## Baking Dowder

THE MORAL OF THE CROW.

Some Advice For Secretary Thurber, Wh Doesn't Appreciate a Joke.

Thurber, the president's private secretary, is a young man of great ear-ley of Poetry," whose queer book, "The nestness and of a conscientious reverence Black Riders and Other Lines," is the for greatness which at times threatens to overpower him. But he is neither a humorist nor a philosopher, as any one may see who sees how indignant he becomes when stuffed crows are sent to the White House.

Let the joker have his joke! Why not? This would be a very wearing world if at times it did not become easier to laugh than to cry. Besides there is more than a joke in that stuffed crow. There is philosophy in his feathers and science of politics in the sawdust that stuffs him.

If men are to live together at all, they most learn to eat crow as gracefully as turn their stomachs. But in the course of human events it frequently becomes necessary and must be done.

reach it. The man who has no principle, who does not love some great truth is indeed a contemptible fellow who can of talent. never help the world except by leaving But in spite of that the time comes

they can get along at all.

This is the moral of that stuffed crow, Mr. Thurber! Bring it back from the cellar and put it on the mantel under a glass case. - New York World.

A JOKE ON THE P. G.

He'd Give a Week's Salary to Know Who Is esponsible For a Certain Story.

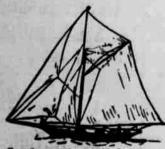
The postmaster general is irate. wants to know who wrote it. About one week ago a correspondent for a western paper sent out a story to the effect that the postoffice department had decided to furnish a proof of each of the postage stamps issued by the department upon application for same. This item touched a responsive chord in the breasts of the great American public and was widely copied. The applications have begun to come in. Several hundred have come in on each mail for the past

five days, and the number is increasing. There is a deluge of this kind of mail natter, and to save the department from being swamped Postmaster General Bissell has been compelled to order printed a circular setting forth that the department is not distributing proofs of stamps and has also been compelled to transfer some of the clerical force of the department from legitimate work to the work of sending these circulars to the stamp applicants. The affair is regarded as a practical joke on the department, but General Bissell didn't regard it in that way when he said to The Star man, "I'd give a week's salary to know who wrote It "- Washington Star.

Bought His Gift In a Pawnshop. A funny thing which is just leaking out happened at the recent Sherman wed-ding in Boston. A man who was a prominent guest, in looking over the ents at the house, discovered a valbought abroad for a big sum and that sable old clock, an antique, that he had been stolen from his house a year or more before in some mysterious way. He hunted up the donor and found he had bought it from a pawnbroker that had called his attention to it as a rare article. The man wanted to give Miss Sherman something rare and so purchased it. It was not, however, until owner No. 1 insisted upon the right of first proprietorship that owner No. 2 ling to explain. It was rather a big joke on him to have sought a pawnbroker's shop for his wedding present, and the first man thought it too good a story to keep. -Town Topics.

Discovered a Long Sought For Beetle. Professor A. D. Hopkins of the agricultural experiment station at Mor gantown has just discovered a beetle for which naturalists have been looking for many years in vain. It is the beetle from the eggs of which come the worms which have ruined so much chestnut timber in this section of the country. The worm has long been known, but as long as the beetle which lays the eggs was unknown it was impossible to lestroy it. Professor Hopkins has received numbers of the larvæ and has carefully noted every phase connected with their development into the pupse and then the beetles. The beetle is one that has never been known before and belongs to a species of which but three families have ever before been discovered. - Martinsburg (W. Va.) Dispatch

A Holy Chost Plant. There has been on exhibition in front of a Chestnut street florist's window for some days past a very rare specimen of the dove flower, or, as it is more familiarly known, the "Holy Ghost plant." The florist claims that this pecimen has been some 15 years coming to perfection, and he values it at \$35. It is a small plant, about 10 inches street. high, and bears some eight or ten of the little white flowers which, from their remarkable resemblance to a dove with wings outstretched give to the plant its name. The flower ist he "EspiritoSanto" niards and was discovered in Panama in 1826, —Philadelphia Record.



and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

POETRY'S AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Stephen Crane and His Queer Book of Stephen Crane, the "Aubrey Beards

> most eccentric. the most talked of and the most

abused book of verse that has appeared in many a day, is a young Bohemian of New York city. He is pallid of face, short in stature, slender in build, modest and unassuming

STEPHEN CRANE. in manner. He possible. They may not like it. It may plays a first class game of poker and chops his poetical lines into varying lengths with a literary hatchet. He seorns the limitation of rhyme and me-It is right and proper for a man to ter and seems to be a disciple of Walt hitch his wagon to a star if he can Whitman. There are people who think be is a genius and a rising light in literature, and "there are others." The better than his own comfort or interests, latter class think his verses are barren

Crane is 23 years of age and has been writing for the press since he was 16. when the best and bravest must cat their mess of crow-bravely, even if it novel called "Maggie, a Girl of the has been made more repulsive by their Streets," under the pen name of John-When men live together in peace, ventional and so during in its treatment harmony and politeness, they are con- of the slum life it described that the stantly waiving rights and suspending publishers dared not place their imprint

conviction for the time being. Were upon it. Hamlin Garland, who was apthey not they would be constantly goug- parently much impressed by the genius ing at each other's eyes. It is only by of the young author, wrote, "With such making the best of a bad bargain that a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is to be henceforth reckoned with." Mr. Garland's interest led him to look up the young novelist and introduce him to William Dean Howells, who, it is said, looks upon Crane as a very promising young devotee of the muses.

For about a year Crane has been doing syndicate writing, and a second novel, 'The Red Badge of Courage," describing the adventures of a recruit under fire in the civil war, was published in serial form and proved very successful. It is said that all the stanzas in his little volume "The Black Riders" were written in a sudden fit of inspiration in three days. The following is a sample of the young poet's lines:

Should the wide world roll away, Leaving black terror, Limitless night,
Nor God nor man nor place to stand
Would be to me essential,
If thou and thy white arms were there,
And the fall to doom a long way.

A QUESTION OF LIBERTY.

Thoughts Brought Out by a Rich Chicagoan's Recent Experience. Some days ago a rich man became troublesome through drink and was takwith his lawyer, but before legal action looking to his release could be taken his relatives applied at the home, and Down he went to the sea below and

mand a prompt and definite answer.

what right has the Washingtonian home to receive men drunk or sober from their friends or others and deprive them for a month or a day or an hour of their liberty? If the officials and attraction of the waves. tendants there can receive one man brought there by his friends, may they not by the same right receive another be had lighted, tremulous and afraid, of their liberty? If the officials and atbrought by his enemies?

drink, may it not restrain another beprisoner for months, for years, throughout his natural life?

The actions of this so called "home" deprived of it by due process of law, ference, may culminate some day in a challenge of the whole strange basis on which it rests.—Chicago Herald.

Suann Couldn't Be Trusted There.

A long legged, gawky sort of a chap from down the Potomac, who was visiting Washington, was walking about the office of the Arlington hotel, apparently gazing on it as one of the sights of the capital, when one of the clerks tackled him for a bit of fun. "Is there anything we can do for

you?" inquired the clerk. "I reckon not," was the reply.

"Perhaps you would like a room if you are going to be in town." 'Well, I reckon I ain't; leastways

not right now." "Do you think of coming?" "Well, yes, me and my wife has been talkin about it.'

"Of course if you come you won't find a better place than this to stay. We are in the finest quarter of the city, and the White House is just across the

"Is that so?" exclaimed the rooster. "Yes, indeed."

"Then it ain't no place for my wife. This was a startler for the clerk. "Why not?" he asked in surprise. 'She would be greatly pleased.' "In course she would. She'd be tickled to death, she would, but I won't

let her come. "You don't know my wife, I reckon?" "I have never had that pleasure."

bowed the clerk. woman, but she's got her weakness."

her around all right." "That's what you say, young feller, but I know Susan. Why, ef she come here to live, she wouldn't be here a week till she'd be runnin acrost the street folks. She can't help it to save her life, for my child it would be welcome—but would become in its turn a base of supbut they're kinder used to it in our people is some different in their notions, or in heaven." No, sir, ef we come to Washin'ton to stop any time, I'm goin to git out in the her over the sea, and the woman, lift-

GOING ASROAD.

The other shore—she sails to that And leaves me here shore, whereat I sigh in vain and let a tear slip down my check. Another dear, However, still is left me at

The old stand, and I hang my bat Up there until she come, whereat I much rejoice. Betimes, I fear The other shore.

Ah, me, I talk but through my hat When I begin to talk like that. And still I have a doubt and fear. And hope presents but little cheer. Yet if Pm left I'll take for that The other, sure.

- Detroit Free Press.

## THE RAY'S WORK.

Of all the beautiful things in this beautiful world there was none that the little ray loved so well as the summer sea. He and his comrades would play by the hour together with the rippling wavelets, darting from one to another in dazzling, mad flashes of light, spread ing themselves over the waters, a sheet of molten gold, till a touch of the wind's light lips broke it up into a thousand shimmering fragments. And the waves loved their playmates, too, and each, as the rays kissed it, became itself a little golden sun, sending forth its light into the radiant air, for the sea, like a fickle, lovable woman, answers back to all in their own moods and is loved just because she cannot be trusted. Then, where the waves broke on the golden sands or round the clean, dark rocks, the little rays would fill their foam with light till it shone more brightly white than the Jungfrau's crest, and the music of the waves breaking was a fey song for their own loveliness. Laughing, they ran up the smooth sand and embraced with teasing play the small pink feet which scampered away before them, while the sun's rays flashed from their surface to meet the light, brighter still, which shone from children's eyes. Oh, those were happy days, and as the little ray danced along over the waters he hoped that they never might end.

Put a time came when the voice of the wind sounded from afar. The sea heard it and was troubled to its depths at the new life of power and strength which was tearing within it, while the wavelets far and wide raised their tiny crests, and in ripples of white foam whispered the news one to another. The clouds, too, heard the voice and gathered together at its bidding to spread themselves a thick, dark curtain over sea and hide from the sun's face the things which were to be. And so the little ray could visit the sea no longer nor join any more in sport with favorite playmates. At this his heart was very sad, and he took no delight in the other pleasures to which his comrades called him. They told him of the wild games they played with the wind shaken leaves of the forest; of the snow cold peaks which they crowned with dazzling splendor of jewels; of fog laden valleys filled with dream forms of teries of beauty revealed midst the was all in vain. The little ray longed for his lost playmates and would care

for none of these things. As he wandered sadly among the heavy, driving clouds, losing himself in their sullen masses, searching for some crevice through which he might penetrate, one of them pitied him. Since you will it so," said she, "I en to the Washingtonian home, a place in Chicago where drunken men are detained until sobriety calms them. The rich man found a way to communicate shrank back from her neighbor, and the sun to rest.—Pall Mall Magazine. with one swift word of thanks the little

he was restored to their custody. He Down he went to the sea below there lay quivering and lost in its black there lay quivering and lost in its black It is all over now, but some day a gulf. Oh, what a changed world it very interesting question relative to was! Above him the tempest hurried that quasi public institution will dealong and shouted to the waves as it went, and the waves threw their white What right has the Washingtonian heads up and answered back in crashing If any institution in the city may cataracts of rushing foam and then lost without judicial commitment restrain again in the dark depths of the water. a man because he is troublesome through him. "So you are here, little ray. The cause he is troublesome through other world is changed since you saw it last."

"Changed indeed," said the ray. "Oh, causes, all the way from discoursing on flutes to a rich but discouraging old age? If it may deprive a man of his playmates?" But the waves laughliberty for an hour, may it not keep him ed, shaking spray from their crests till the tempest caught it and whirled it mountain high in the air. "Give us the winds for playmates," they cried, are somewhat too radical. Its superiority to all laws and constitutions, its contravention of the principle that all men have an inalienable right to liberty till deprived of its hard and the men's lives for our sport. Talk to us not of the wretched, spiritless days that are past. The world is worth living in now." But you were happy then. You rejoiced in the earth's beauits lofty disapproval of any legal inter- ty and were happy," said the little ray wistfully. "Because we knew no betsince then that there is something fairer

like the glory of power.

The ray grew chill and wan and trembled as he listened. "Is there nothing. then, left which is fair to look upon in

look nnon.

"In course you haven't. She's a fine helpless at the mercy of the waves. suppress the society. -London Letter. Many a ship had come near them, but "But life in this hotel would bring the woman's cries were not heard in the howling of the tempest, and be- To reach the north pole an architect, neath the darkened sky the fluttering M. Hauin, has proposed to the Georag she waved was lost in the spray graphical society of Paris the construcwhich enveloped her. So the ships went tion of wooden huts one or two days on. The woman's voice grew faint, and journey apart. He considers Greenland seven times a day to borrer some dern despair was in her heart. "Let death the most favorable locality for an exthing er other from the White House but come quickly," she cried, "and but periment of this kind. Each of the huts for my child and for his father await- plies for the construction of the next

But the little ray wandered on toward pole. -St. Louis Globe Democrat. stop any time, I in goin to get out it is sooburbs, where Susan will have room to spread without bumpin up ag'inst the fust families."—New York Sun.

her over the sea, and the woman, the ing her heavy lids, saw the coming glimmer on the water. Her breath came the fust families."—New York Sun.

Seventy-five per cent of the enlistments in the regular army last year were quicker, her pale lips trembled, her

glance followed swiftly up to the patch of blue sky above, while over her deathlike face and in her dulled eyes there J. Howard Moore Won That Title at a broke a light such as the ray had never seen before. At the sight of it now he or than the laughter on children's lips. "

waving signal. So the ship altered her group of Prohibition clubs in the recent course, and soon the mother and her national contest in Cleveland and found

burden stood safe upon the decks. Evening drew near. The tempest had fled now, and thus left alone the tired, gray waves, their strength failing and their fury spent, were heaving in sullen impotence to rest. The clouds, falling away from the sky, gathered themselves in soft, changing masses of vapor around the edge of the sea. The sun, sinking lower and lower, called to the rays to come. Sadly they heard the call. They bade farewell to their beloved earth in a passion of fervid color. Upon wave and cliff, mountain and cloud, they rained their glowing kisses, and earth's beauty quivered into new glory, as does a maiden's in her lover's embrace. Then they drew together, a road of golden splendor on the sea as they erowded westward after their departing king. With slow, majestic motion he sank to rest.

But the little ray hung back. He had found the cloud who had stood his friend that merning, and he waited to give her goodby. He was filling her now with his own golden glory of light little difficulty in winning the contest as he whispered to her of all the beauty and the honor of being called the chamwhich was in the world. Alas, she pion Prohibition orator of the United would stay with it still in the wonder of the night, the great dark peace which he never might know. He thanked her, too, in loving words and kisses till she with tender, slow reluctance he drew faded, passing in gentle change through gray on her twilight couch.

But the little ray was thinking of the deck it seemed as if heaven's own spring lecture platform his field of labor. were bursting into blossom in her sight But the light lessened, and the color faded, and she remembered that it was weirdest, strangest loveliness; of mys- but sun tinted vapor after all. She sighed, but the sigh left her lips in a smile, world's most squalid dreariness. But it for the child laughing stretched his hands to her face. Lovingly she pressed him closer to her and drew her shawl more warmly round him. "Good night, little one," she whispered. "You must sleep now, for the day is ended. Tomorrow, when the light comes back, you shall wake again." Then she bent her head down toward his face and mingled her smiles with his in a long, soft

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart American woman the other day, "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city hated each other accordingly, though outwardly they preserved the semblance pleasant relations. Every chance that either got to give a dig at the other was eagerly seized.

'But the final and most effective stroke, after which no calls were exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. L---She sent out cards for a grand entertain ment and then took pains to find out what Mrs. F .-- , her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous pink brocaded satin was the material of Mrs. F---'s gown, it was ascertained

'Accordingly Mrs. L .-- whose husband was in the dry goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff and draped the walls of all the rooms on the lower floor of her house with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. F--- on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally she ordered her carriage and drove away in tears, "-London Tit Bits.

His Part. When the Prince de Joinville was at Bathurst many years ago he was received comotive is designed to push or pull, ter," they answered. "We have learned by the Royal African corps, black troops and one end looks exactly like the other. officered by white men. He attended a than beauty, more glorious than joy. dinner party wherein mulattoes ap-Oh, the rapture of fury when we raise peared in full evening dress, low bodthe ship high in the air to hurl her ices, lace handkerchiefs and fans. Afdown on the rocks beneath-the cruel terward, dining at Washington with which is said to be so simple that a rocks whom we love and linger to kiss | Charles Summer, the great abolitionist, | bright boy can run it after ten minutes' and infold in our soft white arms even the prince amused himself by telling practice. A wheel is twisted, the cur then in the joy of that moment of pow- about his Bathurst dinner and asked er. To crush into pieces the mighty Summer whether he had ever given his chine begins to move as easily and as vessel with all its wealth and labor of arm to a negress. The prince awaited free from jars and jolts as a ball in a workmanship; to scatter abroad the his answer with some curiosity, to see bowling alley. The big motor was built heavy fragments, flinging them to and whether he would dare answer in the fro in the very scorn of our sovereign affirmative before the American ladies, strength; to watch men gasp in their who were quite sensitive on the color of war against two of the largest steam death agony as we lift ourselves above question, but he got out of it very their writhing bodies, and then to crash adroitly. "My dear prince," said he. down and dash the life from their lips- "in every religion each man has his own this is power, little friend; this is pow-share of work. I preach and you pracer, and there is no glory in the world tice. Don't let us mix the two things the power they could develop. together. "-Argonaut.

Cholera In Europe.

The appearance of cholera here and all this waste of waters?" he cried, and there through Europe is exciting no he wandered dismally on. Everywhere alarm, although the sanitary authorities the same dark gulfs and white crested are expressing grave forebodings. Rusmountains mingling together in tumul sia seems to be getting a general bacillus scare. So much has been said there car. tuous chaos; everywhere floating frag- recently about dangers from microbes ments of wreck and the stain of earth that in the city of Baku, on the Castorn from its parent shore; ruin and de- pian sea, an anti shaking hands society struction and nothing that was fair to has been organized in order to prevent the exchange of bacilli by contact. Far out to sea a woman, with a child Members pay 6 rables a year and wear in her arms, floated alone in a small a button as a sign of membership. They open boat. Alone they had been saved are fined 3 rubles for each handshake. ery day about people so blamed impafrom a wrecked and sunken ship-saved. The ladies of the city resent the prohifrom drowning, as it seemed, but to die bition and recently sent a large petition of hunger, and for hours they had tossed to the governor general asking him to —Washington Star.

To the North Pole.

place, and it makes it come a good deal ing him at home. I have cried. I have As the distance to be covered is about easier on me than it would here, where prayed in vain. No help is left in earth 200 miles, a score of huts would be

CHAMPION PROHIBITION ORATOR

Recent National Contest. "The land of the politician and the flashed back up to the heavens beyond home of the sot," not the "land of the the clouds. "Come," he cried to his free and the home of the brave," is comrades, "come and see, for there is what the champion Prohibition orator something fairer than aught that has calls America. His name is J. Howard been before, fairer than the smilt sea Moore, and he is as firm in his belief that vegetables are the only things for a His comrades flocked to his call and man to eat as he is that malt and spiritupoured down through the crevice in the ous liquors are the things a man ought clouds, widening it as they went. Then not to drink, or to be permitted to drink. they stretched themselves, a broad path. He is a graduate of Oskaloosa college, of light, from the sky above to the lone- Iowa, but is taking graduate work in ly boat, which they bathed in their soft the University of Chicago and is president of the University Vegetarian club. Across the storm driven sea, cleaving He won the individual oratorical in the the waves asunder with stately motion. Prohibition club of the University of a great ship came. The eyes of those Chicago and then took first honors in on board her, wearied with gloom, turn- the state contest of Prohibition clubs in ed gladly to that bright spot on sky Wheaton. Then, having demonstrated and sea, and turning saw the boat, saw that he was the best temperance orator the white face of the woman and her in Illinois, he represented the state's



The title of Mr. Moore's successful oration was "The Scourge of the Republic." He made a strong argument blushed red with pleasure, and then against the liquor traffic and declared that it was sapping the lifeblood of the away from her. As he went the flush republic. He denounced the political parties for championing the cause of the every shade of russet and purple till the saloon to gain the influence of the dealcloud was left alone, resting soft and ers in strong drink and was voted the best orator in the contest.

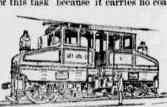
Prohibition and vegetarianism are not light of hope which he had seen in the the only reforms that interest Mr. woman's eyes that day. "Ah," said he Moore. He is an ardent woman suffragto himself, "if I could only shine like ist and has attracted some attention as that!" And with this wish in him he a budding Prohibition politician in of the duty of serving on juries. In the sky beneath, color- Iowa. He was once a candidate for sening it a green so pure and so tender that atorial honors on his party's ticket and to the woman watching from the ship's is anxious to make reform work on the

AN ELECTRICAL GIANT.

It Is a Nipety-six Ton Locomotive That Is the age of steam soon to give way to the age of electricity? Recent developments point unmistakably in that direction. In two places of lace the electric locomotive has succeeded the old time iron horse driven by steam, and there seems excellent ground for believing that in the near future nearly all transportation will be done by means of electrical power. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad recently placed in opera-That was the last thing which the tion in its tunnel in Baltimore the most

tricity. This wonderful electric motor is 35 feet long and tips the scales at 96 tons. It is 14 feet high, and its four electric motors give it 1,440 horsepower. It is built to maintain a speed of 45 miles an hour for passenger and 15 miles an hour upon another. They were rivals and for freight trains and can drag a train of from 200 to 250 empty flat cars on a level track without starting a bolt. The power is communicated to the locomotive by means of a trolley arrangement similar to that in use on the electric

street railroads. The electric locomotive is designed solely for tunnel work and is favored for this task because it carries no coal.



THE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE. develops no steam, is smokeless and sootless and does its work without puffing and roaring like some steel monster in distress. It is built in two parts and hitched together like the tender and engine proper of an ordinary locomotive. There are eight driving wheels of steel that have tires 3 inches thick. The lo Sandboxes, airbrakes, headlights, a bell, a powerful gong and a whistle operated by compressed air are part of the equipment of the novel machine. rent enters the motors and the great maby the General Electric company in Schenectady, N. Y., and in a recent the locomotives easily stopped them when they were dragging it along at full speed and drew them in the opposite direction, although they resisted with all

In a Hurry.

"It's a rapid age," said the big po-liceman thoughtfully. "A terribly rapid age. Everybody's in a hurry. 'What's the matter now?" the man who was waiting for a street 'Why, we've got the trolley car, haven't we?" "And the cable car fender?" "To be sure." 'And the cigarettes?' "And yet you read in the papers ev-

Only Half Way.

"And is the pig fit to kill, do ye think, MoichaelF "Yis, he's fit to kill, but he sin't fit to ate, glory be to the saints!"-Life. TRUTH ABOUT THE POPE

Doctor Corrects Reports Which Are Abroad About His Health.

The numerous reports regarding the ill health of the pope which have been in circulation recently have induced Dr Lapponi to make the following statements regarding the condition of his holiness

"The health of Leo XIII," says the

doctor, "is excellent. Contrary to reports, his nourishment remains the same as formerly, and his appetite never fails him. At 8 o'clock in the morning he takes a cup of chocolate and a bit of bread. At 2 o'clock p. m. his luncheon is served. It consists of soup, one or two courses of meat, fruit and a glass of Bordeaux. In the evening at 9 o'clock Leo XIII again eats soup, meat, fruit and wine. His stomach acts with marvelous regularity. His sleep is long and quiet. He cannot be said to be losing his powers. The pope has as great powers of resistance as he ever had. During the great heat of the summer he has, of course, been affected somewhat. To give an idea of the strength preserved by this old man of 84 years let me say that Leo XIII takes pleasure in going in search of great books in the library, some of them weighing as much as 10 pounds, and carrying them to his working desk. To those who say that the pope cannot hold himself erect and is obliged to allow himself to be carried in a litter we can simply reply that, like all his predecessors, Leo XIII allows himself to be carried in a litter when he goes to the garden. He gets into the litter in his office. But that is simply a rule of etiquette. Every day, after once reaching the garden, he walks for hours at a time, supported by his cane. He walks more easily than a number of persons of his suit. In short, Leo XIII walks, or at least stands up, for four or five hours a day. Only recently he confirmed 30 persons without feeling the least fatigue.

JURY REFORM. Massachusetts Has a New Law Containing

Excellent Provisions. A new jury law has just gone into operation in Massachusetts, and some of its provisions are manifestly so good that they might well be embodied in the code of other states. For instance, one section reads, "The board of aldermen of any city shall not strike any name from the jury list as prepared, except of a person who has been convicted of a crime and has not been pardoned on the ground of his innocence of said crime, or of a person who is not qualified by law for service as a juror. intention here was to do away with the favoritism by which men of influence were in the habit of ridding themselves

The penalty for a violation of the sec tion quoted is severe, it being provided that if any person is guilty of fraud in the drawing of jurors, either by practicing on the jury box previously to a draft, or in drawing a juror, or in returning into the box the name of a juror which had been lawfully drawn out and drawing or substituting another in his stead, or in striking a name from the jury list, he shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500. An additional official safeguard is

thrown around the selection of jurors by the requirement that the mayor of any city shall be present at the drawing and verify by personal inspection the result of the ballots announced by the alderman appointed for the purpose. The law was framed to counteract the corrupt influence that had previously prevailed in the making up of juries in the cities of the state.—New York Post

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

Thrifty Farmers Welcome the Visitors and Eat Them For Supper. A curious phenomenon occurred in the northern portion of the county Thursday afternoon. Shortly after 3 o'clock a shower of live frogs began falling. The shower of living creatures continued for five minutes and covered a 10 acre field on the farm of Ezra Willburn. The frogs fell only on Mr. Willburn's farm, and at the time they fell the sky was cloudless. Mr. Willburn's small son was the only person who witnessed the shower, and after recovering from his surprise at such a strange occurrence

he informed his father of the affair. The Willburns at once began catching the largest of the frogs and enjoyed a regal repast of delicious hams for supper. The neighbors were also liberally supplied. The cause of the shower is somewhat a mystery, although it is said that the frogs could have been drawn from a distant pond by a strong whirlwind and carried through the air to a point over Mr. Willburn's field.-Mun-

cie (Ind.) Cer. Chicago Herald.

SMALL BEGINNINGS Make great endings sometimes. Atliments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atractous maladies, dangerous in themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a troute basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortily the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stom ch. Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach. Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malatia, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder transie, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Tom-Are you going to the seashore this sum mer, Dick? Dick-Well, I don't know; it wil be cheaper to sit on my porch and s.e the bloomer girls go by.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Ture. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

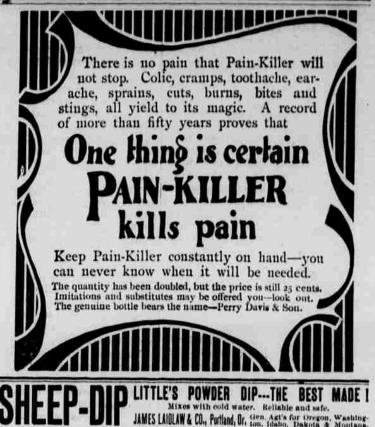
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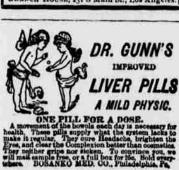
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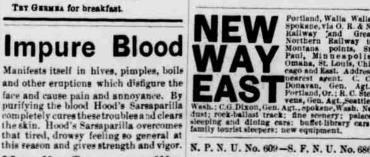
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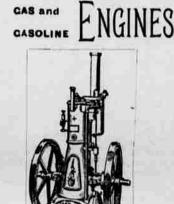
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