to be half an inch in length. Mr. Newell says after suffering untold misery for 43 years he now feels easier with the thorn in a little bottle instead of in his knee.

General Sickles' Proxy Vote.

A crutch voted for the Chinese bill recently. It was carried down the aisle by a page and passed between the tellers, counting "one more in the affirmative, Mr. Speaker." The crutch was the proxy of General Daniel E. Sickles, who sat in his seat and smiled as he saw how he could save himself much trouble in the future.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Navigable Balloon.

A cablegram says that the Russian military commission has completed satisfactory tests of the navigable balloon at Warsaw. It is made on the Treds system. It rose against strong atmospheric pressure, was steered successfully against the wind, was propelled in any desired direction and descended without releasing gas.

TO CALIFORNIA.

"It is hame, and it's hame,
And it is hame I fain would be."

Oh, for the sight of a manzanita,
With its branches red and its frosty sheen!
Oh, for the shade of a dark madrone,
With waxy blossoms its leaves between!

Oh, for the sight of a white Sierra,
Or undulant wave of a rolling plain!
Oh, for one view of the broad Pacific,
Or the rounded hills of the low coast chain!

Oh, for one breath of the balmy pine breeze
That softly falls from the mountains above!
Oh, for the cool of the fog at evening,
Nestling down like a brooding dove!

Oh, for one hour beside the ocean,
That ebbs and flows through the Golden Gate!
Oh, for a place on calm Lone mountain,
To slumber in when the day grows late!

Oh, for a sight of the luscious verdure!
And, oh, for the lovely flowers that grow!
Oh, for a rest and an hour's forgetting
Of all of the other lands I know!

Oh, give me one hour in California!
'Twould cyclon in other lands outweigh.
Oh, let me once feel her skies o'ershade me!
Years, years I would give for but just one day!

OLIVE HARPER.

POOR MRS. PENRHYN.

It was the height of the season—that is, it was becoming more and more difficult to secure a second piece of pie. The table at Lawton's had never been what you would call generous, and the elderly people, to whom no amount of tennis or dog cart could compensate for any lack in dinner, were grumbling perceptibly. Old Mr. Foxwood indeed was heard to mutter one afternoon that he had serious thoughts of going down to the city merely to get a regular dinner, and when asked where he should expect to find it murmured testily that there were places where they had to square the circle, and knew how to give you a square meal if you paid them a round sum.

"I'm going back to Kiasko in September," he added. "It was terribly hot there in July, and I hadn't a particle of appetite; but they set a splendid table."

"Can't expect everything anywhere, Mr. Foxwood," remarked Van Etten cheerfully. "Here you have an appetite and at Kiasko you had something to eat."

To which Miss Deblois added a grim comment to the effect that it might be a good thing occasionally for a high liver to be obliged to diet for awhile.

"Yes, Mr. Foxwood," said Van Etten blithely, "much better di-et than die eating."

"Don't think so. If I knew nothing would shorten my life ten years, I'd go on smoking and die earlier."

"But it is such a pity," murmured Miss Deblois, "for men to be a slave to anything, even to tea."

"Is that the reason why you never take any, Miss Deblois? Then it seems to me you are a kind of slave, too; you are a slave to not taking tea. And speaking of tea, what is the matter with this coffee?"

"It's the cup," said Masterson Flower plaintively. "I should as soon think of trying to drink over a stone wall."

"No, it's the way it is browned. The goodness of coffee is all a matter of browning. Anybody can make good coffee after it is browned carefully."

"Yes," sighed Van Etten. "Such a pity the Browning clubs don't take up this practical branch of their art."

But the young people were perfectly satisfied. There was tennis. There were lovely woods, with drives and walks through them. Occasionally some youth would complain of a too devoted chaperon, who insisted on accompanying the pair through the woods, and effectually preventing any conversation except about the scenery; but he was always assured by Van Etten that it was a good sign when a chaperon took such interest in the "prospects." A small "park" had been laid out with great exactness and very green sodding in front of the house, so that invalids could take their constitutionals comfortably within range; but the landlord feared he had made a mistake when—the park being a perfect square—the worst of the invalids complained that he knew he was losing strength, because when he came he could walk quite around the entire square, but lately, as soon as he got half around, he had to turn and come back.

However, the young people who were not invalids were in ecstacies. There were picnics and excursions and walking parties and moonlight drives, when Mr. Foxwood, surveying the start from the piazza and gazing at the bright young faces, would remark cynically, "Good heavens! one would think you were starting out on a party of pleasure!" The natives of the vicinity offered unique entertainment in the local color of their speech and opinions. It was seldom that an excursion returned without some bonmots from a rustic to carry back for a dinner anecdote during the city winter. It was thought Van Etten had secured rather the cream of these, when he came across a native stonecutter whose direct business was the making of gravestones. He had gravely assured Van Etten that he thought of changing his profession and going to the city. "The trouble with monements," he explained, "is that yer can't never secure any one man fur a regerlar customer!"

Yes, the young people were happy. For there were piazzas and dancing and college songs, in addition to the woods and the tennis; and then there was Arthur Penrhyn.

Arthur Penrhyn was young, he was handsome, he was rich, he was aristocratic, he was devoted. True, he was also married; but his wife had left in July to take care of a sick friend in the city, and Mr. Penrhyn, in her absence, did not mope. Moreover, he had a dogcart. "Yes, it was rather a nice affair," he used to confess with pride; "I'm not too proud to go without a dogcart, but I am too proud to have a shabby one." And he never drove out alone; some one was always invited to share the drive. Moreover, he was a capital tennis player, a good talker, a rather remarkable musician and a thoroughly fine fellow. In other words he was, in summer hotel parlance, "ready for any thing."

There were those, including Miss Deblois, who thought he was too ready, and that if poor Mrs. Penrhyn knew, she would shorten her ministrations to her invalid friend. Nothing more definite was ever brought up against him than that he seemed to be "carrying on." He was not guilty of pronounced devotion to any one of the fair belles. Each had her turn in the dogcart, and there came a day when Miss Deblois herself was subjected to a painful decision between maintaining a just consistency and going to drive with Mr. Penrhyn herself.

After much reflection she decided that the long, quiet drive would give her an excellent opportunity to sow good seed in Mrs. Penrhyn's absence. So she went—and sowed, but the only harvest she reaped was a second invitation when her turn came around again, after a goodly number of pretty girls had been content to go to drive without sowing. What she sowed was not known; and it was probably the imperceptibility of any particular harvest that led her to accept the second invitation to herself, and so apparently to encourage the delightful Arthur in "carrying on."

"Is your wife coming today?" she asked primly at the breakfast table one morning, when a date that she had heard mentioned had come around with the whirligig of time.

"Alas, no!" and Miss Deblois was thankful that at least the cheerful Arthur had the grace to suspend an animated conversation with Miss Howe and sigh. "She finds she must stay another week, and she has sent for another of her dresses. I found the skirt, but I am in despair about the waist; I can't find it anywhere, and she is in a great hurry for it."

"Oh, well," said Van Etten, "if she is in a hurry, just pack up the skirt and send it off in haste. Haste, you know, always brings waist."

When the second date that had been fixed for Mrs. Penrhyn's arrival came around, however, it was announced that she was really to arrive. Miss Deblois noticed with pleasure—at least she said it was with pleasure—that at any rate Mr. Penrhyn gave up a game of tennis to go in the dogcart himself to the station to meet his wife. Poor thing! How little she knew! It was to be hoped he would at least have the grace to cease "carrying on" in her very presence.

"And so pretty!" sighed Miss Deblois, as she peeked through the blind when the dogcart drove up, and caught a glimpse of a lovely little lady habited most stylishly in dark blue cloth with a very becoming hat and dark blue feathers, who smiled brightly as she glanced up at the house as if conscious what might be lurking behind closed blinds. "How could he desert her so?"

In strict truth it was Mrs. Penrhyn who might have been said to desert Mr. Penrhyn under the circumstances. But Miss Deblois never recognized circumstances. If his wife had to be away it was Mr. Penrhyn's duty to mope. And he had not moped. Moped, indeed!

As the Penrhyns came out on the piazza a few minutes before tea, Mr. Penrhyn introduced his wife to occasional groups, and especially to Miss Howe.

"And are you the Miss Howe who plays tennis so splendidly?" asked Mrs. Penrhyn, with a cordial smile.

"Poor thing! she knows," murmured Miss Deblois. "Who could have told her?"

"Perhaps he told her himself," remarked Van Etten grimly. "You know there was always a letter every day."

"From her, yes," answered Miss Deblois, pursing up her lips.

"But people don't go on persistently writing letters unless they are answered, do they?"

"Devoted wives do, frequently," said the lady, with an emphasis as of one who had been a devoted wife for years.

It was soon evident that, whoever might be the guilty informant, Mrs. Penrhyn "knew all," as Miss Deblois would have expressed it. Every name was evidently familiar to her, and she knew just what incidents were connected with every name. It was Miss Howe who played tennis so well, and Miss Newton who sang so many German songs, and Miss Lewis who had made Arthur that charming smoking cap, and Miss de Peyster who had found those beautiful ferns in the drive through the woods, and Mrs. Malcolm who had shown her husband that lovely view from a remote hill, and Miss Deblois herself who played whist so well that Arthur had been beguiled into playing long after midnight. They must have a rubber that very evening. It was evident that she knew all.

But she had her revenge. The devotion of Mr. Penrhyn to the crowd was nothing to the devotion now of the crowd to Mrs. Penrhyn. They might pity her while she was away, but when she was present she worked her own sweet will. No plans were made without consulting her, no entertainment was complete without her presence. One touch of her hand on the piano, and around it would gather old men, young men, collegians, professors, married men, widowers and bachelors, to say nothing of the troop of bright young girls who admired her as only young girls can admire.

And if Mr. Penrhyn had never concentrated his devotion upon, however unpardonable the amount of devotion he scattered generally, Mrs. Penrhyn, if she wanted revenge, had all she could attend to in the single hearted devotion of her greatest admirer. For there was one gentleman who seemed aware of little but Mrs. Penrhyn's presence. It was he who walked with her, drove with her, talked with her, listened to her, played for her on the piano, with her in tennis and against her at whist. If it were a solitary drive, she was the solitary lady who took it, and if it were a party, she it was who made up the party and decided what other ladies were to go. No other young married lady had ever "carried on" so before at Lawton's. It was he who suggested her shawl, went for the shawl, wrapped it around her shoulders, read to her, promenaded the piazza with her, took long strolls with her.

"She can't be promising to be a sister to him, of course," remarked Van Etten as the two came up the walk one day. "Looks very much as if she were promising to be a widow to him."

Nor did the attraction wear out in the least. It lasted till the very last moment, when Mrs. Penrhyn's trunks were all packed, and when her admirer drove her to the station and actually went with her to the city on the same train!

For this ardent admirer of Mrs. Penrhyn was Mr. Penrhyn, her husband.—Alice Willington Rollins in Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Suggestion.

He—I've often wished I had a sister.
She—Why don't you propose to some nice girl?—Truth.

One of the Firm.

"Who's the 'Co.' in your firm?" asked Smasher of his friend the grocer.

"My wife."

"Ah, she's a silent partner, is she?"

The grocer rubbed his chin for a moment.

"Well," he replied, in some doubt, "she ain't so all fired silent, when you come to think of it."—Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Helped.

Soak—Do you always pay as you go?
Freshby—Always.
Soak—Why?
Freshby—Because they won't let me go without.—Brooklyn Life.

A Great Record.

He—I am very proud of this horse. He only lost one race last season.
She—Dear me! How many times did he run?
He—Once.—Tit-Bits.

True Hospitality.

Jones (who has been roughing it lately, to Hostess)—I assure you this is the first decent meal I've had for six weeks.
Hostess (genially)—I'm so glad.—Punch.

Disproved.

Hojack—The sparrow is a very courageous bird.
Tomdik—Nonsense! Any restaurant keeper can make him quail.—Life.

A Wise Boniface.

The proprietor of a restaurant in Paris recently issued the following notice: "Being desirous of honoring the Russians, who are the country's guests, I have decided to change the name of this establishment, and by the use of a single apostrophe to transform it from the Cafe Divan into the Cafe d'Ivan."—Paris Figaro.

A Clever Pet Monkey.

Commander R. D. Evans has on board his ship a pet monkey. The greatest dainty which can be given the monkey is a Malaga grape, and in order to test her agility all sorts of devices are resorted to. On one occasion a grape attached to a slender string was dangling from a yardarm at a distance of eight feet above the deck. After several futile efforts to bridge the distance by a jump, the monkey retired to a corner and apparently gave up the game. The officers laughed and declared the commander would be a heavy loser by his bets wagered on Ginny. Finally one of the number, a six footer, passed under the swinging fruit and paused a moment to look up. Like an arrow from the bow, the monkey darted from the corner, jumped on the officer's shoulder and with one flying leap upward had secured the prize.—Kate Field's Washington.

In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending.

CLIMBING THE LADDER.

Commodore Ramsey Will Soon Be Promoted to the Rank of Rear Admiral.

When Admiral Benham is retired from the navy for age on April 10, Commodore Francis M. Ramsey will be promoted to the rank of rear admiral. Commodore Ramsey has been stationed at Washington as chief of the bureau of navigation of the navy department since Oct. 19, 1889, when he was transferred to the bureau from the command of the Brooklyn navy yard by President Harrison. He was born in the District of Columbia April 5, 1835, and will consequently himself reach the retiring age in 1897. The commodore has been in the navy since 1850, when he was appointed a midshipman from Pennsylvania and went to the Annapolis academy for a year. His first sea service was aboard the frigate St. Lawrence in the Pacific squadron, and he served in the same squadron as passed midshipman on the frigate Merrimac, which was afterward converted into the famous Confederate ironclad.

COMMODORE RAMSEY.

Promoted master and then lieutenant in 1858, he was made lieutenant commander July 16, 1862, when he took command of the ironclad Choctaw in the Mississippi squadron, which participated in some important engagements, notably the expedition up the Yazoo river to destroy the navy yard at Yazoo City, and the battles at Liverpool Landing, Milliken's Bend and the siege of Vicksburg. In 1864-5 he commanded the gunboat Unadilla in the north Atlantic squadron, and was in the engagements at Fort Fisher, Fort Anderson and other forts on the Cape Fear river and took part in the capture of Richmond.

After the war he was for a time in charge of the department of gunnery at the naval academy. He was promoted commander in 1866 and was fleet captain and chief of staff on the flagship Guerriere in the south Atlantic squadron from 1867 to 1869. He was afterward on ordnance duty at the navy yard and in the bureau of ordnance at Washington and in 1876 was appointed inspector of ordnance at the Brooklyn yard.

He was in command of the cruiser Boston from the day she was first put in commission, May 2, 1887, until February, 1889, when he succeeded Admiral Gherardi in command of the navy yard at Brooklyn, only to be called a few months later to Washington, where he has since remained.

A RATTLING RADICAL.

Henry Labouchere Is a Free Lance In Literature and Politics.

Henry Labouchere, editor of London Truth and leader of the extreme Radicals in the house of commons, is as great a free lance in politics as he is in journalism. He is always a thorn in the side of the ministry, whether it be of the Liberal party, to which he acknowledges a limited sort of allegiance, or of the Conservatives, to whom he is in perpetual and belligerent opposition. His audacity and undauntable courage give him a prominence in the commons which is almost entirely personal, and his radicalism makes him and his faction an awkward factor to reckon with in times of close calculation. Politically he is the representative of the coming democracy, and if he is not the trusted leader of the English people he comes nearer being their spokesman than any other man and has the courage to express their convictions more fearlessly.

Either from a political or journalistic standpoint the personality of Mr. Labouchere is one of the most interesting in England. Underneath his exterior of carelessness, callousnous and flippancy there is a very strong, tenacious and clear sighted man. He is one of the most thorough radicals that ever breathed—a radical by instinct, hating shams, fripperies and ostentatious display. He is an individualist without compromise or concession. He has no faith save in the survival of the fittest.

Probably no journal in the world is more closely identified with its editor than London Truth. It is rarely mistaken in its statements, seldom stoops to petty scandal, is often bitter, caustic and spiteful, but always it is brainy and brilliant. It has the touch of genius which makes its abuse politely trenchant and adds cleverness to its flippancy. Nothing could be more entertaining than the charming courtesy with which Labouchere skillfully flays a victim and then delicately dusts his wounds with verbal pepper and salt. And it pays, for its editor's income from this source alone is said to be over $50,000 a year. It has paid from the start, for the first number of Truth, issued in 1877, was a money maker.

LABOUCHERE ADDRESSING THE COMMONS.

Labouchere is the eldest son of the late John Labouchere of Broome Park, Surrey. He was born in 1831 and was educated at Eton and Cambridge—that is to say, he spent two years at Trinity college, during which he distinguished himself chiefly by his perpetual rows with the college authorities. After leaving Cambridge he traveled in Mexico and the United States and then got into the English diplomatic service and was successively attache at Washington, Munich, Stockholm, Frankfort, St. Petersburg, Dresden and Constantinople. In 1864 he was elected to parliament for the borough of Windsor, but was unseated for having hired too many committee rooms. He was elected for Middlesex in 1867, defeated in Nottingham in 1874 and returned for Northampton in 1888, which borough he still represents.

Has His Revenge.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Reggy Merriman, "ha! ha! ha!" and he stuffed another suit into his overcrowded valise.

"Well, old man," said his college chum, who was helping him pack, "what do you find so funny in your thoughts just now? A penny for them!"

"Oh, they're worth more—they're rich—such a joke! Ha! ha!"

"Explain, or I'll dump the contents of this valise on the floor again."

"Do you see that box?"

"Yes, old man; what of it?"

"It's full of Christmas presents."

"Oh, come off; you're crowding the season."

"Wait a bit. They're my Christmas presents. That's the joke. Say?"

"Yes, old man."

"You know I have a cousin Jenny in Jackson?"

"Yes."

"She's in the joke; and there's my married sister Em at Lansing, and Bob's wife at Pontiac, and Lil and Kate—they are other fellows' sisters. Oh, how I do love those girls, and they, every one, will get a Christmas present out of that box."

"Why, what's in it?"

"The presents they sent me every Christmas for the past six years. Ha! ha!"

"But what are they?"

"Have patience. They'll save me a lot of money."

"Tell me, so I can adopt the same scheme."

"I'll send them back all their own presents. Ha, ha!"

"But, for heaven's sake, what are they?"

"Suspenders, man! Embroidered suspenders! Ha! ha! Revenge is sweet! Ha! ha! ha!"—Detroit Free Press.

Railroads in Siberia.

Siberia, coupled as its name is with stories of Russian barbarity, is not the barren, terrible land of limitless deserts which fiction and the drama have pictured it. The building of the trans-Siberian railway and the extension of lines along the northern frontier of China will greatly change the entire drama of civilization. The railroad from Vladivostock to the Ural mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg, and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunities for new and striking development.

Russia's enterprise stimulates that of China, not only as a matter of competitive ambition, but for strategic reasons. The railways now being surveyed and completed with the Celestial empire are numerous, and to this end many foreign engineers are employed. Soldiers and convicts are largely employed as workmen, thus cheapening the cost of labor as far as possible.—Hartford Globe.

A Cake Walk at Long Branch.

The cake walk at Long Branch was attended by an appreciative lot of white people from the various hotels, who, in their anxiety to obtain good places, waited in crowds outside the door long before the polite person who had been deputed to gather in the shekels was able to escape from the duties of his regular position and attend to them. When they finally succeeded in getting inside they relieved the exuberance of their feelings by impartially applauding every man, woman or child who crossed the floor, regardless of age, color or previous condition of servitude. The first prize—a large rocking chair—was awarded to Miss Jackson, a slim, dusky maiden in black satin, with a beautiful figure and a very dignified carriage. She never altered her expression one jot from the beginning of the walk to its end. A fortunate couple succeeded in taking the cake, but the gold watch which had been promised as the first prize for gentlemen failed to materialize.—New York Herald.

Lobsters.

During the past three months there were listed in Portland 326,671 live lobsters and 23,756 canned lobsters. When we consider the fact that it takes on an average the meat of fifty lobsters to fill one dozen cans, and that the above figures represent the importation of more than 1,500,000 lobsters in three months at this port alone, we get some idea of the enormous consumption of this article of food in this country, and the old inquiry as to how long this drain upon the rich resources of the coast can be stood naturally suggests itself.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his entrailes and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent medicine of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign distribution imparted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

Call'r (looking at a picture)—Does your mamma paint? Little Son—Yes; but she is through with that an' is puttin' on the powder now. She'll be down in a minute.

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.

OVERCOME OPPOSITION.

"Knowledge overcomes ignorance as sunlight darkness." In the same way ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have overcome the prejudice of people who are opposed to every remedy of the kind. Their success is testified to on every hand by those who have used them and those who have seen them used.

For more than thirty years they have won the highest praise from people of every nationality in every country. Sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion, stiff and sore muscles have told of their value, and friends who have seen the relief and returning health have added their praise of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. The result has been that opposition has ceased and they stand supreme.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS can always be relied upon.

The milk of human kindness
Is never under ban;
Though oft, through human kindness,
It tastes some of the can.

For bronchial and asthmatic complaints and coughs and colds "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

This spring's particular fad is evidently to be the formation of companies for milking power out of running water and peddling it by electricity.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

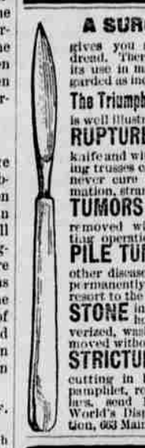
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, first feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE



gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or Breach, is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

Bee Supplies.

SEEDS.

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

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

—SHOULD PUT—

GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER

Into their platform. To use it is a measure of health, pleasure and economy.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE equals custom work, costing from $4 to $5, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for *Illustrated Catalogue* giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

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.

WE WANT YOU TO WORK FOR US thus making $12 TO $35 PER WEEK; parties preferred who can furnish a horse and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary; a few vacancies in towns and cities; spare hours may be used to good advantage. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 11th and Main streets, Richmond, Va.

J P. N. U. No 543 S F N U. No. 620

IF YOU WANT TO FEEL A PERFECT CURE PROMPTLY, OF LUMBAGO, ST. JACOBS OIL WILL DO IT AS NOTHING ELSE CAN DO.

DROP IT IF YOUR BUSINESS DOES NOT PAY. Chickens are easily and successfully raised by using the **Petaluma Incubators** and **Brooders.** Our illustrated catalogue tells all about it. Don't buy any but the Petaluma if you want strong, vigorous chicks. We are Pacific Coast Headquarters for Bone and Clover Cutters, Markers, Books, Caponizing Tools, Fountains, Flood's Roup Cure, Morris Poultry Cure, Creosozone the great chicken-lice killer and every other article required by poultry raisers. See the machines in operation at our exhibit with the Norwalk Ostrich Farm, Midwinter Fair, hatching ostriches and all kinds of eggs. Catalogue free if you want it, write to us. PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., 750—752—754—756 Main street, Petaluma, Cal.

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE

SAPOLIO

GALVANIZED **WIRE NETTING,**

24, 30, 36, 48 and 72 Inches Wide.

1 CENT SQUARE FOOT.

O. B. STUBBS,

Hay Forks, Rakes, Scythes,

289 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND, OREGON.

Cut this advertisement out, and send it when you write.

Printed with Jaenecke-Ullman Ink. PALMER & REY, Agents.

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

Mrs. A. C. Medlock
Orleans, Ind.

Good Reason for Faith

Cured of Scrofula by Hood's

Scrofula permeates humanity. It is thoroughly infused into the blood. Scarcely a man is free from it, in one form or another. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula promptly, surely, permanently. Thousands of people say so. For instance, read this:

"I am justified in thinking Hood's Sarsaparilla a splendid medicine by own experience with it. I was a great sufferer from scrofula, having dreadful sores in my ears and on my head, sometimes like large boils, discharging all the time. My husband insisted that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Of the first bottle

My Appetite Improved,

and I felt somewhat better. So I bought another bottle, and by the time it was half gone the scrofula had entirely disappeared. I am now entirely free from scrofula and was never in better health. Hood's Sarsaparilla also cured me of a terrible pain in my side, caused by neuralgia of the heart." MRS. A. C. MEDLOCK, Orleans, Indiana.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, ja