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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE OLD PENSIONER.

I had a chair at every hearth,
When no one turned to see
With "Look at that old fellow there,
And who may he be?"
And therefore do I wander on,
And the fret lies on me.
The roadside trees kept murmuring,
Ah, wherefore murmur ye,
As in the old days long gone by,
Green oak and poplar tree?
The well known faces are all gone,
And the fret lies on me.
—W. B. Yeats.

A SPASM OF ENERGY.

Steve Kirk was pursuing his usual avocation. Now Steve claimed to be a fisherman, but his method of procedure was not as laid down by Isaak Walton, for Steve would bait his hook, throw it out into the river, jab the end of the pole into the bank, and then lie down in the shade and philosophize.

Steve was long on philosophy and short on energy. Not that Steve was lazy—men of his class are never lazy. But from some cause never yet explained, they cannot find the energy to begin work. It takes more energy to begin a task than it does to complete it. Steve had just enough energy to do the work and none to spare in beginning it.

Steve lived in a little cabin in a small clearing about a half mile from the river. The nearness of the river, not the fertility of the soil, was the consideration that moved Steve to pitch his habitation where he did. But truth compels the statement that Steve did not do the clearing. He was willing, but he could not muster enough energy to begin the work. So Mrs. Kirk, assisted by her daughter Mirandy, felled the papaw trees and cleared the underbrush. Under Steve's able superintendence kind neighbors had rolled the logs for the cabin, and thus the Kirks had a home. Mrs. Kirk did not live long to enjoy it, for the miasmic mist that arose in clouds from the river was more than she could endure, and she was soon asleep in a grave on the edge of the clearing within sight of the humble cabin door. Mirandy—tawny haired, supple and comely Mirandy—took upon her young shoulders the burden laid down by her tired mother, and became her father's housekeeper, drudge and companion.

She was only sixteen, but upon the little clearing she raised enough corn for the winter's stock of pone, and potatoes for dessert. Wild plums and grapes served for sauce, and enough were sold to supply the simple wants of herself and father in the way of clothes.

The hogs that fattened on the nuts in bluffs and the fish that perished in hanging to the hook when Steve wound up his line to go home furnished the supply of meat.

If Mirandy ever longed for another sphere of life she kept her longings secret. It is not likely that she had any longings of the kind, for she was born in just such a cabin, in just such a clearing, on just such a river, in just such a country. And amid these surroundings Mirandy was living out her life of drudgery and ignorance.

"Et do appear tuh me," said Steve, as with half closed eyes he watched his cork floating on the placid surface of the sluggish river, "thet things in this world ain't ekil." This was a common result of Steve's philosophical moods.

"Et do seem th' harder I work th' poorer I gets."

Steve thought he was a galley slave. That is, had Steve known anything about galley slaves he would have thought so. So Steve settled back after this bit of characteristic philosophy and dozed again.

"Hello!" suddenly called a young man who had appeared on the opposite bank. "Is the fishing good around here?"

Steve mustered up enough energy to open his eyes and assume a sitting posture.

"Uh?" said he.

"I say, is it good fishing around here?"

"I reckon," said Steve, cautiously, "that it air ez good round hyar ez it air enywhar. Yer kyant ketch much fish, but it air a good place ter set in ther shade an watch yer cork."

The young man laughed and asked if there was a way to cross.

"In course there air," said Steve. "It ain't too deep ter wade, an ef yer erfraid er gettin yer feet wet yer kin cross on the foot log a small spell furder down."

"I think I prefer crossing dry shod," said the young man. He went to the foot-log and soon appeared by Steve's side. He was a handsome young fellow, dressed in a hunting suit of corduroy, and carrying a silver mounted fishing rod and a breech-loading gun. The two men gazed at each other for a moment, the one with a half amused smile on his face, the other with an expression of indolent curiosity. Finally the young man asked.

"Do you live near here?"

"'Bout er half er mile back," said Steve, jerking his head in the direction of the cabin.

The young man jointed his rod and baited his hook, and his float was soon resting in close proximity to Steve's. They fished in silence for a few moments and then the young man asked:

"Rather a poor country to live in, is it not?"

"Not fur them as kyant get erway," said Steve.

"How long have you lived here?"

"Four year."

"Why don't you move to a better country?"

"Kyant, and don't wanter."

"That's a double reason."

Then Steve, thinking it was his turn to ask a few questions, sat up and began questioning the stranger.

"Whar air ye frum?"

"St. Louis."

"W'atcher doin in these parts?"

"Taking my summer outing."

"Huh?"

"Taking my summer outing, vacation, lay off; see?

The word "lay" had a familiar sound to Steve, and he thought he saw. So they fished until the sun was low in the west. Suddenly the young man remembered that he was a stranger in a strange land, and the matter of a night's lodging came up in his mind for consideration. Turning to Steve, he asked:

"Say, I do not care to sleep in the open air tonight. Can you not give me a bed at your home if I will pay you for the trouble?"

"Dunno; yer'll have ter ask Mirandy?"

"Who is Mirandy, your wife?"

"Nope; darter. Wife iz dead."

"Well, let us go and see Mirandy," and Steve agreeing the two men wound up their lines and trudged through the underbrush toward the clearing.

Mirandy was sitting in the cabin door when the two men appeared at the edge of the clearing, and at the sight of the young man she hastily covered her bare feet with her tattered dress and smoothed the tawny hair that fell in tangled masses about her shoulders. A ruddy glow burned in her sun browned cheeks as the young stranger doffed his hat and bowed with the grace of a Chesterfield. It was the first time a man had ever lifted his hat to her.

"This young feller wants ter stay hyar all night," said Steve, "an I told him he'd hafter ask you erbout et."

"I—we—we ain't got much, mister," stammered Mirandy, "an I—we"——

"I assure you anything is preferable to sleeping in the open air," said the young man with another bow.

"Well, if yer can sleep with pap an put up with what we uns do, I guess yer kin stay."

The frugal supper of corn pone, bacon and black coffee was soon ready and quickly disposed of by the three. They sat in front of the cabin by the starlight and watched the slowly rising river mist until time to retire. Steve slept the sleep of those who toil, but sleep forsook the eyes of Mirandy and the young man. The former's thoughts were far different from the latter's.

When morning had come the young man's mind was made up. As the three were eating breakfast he said:

"I would like to remain here a week or two, and if you will allow me to board with you during that time I will pay you well. My name is Arthur Jones, and I am in business in St. Louis."

"It air jest as Mirandy says," was Steve's reply.

"If pap's willin I air," said Mirandy. And thus it was agreed that Jones should remain.

At first the young man's rod and gun furnished welcome additions to the scant larder, but ere many days had passed his rod and gun were forsaken, and he found plenty of excuses to remain near the cabin while Steve, unsuspecting Steve, was dozing by the river's side. His soft voice found a ready listener in Mirandy, and his stories of city life were revelations to the ignorant girl. He told of the opera, of balls, of silks and satins, and awoke in the unsuspecting girl's heart a longing to see and participate in the gay scenes.

"Why don't you leave this Godforsaken country and go to St. Louis?" asked Jones one afternoon. "Your ruddy beauty would astonish our pale city belles."

"What would er ignerent country girl like me do in St. Looey?"

"You need not long remain ignorant. Besides your beauty would cover your ignorance, just as it covers a multitude of sins possessed by society belles."

And thus the web was woven about the girl. The two weeks lengthened into six, and still the young man remained. One morning Steve started for the river. A he disappeared in the underbrush the young man turned to Mirandy and said:

"Now is our time."

When evening came Steve strolled home from the river, but Mirandy was nowhere to be seen.

Steve wondered at this. And when he stepped into the deserted cabin his wonder grew. He looked for the stranger's rod and gun. They were gone. He looked for Mirandy's Sunday dress. It, too, was gone. And then across Steve's sluggish mind stole the awful truth. When its full realization dawned upon him it changed his whole being. The dull eyes brightened and the stooped shoulders straightened. His face, so long dull, changed to a look of dogged determination. Then he took from the wall the old fashioned revolver that he had carried with Marmaduke, and after carefully loading it he put it in his pocket and started blindly through the underbrush, walking with long and rapid strides. He turned his course toward northeast, for he knew that many miles away in that direction was the great city to which his child had been lured. No thought of fatigue or hardship entered his mind. Distance was no object. His whole thought was on Mirandy and the villain who had stolen her from him.

No one ever knew how Steve reached St. Louis, but reach it he did after nights of fatigue and hunger. His clothes hung in rags about his gaunt form; his shoes had fallen from his feet and left them to be torn and bruised by the thorns and stones that beset his patch. Steve knew nothing of police, so he did not ask their aid in his search. For weeks he tramped the streets. Day and night he wandered, eating crusts and sleeping on the wharves when he ate and slept at all. The chilling blasts pierced his rags, but he minded them not.

One night his feet strayed down one of the great residence streets of the city. In front of one of the handsome residences an awning was stretched from door to curb, and on the pavement a motley crowd was gathered. Steve stopped, prompted by he knew not what, and as he gazed a carriage drove up and a man in livery opened its door. From the carriage stepped a form that seemed familiar. It was followed by that of a young lady dressed as a bride, and arm in arm the two started across the pavement. Steve stepped closer, and his eyes recognized the smiling young man as—Jones.

With a cry like a wounded panther Steve sprang through the crowd and confronted the bridal couple. The groom's face became an ashen gray and the bride shrieked faintly as they gazed on the haggard face and tattered form of the intruder.

"Whar's my Mirandy?"

"I know nothing of you or Mirandy," said the young man.

"You lie! You stole her from me, an I want 'er back!"

"I tell you I know nothing of her. She followed me to St. Louis, and when she found I would have nothing to do with her she went to the bad. She is a"——

There was a flash and a loud report. Then came the dull sound of a body falling, and all was excitement.

Steve stole away undetected and hurried toward the river. As he ran he heard a voice.

"Pap!"

Turning he beheld his Mirandy. She had seen the shot fired that killed her betrayer and had followed her father.

"Pap!"

"Mirandy!"

And the two were locked in each others arms, Mirandy with haggard face, disheveled hair and scanty raiment; Steve with fiery eyes, gaunt form and tattered clothes. Was not she his daughter—his only child—in spite of all?"

"Take me home, pap!"

Seizing her hand Steve turned his face toward the southwest.

Steve still sits by the river.—Will M. Maupin in Omaha World-Herald.

In the Police Court.

They are trying a young good for nothing, who, notwithstanding his youth, has already been condemned five or six times.

"You are young," said the judge; "you might work. Who leads you in this terrible path of vice which has already caused you to be condemned so many times? Bad companions without doubt."

"Bad companions!" replied the young reprobate. "Perhaps. I have passed most of my life with magistrates."—Boston Courier.

Sight and Hearing.

"There's nothing more pleasing than a carefully mowed lawn," said the landscape gardener.

"Well, it depends."

"On what?"

"On whether you are looking at it or listening to it."—Washington Star.

Symptoms.

Mr. Samson Bones—An how's yer little Lizzie dis mornin?

Mrs. White—Lor, Mr. Bones, dat fool chile just done nearly scar me to deff. She done try ter swaller her rubber ball. I'd nebber knowed she was chokin if she hadn't growed so brack in de face.—Truth.

Colonel R. C. Pate, of St. Louis, is about to inaugurate winter racing in the City of Mexico on an extensive scale. He has obtained all needed concessions through President Diaz.

THE FARM AND GARDEN

Selections in the Interest of Farmers Who Read.

A BIG LEAK IS DISCOVERED.

What a Young Farmer Who Allows No One to Lead Him Very Long in Anything Pertaining to First-Class Farming Does in Such a Case.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman writes: "A dairyman who is using a separator said one of his neighbors believed he could obtain equally as good results from the old method, providing his milk stood long enough to become sour. He may have had some misgivings, however, for he brought to the first dairyman who owns a Babcock milk-tester a sample of his skim milk. He took a sample of his milk that had been run through the separator, in which he found practically not a trace of fat, while his neighbor's tested fully 1 per cent. 'Whew!' he said, 'how much am I losing at that rate?' 'How many pounds of milk do you have daily?' 'About 700 pounds.' 'Then you are losing seven pounds a day or more.' He did not stand around long to 'talk politics,' but was seen taking rapid strides toward home. The last heard from him he was soliloquizing after this manner: 'Now, young man, I want to know what you are going to do? Here you are losing about seven pounds of butter a day. You know very well you cannot afford such a big leak as that; but then a separator costs money, and times are awfully close this spring and we must curtail expenses wherever we can. Yes, I know; but just look at it; seven pounds a day; 210 pounds a month at 20 cents, $42. How many months will it take to lose enough to buy a separator?' Just then the horn blew for dinner, and the next news we hear from him his neighbor is summoned to appear at 5 A. M. sharp with a Babcock tester to test his entire herd. Those who know this young farmer best have no fears of his 'going daft,' for he allows no one to lead him very long in anything pertaining to first-class farming."

Feather-Eating a Habit.

Experience teaches me that feather-eating is merely a habit into which fowls get when eating soft food. The fowls get the food on their bills, throw their heads to clean their bills, and thus get the food on their feathers. Fowls pick at everything that looks like eatables; so when they have cleaned their platter they clean one another's feathers, and as there is more food on their heads than elsewhere, they pick there for the food and thus pick the feathers. I bought some eggs of a neighbor whose hens picked feathers so badly that their heads and necks were bare and often bleeding. This neighbor always feeds soft food once a day. I attributed the feather-eating to the soft food clinging to their feathers, and set the eggs regardless of consequences. I had a fine lot of chicks. They grew into layers. We had plenty of wheat at that time, and I gave the soft food a rest for six months and fed only grain. There was no feather-eating going on among those hens. With the first mess of soft food I gave them began the habit of feather-eating, and it was kept up until I left off feeding soft food and fed grain. This last winter I fed grain to my hens. There was no feather-eating among them. This spring I fed soft food, and they went to eating feathers. The hens I have now are Brown Leghorns. Those formerly kept were mostly the Black Spanish. I never have any trouble with feather-eating except when feeding soft food. The continual feeding of soft food makes feather-eating habit a strong one, and I have found only the one remedy, that of feeding hard food.—New York Tribune.

The Cabbage Worm.

For the hateful cabbage worms, of which there are three kinds, each worse than the other, many methods of treatment have been recommended. One is to dissolve saltpeter in water and sprinkle the solution on the plants. Another is to scatter bran or fine middlings on the leaves. This has the merit of being effective in wet or damp weather, as the worms are covered by the sticky paste and made helpless. Another remedy is to sprinkle insect powder on the worms, and a different kind of powder is the so-called "slug shot." Dry coal ashes are also recommended, as well as plaster made odorous by carbolic acid. Other victims of its ravenous appetite for the tenderest kinds of cabbages and cauliflowers especially think the most effective treatment is to pick them off by hand. Sometimes all ways are best, but here is the list of methods to choose from. It helps to catch the butterflies with a small hand net on a handle four feet long, for every mature insect caught makes a hundred worms less to fight. For a small garden for family use only it will pay to cut up a web of mosquito net into squares large enough to cover a plant and use these as protection, leaving a few plants unprotected on which the butterflies may lay their eggs, and the young worms may be killed wholesale by Paris green.—Colman's Rural World.

Good Advice.

Lady—Ah! how fortunate that we should happen to meet you, doctor. Do you know, we have been suffering some time from—from—I think you term it congestion of the brain, and besides we experience great difficulty in walking. What would you advise us to take now?

Doctor—A cab, ladies; a cab?—Dagens Nyheter.

The water torture is in use in some penitentiaries. It consists in confining the prisoner in a closet too small for him to stir. While he stands water, one drop at a time, is allowed to fall from a faucet on his head. It is said that few persons can endure this punishment for more than an hour.

Displaying a Genius for Trading.

Lewis Strouthbeck left Martinsville three months ago. Up to this time he had been looked upon as a little less than incorrigible lad. He is about sixteen years old. When he left with a lot of gypsies he had a good suit of clothes, and there ended the extent of his possessions. He traded his clothes for an inferior suit and a plug of a horse. Since then he has proven himself an adept at trading, and today he owns a restaurant in Vincennes, five horses, and clothes to wear to church.—Indianapolis Journal.

There's not much fuss when Warren Antill of Henry county, Ky., wants to move. His house is on wheels, and he has a traction engine to pull it.

The amount of silk produced by each spider is so small that Reaumur computes that 663,522 would be required to produce a pound of thread.

Galvanized iron is ordinary iron which has been dropped into molten zinc and retains a surface coating of the zinc when removed.

THE PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat Market.

Export values are given nominally at 77½@80c per cental for Valley, and 70@72½c per cental for Walla Walla wheat. Harvesting will begin about the 20th or 25th in the Walla Walla country. The Big Bend and Palouse countries are from four to six weeks later. The prospects are for a large crop.

Produce Market.

FLOUR—Standard brands are quoted as follows: Portland, Salem, Cascadia and Dayton, $2.65 per barrel; Walla Walla, $2.90; Snowflake, $2.70; Corvallis, $2.50; Pendleton, $2.50; graham, $2.40; and superfine, $2.25.

OATS—Steady at 36@37c per bushel for white and 35c for gray. Rolled oats are quoted as follows: Bags, $5.75@6.00; barrels, $6.00@6.25; cases, $3.75.

MILLSTUFFS — Bran, $15@17; shorts, $16@18; ground barley, $20; chop feed, $15@16; whole feed barley, $17 per ton; middlings, $23@28 per ton; chicken wheat, 65c@$1 per cental.

HAY—Good, $10@12 per ton.

BUTTER—Quotations are as follows: Oregon fancy creamery, 20@22½c per pound; fancy dairy, 17½@20c; fair to good, 12½@15c; common, 9@10c.

CHEESE — Oregon 11½@12½c per pound; young America, 13½@14½c; Swiss, imported, 30@32c; domestic, 16@18c.

EGGS—The market is lower, 12½@15c being quoted, the latter price for candled stock.

POULTRY — All quotations are very weak. Old chickens are worth from $2.50 to $3 per dozen. Young are worth from $2.00 to 2.50, according to size. There is no demand for old ducks or geese. Young ducks are quoted at $3.00@4.50, and young geese, $6.00@8.00. Turkeys are slow at 8@10c.

ONIONS—New California red, 1c per pound; yellow, 1¼c per pound. The market is weak.

POTATOES—Firm. Quoted at 85@90c per sack. New Oregon sell readily at ¾@1c per pound.

VEGETABLES—Tomatoes and cucumbers are scarce. Oregon cabbage, 40@60c per dozen; California cabbage, $1.60 per cental; cauliflower, $2.60 per crate, $1.00 per dozen; parsley, 40c per dozen; string beans, 4@5c per pound; wax beans, $1.50 per box; asparagus, 60@65c per dozen; peas, 3½@5c per pound; cucumbers, $1.25 per small box, $2.25@2.50 per large box; California tomatoes, $1 per 25-pound crate; corn 35c per dozen; egg plant, 10c per pound; green peppers, 12½@15c per pound.

BERRIES — Strawberries, 4@5c per pound; raspberries, 5@6c per pound; blackberries, 8@15c per pound; currants, 4@5c.

TROPICAL FRUIT — Bananas are slow sale. California fancy lemons, $4.50; common, $2.00@3.00; Sicily, $6.00@6.25; Mediterranean Sweets, $3.50@3.25; St. Michael, $3.25@3.50 per box; bananas, $1.75@2.50 per bunch; Honolulu, $1.75@2.50; seedlings, $3.00@3.25; pineapples, Honolulu, $3.00@3.50; sugar loaf, $5.

FRESH FRUIT—The supply at present is large. Oregon cherries, 15@50c per box; California cherries, 60@90c per 10-pound crate for black; apricots, 80@90c per 25-pound box; California apples, $1.25 per 60-pound box; 75c per 25-pound box; peaches, 50@90c per box; plums and prunes, 90c per box; Bartlett pears, $1 per box; grapes, $1.35 per 20-pound crate.

DRIED FRUITS — 1893 pack, Petite prunes, 6@8c; silver, 10@12c; Italian, 8@10c; German, 6@8c; plums, 6@10c; evaporated apples, 8@10c; evaporated apricots, 15@16c; peaches, 12@14c; pears, 7@11c per pound.

WOOL — Dull. Valley, 9@10c per pound; Umpqua, 9@10c; Eastern Oregon, 5@7c, according to quality and shrinkage.

HOPS—Quiet; 1893, poor to choice, 6@10c. Contracts for new hops are made at 10@12c, according to locality. The present weather is favorable for lice, and whale oil soap is in demand.

PROVISIONS—Eastern hams, medium, —c per pound; large ——c; hams, picnic, 11@12c; breakfast bacon, ——c; short clear sides, 9½c@11c; dry salt sides, 9@10c; dried beef hams, 12½@13c; lard, compound, in tins, 8½@10c; lard, pure, in tins, 10½@11½c; pigs' feet, 80s, $5.50; pigs' feet, 40s, $3.25; kits, $1.25.

Meat Market.

BEEF—Top steers, $2.50@2.75; fair to good steers, $2.00@2.25; cows, $1.75@2.00; dressed, 4@5c per pound.

MUTTON — Best sheep, $1.75@2.00; ewes, $1.60@1.75.

HOGS—Choice, heavy, $4.00; light and feeders, $3.75; dressed, 5c per pound.

VEAL—Small, choice, 5c; large 3@4c per pound.

Merchandise Market.

WHEAT BAGS—Calcuttas, 6¼c, cash.

BEANS—Small white, No. 1, 3½c per pound; No. 2, 3½c; large white, 3½c; pea, 3½c; butter, 3½c; bayou, 3½c; Lima, 4½c.

RICE—Island, $5.00@5.25 per sack.

CORDAGE—Manila rope, 1½-inch, is quoted at 9½c, and Sisal, 7½c per pound.

COFFEE—Costa Rica, 23c; Rio, 22@23c; Salvador, 22c; Mocha, 26½@28c; Arbuckle's Columbia and Lion, $23.80 per 100-pound case.

COAL—Sales are slow and prices steady. Domestic, $5.00@7.50 per ton; foreign, $8.50@11.00.

SUGAR—D, 4⅞c; golden C, 5⅛c; extra C, 5⅜c; confectioners' A, —c; dry granulated, 5⅞c; cube, crushed and powdered, 6⅛c per pound; ¼c per pound discount on all grades for prompt cash; maple sugar, 15@16c per pound.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

FLOUR — Family extras, $3.40@3.50; bakers' extras, $3.30@3.40; superfine, $2.50@2.75.

WHEAT—Business is quiet and slow; No. 1 shipping, 90c, though something fancy might bring 92½c; milling grades, easy, $1.00@1.07½.

BARLEY—Old feed firmly held, some dealers asking an advance on quoted figures; feed, new, 82½@85c; old, 85@87½c; brewing, nominal.

OATS—Very dull; offerings much in excess of the demand and prices rather against sellers than otherwise; milling, $1.22½@1.32½; surprise, $1.37½@1.42½; fancy feed, $1.30@1.32½; good to choice, $1.15@1.25; poor to fair, 1.02½@1.12½; black, nominal; red, nominal; gray, $1.15@1.25.

HOPS—Quiet and nominal at 9@12c per pound.

POTATOES—Large receipts. Early Rose, 30@50c in sacks and 30@55c per cental in boxes; whites, 35@50c in sacks and 40@60c in boxes; sweet potatoes, 2@3c per pound.

ONIONS—Price stationary. Quotable at 55@35c for white.

The Imperial Eagle.

The imperial eagle, the largest of the species known, flies to a height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. It is a native of South America, and its habitat is among the lofty mountains of that country. Its power of flying to high altitudes is only exceeded by the condor of the Andes, which is said to have attained the height of six miles, or within one mile of the greatest height ever attained by a balloon. The eagle sails in the air at heights ranging from three to five miles, and when seen to soar upward by an observer on the earth's surface disappears from sight in about three minutes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Beginning Afresh.

Mr. Vexall (angrily)—I hate a woman who always contradicts everything a man says. If I don't, I'm an idiot.

Mrs. Vexall (sweetly)—Well, dear, I'll turn over a new leaf and commence right now by not contradicting you.—New York Herald.

MIRACLE ON CHANCE.

LOCATING A DEEP BURIED CORPSE BY A DIVINING FLOAT.

A Burning Candle Set Afloat on a Shingle Lodged Over the Place Where the Dead Body Lay—The Old Spaniard Succeeded Where Others Had Failed.

A train crew of the North Pacific Coast railroad brought the news to Sausalito of the discovery of the body of R. H. Sabine, late station agent at Cazadero and the last of the seven unfortunate men who rode to their death on engine No. 9 through the flood wrecked bridge at Cazadero.

They also brought with them the belief that the day of miracles is not past.

An old Spaniard, whom nobody resident on Austin creek seems to know, was the discoverer of the corpse, search for which had been going on uninterruptedly for 15 days. During the prevalence of the high water the searchers worked in boats and from the banks with pike poles and long, sharp pointed iron rods, with which they explored every hole and eddy and every pile of drift and sand bar from the bridge to the point where the creek empties into the Russian river, a distance of nearly seven miles. In the last five days of the search Austin creek had dwindled from the turgid yellow bankful torrent that caused the disaster to the pretty crystal trout stream so well known to anglers and summer idlers. It could be forded almost anywhere by a man equipped with thigh high gum boots or wading stockings, and the water was so clear that the bottom was visible even in pools of four or five feet deep.

Under these conditions the searchers explored the stream so thoroughly that the dead man's brother finally announced that he would abandon the hunt after one more day.

Early the following morning an old Spaniard appeared at Cazadero and by signs induced some of the searchers and railroad hands to accompany him to the scene of the disaster. He could not speak intelligible English, and it was more curiosity over what they considered foolish mummery than any idea of a favorable result that the searchers accompanied him. The old fellow's only equipment for searching consisted of a few ordinary tallow candles and a couple of shingles.

When, after considerable difficulty, the Spaniard had succeeded in having the men point out to him the exact spot where the engine had rested in the bed of the stream after its fatal plunge, he lighted one of his candles, fastened it upright to a shingle with a few drops of its hot grease and set it afloat just where the floor of the cab had spilled its inmates. The shingle was not well ballasted and came to grief almost immediately.

The old fellow prepared a second float with greater care and this time made the sign of the cross with the candle before lighting it. Shingle No. 2 was launched just as the first one had been and went dancing down the ripples without mishap. Led by the Spaniard, the searchers followed along the bank, most of them so impressed by the old man's earnestness as to frown into silence one or two who were inclined to laugh at the strange proceeding.

Past the famous old Bohemian club camp ground, 200 or 300 yards below, the flickering light sailed on its frail raft, avoiding shoals and riffles and snags as though steered by an unseen hand. Half as much more distance down the stream was traversed, and at a bend where the torrent had piled up a long, wide bed of sand and coarse gravel in front of a sunken log or bowlder came the denouement. The water over this bar was scarcely half a foot in depth and appeared to possess nearly as much movement as the current in the main channel.

But, strange to say, the shingle came to a standstill. It turned around two or three times lazily, as though in an eddy, and without making any farther progress down stream drifted slowly to the pebbly beach and stranded.

Attention was about equally divided between the shingle floated candle and the old Spaniard. The latter gave a satisfied grunt, and signing to the searchers to dig under the shingle gravely squatted on the bank and began rolling a cigarette of brown paper and granulated tobacco.

Two shovels were plunged into the gravel without a word of argument, and in a few seconds a hole had been excavated to the depth of 18 or 20 inches. Water flowed in immediately, so discolored by the disturbed earth that the eye could not penetrate it, but the shovelers could feel if they could not see, and one of them, with a frightened look on his face, withdrew his blade, exclaiming, "By George, boys, he's here!"

A dozen willing hands joined in the uncovering after a hand exploration had resulted in the discovery of clothing at the bottom of the hole. The gravel was so firmly packed that extracting the body was a matter of considerable difficulty, but when it was finally drawn out on the beach there was no difficulty in recognizing the well known features of Sabine. Examination disclosed that he had probably received a death wound when the engine went down, and sinking immediately had drifted along the bottom until he lodged on the rapidly forming bar.

Everybody turned to the old Spaniard with eager questions, but he could not or would not speak English enough to give any explanation of himself or his work, although at the hour when the train left he was regarded as a worker of miracles.

The railroad men, who brought the story to the city by the last boat, did not witness the performance, but describe it as told to them by the wide eyed witnesses they met at Cazadero during their lunch hour.

Sabine's body was brought to San Rafael for interment.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Girl at College.

Dress in a woman's college is a matter of much slighter moment than it is popularly supposed to be. The last thing a girl who is in earnest about her education cares for is her gowns, if only they are comfortable and suitable. One girl known to the writer went through an entire college course of four years with four new gowns, and she was well dressed all the time. The expenses of fitting up one's quarters are not so much for a woman as for a man, supposing it to be done at all in the latter's case. The "knowing how," which is characteristic of a woman's fingers, is better than a great many dollars in a man's purse.

The daintiest study parlors the writer has ever seen were two furnished with the most obvious articles of need by the college, and decorated at an additional expense of twenty-six dollars for the two by the girls who had taken them for the year. There is no point of expense in which the woman student has not the advantage of the man student. No matter how little he can live on, she can live on less. When he economizes in dead earnest he goes into a cooking club and eats abominable food because it is cheap. She rigs up a kerosene stove in her own room and does her own cooking, and lives well on a dollar less a week than he does.—Exchange.

Dwight L. Moody.

Dwight L. Moody has had ups and downs. His father died shortly after his birth, and his early childhood was spent in poverty. He was converted in the Mount Vernon Congregational church, Boston, moved to Chicago in 1856, where his first evangelical work was distributing tracts to sailors on the wharves. In 1860 he began his evangelical work as a city missionary. Two years later he was married to Miss Emma Revell. One morning, some time after his marriage, he said to his wife: "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work and is going to send me back to sell boots and shoes again." A day or two later he received ample contributions for his immediate wants.—Philadelphia Press.

There is a newspaper in Kansas edited by a convicted thief, whose chief assistants are a forger and a burglar, and published by a gang of felons. Its office is in the state penitentiary.

Once in a very great while you meet a man who owns a dog and who doesn't think that he is really the most remarkable dog, by Jove, that ever lived.—Somerville Journal.

A prehistoric human skull found at Anniston, Ala., in 1890 measured 34 inches in circumference just above the ears.

FRAUDULENT LOTTERY SCHEMES

Clever Devices and Bogus Circulars by Which Many People Are Being Swindled.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 23, 1894.—Since the Louisiana State Lottery Company removed to Honduras and resumed business under the name of the Honduras National Lottery Company, the patrons of this great concern have been eager bait for clever operators, and every month thousands of people are taken in by lottery schemes which purport to be the original Louisiana State Lottery.

The modus operandi is to send a bunch of tickets to some prominent person, inclosing a complimentary ticket good for $8,000. The party is instructed to sell one-fifth of the ticket to some other well-known prominent person and keep the other fifth for himself. Another condition is that the party must remit $100 in payment for tickets, at least three days before the "drawing."

In order to make the offer appear genuine, a circular of the Honduras National Lottery Company is inclosed with the address of J. H. Lombard & Co., New Orleans, La., carefully stamped in red ink over the address of Paul Conrad, Puerto Cortez, Honduras, C. A., care Central America Express, Port Tampa City, Fla. As a matter of fact, the Honduras National Lottery Company has no such agency in New Orleans and Lombard & Co. never had any connection with this company. The New England States are flooded with the bogus circulars, and a number have already been swindled.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald, June 23.*

Gentlemanly Women.

Women have been Billingsgate fishwomen, and plowed with a cow as a yokefellow, and there was no talk about their "usurping the place of men." They were so like the Billingsgate man and the donkey that the world was not stirred to save them from being unsexed. If the "modern maiden," with an inheritance of refinement and education, and with possibilities far beyond those which the gentle maiden of a hundred years ago, trained to stand straight by being strapped to "backboards," and to converse sweetly by practicing "prime" and "prism," and to make rose conserves and fine lace, could by the wildest stretch of imagination conceive—if, I say, this young woman is going to become a swaggering fop, or a bluff boor, she is throwing away her birthright for a mess of garbage.

Girls, I beg of you; mothers, I implore you, to keep sacred every gentle grace of womanhood. It is your right. Do not let a false social standard or a discouraged heart wrest it from you. If you have leisure, and live in a city, beware how you sink below the manners of a gentleman while you array yourself in the garb of one. The country girl is quite as much in danger. She may be "loud" in her fashions and in her conduct, and I know of no place where there is a more painful exhibition of unwomanliness on the part of young girls than on village streets. A girl who from babyhood is nurtured in the spirit of a noble graciousness, though she live in the humblest cottage, will be a lady always.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Woman Who Loved Poe.

The name of Sarah Helen Whitman will be forever associated with the name of Edgar A. Poe as that of the woman he most passionately loved during life, and who most jealously guarded and defended his memory when he was dead.

Their names will be linked together like the names of Surrey and the fair Geraldine, Byron and Mary Chaworth, Burns and Highland Mary. It is well known that after the death of his child wife, Virginia Clemm, Poe, seeking "surcease of sorrow for his lost Lenore," became engaged to Mrs. Whitman.

But it was not to be. The engagement, for some mysterious reason that has never been clearly explained, was broken off. That Poe was blameless in the matter is proved by Mrs. Whitman's affection for his memory and defense of his character. Scarcely was the dead poet in his long neglected grave when slander and obloquy were heaped upon his memory.

Mrs. Whitman was one of the first to come to the defense, and as has been beautifully said, "she walked backward and threw over his memory the shining mantle of her love." She appeared as his champion whenever he was attacked—whether it was by some penny-a-liner seeking to puff himself into brief notice by abusing Poe, or some silly woman trying to skip into fame on Poe's name.—Eugene L. Didier in Chautauquan.

Easy Enough to Please a Man.

A man may perhaps look bored if he is talking to a woman who is bent on conversing about things in which he has no interest. For instance, if he is a man of literary tastes, an embryo savant with rather dull and prosy ideas, she will never be able to get a word out of him if she rattles on until doomsday about the latest society gossip, the fashionable walk or the new opera, but let her touch ever so lightly on the question of books, even though her knowledge be very, very slight, and see how he awakens to new activity. He will then do all the talking, and if she is only clever enough to be a good listener and not yawn in his face, even though at times he gets beyond her depth, she will never have occasion to complain of her inability to get such a one to talk.

It is the same with men in every walk in life. Every single one has some especial hobby which, if you are fortunate enough to touch, will prove the keynote of an interesting conversation that is bound to teach you something well worth knowing. The humblest artisan may not of course be possessed of society lore, but he can talk intelligently and well concerning the trade that he understands from A to Z. Any woman can please a man if she has tact enough to draw him out on those topics that he himself knows he is able to talk about.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Something About Edna Lyall.

Of the personality of Edna Lyall, whose "Donovan" achieved such marked success, but little is known outside her family, for her life is spent far from the busy streets of London in the quiet of Eastbourne, or in traveling about in search of health and rest. Besides the authoress is a home loving woman, with a horror of publicity and little care for society—literary or otherwise. The nom de plume Edna Lyall is only a transposition of the letters of the real name, Ada Ellen Bayly, and not until an imposter claiming to be the true Edna Lyall annoyed her exceedingly did any but her most intimate acquaintances know that writer and the daughter of the London barrister, Mr. Bayly, were the same.

Miss Lyall's first story was finished before she was eighteen, but although favorably received did not produce the marked impression of "Donovan," which followed. Miss Bayly is a delicate girl, frequently obliged to give up her work entirely, and never able to devote a definite portion of time to writing. Her works are all written with a purpose, frequently thought out on her travels, and written out with a typewriter, on which she has learned to compose as readily as with a pen. The profits of "Donovan" have been devoted to a peal of bells christened with the names of the characters and hung in an Eastbourne church.—London Letter.

The Woman's Voice is edited, managed and printed entirely by women. It is published by A. Florence Grant, the only woman who owns and conducts a printing office in Boston.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink, and the grated rind of an orange, strained through a cloth, will color it yellow.

Helen Blanchard, of Boston, realized a fortune on a sewing machine patent, and another woman has made $150,000 on a patent baby carriage.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmaceutical skill have allied themselves in furnishing us a reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an inestimable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and the convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectually counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a prevention and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

Gradd—I hear you have a full-blooded Indian in class '96. How does he do? Softmore—Do? He is out of sight! You just ought to hear him give the class cry.

"JUDGE."

This comic paper has some inimitable cartoons. But no one of them is more forcible than this testimony of its proprietor, W. J. Arkell, to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. He writes:

"JUDGE BUILDING,
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Sixteenth St.,
NEW YORK, January 14, 1891.

"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief.

"In my opinion these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial. W. J. ARKELL."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS arrest the progress of decay.

One of the proudest men in the world is the man who has smoked the same cigar fifteen or twenty years.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

THROW IT AWAY.

There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing Trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death. HERNIA (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another Triumph in Conservative Surgery is the cure, of TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other varieties, without the perils of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula, and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife. STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting. STRICTURE of urinary passage is also removed without cutting. Abundant References, and Pamphlets, on above diseases, sent sealed, in plain envelope, 10 cts. (stamps). WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 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.

Mothers,

when nursing babies, need a nourishment that will give them strength and make their milk rich.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, nourishes mothers and makes babies fat and healthy. Gives strength to growing children. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH

IT WILL CURE. COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

ST. HELEN'S HALL.

Boarding and day school for girls. Opens September 19, 1894.

Address MISSES RODNEY, 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.

$100 FOR THE WIFE.

To the person or club returning us the largest number of

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Certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH. CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Or.

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'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

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Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes one "real hungry." Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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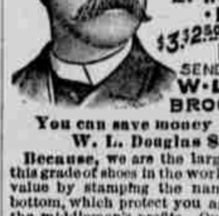
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Portland, Or.

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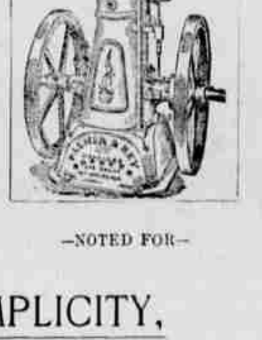

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Is sure death to Ground Squirrels, Pocket Gophers, Rabbits and all animals that burrow in the ground. Simple, safe and certain. Price $3 per 100 bombs; boxed for shipment. Sample cartridges, with directions for using, sent free on application. For sale by SHIELDS EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.