

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SO MANY THINGS I DO FORGET.

So many things I do forget,
And vain would I remember,
Bright things, glad things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December.
But the home where my childhood learned its
songs,
And the trees where my father set them,
And the brook and the bank where the pine
belongs,
I never can forget them.

So many things I do forget,
And vain would I remember,
Bright things, wisest things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December.
But the friends of childhood's long ago,
By the mountain shadowed river—
With a fadeless light their names shall glow
Forever and forever.

So many things I do forget,
And vain would I remember,
Bright things, sweet things, my footsteps met
Before they crossed November,
But the line of my angel mother's eyes
And the tears of love that wet them,
And the kisses of one beyond the skies,
I never shall forget them.

So many things I do forget,
Nor wish I to remember,
Sad things, hard things, I tell them not
To April or December,
But the vines of the mountain wood,
And the scarlet plums behind them,
Would I forget them if I could,
Forgetting who could find them.

So many things we do forget,
And vain we would remember,
Ere feet that danced the minuet
Have walked to slow December.
But the songs that silent lips have sung
Our memories although they
We sing them over, we are young
And never can forget them.
—Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

MAN IN THE MOON.

It was the last day of the late great frost, and, unkindly of my 50 odd years, I undertook to skate 30 miles or so along the frozen Lea. When I returned home, I was tired—so tired that scarcely was I seated in my armchair when I found myself nodding, and undoubtedly I should have fallen asleep had not an exceedingly strange circumstance happened.

To be brief, then, I was lifted from my chair in my home in north London, whirled through space for a couple of hours and then deposited gently but firmly on the moon.

Scarcely had I recovered my breath when an aged man of venerable aspect, whom I at once recognized as the man in the moon, approached me and inquired my business. I explained that I was an involuntary trespasser on his hospitality, and then, thinking as I was there I might as well learn something about the history of our satellite and its inhabitants—supposing there were any—I proceeded as respectfully as might be to question the old fellow.

"Yes; you are right," he exclaimed in answer to my query as he placed the load of fogots he was carrying on a projecting mass of granite and rested his back against the cone of an extinct volcano. "I have seen a lot of changes in my time. How old am I? Well, I don't know exactly, but it is some millions of years ago since my first birth-day.

"Why, bless my heart, when I was a lad, this old dried up moon was as bright and fresh as your earth is now.

"Seas sparkled in the sunlight, brooks gleamed and flashed through the valleys and forests clothed with verdure the mountains now dead and silent. Aye, these were glorious times. The birds sang in the woods from early dawn to nightfall, the fishes leaped and plashed and leaped and plashed again in every eddy and pool of our prehistoric rivers. Great mammals, some uncouth and some beautiful, but mostly the latter, roamed at will amid the glades of our mighty forests. Then, after a million years or so, man came."

"Man?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, man," he reiterated rather testily. "Man, of course. Do you think your earth alone has been the home of man? I tell you he lived and flourished here while the earth was yet formless and void, a vast white hot mass of semi-fluid granite. At first he was weak for lack of knowledge, and fought—often unsuccessfully—with the wild beasts of the forests for food and drink and raiment. Then as he grew older he grew wiser and carved for himself weapons of flint and wood, just as the earth man did a million or two years afterward. Our lunar men were very clever, too—very clever. Not so large or so strong as terrestrial man, perhaps, but quicker to learn. Why, it did not take us more than 200,000 years to perfect our civilization."

"And what happened then?" was my next query.

"Ah, there you have asked a question hard to answer," quoth the old man sadly. "All I know is that one year there came a blight over all things. It was not exactly a plague. It was rather a want of vitality in the atmosphere that reacted with terrible effect on all animate nature. Man, being the most highly organized of all things living, was the first to feel its baneful effects, and he dwindled and pined and finally perished, and the places that had been wont to know him knew him no more forever.

"Then as the sunny atmosphere grew more and more attenuated the mammals first and afterward every form of animal life grew cold and dead. The lowest forms of plant life lingered for a few thousand years longer, until the last drop of water had evaporated into space, in fact, and then they, too, vanished, and the moon was left as you see it today, a dead world, without heat,

atmosphere or moisture.

"A sad fate surely," but you must have become resigned," I said soothingly, for the old man was sighing heavily and gazing fixedly into space as though he saw again the lost visions of long lives he had been describing.

"No, I am not resigned," and he shook his head slowly from side to side. "Both myself and my sister look forward to better times to come."

"Your sister?" I exclaimed wonderingly. "I was not aware"—

"That I had a sister?" he interrupted. "Oh, yes, I have, but I forgot! Of course you have never seen her. She lives on the side of the moon opposite to the earth, amid mountains and valleys, upon whose bold outlines no earthly eye has ever gazed. It is by far the best side of the moon, too, but she is getting rather tired of living there and talks about changing places with me. I expect you would be rather surprised down below there if some fine day—or night, rather—you found a woman in the moon instead of a man. Ha, ha, ha!" and forgetful of his recent fit of the blues the old chap gave vent to a hearty guffaw.

"We should indeed," I replied, laughing in my turn. "although I fancy, unless your sister's appearance differs in a marked degree from your own, that we should scarcely be able to distinguish the difference. You must admit yourself that one must possess good eyesight to tell a man from a woman 240,000 miles away."

"Oh, but," answered the old man, with a touch of family pride, "she is a fine woman! Not bent and bowed with age like me. Indeed she is really 6,000,000 years younger than am I. Then, of course, she dresses in—in—"

"The habiliments suitable to her sex," I ventured to say.

"Precisely, and, like all the women here, is fond of dress. Why, when I last visited her, some 25,000 years ago, almost her first question was, 'How do the women dress now on the earth?' Of course there wasn't much to tell her because—well, the women of that day didn't trouble themselves much about dress, but I am thinking of paying her another visit soon, and then I shall have a different budget of news for her."

"But tell me," I interrupted, for I was not much interested in the old fellow's sister, "something about the earth. You must have seen almost as great changes in the earth as in the moon."

"Almost," was the answer, "but not quite. My world is cold and dead. Yours is still alive, as was mine once, but your turn will come some day, and then we shall both go circling through space, cold, silent and lifeless. But that," he continued, "will be many millions of years from now, almost as many millions as it is since I first set eyes on your planet. Then, as I said before, it was a mere mass of molten matter—a vast white hot ball whirling round the sun and carrying me with it. I remember as though it were yesterday the first beginning of earthly life. At first the seas covered everything, and beautiful specimens of marine flora floated everywhere upon the surface of the water, while in its translucent depths fishes of strange form and glorious coloring disported themselves. Then the dry land began to appear, and by slow degrees the great forests that shrouded as with a mantle all the earth not covered by the waters. For millions of years what you are pleased to call the lower animals were the only denizens of their somber depths, and even after man came it was hundreds of thousands of years before he even partially dominated the face of nature."

"But was there not," I asked, "an ice age?"

"A what?" he exclaimed, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"An ice age," I repeated. "A period of time when the ice, which, as you are aware, is always present at the poles, spread northward and southward until it enveloped almost the entire globe."

"Oh, yes," responded mine host, with the air of a man trying to recall some long forgotten and altogether trivial incident. "I believe something of the kind did happen, and not more than 100,000 or 150,000 years ago either. But it only lasted about 20,000 years, and I had quite forgotten all about it until you mentioned it."

This concluded the interview, for although I would have liked to have pursued my inquiries further the old chap suddenly snatched up his bundle, bent his back and resumed his orthodox position, at the same time indicating by a gesture that he was not inclined for any further conversation. "We are right over Greenwich observatory," he explained in answer to my look of surprise, "and I don't want the astronomers there to see me without my bundle and talking to a stranger too. It isn't respectable."—London Amusing Journal.

A Memorial to Her Pet.

Lowell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity as a memorial to her pet peddler, which was killed by the cars at that point.—Boston Herald.

Sweet In Comparison.

"Doesn't the rag peddler annoy you with his horn?"

"Not half as much as the piano peddler next door."—Detroit Free Press.

COLOR SCHEME FOR SMALL HOUSE.

Let Old Blue Predominate In Parlor, Library and Dining Room.

How few people when furnishing a small house or flat remember that old blue is one of the happiest colors to choose for a foundation, writes Frances Ann Headley in The Ladies' Home Journal. In a house where, as a rule, all the rooms open into one another, special care must be taken to preserve harmony. It is better then to select one color which shall run through all the rooms. Old blue is the color par excellence in such a case, combined with tan, gray or white for the rugs, while the same scheme prevails in the heavy draperies.

A lovely little house in mind has a parlor and library in one. The large rug, covering the greater part of the room, is old blue and gray. In front of the fireplace is a long, light gray fur one. A broad, low lounge is covered with dark gray. It is always better to cover a lounge in a solid color, as it takes more kindly to the pillows of endless hues. The large dining room rug is old blue and tan, with smaller rugs of tawny brown. The bedroom has an old blue and white large rug and white fur smaller ones. Let old blue predominate everywhere in the floor furnishings and draperies, but not to the exclusion of all other colors elsewhere, for where one color only is used the effect as a whole is flat. Let there be odd bright color touches in the way of pillows, lamp shades, odd bits of china and bric-a-brac, but with always an eye to what is the proper color for each room. When all furnished be careful to see whether all of the rooms blend into a beautiful harmony.

In a bedroom white enameled or birds-eye maple is exquisite where two or three pieces of fresh old mahogany are added. Each heightens the other's beauty in a most charming manner. A room furnished entirely in mahogany gives a heavy, dismal effect, but in a parlor and library combined, say in a flat or small house, place a large, quaintly carved old desk and one of those highly polished, round card tables, and see what an air they give to the modern and equally beautiful furniture. In the dining room a square mahogany table with a surface like glass, and even a small buffet or china cabinet, will be quite enough of the antique to set off everything else in the room. Have exquisitely drawn linen doilies, candles in rose colored shades and a profusion of, say, pink carnations and you have a lovely lunch table. In a house the hall should be a leading feature—enticing, not cold, bare and cheerless, repelling one from further acquaintance with the house and its mistress. A hall is like an introduction.

HERE'S A NUT TO CRACK.

A Puzzle That May Give a Leisure Mind Something to Think Of.

I have found the following interesting problem in an old notebook, writes Sir Walter Besant. I have no recollection at all of its origin. Perhaps everybody knows it. Those who do not will find it, I think, unless they bring algebra to bear upon it, rather a tough nut to crack.

Here it is. Once there were three niggers—his wickedness is a negligible quantity; it does not enter into the problem—who robbed an orchard, carried away the apples in a sack, laid them up in a barn for the night and went to bed. One of them woke up before dawn, and, being distrustful of his friends, thought he would make sure of his share at once. He therefore went to the barn, divided the apples into three equal heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—and carried off his share. Another nigger then woke up with the same uneasiness and the same resolution. He, too, divided the apples into three heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share, and carried it off. And then the third nigger woke up with the same emotions. He, too, divided the remaining apples into three portions—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share and departed.

In the morning every one preserved silence over his doings of the night; they divided the apples which were left into three heaps—one was over, which they threw away—and so took each his share. How many apples were there in the sack? There are many possible answers—a whole series of numbers—but let us have the lowest number of apples possible. Senior wranglers must be good enough not to answer this question.

Moralists, if they please, may narrate the subsequent history of these three niggers, apart from the problem of their apples.

The Glowworm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or cave (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct) are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from the bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glowworms which inhabit them.—St. Louis Republic.

A gold dollar if beaten until its surface was enlarged 310,814 times would become a golden film not more than the 1-366,020th part of an inch in thickness.

Sawdust and charmois as polishers after cut glass has been thoroughly washed in hot soap-suds will make it glitter and sparkle.

Authorities on chess declare that the game was known to the Chinese in the year 174 B. C.

NERVOUSNESS.

THE CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM IT.

Brain Workers, People Who Worry and People Who Endure Long Continued Physical Strain.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

It is generally agreed that a man's physical condition is dependent, to a great degree, upon the nature of his employment. Men whose occupations necessitate the constant use of the brain, without any opportunity for physical exercise, are generally nervous, while men employed at manual labor requiring no exercise of the brain function, are almost universally possessed of sound nervous systems, not easily disturbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this principle is found in the case of Professor George E. Coleman, who is a professional pianist, and who was, until within recent years, a druggist. Professor Coleman lives at 1330 Buchanan street, San Francisco. He is well known here as a pianist, having played in some of the most popular music halls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man of strong frame, and he has been an easy prey to the severe nervous tension of his work at the piano. He has had to play continuously for several hours during every evening for five years, and his nervous system finally gave way under the strain. He was forced to retire from regular work at the piano, but that did not have the effect of improving his condition. Upon the contrary, he steadily grew worse. His nerves had been shattered, and in addition he discovered that one of his lungs had been affected by his having been exposed to counter draughts in poorly ventilated halls. His condition soon became such that he was confined to his home, and finally gave himself over to the care of a physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as a druggist had given him an acquaintance with diseases and their remedies, so he had a full knowledge of just what was necessary on his part to effect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treatment by a physician," said Mr. Coleman, "I could notice no improvement in my condition. If anything, I think I was considerably worse. The action of my lungs had become so weak that I was afraid to walk any distance unassisted for fear of falling, through loss of respiration. My nervousness had advanced to an alarming stage. I was not able to contain myself for even a short time, but had always to be fumbling with something or moving nervously about the room. It was while I was in this condition that I noticed in a paper an article on Williams' Pink Pills. I determined to try them, even though they killed me. Well, they didn't kill me, but I'm not going to tell you that they cured me immediately, my case was much too serious for that. But I had not taken a full box before I felt a great relief. My respiration was more certain, I was gradually gaining control of my nerves, and my condition was generally improved. I kept right on taking the pills and getting well. Now I had taken just three boxes of them when I considered myself a cured man. And I was right, for although I quit taking the pills, I did not relapse into my former condition, but grew stronger daily.

"It was truly a marvelous cure, and I will say that I think Williams' Pills possess remarkable curative properties, and I would recommend them to the use of the thousands of people of this city who are nervous wrecks, or who are suffering from diseases of the lungs."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unerring blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—five are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"No, she can't keep a secret. The other day I confided to her that I was going to marry her uncle, and she silly thing went and told him."

A HEARTY WELCOME.

To returning peace by day and tranquility at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine medicine for pain and purifier of the blood an instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, is gripe and irregularity of the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

The Wife—Isn't that your eye doctor? The Hu band—I thought so until he sent in his bill. He's a skin specialist.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. G. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

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PRACTICAL LOGIC.

To reason from cause to effect is very good logic in its way, but to practice on physical conditions in seeking the cause first, is a very slow process indeed. All ailments seem to give an expression in pain, and especially in rheumatism where it takes hold deeply. This is an effect, whatever the cause may be, and pain would become intolerable, if one waited to find out the cause. Hence sufferers are bent on curing the pain promptly, and for this reason know, or soon find out that St. Jacob's Oil is surely the best remedy. People seldom have reason to hunt further, for once this ailment is cured by it, it stays cured, and thus puts an end to argument and pain at once.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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FOR CHILDREN TEething. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

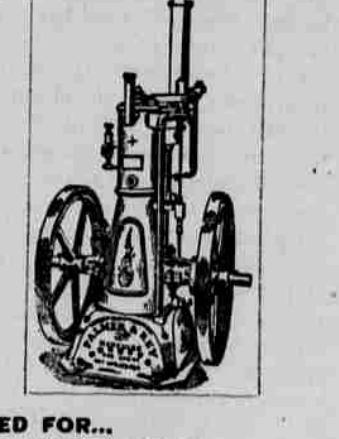
Erysipelas.

Has been my affliction from childhood. It was caused by impure blood, and every spring I was sure to have a long spell, and my general health would give way. Doctors did me but little good, and I became dependent. Last spring erysipelas settled in my eyes and I became totally blind for several weeks. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended, and after taking one bottle my sight gradually returned, my blood became purified and I was restored to good health. With Hood's Sarsaparilla one is well armed to meet any foe.—Miss LULA LEE, 144 Market Street, Memphis, Tenn. Remember

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