Pretended Substitutes for 1 Baking

ECAUSE inferior and cheaper made baking preparations are bought at wholesale at a price so much lower than ROYAL, some grocers are urging consumers to use them in place of the ROYAL at the same retail price.

If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER

It is still more important, however, that ROYAL BAKING POWDER is purer and more wholesome, and makes better, finer, and more healthful food than any other baking powder or preparation.

ANOTHER DARIUS GREEN.

Has Soared Skyward.

sanguine that when certain easily reme died defects in construction are overcome

he will be able to sour aloft like a bird

When he began his experiments,

sald to fly in the face of Providence.

A young man came in from the conz

try the other day with a pretty girl

They came to get married, and they

wanted to be married by a well known

clergyman. That was a notion of the

girl's. They took a cab to the house of

the Rev. Dr. MacArthur at 358 West

nne Baptist church. It is at 2 West

Forty-sixth street and was closed. Dr

same street, across the way, at 51. They

went there. It was closed. Next the

tried 323 Madison avenue, where Dr. E.

Walpole Warren lives. Blinds were

lown and doors locked tight. They next

drove to 342 on the same avenue. David

tholomew's, lives there when he is at

home, but he is not at home. His house

residence at 712 Fifth avenue. They

thanked heaven, for it was evidently in

habited. But the maid disappointed

them by saying that Dr. Hall had gone

young man looked up 15 more well

drove to each one of their houses. Every

one, without exception, was out of town

young man thinks New York clergymen ought not to complain of lack of vaca-

At the monthly meeting of the direc-

tors of the Massachusetts Society For

President Angell exhibited pictures tak-

gether with owners who drive and rids

them, but also all kinds of cruelty that

can be found on cattle cars, in cattle

yards, slaughter bouses, markets, horse

racing, polo games and otherwise .- Bos-

was boarded up tight.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Charles H. Hackley, a Pioneer Lumberman of Western Michigan, Relates His Experience-He Has Done Much

From Grand Rapids, Mich., Exching Press is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley. Charles H. Hackley has been in the lumber business here continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune which sed a fortune which gives him on the island. has smassed a fortune which gives and a rating among the wealthy men of the mation. But with wealth there did not principle and has wings that are shaped very much like the wings of a bat. When come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

It is no wonder then that the name of the invention the man who flies with it may be

Charles H. Mackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has scriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he seemed to grow young again and to have recovered the health which he had

nave recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a reporter for the Press Mr. Hack-ley explained the secret of his transformation. "I have suffered for over 20 years," he said, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgic and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music "A mechanical soaring bird" is what the enterprising inventor calls it. There sembled mine that I was interested, so who goes with it.

"A mechanical soaring bird" is what monial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial and it gave me faith in the

medicine.

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any three months before I experienced any should be the medicine to break down on its trial trip. The inventor had taken the machine to the heights at the south end of Angel island and was slowly soaring away from terra perceptible betterment of my condition.

My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery that I did not expect speedy recovery the light frame gave way, and Pope came and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery and for the last six months had carried him a short distance, facts recovery and for the last six months had carried him a short distance, facts have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people and am only too glad to assist others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

The aeroplane is now the favorite air-ship device with such eminent inventors as Hiram Maxim and Professor Langley, and Pope is certain he is on the eve of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, all druggists, or may be had by mail operations or drop explosives upon their from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

TREE PLANTING IN FRANCE. Useless Sand Dunes Converted Into Valu-able Land With Pines.

The French thoroughly appreciate the nting. Tracts of sand have been covered with pine forests, and the word

lande, borrowed, as it is thought, from Fifty-seventh street. The house was the German, is losing its meaning of closed. Then they drove to the house of "waste." Till a century ago a large Dr. W. H. P. Faunce of the Fifth Ave portion of the forest of Fontaineblean nsisted of bare sand hills, but the planting of pines was begun. A variety | John R. Paxton's residence is down the apable of standing the severest winters was evidently found, and millions of trees now diffuse healthy and agreeable odors, besides furnishing timber The decomposed fir needles, more

over, gradually form a crust of vegeta- H. Greer, the famous rector of St. Barle mold, permitting the growth of trees and shrubs less able than the pine to live on air. The department of the Landes, once a barren region, with sand so loose that people had to walk on stilts, is covered with pines, and the problem of draining the subsoil has been solved, as described in Edmond About's The losses by fire and anxiety to pro-

duce something more remunerative than pine are now, however, inducing es of artificial fertilization. In many French watering places dunes Then the couple went home and were have been transformed into woods, thus married by a justice of the peace. The holding out to seaside visitors the attraction of agreeable shade and a change om monotonous beach. Shifting sands have been prevented from extending inland. In some cases dunes have been aced by companies, which, after plant-them, have cut them up into buildots and have seen them dotted with the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Elsewhere municipalities have taken on with kodaks. He proposes to use the up the matter, and in large operations the district or the department has pro-vided the funds.—London Times. and horses mutilated by docking, to

were found 33 mallets, 15 compasses, 3 levers, several chisels, together with jacks for raising blocks, and nearly 30 statues and busts, in every stage of

The grains of cornstarch are only about one-fourth thesize of those of the starch made from the potato.

LILACS IN THE DOORYARD.

When lilacs in the dooryard bloom And lift and shake their plumy sheave When sunbeams smite the forest's gloon And winds go whispering through the l When wrens and robins build again In peace anear the cottage caves—

Then, though my strength is something spent,
And though my eyes are growing dim,
I thrill with gladness and content,
My soul sends up a joyful hymn,
And in the beauty of the world

Long years have gone since mother took
The lonesome way that angels mark;
The memory of her latest look
Is like a candle in the dark;
But when the illacs bloom I see
Her sweet face in a starry arc.

She loved so well these homely flowers; She broke them for my childish hand: They speak to me of happy hours, By mother love and patience spanned; Their perfume has a waft of sweet Blown hither from th' immortal strand

I always find them just the same, And so the fancy wakes and clings That, blooming by whatever name, il one day pluck the lilac sheaves Where flowers in deathless gardens flame, Elizabeth Chisholm in Harper's Bazar.

A COLLEGE GIRL

"My advice is, 'Don't,'" said Dr. Bash French. "But I am perfectly well aware that you have not asked my advice." "I thank you very much for it. Still I should like to understand the basis of it."
"I confess," said Basil, "that the logical basis of my advice is my private wish that you should refrain from the discussion of distic novels in public."

realistic noves in public."

It was early May, and the two were walking together in the Elysian fields, as the beautiful park of X—, with its slopes, ravines, streams and woodlands is called.

To see Mildred, to exchange ideas with her, to talk of books, to talk of music and art, to discuss theories of life, to tell her all that had been in his mind in the past and almost all that he hoped for in the future, was by this time the chief necessity of Basil's existence. What she felt in return was his ever recurring problem. She liked Young Pope Has a Flying Machine Whiel showed near her lips whenever he approached her, and her eyes rested on him as if they had found what they had been There is a young Darius Green in California who has a flying machine that does not go back on its name. In other words, seeking. Her quick fancies, her imagina-tive perceptions, her sense of the comic, her Saxton Pope, a young inventor who conimpassioned rapidity in working toward some solution of every question he prefesses to 19 summers, has built a flying machine that will fly. It has only flown a few feet thus far, but the inventor feels sented to her-all seemed to be reserved for

him above all others. Often he was pervaded by a soft intoxication of belief that she waited for him; that his coming was the signal for the real interest to begin. Oftener still he was depressed by the conviction that her sympa-thy for him was purely a matter of intellectual curiosity; that she was reading him as she might read a book, and that when she reached the last leaf she would throw him aside. The girl seemed to him to feel no vital need of any friend, any helper. Her in-stinct was toward aerial freedom.

Today he had chanced to encounter her near the park gate and had asked if he might join her walk. She had told him vention the man who flies with it may be wish in the matter. Her mood was sunny young inventor is not afraid of it, how-eyer, and believes that he will yet be able to soar above Angel island at the rate of

and buoyancy to her movement. The dog-wood was coming into bloom, Judas trees burned against the background of firs, the

The Germ on the subjector realistic novels.

"You evidently consider that I have not mastered the subject," she remarked after pondering his words for a moment. "To tell the truth, I have read almost none of the distinctively realistic novels. But I could set to work and devour them in a placable reality for Mildred; here was also a release from her dilemma. She had make "

Because it is against established conventions for a woman to confess that she reads a certain class of books!"

"Because of something that lies deeper after as an amusing spectacle; listened to, not because what you say is particularly not because wast you as you well worth hearing, although I know it is, but from the piquancy of its being a young, beautiful and charming girl who says it. There, now; are you angry with me?"
"You consider, like Dr. Johnson, that a
woman's preaching is like a dog's danc-

ng—the surprise is not that he does it well, but that he does it at all." Basil stood still for a moment, gazin straight before him across the faintly col-

ored uplands.
"Is that it?" she asked, with a touch of He turned and looked at her. His own ace was crimson.

"I cannot answer as if this were a genera case. It is not general for me—it is particular. It is between you and me. I have come to love you with all my heart, Miss Gray, and by the very necessity of a man's love I am narrow, exclusive, jealous where you are concerned.' "Oh!" she exclaimed, and at the same

ime took three steps away from him. He had blurted out what he had meant never to utter until the right moment came, and by every sign this was the wrong "Having said so much," he went on,

must say more. I ask you to be my wife. "Oh!" said Mildred again, a sense of out-rage implied in her look and tone. He took one stride and reached her. aid his hand on her arm. "Do you hate me?" he demanded.

Hate you? Why should I hate you Not the least in the world." Do you love me?" 'Not the least in the world."

"Then," said he, "I will go away. If you vill not love me, the world itself is not

wide enough for you and me."

Their eyes met, and she was frankly mazed at the signs of trouble in his face.
"What nonsense!" she cried, with scorn "We were friends, we are friends, and we can go on and be better friends. I never be fore had a friend. Of course a woman friend was what I asked for, but it is the unexpected that happens. Her voice began to vibrate with a thrill born of feeling. 'You have done me good," she went on; " had begun to expect a great deal from you."
"Mildred," he exclaimed, with fresh im etuosity, "I am ready to spend my best dood and my best strength in your service. Friends? You do not begin to know what that term can mean. Only as your husband

can I be your best friend." She shrank from the word, "Nothing could induce me to marry," she cried.
"If you like me as a friend," he persisted with vehemence, "why not as a lover, s

Then they tried Dr. Hall's beautiful "I do not like you at all at this moment simply for thrusting such a word upon me I feel you to be a tyrannical personality towering above me trying to govern me." "You would hardly, here and now, care to Europe for three weeks. Then the to have me go down on my knees. But in heart and feeling I am at your feet, Mil-dred. Honestly, if life is to be worth anyknown clergymen in the directory and thing to me, I must have you in it. There is a terrible vacuum in my existence. I ask

you to fill it up."

They were both laughing. "I dislike to be disobliging," she re-urned, "but it would not be an easy matter for me to marry when I was not in love, and I am not in love." "Marry me without being in love. Marry

me with your eyes wide open. I do not flat-ter myself that I am capable of inspiring a feeling which could blind you to my faults. I need you all the more because of my

"No, no, no," said Mildred, "You do not kodaks to show not only high checkreins for me to marry, to give up everything I have planned and worked for. You do not realize how little I think of anything except my appointed work, the necessity of ful-filling my own individual destiny. I am very much interested in myself," she pur-sued, with a brief laugh. "I intend to give myself free play and see what I can make of my life. I have not even finished my education yet. I expect to go back to the Victorian after a year or two and study for a Ph. D. I have all sorts of schemes. I intend to take a lifetime for them and not to say about the realists."

He drew in a long breath as she spoke. He averted his eyes, he bit his lip, "Schemes in which I have no part," he said heavily. "Well, I wish you all happing. ness, Miss Gray. But no-I will not be in

incere. I can't wish you to be happy with out me. The day I become purely disinter-ested I shall suffer less than I suffer at this moment. I see that Mrs. Fabian's car-riage is drawn up at the curve and that she is beckening to you. Permit me to take you to her.'

He raised his hat to Mrs. Fabian, led Mildred across the intervening space, as-sisted her into the victoria, then saying, "I must bid you a good afternoon," he walked

rapidly away.

Mildred, left to find explanations and comments for Mrs. Fabian, could hardly gather her thoughts together. A thousand words she had been ready to utter to Basil burned in her heart, and her tongue was stiff and stubborn. It had all been so sud-den; he had been so impatient. Ah, that impatience, which was a dominant note of character in him, as in all men! That narrowness, that exclusiveness, that jealousy! As if the grate and the veil were to be pre-

had not shot the rejoinder which now oc-curred to her. Indeed she had altogether been taken by surprise and felt that she had not made her case clear. She could have found incontrovertible arguments against his selfish, not to say grasping, state of mind. She would have pointed out to him that the trouble lay in the lent foolish fable that men must fall in love with girls and that girls are always dreaming of lovers. Banish this commonplace adherence to wornout mediæval ro-mance, and the mental tendency of falling in love is banished.

She did not doubt the efficacy of such counsel and took it for granted that, al-though at the moment she had not been able to make a convert of Dr. Basil French the occasion was only postponed. But as the days went on, and the thought pressed in upon her that he had said unless she could love him the world itself was hardly wide enough for them to walk apart, she was conscious of a tumultuous rush of sen

She could not at first believe that he had deserted her. What had she said, what had she done, that he should in a moment renounce the pleasant intercourse which had become their daily habit? She had for years denounced men, and this was like a man, selfishly to desire the attainment of his object, indifferent to the wishes and is terests of others. Yet when she recalled his words, his tones, his glances during that interview in the park, she was no onger inclined to be angry. In recollection they gained new efficacy—she was thrilled as his meaning became magnified and in-tensified. Then, conscious that she was softening, she would cry: "Is it I or is it somebody else who decided to have a career of my own? Is it I or another who be lieves that if the woman is to be the powerful moving force of the twentieth cen-tury she must be wise, strong, consistent, true to herself?"

All her powers had rushed in one curren with her energies toward the hope of developing the new type of woman, and yet Basil had tried to lure her into the beaten track. All these eight weeks that she had known him she had been conscious of stimulus, of unexpected intellectual re-

sources, a sense of power. How insidious his influence had be She wore a spring gown of some light tint, with a knot of ribbon here and there, whose effect was to give added lightness whose effect was to give added lightness gossamer though they might be flattering her that she was free, yet all the light as gossamer though they might be, she found it hard to throw off. For she was obliged to confess that, now she no longe burned against the background of firs, the flower beds were full of gaudy tulips and ance leading the life she had hitherto led. pale hyacinths.

She had remarked to him that she had lacked the central moving figure. been asked to address the final meeting of The Germ on the subject of realistic novels.

The Germ on the subject of realistic novels.

> there would be no interruption, no more wavering between opposite ideals. She would now reserve herself for what was

great, serious and important. She was sorry she had promised to adthan mere conventions. But no matter for that. To be frank, I hate to see you run novels—not because of Dr. Basil French's scruples, but because it meant more frittering away of time and declension from her highest aims. He had objected from his own private point of view, which she need not in the least regard. She would never think of him again. Then, having decided never to think of him, she went on thinking of every word he had uttered, of the general why and wherefore, of things tangled which might have been smooth, of what is, compared with what might have been, until May 15, on the evening of which day she was to address The Germ.

She had read up nothing about realistic novels. She had made no effort to enlarge her knowledge of the subject. What she felt about the whole occasion was a curious languor and apathy. All at once it oc-curred to her that, although Basil French was rapidly putting the ocean between them, news travels far, and he might hear what she was to say and might accept her defiance of his advice as a triumphant repartee. She trusted to her woman's faculty of instantaneous insight to give her something to say, and to her woman's wit to bridge over the logical gap which yawned between her and the realistic nov

All X- gathered to hear her. The night was warm. Mildred was dressed in white and looked airy and girlish. A murmur ran round the room as she came for-

the discussion of the new realistic fiction no particular knowledge of the subject and that indeed she was at issue with those who use the term realistic as the equivalent for what is ugly, animal and pessimistic in tendency. To her, she declared, that only was real which was honest, sound and and progress to all mankind. The deformity, the disease, the wickedness, which were the result of abnormal and unhealthy in fluences, containing in themselves—as they must—the limitation of their strength and the necessity of their speedy decay, were forces to be rejected and combated—forces which never had conquered and never could conquer. Nature insists on health, light conquers of the late except lady of Sewickley, Pa. Curtin, the second lady of Sewickley lady of Sewickley, Pa. Curtin, the second lady of Sewickley lady of precious of the spoils of time is the chance with order, sacredness and purity in our lives. These are our realties and necessities. This was her text, and then she told

Everybody observed that as the girl speaker was rounding off her discourse suddenly she flushed and for a moment seemed to lose the thread, then regain it and went on with fresh animation and crisper and more incisive touch. The truth was that Mildred had caught a glimpse of Basil French standing in a corner of the room, and for a moment every thing had whirled round before her eyes.

He approached her as she stood surrounded by a group who congratulated and applauded her. Her eyes met his with applauded her. Her eyes met his with carry they were coming home, and we were quite willing to carry them. But see how in this latter part of the nineteenth century even that little detail of life has been ry even that little detail of life has been ry even that little detail. I heard my 12-

marked. like to take your advice." He was smiling; he bent forward

"Your way of doing as you like chart me. Perhaps you remember that you always had a way of charming me?"
"I had forgotten," said Mildred saucily. "It is so long since I have had the pleasu of seeing you.

Later, when she was following Mrs. Fa-bian to her carriage, he came up. "Why not walk home?" he said. "The moon is full; the night is like summer. "I am going to walk," Mildred said to Mrs. Fabian. It was a pleasure out of the very teeth of loss and loneliness

"Please take my arm," he said. "I want to monopolize you for a moment. I sail for Europe tomorrow at 3 o'clock." "I heard that you had already sailed." "Without bidding you goodby? Hardly. Besides, I wanted to hear what you had to

"Ah!" murmured Mildred.

"I decided to go back to Berlin within three days after I saw you in the park. At

first I tried to set to work. There are ex-periences which make a fellow cynical. I said to myself, 'Let a man know his own line and keep it.' But it was no use, so'l told my father I must return to Europe. He said he needed a holiday and would go He said he needed a nonuay with me. We have only each other, you with me. We have only each other, you know, and he is very good to me. We shall go first to Norway, then in the fall to shall go first to Norway, then in the fall to the east probably. You told me to go to Jericho. This is mye portunity and yours. Have you been very giad to be rid of me?" Let her struggle as she might to vie with him in high spirits, Mildred was conscious of a lack of rebound. He evidently considered everything rounded off, complete, flu-ished, dead. He looked at her with an eager

xpression when she did not speak.
"Well?" he said presently. "You see," she observed, with an effort a lightness, "that I supposed you were half way across the Atlantic—that you had gone

"Did you care particularly? But no, I will not press questions. You have some-thing better to do in life than to love me, thing better to do in life than to love me, and we shall go our two ways. You demand freedom, serenity, ideal aims. If you have any feeling, you intend that it shall justify the expense of the candle. What I want, on the other hand, is just my own selfish happiness—the blessedness of help, of consolation, of comradeship. It would be nothing to you to realize that if you put out your hand somebody seeks it, clasps it, holds it. But it would be everything to me. I stumble without it, like a child on a rough road. You have the keys to everything in life I hold precious. So unless you to turn the locks I shall have nothing precious. Still, I wanted to snatch just one moment. We are at least friends. You yourself said that we had been, were still and could go on being friends." He bent his head and swiftly kissed the hand which lay on his arm. She would have withdrawn it, but his own closed over it, "This is mere friendliness," he said. "Tomorrow night I shall be out of sight of land, and you will be free to go your own way."

Mildred felt like crying out. She had

quivered at his words; they were like the shrewdest irony. All of human blessed-ness seemed to be offered in this companionship. Alone against the world? Why should she stand alone? Why should she fight the world? Conquered and despoiled, what could the world give her in return for rejecting this joy immeasurable? What childish folly to reject that which was the only thing she realized a clear need of? Still, what she said was:

"I hope your journey will be pleasant."
"Delightful," be returned curtly. "Much you know of my state of mind. But you have refused me once, twice, thrice. Wretch fetters as I am, I must bear my pain They were pausing before the Fabians'

"This is goodby," said Basil, and he took both her hands in his. "I do not understand you," she murnured, "when you say I have refused you

First, you declared me to be a tyrannical personality; then that you would have none of me and were going back to college to study for a Ph. D., and then tonight." 'How tonight?" she asked, with some

"Do you mean," he cried, "that you will give up that career"-'I do not feel at this moment that I have any career—that there is anything in the world it costs to give up except—you," said Mildred.—Ellen Olney Kirk in Peterson's

HOME, HUSBAND AND CHILDREN. The Principal Planks In Mrs. Quay's Plat-

Mrs. Matthew Stanley Quay, wife of the Pennsylvania senator, is now mistress of one of the handsomest residences in Washington. It has been finished exteriand the interior is now receiving its fin-ishing touches at the hands of the decorators. Home, husband and children are the car. the three prominent planks in Mrs. Quay's There were five more, but they did not was educated there and has spent her life in Beaver, in Philadelphia and in Washington. She lived in the Quaker City ven years and went to Washington with Mr. Quay eight years ago, when he first

donned the senatorial toga.

Mrs. Quay is an ideal mistress in he me and a devoted helpmeet to her husband, whom she has known since he was a mere lad of 10 years. His prom



nent position as a public man and the take their place in the world make great She began by saying that she brought to and she is a very busy woman. As a hostess she possesses rare grace and tact and seems to have a natural talent for thoroughly entertaining her guests and for

placing at ease even the most diffident vis-In appearance Mrs. Quay is of mediu height, with dark hair and eyes, pleasing features and an admirably proportioned figure. Politics in the abstract has little interest for her, but she is thoroughly in sympathy with her husband's ambitions.
Of the Quay children, Richard, the eldest, is his father's right hand man. He has already gained a wide knowledge of ernor Curtin, the warm personal friend of Senator Quay, is an officer in the United States army. Mary, the eldest daughter, has graced Washington society for three Coral, the second daughter, was presented to society two years ago, after she had completed her education in Europe, and Susan, the youngest daughter

"When I Was a Boy." "When we went on picnics when I was a boy," said a middle aged man, "we used to made simpler and easier. I heard my 12-year-old boy this morning say to another boy with whom he was going on a picnic, Bring your things in a paper bag, and then you won't be bothered with anything to

ng around after the picnic is over." New York Sun. Were All the Bridegrooms Colonels? It is said that there were eight mariages in Washington county recently the same day, and that six of the brides were sisters, one was an aunt of them and the other a consin. There were also three marriages near Tennille the same day, and the brides there were distantly related to those at Sandersville. - Atlanta

AN INCOMPLETE HOUSE.

We run wild over the furnishings of ouse; its furniture, carpets, hangings, pictures and music, and always forget neglect the most important requisite. shelf to provide against sudden casualties or attacks of pain. Such come like a this or attacks of pain. in the night; a sprain, strain, sudden back-achs, toothachs or neuralgic attack. There is nothing easier to get than a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and nothing surer to cure quickly any form of pain. The house is in-complete without it. Complete it with a good supply.

Burgiar Who Tried to Take Everything C. A. Collins, who says that he is a clerk, but who is said by the police to be one of the shrewdest burglars in the city, is confined in one of the tanks in the city prison. He was arrested Wednesday night by Detectives Silvey, Cody and

Crockett. On the 25th of last month, according o the police, he broke into the flat of

All these things were disposed of to a Fourth street furniture dealer, and Silver says that he not only received the cash for them, but made arrangements with the furniture man to go and get the piano and the rest of the carpets, and had negotiations under way with a Market street real estate agent to put a mortgage on the bailding.-San Francisco

Senator Stanford's Illness. tor's life in Washington: A policeman on duty one evening on K street, within a block of the Stanford residence at the national capital, found a man lying unconscious on the sidewalk. He was about to ring in an alarm for the patrol wagon when a gentleman came up and recognized the unconscious man as Senator Stanford. They succeeded in get-ting the senator into his house without any one else knowing what had happened, and nothing was ever said about it. The first question the senator asked when he regained consciousness was whether the newspapers would know all about it, and he appeared to be greatly relieved when he learned that it had been kept a secret. The gentleman who knew of this incident said that the senator's sudden death was no surprise to him.—San Francisco Chronicle.

In an electric road recently constructed in England a radical departure from American methods has been made. A trolley wire is suspended from arms projecting from steel columns. No guy wires are employed, as the steel wires are especially designed to withstand se-vere strains. At the corners the trolley wire, instead of following a curve of the same radius of the track, as in the American systems, is turned on an angle, the whole system depending on the flexibility of the trolley arm, or side collector, as it is called, which automatically engages the trolley wire in any position from two to twelve feet from the side of

Another change from American prac-850 volts. The cars are only 22 feet long and are equipped with two motors of 15 brake horsepower, running at 400 revolutions.—Philadelphia Press.

A large number of the crew of the ill fated Victoria were teetotalers-in fact, lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars—the Victoria's Lifeboat Lodge A. D.—had been established on the ship. Not one of the names of the members of the lodge is included among the list of the saved, so that the lodge has no longer an existence. A curious fact is that a whole lodge of the same order was lost in the terrible disaster that overtook the Eurydice in 1878 .-London Tit-Bits.

Now, This Is Fishing. Frank Vinton and others caught a 800 pound sturgeon last week and made the line fast to a young tree standing on shore. Later, when they went to draw the big fish to land, they found it had escaped by pulling the tree up by the roots nd taking over 80 feet of small rope along. The fishermen have three other big fish tied up at different places along the stream. - Asotin (Wash.) Sentinel. Causes of Ocean Currents.

Professor Hellprin says in The New other explanations may appear, scientists have grandally settled down to the convic tion, made inevitable by a practical demonstration, that the guiding power of the ocean currents is resident in the nonperiodic winds or such as blow constanti

from definite quarters. A continuous down pour of rain, inclem ent weather, generally in winter and spring, are unfavorable to all classes of invalids. But warmth and activity infused into the circulation counteracts these influences and interpose a defense against described in the control of the circulation counteracts these influences and interpose a defense against describing as mptoms; call or address 400 dean valids. But warmth and activity infused into the circulation counteracts these influences and interpose a delense against them. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most thorough and effective of stomachics and ton'cs, not only enriches the blood, but accelerates its circulation. For a chill, or premonitory symptoms of rheumatism and kidney complaint, particu'arly prevalent at these seasons, it is the best possible remedy. It is also invaluable for dyspepsis, liver complaint, constipation and nervousness. Never set out on a winter or spring journey without it. Elderly persons and the delicate and convalescent are greatly aided by it. greatly aided by it.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walls Walls via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Gres Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St Louis, East a: d South, Rock-ballast track boy," said a middle aged man, "we used to carry our cake and things in baskets. They were pretty heavy going, but we used to think how much lighter and easier to carry they were coming home, and we were quite willing to carry them. But see how in this latter part of the nineteenth centu-

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related to those at Sandersville.—Atlanta
Constitution.

New Laws Needed.

What is wanted now is a city ordinance compelling young men to put pneumatic tires on their buzzsaw straw hats, so people could get by on the sidewalk without getting scratched.—Springfield Graphic.

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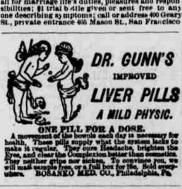
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