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

HOWSTOUTGOTSTOUT

All But Paralyzed-Lost His Flesh and

be sciatic rheumatism, and in a short time was barely able to hobble around

was afflicted with sciatic rheuma

"I was afflicted with sciatic rhedma-tism and lumbago in January, 1893. The sciatic nerve on the right side be-came affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and soon my whole

ystem became afflicted, causing me the

cannot begin to express to you the tense pain I suffered. I was drawn

"I consulted with local physicians and some of the most eminent specialists of the larger cities throughout the country,

sir, I lay my recovery entirely to Pink Pills."

ple are an unfailing specific for such dis

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo

emale. Pink Pills are sold by all deal

Frankness Before Marriage

both the man and the woman do—that they have not the independence and moral cour-age to be willing to live in such a simple, unfashionable manner as their means would

compel them to. When two people feel that way, it would be better for them and the world at large that they remain single,

The reconciliation of King Oscar of car, has at length taken place. The king and the prince have hardly ever met since the latter's morganatic marriage to Miss Ebba Munk, who was one of his mother's maids of honor. Miss Munk was not particularly pretty, but had somehow or other succeeded in winand somehow or other succeeded in win-ning the affections of Prince Oscar, who was infatuated with her to such a degree his father and of all his relatives except his mother, he carried his way and married her, the ceremony taking place at Bournemouth in England.

Before this, however, Prince Oscar had to renounce his claims to the such had to renounce his claims to the

ad to renounce his claims to the sucprivileges and prerogatives as a son of e king. He was deprived of the title of royal highness, of all precedence save that which he enjoyed as an officer in the navy, and was reduced in every parcular to the rank of a mere nobleman. oreover, he was practically banished to Carlskrona, the great naval arsenal of Sweden, where he lived quietly and unout onto the port, winning universal popularity by his unaffected and modest demeanor. While there, on one occa-sion, he greatly distinguished himself by saving from drowning a sailor during a terrible hurricane.

Quite recently a reconciliation between ther and son has taken place, and at the request of King Oscar the Count and ountess of Torbey have now left Carls-rona and taken up their abode at Stockolm, greatly to the satisfaction of the , who has all along endeavored to bring about a more pleasant state of affairs between her husband and her fa-vorite son.—Boston Globe.

"A sure sign of returning spring!" said a leading citizen in a contemplative mood to a reporter, as they watched a party of street urchins "plucking tops" near one of the big down town buildings. "I often wonder how these 'kids' manage to change their games simultaneous-ly with the season. Just as the birds ben to coo and twitter and mate for the s, stilts and kite flying are inaugurated among the young Americans of the male persuasion. Girls' skipping

ropes and hoops are nothing to them.

"The epidemic of taking up a game when its season rolls around is as contagious as we are told the cholera mithe kida' all over the city may be doing just anything for amusement, and the next day every mother's son of them will have an old pecked up top and a piece of cord plucking away for dear life. It is instinct, I think, and nothing else that will be next summer. One day prompts them to take up certain games at certain seasons. Regarding the imitation theory, there never was a person who saw the first boy spin his top in any and I myself had almost given up in deseason, and, furthermore, no boy could start the epidemic by spinning his top in the fall of the year."-Kansas City

The appearance of those cheap imitations of the genus swell upon the fashionable thoroughfare on promenade is adding offensiveness to that which had al-

dy aroused regret. These overdone parsonages were wearing trousers too long and going without opcosts during the cold weather. Others wore abnormal overcoats reaching almost set shoes, giving rise to the suspicion that they have escaped from Boston. But all have a penchant for over large ill made boutonnieres and those dreadful low crowned, cone shaped, extra wide brimmed derby hats that are a sight to

They are the greatest set of guys ever let loose for the edification of an enlightened public. Where do they come from? They are like unto the English ies that come over with the Gaiety skirt dancers-the first of their kindand perhaps they will disappear just as did their English prototypes.

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder in Strength and Value 20 Per Cent Above Its Nearest

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most s est strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited competition with others. In the exnial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various State and Industrial Fairs, where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the

At the recent World's Fair the exami nation for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the Agricultural Department of Washington. The official report of the tests of the baking powders which were made by this department for the specific purpose of assertaining which thom both. More than this, they both should go over this question deliberately, looking at all sides of it. The changed mode of living, the self denials, the added expense of sickness, if it should come, all should be carefully considered. The man who for years has spent his income upon himself living serbars, like his neighbor. the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best, and which has been made was the best, and which has been made public, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 160 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the fair the next highest in strength thus tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, delicacy and wholesomeness could not be measured by figures. It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the counwho for years has spent his income upon himself, living perhaps like his neighbor who has a fortune back of him, will often be frightened at the picture of the future which this careful weighing of the subject presents to him, and he may decide either to wait a few years or else to do what un-fortunately a great many young married fortunately a great many young married people think they must do—go to a board-ing house. The woman may have lived an aimless, careless life, her father being able to support her in comfort and perhaps elegance. The picture may have as little charm for her as the man who has asked her to marry him, and she, too, is glad to settle upon the

preciated by the women of the coun-y for so many years, that have caused to sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sale of all other baking powders combined.

Explaining a Natural Wonder.

The presence of fish in the higher mountain lakes has been explained in some cases. It is well known that water fowls will distribute such a series of the stribute yellow perch by carrying the sticky eggs on their feet. Trout will go anywhere there is water enough to float a chip, and pickerel get moved about from place to place, the same as perch do, but bass do not been as a Druggists or by ELV BRITHERS, sarren Street, New York.

INDIRECTION

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guid eth the growing; Never a river that flows, but a majesty scep-

Back of the canvas that throbs the hinted ami hidden; hinted and hidden:
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the
sculptor is bidden:
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues
of failure.

of feeling: Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing. reat are the symbols of being, but that which

is symboled is greater.

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator.

Back of the sound broods the silence: back of the gift stands the giving:

Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone Expected to Die-How He Got Well The heart of the wooling.
the heart of the wooling.
And up from the pits where these shirer, and
up from the heights where these shine.
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and
the essence of life is divine.
—Richard Realf.

is not without an equal, yet it has been sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of thousands of people in Illi-Ragged, starving, his thin face blue and pinched with the cold, he stood, offering his nois, among whom are numbered some of the most eminent physicians. In January, 1893, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to matches to the unbeeding, hurrying passersby. It had been bitterly cold all day, and all day he had trudged the streets trying in vain to make a copper or two when with to buy a meal and pay for a shelt on crutches, and it seemed to his friends that his days were numbered. To-day he is a strong, hearty-looking man of

with to buy a meal and pay for a sacter this bitter night. Homeless and friendless he stood there, claiming no home but the workhouse, calling none friend but the ter-rier trembling at his heels.

An earnest little face he had, stamped with that look of patience which is born only of suffering bravely endured. The 160 pounds.

How this wonderful change was brought about is most interesting as told to a representative of the Republican by Mr. Stout himself: only of suffering bravely endured. clear cut features were sharpened by cold and hunger, the blue eyes piteous in their and hunger, the once eyes precous in their glance as he scanned the faces of the mov-ing throng. He shivered every now and then as the keen wind swept round the cor-ner, blowing aside his fluttering rags and making the gaslight flicker in the lamps, but his voice was cheerful as he bent down to speak to the dog cowering at his feet. "Cold, Smut!"

most excruciating pain. In a very short time I became totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the dis-Smut pressed a little closer to the boy's side, giving a monosyllabic wag of his tail in answer to his master's words. The slow minutes passed, and each moease rapidly growing worse, I had to take to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agon izing torture, scarcely being able to mov

or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the slightest "Tain't o' no use, Smut," he said at length in a tone of dejection. "We shan't sell tonight. "Tis too windy fur the swells to smoke, and when 'tis so cold they won't movement causing me such pain as al most to throw me into convulsions. unbutton their coats fur to take out a

The dog's tail dropped dejectedly, and he heaved a long sigh as he looked up questioningly into his master's face.

tense pain I suffered. I was drawn by the severences of the malady over to the left side; lost my appetite; had no desire for food, and what little I did eat I could not digest, the digestive organs failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. For weeks at a time I was unable to eat or sleep, suffering all the time most intensely and at times fearing I would lose my reason, and would have welcomed death to relieve me of my sufferings. "Keep up yer courage, old man," contin-ued the boy, with forced cheeriness. "We'll do better tomorrer, and we've spent a windy night on Blackfriars' bridge afore now." As he dragged himself wearily along the brightly lighted Strand he paused for a outside a confection moment outside a confectioner's window. Flattening his face against the glass, he gazed hungrily at the roast beef and turkey and plum pudding so temptingly displayed within. Through the grating from the filled the boy with longing and the dog with restless excitement. They had eaten nothing since the morning, and in this

bridge was not a cheering prospect.

Two ladies walking quickly up the stre were struck by the pathetic little figure. The brilliant light from the shop window fell full upon the small pinched face and eager blue eyes, upon the untidy shock of reddish hair and the fluttering rags. The

me whatever, and said that I must die; and I myself had almost given up in de-spair, when in September, 1893, about eight months after I was first afflicted, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope I at once sent to C. F. Rickey & Co., druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and procured some of the pills, and immedi-ately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back, and my digestive organs performed their usual functions "You are hungry?" she questioned, closely examining the intense little face up-

turned to hers.

He nodded emphatically, looking up with ndering eyes at this beautiful, low voiced whose cold, sweet tones seemed so full of tenderness to him.

my appetite came back, and my digestive organs performed their usual functions properly. I took some more and grew rapidly better—could sit up in a chair, and my body began to straighten out; continued the treatment, and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. "You are often hungry?" she continued.
"Most always," he answered laconically. My recovery from that time on was very rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment was numb and dead, now experienced a pricking, tingling sensation. I was en-abled to throw away my crutches and "Well, here's a penny for you, and my friend will bring you out something to eat

The boy was too much surprised to an swer, but his sharp eyes were full of grati-tude as he awkwardly touched his cap. "Should you like to earn threepence to norrow morning?" she asked, still regarding the boy with eager interest. he answered quickly. "There

abled to throw away my cratches and walk upright once more among my fel-lows, a better man physically than ever before. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds; was reduced to 115; I now weigh 166, more than I ever weighed at any time in my life. Yes, ain't many things as I wouldn't do fur thripence."
"Do you know where Suffolk street is?" turning to yer right," he said promptly.
"I live at the fifth house on the left hand

peeases as locomotor ataxia, partial paral-ysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealside as you go down," she said slowly. "Can you remember that?" you remember that?"
He nodded again, his face bright with intelligence as he followed her directions.

"I'll remember." "Come at 11 o'clock," she said, "and ask for Miss Munro. I am going to make a picture of you. Send you to the Grosvenor if you are a success. If you are a good boy, you shall have threepence a day until the picture is finished.
At this moment the other lady came or

of the shop with a parcel in her hand.
"Here is something to eat, my boy," she said in a comfortable, motherly way. "Take it home and have a good meal. Now, Edith, if you are ready."

He watched them silently till they passe

No man should become engaged to a wom-an without having a perfectly frank talk with her in regard to his means, and the woman should be quite as honest in telling out of sight, his eyes round with astonish of her qualifications and willingness to un-dertake to master the problem of making a home on the income that seems assured to them both. More than this, they both

"Here's a go!" he murmured as he turned away from the brightly lighted window. "Thripence a day—why, I shall make my fortun'! Come, Smut, we'll find a doorstep and eat our supper. Oh, here's a go!" Turning down a by street, they soon found a sheltered doorstep on which they seated themselves. Smut pressed close to his master's side, eagerly sniffing at the parcel which the boy proceeded to open with fingers trembling with excitement. "Beef, roast beef! Ain't we in luck,

Smut? And hot taters and bread! Oh, Smut, ain't she a stunner, and no mistake?" The food was consumed in rapturous si-leace, while the icy wind swept by unre-garded by the happy pair in their sheltered "No nasty bridge for us, Smut; she gav

ne a penny, and we'll sleep in a jolly warm room tonight," said the boy presently, hold-ing out the greasy paper for the dog to lick.
"My eye! ain't we in luck? Thripence a day! Smut, that comes to I and 6 a week.
Oh, shan't we be rich?"

Smut thumped his short tail loudly in re-sponse and pushed his cold nose affectionitely against his master's cheek.

boarding house as promising more style and ease for less money than can the sim-ple home. This is one solution of the prob-lem. Another common happening is that either one or the other finds—or perhaps "Thripence a day if I'm a good boy," he went on reflectively. "But, Smut, I ain't a good boy. I swear at the chaps when they call me 'Carrots,' and I lick 'em when they say you're a ugly brute. Good boys don't fight and swear. If she finds out as I ain't good, I s'pose she won't make a pictur' o me no more—she'll stop the thripence a day. But she shan't find out, ole man. I'll tell for we have today too many people who are trying to live as if they had an income of many thousands, when, in fact, it is often her I'm a pious chap as goes to the Sunday school. Gentlefolks think a deal o' they many thousands, when, in fact, it is once, the case that they have less than \$2,000.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Smut. Ain't they green, just?"
At 11 o'clock next morning he was admitted into the house in Suffolk street by a peat maidservant, who eyed him suspiciously as she curtly told him to follow be up stairs. He was shown into a large, barely furnished room at the top of the house, where he found his friend of the previous night seated before the casel.

"Ah, there you are," she said carelessly, "and your little dog too. What is his

"Smut? But he isn't black " "He's been washed," explained the boy. "He was awful black when I seed him first.
That's why I called him Smut. But he don't mind, bless you. He's got the temper

an angel."
"How was it he was so black when you "How was it he was so black when you bought him?" she asked indifferently.

'Didn't buy him," he said. "I fought "Didn't buy him," he said. "I fought fur him. "I'was like this. When I was a little un, I see two chaps with a pup they was agoin to drown. They'd left him to starve in a coal hole, but he wouldn't die, and so they were agoin to drown him."

"And you fought them?" questioned the girl. "That was very brave of you."

"There was nothin brave 'hout it." he

"There was nothin brave 'bout it," he said hastily. "I dared 'em to fight, one after t'other, and I licked 'em both. That's how I come to have Smut." "He ought to feel grateful to you," she

Smut was quick to read the sadne

tinued the boy wistfully.

ticulate murmur of sympathy.
"You're sorry, ain't you, ole chap?" co

It was his private belief that his maste overrated Miss Munro's charms,

and hot coffee," he ended, with a sob,

She's hard up," said Tim, after a paus

It was with eagerness that Tim entered the studio next day. His little face was

'It's-it's taters," he said awkwardly.

plained, rubbing one thin leg against the other nervously. "Most think roast tater

prime. I never touch 'em myself," he added hastily; "no more does Smut. Come here, sir!" as the dog sniffed longingly at

the parcel still lying unopened on the girl's

the boy and back at the parcel again, and then the room rang with her merry laugh.

"Thank you," she said as soon as she could speak. "I—I will look at them pres-ently. Will you put them in the fender—

for the present?"

Tim experienced a vague feeling of dis

told him that he might go, for he did

sterday." "Keep it," he said awkwardly. "Keep it

till I ask for it. I don't want thripence a day no longer. I'll ask for it when I want

"You want to save it up till it gets a big

Yes," he said eagerly: "that's it. I'm

her purse.
'And I'll ask you for it when I want it,'

Tim had never found it easy to pick up

his scanty living, and the effort had been greater than ever of late. His small face

lays passed on, but he bore himself bravely

She told him one morning that she should

in the presence of the girl for whom he was sacrificing so much, and she never noticed

he repeated carnestly. "You'll know as don't want it if I don't ask fur it."

sum?" she questioned carelessly. are going to buy something with it?"

"Potatoes?" she echoed in amazement.
"They're—I brought 'em for you," he ex

nut wagged his tail unenthusiastically

"You love her

said. "Now, will you stand on that platform and turn toward the window that's right. Now, lean forward a little, just as you were when I saw you looking in at the shop last night—that's capital. Stand just like that and keep as still as

while the boy stood perfectly still, scarcely daring to move an eyelash.

"I think we may talk a little now," she said at length, "but don't move your head when you speak."

"Right you are," he returned, fixing his eyes steadily on the patch of murky sky eyes steadily on the patch of murky sky visible through the window. "What are you called?" she asked, stand-ing back from the canvas and regarding her

work critically.
"Tim," he answered briefly.
"And what is your other name?"
"Ain't got no other," he said. "I'm just

"Well, what is your father called?" she suggested a little impatiently. "Ain't got no father; ain't got nobody

"Have you lost your parents long?" she said, with no touch of pity in the clear, low

"Didn't lose 'em; never had none," he returned indifferently.
"'Spect I grow'd," murmured the girl, suppressing a smile. "But you are such a little boy to be alone in the world. Where 'Streets, most times," he said. "Sum

mer months we sleep out o' doors, Smut and me. But winter time we get a penny lodgin when we're in luck."
"And when you are not in luck?" "Then we sleep on Blackfriars' bridge or the 'bankment. The bridge is warmest. the 'bankment. The bridge is warmest. There you can get a corner out o' the wind

if you go early, before the best seats are took. On the 'bankment 'tis fit to freeze "Would you feel happier in the work house" she asked carelessly, standing back once more to catch the general effect, "Should be better off, most like," he re-

turned quietly. "But there ain't no place fur dogs in the 'ouse, and Smut and me ain't agoin to part." appointment as he silently obeyed. He had hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her eat these potatoes for which he and Smut had gone breakfastless this bitter morning, and "Do you ever go to church?" questioned the girl, after a pause, fearing that he would grow restless if he did not talk, her laughter had pained without enlighten-ing him. He was almost glad when at length "Constant," said the boy unblushingly. "and we go to Sunday school reg'lar, Smut not feel at case in her presence today.

"Here is your money," she said. "It is sixpence this morning. I forgot to pay you

and me. "Smut, too?" she asked absently,
"Leastways, Smut waits for me outside,"
he said hastily, "Oh, we're right down pious
chars, we are."

chaps, we are."
"There, I have done for this morning she said, presently, rising from her stool.
"Here is your money. I would give you
more if I could afford it, but I am poor,
like you. Can you come at the same time "Right you are," he said, pocketing the

agoin to buy somethin."
"Very well, then, I will keep it for you safely," she returned, replacing the money "Then I shall expect you at 11. Goodby

Edith Munro had a vivid recollection of Tim as she had beheld him in the Strand three weeks ago. The scene had impressed itself on her mind. The busy street, the flickering lamplight, the slender figure of the boy as he had stood with his face pressed against the glass, looking with longing eyes into the brightly lighted shop. But the picture had appealed to her imagination without in anyway touching her heart; she had regarded the pathetic little figure as a possible "subject," but no tenderer feeling had moved her.

reddish hair and the fluttering rags. The look of hunger was unmistakable, and it moved the elder lady to pity.

"Stop him for a moment, Edith. I must get him something to eat," she said, hastly entering the shop.

The pretty, fair haired girl laid her hand on the boy's shoulder as he slowly turned away from the window.

The pretty fair haired girl laid her hand on the boy's shoulder as he slowly turned away from the window.

The pretty fair haired girl laid her hand on the boy's shoulder as he slowly turned away from the window.

The pretty fair haired girl laid her hand on the boy's shoulder as he slowly turned history, unconscious that his words fell on inattentive ears. Nothing was hidden from that Saturday morning.

"It an't 'cos I don't love you, Smut," he said, with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob." You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob." You know that the with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob." You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob. "You know that, ole man, with the said with a sob." her. His poverty, his loneliness, his passionate love for Smut, all were laid bare before the girl whose interest in him was purely selfish, whose questions were prompted solely by the desire to keep him quiet. Tim, however, was happily ignorant of her indifference, and her apparent sweet.

His little face was pale and set as he entained in the property of the pro ness awakened in him a devotion which tered the studio, and there was a strained filled his hungry little soul with enthusi- look in the wide blue eyes as he took his

A sense of ms own invocrimess took possession of him and weighed heavily on his loving heart. He had told her that he was a good boy—that he went regularly to church and Sunday school, and the remembrance of this had become unbearable out of her life when he left her room today. nembrance of this had become unbearable

As he walked slowly down Suffolk street ne morning a mighty resolve formed itself his mind. He ran up stairs hurriedly, fearing that his courage might forsake him if he gave himself time for thought; and his first feeling on finding the room uncecupied was one of disappointment. Smut curled himself up in his usual corner near the window, and Tim stationed himself be

fore the easel, looking bitterly at the ragged figure which met his gaze.

"You a good boy!" he said, regarding the painting contemptuously. "You look like it, don't you? Your little game's bout done, ole man; you'll see the last of her." He took his place quietly when she came in, his heart beating heavily under his ragged jacket as he gazed out silently upon the patch of gray sky. The unusual silence struck the girl, and she regarded him with something akin to interest as he stood there with the light falling upon his rigid little

"What makes you so quiet today, Tim! Has Smut been a bad dog?"
"No, it ain't Smut," returned the boy earily. "It's me that's been bad."
"Why, what have you done?" she asked, her eyes growing warm with amusement.
"'Twas the very first day I come here,' he said in the same dreary tones, never re-moving his gaze from the window. "I told you a crammer. I said as how I went to went to church and to Sunday school."

"And it was not true?" she questioned "Never been inside a church-'cept to warm myself," he answered doggedly, "Never been to Sunday school in all my born days." "What made you tell such a story?" she inquired, the ludicrous side of the scen

one striking her.
"Wanted you to think I was a good You said you'd give me thripence a day i I was a good boy."
"And why do you tell me about it now?

she asked curiously. "Is it because you know that I cannot finish the picture with "No, it ain't!" he answered roughly, look ing round from the window for the first "Why, then!" "Don't know, 'xactly, but it ain't that,"

he said more quietly.
"Don't you know that it is very naughty to tell stories?" she questioned, with an un-comfortable sense that some rebuke was required of her. "S'pose so," he answered humbly.
"Well, we'll say no more about it," she said vaguely, "but don't do it again."
When Tim entered the studio next day,

he found Miss Munro sitting before her easel, looking pale and languid. "I shall not want you this morning," she said wearily. "I am not well enough to paint "You look awful white," said the boy

dare say I shall be fit for work tomorrow.'

close at his fixels. A thin, gray mist hung over the river veiling the opposite shore from view. As he looked thoughtfully across the stretch of water his eyes absently followed a boat as it silently became visible These very confident people are strange ly self-satisfied until danger to life tooms up, as when the chronic pains of many ears' endurance attack the heart, like into it once more. Smut jumped up on the wall presently and sat there looking Rneumatism very often does, then they Rneumatism very often does, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that St. Jacobs Oil will cure, because it has cured all these painful aliments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know what can be done by what has been done a thousand times. Every physician knows that those who have belief in treatment are the more easily cured; those down gravely into the gloomy water. Tim patted the dog with an absent air, and when he spoke his voice was low and sad. when he spoke his voice was now and said.

"She said as how she was poor that first
night," he whispered brokenly, "and I've
never given it a thought! She lays out
thripence a day on that pictur', 'cos she's
agoin to seil it, Just like me and my
matches, only her money takes longer comtreatment are the more easily cured; those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

his master's tone, and he pressed his head close against the ragged jacket with an in-How Long Man May Live. She's awful hard up, Smut. She ain't got no money to buy any breakfast—that's why she looked so white. And we had bread For some minutes he was silent, his eyes wide and miscrable as they rested on the gray stretch of water, but his face cleared presently, and a smile parted the small lips,
"I've got it," he cried triumphantly, raising his arms from the wall. "I'll tell her
tomorrer. Come, Smut." ommon turtle is good for at least a cen

> The Power of Beauty. Seated in a broker's office on the second floor of a big business block in Broadway. near Trinity church, the writer became in-terested and amused the other day watch-ing the behavior of a stalwart policeman, whose chief duty for the time being was piloting women and old men safely across the crowded thoroughfare. The officer was full bearded and apparently past the me-ridian of life. His manner was at all times dignified, almost courtly, in fact. To each feminine appeal for assistance in getting across the street he responded politely and never negligently, but his method of escorting persons from sidewalk to sidewalk varied noticeably. For every young and at-tractive woman he had a gracious smile and a fatherly laying on of hands—that is, he would either grasp the young woman's arm, or else permit his gloved hand to rest gently on her shoulder as he accompanied her across the street. In no instance did he offer to touch an elderly or a very plain appearing woman. His stick, held out before him like a weather vane, was apparent

and asked him to loan him 2 louis. This not need him after that week, for the fin-ishing touches were now all the painting

A Friendly Warning. night in Europe you'd better roost high.-New York Weekly

asm. He thought of her as one far removed from the rest of the world—as a being free from every taint of evil.

A sense of his own unworthiness took the wide one eyes as he took in the wide "You said once as you felt lonesome at times," he said at last, his eyes fixed ear

nestly on the window.
"Yes," she agreed carelessly, "It is rather He was silent again, looking steadily at the little patch of sky visible above the

roofs of the houses opposite.

"Smut's a very good dog," he continued presently. "He ain't partickler neither—anything as is agoin does for Smut, and he's that patient when you're out o' luck!" "He seems an inoffensive little dog," she allowed, glancing at the terrier as he lay under the window. "Why, how white he

looks today!"
"Been washed," exclaimed the boy brief-"He's a handsome dog, is Smut-when

"There, I think I have done with you now," she said after a long silence. have been a very good boy, Tim, and the picture is a great success." He descended from the platform slowly and stood twisting his cap in his hands, while his lips twitched nervously.

"You can keep him if you like," he said
awkwardly. "He's very good company,

"Keep him?" she echoed carelessly. "But don't you want him?"
"No," he answered slowly. "I-I'm tired

"In that case he can stay," she returned indifferently. "I dare say he will not be much trouble." "He ain't a bit o' trouble," said the boy wistfully. "And he's very affectionate." "Well, he can stay," she said, "And here's your money, Tim; quite a large sum now, isn't it?"
"I—I don't want it," he returned hastily.

"I said as how I'd ask fur it when I wanted "But you are not coming any more, you

"I are not coming any more, you know. I have finished with you now."
"I ain't got no place to put it to," he said.
"I'm sure to lose it if I take it away."
"Well, call for it when you want it," she suggested. "Then you can see Smut."
"Yes," he echoed, with a strange smile; "I shall see Smut."

He took the dog in his arms and smoothed the rough, white coat with tender fingers. "Smut knows as he's got to stay," he said, placing the little creature on the floor. "I'll call for the money when I want it."

He stood in the doorway for a moment, taking a last, lingering look at the dog trembling in the corner-at the girl as she sat there, impatiently waiting for him to go, and then with a short, dry sob he went slowly down the steep staircase and out into the wintry street.—B. A. Key in Longman's Magazine.

Patent Leather In Cold Weather. To wear patent leathers in winter time and to keep them bright and uncracked requires care and eternal vigilance. Rub them when dulled with a little milk, and when they are not in use keep them in a warm room. Always warm slightly beently. "You can come tomorrow as usual," she continued in the same subdued tone. "I leathers at home, because a trip into the dare say I shall be fit for work tomorrow." "Hope you'll feel better soon," he said as he awkwardly moved away.

He walked slowly down the street and along the embankment, his dog tretting York World.

\*\*Town of the tow will almosphere of zero win al

FAITH CURISTS.

It was Professor Hufeland's opinion that the limit of possible human life might be set at 200 years—this on the general principle that the life of nearly all living creatures is eight times the years, months or weeks of its period of growth. That which quickly comes to maturity quickly perishes, and the earlier complete development is reached the sooner bodily decay ensues. More women reach old age than men, but more men attain remarkable longevity than women Horned animals are shorter lived than those without horns, fierce longer than timid and amphibious creatures longer than those which inhabit the air. The pike will con tury. Passing up the scale of life to man and skipping the patriarchs, we find many recorded instances of extraordinary lon-

The ancient Egyptians lived three times the studio next day. His little face was pale and pinched, for he had tasted no food that morning, but his expression was one of entire happiness. In his hand he carried a parcel done up in a dingy piece of newspaper, and this he proceeded to lay timidly upon the girl's lap.

"Why, what is it?" she questioned, regarding the boy curiously from her high stool as she sat before the easel. "It feels units her."

The ancient Egyptians lived three times as long as the modern "lotus eaters." In stances of surprising and authentic longevity among the classic Greeks and Romans are not at all rare. Pliny notes the fact that in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian (76 A. D.) there were 124 men living in a limited area on the River Po who were 100 years old and upward. Three of these were 140 and seven others over 180. Cicero's years old and upward. Three of these were 140 and seven others over 130. Cicero's wife lived to be 103, and the Roman actress Luceja, played in public after she had cele brated her 112th birthday.—St. Louis Re

ly sufficient, in his judgment, to secure safe passage for persons who lacked the quality of personal attractiveness.—New York

An Apecdote of Dumps.

Speaking of Alexandre Dumas, Dr. Edward Pick says that his chief characteristic was his utter disregard of money. He made millions, but never had a franc at his command. "For example," said he, "upon one occasion Dumas had invited company to dinner, and finding that he did not stand possessed of a single cent drove to a friend's his friend readily did, and as Dumas was taking his leave suggested, and as Dumas was been getting some very fine pickles, he would be glad to give him a jar to add to his digner. The his dinner. The servant was sent for the pickles, and when he put the jar in the carriage, having no other change about him, be dropped the 2 louis in the man's hand."

Beautiful Spirit-I am the angel of peace and am flying back to earth.
Floating Shade—Well, if you stay over

HAUNTED!

A haunted house in these practical and unromantic days is something of a rarity, but an individual haunted with the idea that his silment is incurable is a personage frequently met with. Disbelief in the ability of medicine to cure is only a mild form of monomania, although in some cases repeated failures to obtain relief from many different sources would almost seem to justify the doubt. Hostetter's Stomach Bit ters has demonstrated its ability to overcome dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney trouble, malarial complaints and nervousnes, and is recorded schlevements in the curative line ought at icust to warrant its trial by any one troubled with either of the above aliments, even although his previous efforts to obtain remedial aid have been fruitless. Used with persistence, the Bitters will conquer the most obstinate cases.

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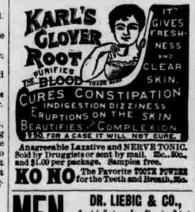
When American "E. C." Smokeless Powder is used you don't get kicked nor have a "din" in your ears, nor have a pall of smoke in front of you, nor scare away the game by the noise and smoke; as is the case when using black powder. Ask your dealer for Seloy's "Challenge" "E. C." Smokeless or "Superior" "E. C." Smokeless for "Superior" "E. C." Smokeless Shotgun Cartri ges. There is only one quality of "E. C." powder and that is the best. Selby's Smokeless Cartridges are always loaded to order; so the dealers always get fresh goods.

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"I do hope," said Miss Harvard, "that the coming man will not be baid, as the scientists predict. If he is, what on earth will we do for cottail players?"

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,

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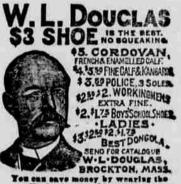
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