### Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

EDITORS' TRAGIC DEATHS.

Brilliant New York Journalists Whose Passing Away Was Tinged With Horror. When I began to work in 1860—and it seems as though it were yesterday only, partly because I have good health and have always maintained a high moral tone—the editor of the New York Tribune was Horace Greeley. He died in a mad-house. The editor of the New York Times was Henry J. Raymond, the best friend but one I ever had. He was found dead cold and stiff in the hallway of his house. The brightest writer in New York then was Charles G. Halpine—Miles O'Reilly—editor of the New York Citizen. He suffered from a neuralgic tooth and went into the Astor House one day, chloro-formed a towel, put it over his head and

joined the majority.

The best known correspondent of that era signed "A. D. R." A. D. Richardson was walking along the street from The Tribune office when a man slipped up be-bind him, fired a bullet in his back, and he died. The managing editor of the New York Herald, Mr. Frederick Hudson, whose name is a living tradition in newspaper circles, having retired on a pension of \$20,000, which of itself is enough to stagger any newspaper man, went to live with his family in Concord, N. H. Drove across the railroad track in front of the cars one day. All killed. The editor of rival The Staats-Zeitung ever had, the New York Journal, Dr. Feeder on, of German birth, but American Didn't see the other, lost his head and has

done no work since. The dearest newspaper working friend I ever had, Stillman S. Conant, managing editor of the New York Times, walked out on the sands of Coney Island one dark night and never returned. The publisher of The Daily News, whose name escapes me just now, but a mon whom everybody in the profession knew had melancholia, superinduced by neuralgie, walked to his office one morning and ble whis brains out. The editor of The Comm-reial Advertises drove along the beach at Long Branch. Ran into a butcher cart. Killed instantly. So, you see, it is not all funny business in the profession.—Joe Howard's Lecture on

Opium Selling Is Profitable. Whatever opinions may be held respecting the effects of consuming opium, there seems to be no doubt that selling it is a

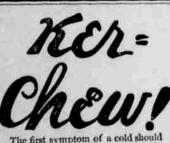
Years ago the house of Jardine, Matheson & Co, was among the largest importers of opium into China, and so enormous were the profits that three of the partners, by sheer force of wealth, expand-ed into baronets, while a fourth, the late Mr. James Jardine of Dryfeholm, became one of the largest land owners in the south upward of \$1,000,000 in buying land in the highlands, and the latter left besides over £640,000. Mr. Magniac, the ex-M. P. who left £200,000, was also a member of ert does not only own Castlemilk, one of south of Scotland, but 10 years ago bought up the Rogersons of Wamphray for £120, 000 and later added the property of Lan rick castle, in Perthshire, to his already

great possessions. He could buy up a score of such places if he so desired. Dealing in opium is, of course, only one branch of the great firm's business, but it is a most important one, and a trade whether right or wrong which has such potentialities of profits must, like Tenny-son's half truth, be a hard matter to fight.

The Canadian Sledge Dogs. reporter, told of the dogs that are used for sledging during the winter in the north-

west territories of Canada. Six or eight dogs are used on each sledge. They are fed only once in 24 hours, and that is in the morning before the start is made and after the dogs are in At that time about four pounds of frozen fish are given to them. thing must be in readiness for the start, and the men must look to it that they are at band to jump on the sledges, for at the very instant that the last morsel of fish disappears the dogs are off at a breakneck speed. Strange as it may seem, the drivers do not dare to feed the dogs unless they are in harness. Otherwise they would scatter, and nothing more would be seen a very short handle and a very long lash is used to urge them on, though in most cases they need no urging, for they seem to feel that the faster they go the quicker they will come to the post, where food and warmth and a lazy life await them. They ravel often as far as 90 miles a day .-

A Chinese Woman Barred. Miss Oy Yoke, a young woman of obtain a medical education. For three years she has been supporting berself w nursing the sick among her own peo-She has made application at some of the San Francisco hospitals, but the other nurses have raised objections, and to prevent trouble the directors have been obliged to bur out the young Chinese girl. Oy Yoke was sold to Highbinders by her parents when a baby and to this country. While still a she was taken charge of by the Methodist mission. - San Francisco Ex-



or Consumption often ordinary succee. PAIN-KILLER will cure a cold before it settles or after it settles; but the common-sense way is to use it at once. It is an infallible remedy for Coughs, Croup, Diphtheria, Asthma, Brouchitis, and all troubles arising from a cold. Keep it by you for an emergency. When you are in distress always remember that



PERRY DAVIS & SON,

AN ALPENA MIRACLE

A LADY OF LONG RAPIDS DIS-CARDS HER CRUTCHES.

In an Interview With a Reporter She Reviews Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

From the Argus, Alpena, Mich.] We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Alpena Co., Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it today.

months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them. Her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut dressed. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and parted amidships. cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also Melrson, of german ortal, out a state of the fining an areat, good, loyal fellow, was spent much time at Ann Arbor under helping an invalid wife from a train. best medical advice. All said her spent much time at Ann Arbor under trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of her story follows in

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams" did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced and can go up and down steps without time. aid. I am truly a living wonder, walking out of doors without assistance."

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I If other like sufferers will try China, Pink Pills according to directions, they of Scotland. Sir James Matheson and his have in my own neighborhood recombrete, Sir Alexander Matheson, spent mended Pink Pills for the after effects. of la grippe, and weak women with

impure blood, and with good results." Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, We foun this firm. Sir Robert Jardine of Castle-milk is the old head of the firm and prob-ably the wealthiest of them all. Sir Rob-less cripple back to do her own milk-impossible to work from the steamer. hold duties, thanks to Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life of course, inclosing the whole bodyfrom Dr. Williams' Medicine Com- the back. pany, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Depew's Broiled Lobster.

"I well remember my surprise one Mr. Cameron, in his talk with a Courier | night at a banquet at Delmonico's. It | and working at this depth. The presand of course Depew was among the lot. He was the life of the party, and I noticed he ate very heartily, although I have frequently read that the best ing when about to speak. But our Chauncey put down a good dinner, and made his speech afterward in the best tle. around him to congratulate him on his dently was not a rock. brilliant address, I noticed that a waitbox, done up in a paper, and a minute of them. They are driven with one long his overcoat, and after assisting Mr. rein aftached to the leader. A whip with Depew into it buttoned it up, tucked the box under the Depew arm and held the door open, while the man outside whistled for the carriage.

ners I asked for an explanation and got it. The bundle was a box, and it conall the places where he dined there was down and help me. Chinatown, San Francisco, is trying to a standing order for a broiled lobster, pew. And no charge was ever made. After Mrs. Depew's death the lobster was broiled and presented at the door, as usual, but Mr. Depew motioned it away. He has never taken one home since then .- New York Herald.

Thomas at Lookout Mountain.

An anecdote concerning General mauga, was related by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell. He told it to illustrate how the valor of obscure soldiers goes to swell the fame of the great generals. 'I sat next General Thomas in a Tennessee train shortly after the battle on Lookout Mountain," declared Dr. Conwell, "when a crowd of soldiers on the platform began cheering for 'the hero of Lookout mountain.' 'Stop that confounded noise!' indignantly demanded Thomas of his adjutant, 'I don't know whether these men are in earnest and making a mistake, or whether they are guying me. The fact is, if I had had off my feet. my way, the battle would not have been fought. When I heard of the proposed attack, it seemed exceedingly foolhardy, the men had stormed and captured those battlements above the clouds!" "-Phil-

One of Mrs. Cleveland's Clubs. of the clubs where she is a particularly loved member is the Ladies' Art assoare Mrs. Anna C. L. Botta, Mrs. H. A. accustom himself by successive stages to Loop, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Miss the change of pressure. F. E. Fryatt, Miss Emily Sartain, Mrs. 1 signaled desperately by jerks upon ing and Mrs. Eliza Greatorex. The pull ceased. I collected my senses and president is Emma S. Marsily, and the committee on ways and means includes Then the jerking and pulling began Alice Donlevy, E. C. Field and S. R. again. I jerked the line impatiently, Hartly. The association rooms are very but was again lifted rapidly through artistic and comfortable. Wednesday the water. is members' day, and the use of the studios and studio properties is free to I said to myself, my own words roaring members. - New York Letter.

THE PIONEER.

If I could flute, O thrush, like you, I'd swing upon the hedge And trill a pastoral strong and true About the maul and wedge—

The gnaried maul my grandsire swung And made the forest boom While his good wife a-spinning sung Or swayed across the loom. Oh, hark! I hear his rhythmic stroke

On glut or wedge descend What time the fragrant logs of oak, Resisting, crack and rend, Give him a song, the brave and true,

Him of the wedge and maul. Whose hero heart and hand could do The drudgery for us all! Oh, high on honor's eminence

His lonely cabin rose; He burst grand boles to build the fence That circled freedom's close. He was a glant, and he tore Our roadway with his hand; Across the wild frontiers he bore The burden of the land.

Give him, the brave old pioneer, A century closing song, The whole choir sing, the nation cheer, A hundred million strong!
--Maurice Thompson in Youth's Companion.

#### SUNKEN GOLD.

Very likely the reader has often heard of it, but until I was sent for by a firm of London marine contractors with reference to it I knew nothing of the fanervous prostration, and in a few mous shipwreck of the British mail Eight years ago she was taken with steamer Pondicherry off the Chinese

It seems that in the year 1856 the Pondicherry, en route from London to Shanghai with a cargo of goods and £50,000 sterling in treasure, ran upon more than half of the time, her knee a sunken ledge off Cape Yang-Tse in a thick fog. The steamer rested upon the months she had to be held up to be rocks long enough to enable the passengers and crew to get off, and then she

The forward portion rolled inside the ledge into comparatively shallow water and was easily reached, but the after part went down into very deep water outside, and no trace of it could be

Unfortunately it was the after part of the wreck which contained the bullish gold had gone out of sight, seemingly forever.

That is to say, it was still out of sight when, 30 years after the Pondicherry was wrecked, I was summoned to the office of Barbold & Co., in London, and asked if I could go to Shang-Pink Pills for Pale People and at last hai. I suppose my good luck in getting up, from a depth of more than 25 fathoms, a great part of the treasure that went down with a transatlantic steamer off the Azores had something to do with working. I continued taking the pills, the call I received from Barbold & Co. until now I begin to forget my crutches. The newspapers were full of it at the

Of course I was ready to go to Shanghai or to the north pole if I received my transportation thither and a fair remuneration. Within a week I embark-

Our little expedition was in charge will have reason to thank God for of Captain John Reese, an enterpriscreating men who are able to conquer ing Welshman. My companion diverthat terrbile disease, rheumatism. I George Cowles, accompanied us, and good deal of apparatus. We chartered a tug at Shanghai and proceeded down the coast to the scene of the Pondicher-

ing, churning, washing, sewing, knit-ting, and in fact about all of her house-replace it with a large, open whaleboat, I put on my diving dress-a close one,

and richness to the blood and restore and a new helmet of the improved pat- and dragging behind them a man from all druggists, or may be had by mail windows and outlet and inlet valves at I went down slowly to a depth of

reef at the surface. I had great difficulty in moving about was a gathering of Wall street men, sure was tremendous. I felt much as more frightened I became. Our men merely on my shoulders. The hum- in the boat would cut me off. Then I after dinner speakers eat next to noth- ming in my ears was like a dozen trip- should drown in a moment from the

hammers working all at once. Presently, prowling about with plate. of form. At the conclusion of the ban- my lamp, I saw dimly, not 15 feet quet, and while people were crowding away, a great dark object which evi- that very thing-my situation was so

I lunged slowly toward it-one can er entered and handed Mr. Depew a almost walk in the water at such a depth-and saw the object take the for an instant when I left the water. afterward the same waiter brought in form of the stern of a vessel. Coming right against it. I made out four raised letters, Pond--

All the rest of the steamer's name had been knocked off somehow, prob- beat and the recovered treasure, the ably when she made her rough descent "I was mystified, but after seeing into the deep, but that was enough. I the same thing repeated at several din- felt as light as a feather for about five

I looked the wreck over a little and tained a broiled lobster, which Mr. then started slowly up to the surface to Depew always took home to his wife. At report to Reese and get Cowles to come

After he had joined me we ripped to be given to Mr. Depew for Mrs. De- np the deck, blew out a quantity of wreckage with a submarine cartridge and opened a passage straight down to the treasure room. Then I set at work alone taking out the boxes of bullion, which I sent up by a rope worked upon the windless in the boat above.

Though it was thrilling work to lift out these solid boxes of sovereigns, I am afraid it would not be interesting to tell George H. Thomas, the hero of Chicka- the story of our toil for the next two

But we worked steadily on-only two or three hours a day, the pressure was so terrible-excited by the thought of the thousands of pounds we were getting up from the bottom of the sea, though but a small share of it was to be ours. One day, just after I had got down and had begun my work in the bullion room, I felt a great jerking on the life line attached to my waist. Jerk! jerk!

I thought at first that a shark was taking a series of headers against the line, but presently, by the steadiness of and I ordered the plan abandoned, but the pulls and a certain kind of human in spite of me, while I was protesting, nervousness that was in them, I made out that I was being signaled from

The rope was drawn in hard, quick

not the come up signal that had been While I was getting ready, in no good Mrs. Grover Cleveland is a member | bumor, to ascend, I felt myself suddenof very few clubs or associations. One Is raised and drawn up quickly through the water. Then, I confess, I was trightened. To draw up a diver quickly ciation in New York. Among the oth- from such a depth is ordinarily certain er women who are honorary members death to him. He must rise slowly and

above to come up, though the pull was

began to rise slowly.

"Have they all gone crazy up there?" in my ears and mixing with the ter-

rible ringing and hammering that the rapid lightening of the pressure was beginning to cause, but meantime I was somewhat reassured by the fact that they were giving me air with the pump

I felt faint and struggled as desperately as I could to prevent my unseen and unknown enemies from dragging me upward to suffication and perhaps death, but of course it was in vain. Then I felt myself jerked sidewise and pulled rapidly through the water

laterally as well as upward. Then a strangely agreeable sensation came over me. I felt as if I were walking on air. The hammering in my ears was pitched at a higher and higher key. Then my senses reeled, and I was unconscious.

I do not like to deal in mysteries. I had simply fainted away as the result of being drawn upward quickly, instead of regulating my own ascent, and of not getting enough air. Unlucky for me. is it seemed when I opened my eyes, I had not parted company with my consciousness for good and all, and that fact proved that they were getting air to me. I came to my senses at the surface and found myself half out of the

water, half in it, still in my diving suit. I was being drawn backward through the water, and through the front winw of my helmet I saw the strangest ight that ever met my eyes.

Not 40 rods away, and plowing toward me, were a great many vessels of singular construction, having tall sails looked to me like the side of an outstretched accordion, and upon the prow of every boat was painted a huge, staring eye, with black streaks diverg-

The more I looked at these strange jects the more I became convinced that they were Chinese junks, such as I had seen a few days before in the Woosung river off Shanghai. On the forward junks I saw several armed men gesticulating wildly. They were evidently Chinamen, and they were greatly

After watching their movements for few moments, it occurred to me that the men were acting as if they did not like my appearance. If it were possible, I might even have supposed that they were afraid of me, but the fact lion room, and with it £50,000 in Eng- that they were pursuing me at a good rate of speed shut out any such supposition as that. As I rose upon a crest of a wave, and

the same instant came into a position almost erect, I was astonished to see, behind these vessels in advance, a large fleet of others like them. Then the whole situation flashed up-

on me. The vessels which were pursuing me were manifestly pirate junks, which at that time occasionallyswarmed up, seemingly out of nowhere, in the Chinese seas. While I had been at the bottom, this fleet of pirates had suddenly hove in sight around the cape. There were, in fact, 200 or 300 junks. The people in our boat, when they

saw the pirates swoop down upon them. had no course but to take to flight. But have, to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly ed, with my diving apparatus, for what were they to do with me down there at the bottom? It was a wonder they did not cut my lifeline and leave me to my fate. As the laws of human conduct go, they would have been justified in sacrificing my life in order to save their own. I learned all this afterward, when Cowles told me how he stood at the

gunwale with his revolver in one hand. keeping the men off the line, while We found that, owing to the danger- with the other hand he now jerked Then, with all hands at the oars that isn them they propelled only by oars, in which we set the forts of the Woosung. Of course up our windlass and other apparatus. they really had no chance to get there. They were 10 men in a big whaleboat, with a weight of machinery and gold,

shattered nerves. They are for sale by tern, provided with three plate glass the bottom of the sea, and they were chased by a fleet of pirates, sailing on a quartering but very good breeze. Meantime I was being dragged about 140 feet before I found the bot- through the water on my back. Through tom. It was as rough and rocky as the my bit of plate glass I could see the

pirates in advance, who seemed to be bearing down upon me rapidly. The more I realized the situation the old Atlas must have felt when he had could never row away from those the world on his shoulders-only the junks. They would overhaul me first, pressure was all over me instead of and when they had done that the men

water rushing into the air pipe and However, I got used to it after a lit- through the inlet valve into my breast-I own that I hoped the boys would do horrible. And I actually welcomed a little dash of water that I got in my face, though my heart stopped beating

But it was only a little which I shipped through the outlet air valve, When the pirates should have overhauled me, they would go on after the

taking up of which they must have somehow got wind of, though they knew nothing of diving. I hoped from my heart that the boys had already thrown the gold overboard-though what should happen after my air pipe was cut was of very little consequence

I came upon another full view of the fleet from the top of the wave. I could see the pirates looking at me as their sailing craft steadily overhauled me. Their black eyes were almost bursting from their sockets as they looked at me. It occurred to me that they were frightened at something.

I went under a wave again, and the whole scene was out of sight for two orthree minutes.

When I came to the surface again. and saw the same thing-pale visaged Chinamen and the staring round eyes painted on the bows of their vess bearing down on me-the truth flashed upon me. The pirates had taken me for the demon of the ocean, which they are always fearing and fighting away, with offerings and incantations, on board their junks. A man in a diving suit-especially

flat on his back in the water that way was a new sight to them. I had simpulls that once or twice quite lifted me ply frightened them out of their wits. There was my great, glittering head of red copper, three times as large as the head of an ordinary man. front was a big staring eye of plate glass, with a bright brass ring around it. My ears were represented by two more glass windows with a sort of

barred grating over them. Then there was my bulging breastplate of tinned copper, which helped to carry out the impression of some fabulous monster. Occasionally I kicked legs out of the water; they were incased in thick black sheet india rubber and my feet were clad in very

thick soled boots. My hands, protected at the wrists with tightly fitting india rubber cuffs, were free. They were the only portion of my body that was visible, and the Louise Bradbury, Mrs. George S. War- the rope, and for a moment the upward only thing about me probably which suggested my human character. But no doubt they had the effect to scare the Chinamen the more. But for the hands, they might have imagined I was some sort of marine monster. Now they were sure that I was the dreadful

As soon as I become possessed of this

I began to throw my arms wildly about, to kick vigorously with my feet and to

roll my head from side to side. The effect was marvelous. On the top of another wave I could see that the whole first was breaking away to starboard-and running free, straight

out into the east China sea. Before long the whole fleet was getting well to seaward and leeward of us. got a little more water through the air pipe just here and had some little difficulty in breathing, but at the same time I felt myself pulled with a new

I guessed what was the cause of it. The boys in our boat had ceased to give all their attention to rowing, and for the first time since they got under way began to pull me in with the lifeline. Presently, rolling over, I saw the gunwale of the whaleboat just in front and was hauled aboard. It did not take me a half minute,

belinet off, and to breathe the open air with a deep breath. It was like a starving man taking too unch tood all at once. I felt faint, but the sight of Cowles' honest face bending over me revived me.

with George Cowles' help, to get my

Thank God, man, you're alive!' "I was afraid," said John Reese.

whom I saw next, "that you'd saved our lives at the expense of your own. 'Did 1-did I save your lives?" asked, still a little dazed.

"That's the very thing you've done, said Reese. "You've scared that pack of pirates back to their dens with your sid goggle eye. Such a sight as you made on the water they never saw before, and they'll never forget it. You were the demon that the cowardly dogs are always looking for, and they turned tail and went off with the wind, like a flock of swifts.

'We may thank your mate here,' one of the men spoke up, "for saving our life with yours, at the p'int of his

But Cowles, modest and self deprecating, as brave men always are, pretended that be did it all to save his own He saw how it all would be, he said, and he merely resolved to keep me there for a scarecrow.

Our boys made good time with their oars and got under the guns at the own garden. Proud as I am of my hus Woosung forts before midnight. Before daylight every box of the Pondicherry's overed gold was safe in the locker of a British man-of-war in Shanghai barbor .- Walter Bagshot in Youth's Com-

NEW YORK'S CAT SHOW.

The Feline Stars Will Be the Manz, Angora and Persian Tabbies. The dog show, the horse show, the poultry show and the baby show have all had their day, and the cat show is on the eve

of taking the country by storm. The cat show has been the proper thing in Eng-land for a quarter of a century, and the only wonder is that America has not caught the feline exhibition fever before. James W. Hyde of New York has organized the American Cat club, and the first annual show will be held in Madison Square Garden May 8, 9, 10 and 11. Over \$1,000 in prizes will be distributed by the New York Cat club, and many special prizes will be offered by individuals who re as interested in the cat of today as the

Egyptians were in the cat of centuries ago. There will be a few superior specimen of the ordinary Tommy and Tabby exhib-ited in New York, but the stars of the show will be strange cats from all over the world. The Manx cat, the tailless feline from the isle of Man, will be very much in evidence, and the Maltese or Chartreuse cat of bluish gray color, the Persian cat with long white or gray hair, the Angora cat ble by getting up fad clubs. The po-



BLUE PERSIAN TRIXIE.

Winner of eight special prizes at the Crystal have scores of fair admirers. The Manx cat which lives on Hall Caine's island has iong been an object of curiosity owing to the fact that it has no tall and is believed to be a descendant of Japanese tailless cats taken to the island many years ago TARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

In England the interest in the cat has increased to such an extent that two rival annual shows are held. One of the most admired felines on the other side is the famous blue Persian cat Trixie, winner of eight special prizes at the Crystal palace, in 1893, including a gold medal for the best cat in the show. When the Crystal palace shows were inaugurated about 28 years ago, there were only 200 or 300 entries, but now the number of cats exhibited annually is about 600.

During the show many of the aristocratic cats sleep on brilliant colored silken cushions and some owners even drape the ages of their pets with rare old lace. The National Cat club of England has established a studbook, and the pedigrees of the best bred cats are kept as carefully a the pedigrees of race horses and blooded cattle. Some of the cats exhibited are of enormous size, and Xenophon, the finest representative of the Tabby family exhibited at the recent Westminster Aquarium show in London, weighed 20 There is an unconfirmed rumor in New York that Dr. Parkhurst's entry at the show will be a stuffed tiger cat.

It is with extreme regret that I view the passing of the old fashioned Kentucky corn bread. For the last few years its decadence has been steady and sure. The march of progress has about 'scronged it aside, and the improved, new fangled methods of modern milling have had the effect to almost banish it from our bills of fare. It is true we yet have corn bread, but it is not of the good, old fashioned kind. On the contrary, it is very little like it. Bread made from the meal now on the market is damp and clammy as the hand of a corpse, and when cold is hard enough to play baseball with. The old time flavor is gone, and it in no wise compares with the old barr made meal .-Letter in Bowling Green (Ky.) Times.

The following is a characteristic extract from the manuscript diary of King James II of England, preserved in the Imperial library of Paris: "I did not retire from the battle on the Boyne from a sense of fear, but that I might preserve to the world a life that I felt was destined to future greatness.

Translator and Artist. Miss Sarah Holland Adams, a sister of Mrs. James T. Fields, who has achieved prominence as a German translator and as the friend of poets and painters in Europe, is in Boston after a esidence of many years abroad, mostly in Berlin. She is the translator of Grimm's "Life of Goethe," and "Life of Raphael," and his essays. She was a near friend of the brothers Grimm, and they esteemed themselves signally fortunate in having her translate their works. Miss Adams' foreign life has been crowded with artistic interest .-Boston Women's Journal.

liable to cause th's than a sprain, Very many serious cases are known that have cost a life-time of misery and very much in time and money. Much of this is owing to neglect. St. Jacobs O I, used promptly on the worst case of sprain, will cure it as surely as it is used. It is the best and needs only the care and attention of spraing it in good time to make the cure effective and permanent.

Woman's Chauces on the Stage "The feminine element is very important on the modern stage, and genius and every quality applicable to dramatic performance may find employment there," writes A. M. Palmer, the dramatic manager, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Acting is certainly a distinct and honorable profession open to women, but it lacks that uniformity of result that belongs to effort in other di-

'The stage requires a peculiar aptitude. I would counsel no one to attempt its chances without this aptitude and capacity to learn. Good looks are of no value whatever without special intelligence. Under my management, covering a long period, many young women have appeared. Some of them have become famous; many others have sustained themselves in the profession; a great many have failed. Positive qualities are required. Weakness of any kind-in voice or physical attribs-is a disqualification.

"It is not always possible to tell if a young woman can act at all until she is seen on the stage, and this complicates the difficulties of advice as to a particular line of acting."

Princess Bismarck and England. Princess Bismarck is an ardent admirer of everything English. In a recent letter, which we have had the privilege of perusing, to a very close friend—a Brighton lady—the life comrade of the man of blood and iron thus expresses herself: "I fear I dare not even hope to see your dear country again. You know how I love it. Your little island in the south is indeed God's hand, I cannot help thinking we should both have been happier had the stars in their courses indicated his life work in your dear old England. I may not talk politics, but there can be no saying what I have so often said before —that had I the choice of nationality I would be an English woman-frank, free, cultured, accustomed to outdoor exercise, regarded by my husband as neither a cipher nor a toy. With all my heart I love old England."-Ladyland.

New York Women's Clubs. IDNEY & LIVER DISEASES. DYSPEPSIA. Just now the particular social club which claims attention is one which HEADACHE'S COSTIVENESS. has a proper name. It is not enough that each of the adored English and American poets and philosophers must have a literary club named after him, but the poetesses have risen to that grandeur in the minds of their sisters; hence there wll shortly be created the Jean Ingelow, George Eliot, Hypatia, Elizabeth Browning and Sappho clubs. At the poetic clubs poetry will be read, talked and sung, but whether the club women will dress like the spring poet has not yet been decided. The members of the philosophic clubs will indulge in gossip and study of the wise

of this type. - New York Correspondent. A TERRIBLE VISITANT.

Pain is always a terrible visitant, and often dominiles itself with one for life. This inflittion is peventible, in cases of rheumatism by a timely resort to Hostet r's stomach Bitters, which checks the encroachments of this obstince and dangerous' is used advisedly, for rheumatism is always lishle to attack the vitalores and terminate life. No testimony is more conclusive and concurrent than that of physicians who testify to the excellent effect of the Hitters in this disease. Persons incara weeting in rainy or snowy weather, and who are capsed to dranghts, should use the Bitters as a preventive of ill effects. Malaria, dyspensialiver and kidney trouble, nervousness and denility are also among the aliments to which is popular medicine is adapted. For the infimities, a reness and stiffness of the age; it is highly beneficial.

"Don't you think the man who marries is money is a fool?" "He i-, unless he gets it

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from repu be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they wilder is the fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Curemanufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and nutcous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

"Muny a "man," said Uncle Eben, "hab found dat de pinnacle ob fame am intishly too p inted to st. down on wit comfort."

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. As norr, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, Guard to reell for summer malaris, t'red feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

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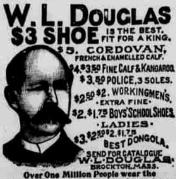
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