

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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### BABY DONKEYS.

A Pair of Popular Pets in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The children have two new pets out at Golden Gate park. There are two brand new baby donkeys that are brought out for an hour or two daily to the playground, and when they are there nothing else in the park attracts any attention at all from the children.

The donkeys are not much bigger than San Joaquin valley jack rabbits, and each one wears a pair of ears many sizes too large for him. They are very soci-



ble and enjoy being petted by the little folks, but the attention they have attracted has sort of spoiled them. When they get tired of being fondled, they are just as likely as not to kick the nearest child with the most malevolent intention in the world. The kick of one of the baby donkeys is a trifle more serious than a slap from a chicken might be, and nothing pleases the young donkey worshippers more than to provoke one of these manifestations of displeasure. Of course nobody thinks of harnessing or saddling the little donkeys yet. They could as well think of hitching a couple of lambs.

They have not been named yet, and they look so much alike that only their closest acquaintances among the children know them apart. They are given into Mr. Murphy's charge, Mr. Murphy being the superintendent of the children's playground, for a very short time every day except Sundays. The exception is made because the wise people to whom the future of the young donkeys has been intrusted do not think that they would be able to stand the excitement and petting they would get from a Sunday crowd of children. As it is, they are surrounded all the time that they are in the playground by children, and the funny woolly little beasts with the long ears and wrinkled noses are already threatened with dyspepsia from the inordinate quantity of peanuts, popcorn and candy that has been smuggled to them.

Up to date the donkeys, in addition to accepted edibles, have devoured several dozen pockets and quite a number of pinafornas.

The little beasts get quite tired out with the excitement and the fondling, and then they are led away to a stable, followed by a wistful lot of children. The idea of bringing them to the play-



ground is to accustom them to children, so that when their time shall come to haul the little carts or be saddled up there will be no difficulty.—San Francisco Examiner.

### Granny's Come to Our House.

Granny's come to our house  
An, ho, my lady daisy!  
All the children round the place  
Is let a-runnin' crazy.  
Fetched a cake for little Jaka,  
An fetched a pie for Nanny,  
An fetched a pear for all the pack  
At runs to kiss their granny.

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,  
An Wade an' sit as Walker  
Both a-ridin on her foot.  
An Pollo's on the rocker,  
An Marty's twins from Aunt Marinn's  
An little orphan Annie,  
All's a-catin gingerbread  
An giggle an' granny.

Tells us all the fairy tales  
Ever thought or wondered—  
An 'bundance o' other stories—  
Bet she knows a hundred!  
Bob's the one for "Whittington,"  
An "Golden Locks" for Fanny—  
Hear 'em laugh an' clap their hands,  
Listen an' at granny!

"Jack the Giant Killer" 's good,  
An "Beantails" 's another.  
Bo's the one of "Ginnydell"  
An her old godmother,  
That an' best of all the rest—  
Bestest one of any—  
Where the mice scampers home  
Like we runs to granny.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### Improving the Flavor.

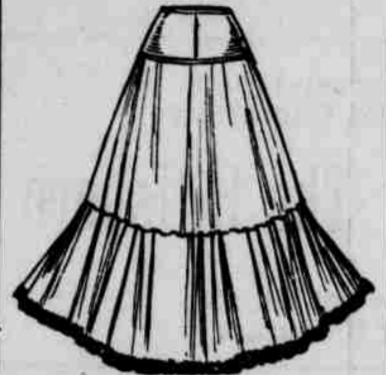
"I don't like this soup. It is not good." And a little boy laid down his spoon.  
"Very well, then," said his mother, "you need not eat it."  
That afternoon the little boy had to go with his father to weed the garden. It was very warm, and they worked until supper time. Then they went into the house, and the mother brought the boy a plate of soup.

"That's good soup, mother," he said, and he ate every bit.  
"It is the very same soup you left at dinner today. It tastes better now because you have earned your supper."  
A dinner earned by honest labor will never want a pleasant flavor.  
—Washington.

## THE BALLET SKIRT.

It is a Fussy Frilled Petticoat and May Be Adapted to Ordinary Wear.

The fussy frilled petticoat known as the ballet skirt is now worn by fashionable women under evening and dance gowns, but nearly reaching the ground. First, there is a close fitting yoke of muslin, which is cut in four parts and reaches well below the average corset and very much below the short corset worn for skirt dancing. On to this yoke is set in full gathers or flat plaits a wide skirt of the muslin, edged with a frill of lace put on slightly full. This skirt reaches from the yoke to the full



depth required, and over it at the B line another skirt is simulated by a deep frill, also edged lace, and put on so that the bottom edge is half an inch above the edge of the under lace, thus giving an extra full and ample effect. When worn, so wide is this skirt that it gives the appearance of a multitude of lace petticoats, and the dancer usually catches the center with a safety pin or a few stitches about 10 or 12 inches below the yoke and practically converts it into a divided skirt. These ballet skirts are also made for ordinary wear in dark silk.

### A Distinguished Woman Obit.

Dr. Charlotte Ellaby, ophthalmic surgeon to the London New Hospital For Women, Euston road, has won no small personal distinction by her late achievement. At the request of H. H. the Jam Sahib of Jannagar, Dr. Ellaby went lately to India in order to operate upon the maharani for cataract. Both eyes were operated upon in turn, and both operations were completely successful. A correspondent in India says: "The maharani is naturally delighted at recovering her sight, and her joy is shared by all her household, as well as by the English women who have the pleasure of the acquaintance of one of the most charming of the Rajput ladies, beloved for her genial manners and esteemed for her unaffected and sincere piety." Dr. Ellaby's services were retained at the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McClelland, who, for long years resident in Jannagar (Mr. McClelland being state engineer there), are the tried and trusted friends to whom his highness the Jam Sahib turns when trouble invades his household. Dr. Charlotte Ellaby has returned to England.—London.

### Makes Over Their Dresses.

There are often good fashions growing out of national disasters. At the time of the French revolution the style of wearing the hair high on the head was begun and was designated as "a la guillotine." Apropos of this fashion of the present has entirely done away with the idea that one must appear in a fresh toilet every time one goes to a function of any sort. Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the cabinet set the admirable example last winter of wearing the same gown as often as the humor dictated. At the White House receptions Mrs. Olney, Mrs. Carlisle and indeed all of the cabinet ladies have worn the same gown more than once and have even resuscitated the toilets of last year and subjected them to some brightening up and alteration, which, though perhaps not apparent to the ordinary observer, has not escaped the eye of those who know the gowns and the women well. It is now quite allowable for a society writer to state that "Mrs. Blankenbink wore her most becoming gown" and to describe the familiar toilet. And why not?—Washington Capital.

### Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been writing poetry for nearly 60 years. Although this remarkable woman has passed her seventy-fifth year, she has the presence, the demeanor, the expression, the voice and the step of 50. She has a handsome face, is in vigorous health, gives heed to the art of dress and is far more lively than are most women at her time of life. She is the mother besides of Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Mand Howe Elliott and the late Mrs. Julia Anagnos, each of whom is well known in the world of letters. Mrs. Howe is also the sister of Marion Crawford's mother—quite a galaxy of talent to be related to by immediate ties of blood, not to mention the late Sam Ward, epicure, and Beau Ward McAlister. It was of Mrs. Howe, by the way, that Oliver Wendell Holmes happily remarked on her seventieth birthday, "She is 70 years young."

### The Scent Bottle Fad.

Mrs. Cleveland has given a new impetus to the scent bottle fever. She carries with her at all her receptions the silver and crystal scent bottle that was given her in Philadelphia when she was christened the big warship. It is set with a beautiful diamond of the purest water and is a thing of beauty. Now it is quite the thing to carry one of the tiny bottles shoved up the palm of the glove.—Philadelphia Times.

### A Woman Will Do It.

Probably the most conspicuous instance in this country where a woman has been selected as the sculptor of a figure of heroic size is that of the choosing of Mrs. Theodore Ruggles-Kitsou to make for the city of Providence a bronze statue 7 feet 8 inches high. The statue is to perpetuate the form and face of Ezek Hopkins, the first admiral of the American navy and a native of Rhode Island.

## SPORT IN THE VELDT.

A TALE OF GUNNING THAT WILL WARM A HUNTER'S BLOOD.

Game Birds That Are Gems Among Their Fellows—Wagon Life in a Wild Country Innocent of Farms and Fences—No Heavy Clothing to Encumber the Hunter.

Wagon life in the South African interior has of course its drawbacks, yet in a climate where for about seven months absolutely settled weather may be relied upon its pleasures outnumber them 50 to 1. To mount one's pony on a clear bright morning; to ride forth into the veldt with a friend and a brace of pointers, with the blessed feeling that you have not a care in the world beyond the march of your wagon to the next water; to be absolutely certain of some pretty shooting in a wild country innocent of farms and fences; to return to camp toward evening with perhaps 10 or 13 brace of birds and a small buck—these things, to the average healthy male, seem as near perfection as may be found in this vale of tears.

It is 8 o'clock on a bright April morning in South Bechuanaland. The air is full of light, brisk and wonderfully exhilarating. Four gunners have just breakfasted under the lee of their wagon. Now, having mounted their ponies—the average South African horse is seldom more than 14 hands—they ride quietly down the hither side of the shallow valley—"langte," it is called in these parts—wherein they were outspanned, and climb the farther rise.

It is a picturesque scene. The slopes are clothed with a long growth of waving grass, now greenish yellow after the rains, amid which great bowlders of dark red rock crop up. Here and there small patches of blue green bush start out from the grassy veldt. Beyond, crowning the valley, begins a thickish woodland of short trees—bustard yellow wood, the Boers call them—which extend for some miles in front, till the great open plains are again reached. As the gunners ride up the farther slope their wagon is already in motion behind them, starting upon its day's trek, 17 miles to the next water. Through the clear, nimble air comes the crack of the driver's great whip and his shrill cries, hurled at the oxen, and the unwieldy home on wheels crushes slowly through the yielding sand. But now the gunners have spread out in line, and the pointers are already busy. Near some bowlders one of the dogs feathers a bird, then stands, rigid as a figure of bronze. The two nearest gunners dismount. They already carry their guns and bandoliers and ride, as men do in the veldt, in their flannel shirts with their sleeves well rolled up the arms. There is little to encumber their movements. Breeches, gaiters and stout boots, a shirt and a shady hat are all that a man needs in Africa.

The reins are thrown over the ponies' necks and hang in front of them, and the wags will stand quietly for hours. Now the gunners are close upon the pointer, still standing with rigid tail and outstretched neck. These francolin lie close in the long grass. "Where the deuce!" On a sudden up spring three brown birds within five feet of the sportsmen. Twenty yards of law, the guns are up, two light reports from smokeless cartridges, and a brace of the birds hit the earth. Almost instantly a third report follows, and the near gunner has secured his right and left, not a difficult matter with these francolin.

But the pointer is not yet content. Another brace of birds is found and brought to bag within 80 yards. The partridges are now gathered. They prove to be the small Coqui francolin—"N'wimp!" the natives call them—perhaps the most beautiful game birds in the world. As one of them lies in the gunner's palm for a few moments, the bright nankin yellow and orange of the breast, the clear, hawklike markings of the breast and the beautiful shape and feathering mark this partridge of Africa as a gem among its fellows. The birds are bestowed in a saddlebag, and the gunners mount and ride into the forest on the right hand side of the wagon road. Meanwhile their comrades have entered the woodland more to the left hand, and their guns can be heard already going.

For two hours the sportsmen quietly walk their horses through the forest, moving due west. Once their pointer gets into a small troop of guinea fowl delving for bulbs, and after a smart chase drives three of them into a tree, whence, as they fly off, the gunners secure them easily enough.

At length, after picking up a few butterflies in the forest clearings, for they carry a net, our gunners emerge upon broad, rolling, sun drenched plains, covered with long, pale yellow grass. Through these they ride steadily hour after hour, picking up every now and again a head or two of game. Now it is a brace of big red wing partridge (Orange river francolin), now one of those amusing yet handsome game birds, the black and white bustard—swart koraan, the Boers call him—whose very noisy and chiding ways are familiar everywhere in open veldt in South Africa. Now, after keenest search, a leash of tiny bush quail are flushed and secured, one after the other having literally to be kicked up. A hare and a solitary "dikkip"—thick knee plover—are added to the growing bag.—Cor. London Review.

During the life of Horace Greeley a man who resembled him—and nearly every town of any size had one such citizen—found his way impeded by the attentions thrust upon him, and which were intended for another man. He was a commonplace person who took no interest in the questions of the day, but possessed the famous facial resemblance which impressed strangers. Such a double of greatness had only to keep silence and look wise to be mistaken for his distinguished prototype.—Exchange.

The Reign of Ribbons.

The use of ribbons is increasing until as many as three pieces may be put upon one dress. Puffed sleeves have five bands of ribbon from shoulders to elbows over the puffs. The waist has three or five bands from shoulders to waist line, with any number of loops and ends attached to the belt; then ribbons are set in at the belt and fall two-thirds of the way down the skirt, where there are enormous loops, rosettes and ends, and in some instances very large bows midway of the length of the ribbon from waist line to hem of skirt.—New York Ledger.

## VALLEY OF DEATH.

A PROMINENT RANCHMAN WHO HAD SUFFERED LONG.

He Says That His Doctor and Friends Had Given Him Up—His Miraculous Cure.

From the Colorado Farmer, Denver, Colo.

David S. Green, who is past middle life, a man of fine physique, strong, vigorous and buoyant went to Colorado in 1880 and now resides at 2127 Grant avenue Denver. He is well known in Colorado and Indian Territory as a cattle man and is also known in Colorado mining circles by "old-timers." He is a member of Trinity M. E. church of this city and well known in Methodist circles and a familiar figure on the streets of Denver. He is a gentleman of intelligence and culture, communicative and affable.

On the first day of February, 1893, Mr. Green received a serious injury to the spine occasioned by slipping while supporting a heavy weight. The injury was very painful and in a few days he was helpless. Through the long months of suffering that followed he was reduced in strength and flesh until his nervous system was well nigh exhausted; he was brought to the border land of paralysis. His entire right side was threatened with this malady. The spinal column and base of the brain were a battery of pain and torture, and naught was left him but to suffer and wait for the end.

While in this condition and utterly hopeless of help (as his physician and the best medical counsel proved powerless), his attention was providentially called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As a drowning man clutches at a straw so he caught at Pink Pills—and immediately began to improve. He commenced their use about the middle of March last and today his pains are nearly gone, all the alarming symptoms of paralysis have disappeared and the original injury is rapidly improving. His general health and flesh are returning, his usual elasticity of spirit and vivacity are restored and an hour's conversation is sufficient to convince one that to Pink Pills is due a change almost miraculous.

In conversation with a representative of the Farmer, Mr. Green said: "I have not been on the street for seventeen months till two or three days ago, but I am so much better. It is a surprise to me and to my friends, yes, and to my doctor, too. The fact is, I have been at death's door. No one thought there was any help for me; my doctor thought I never would be any better! But here I am walking about as you see, and to me it is wonderful! and perhaps you will hardly believe me when I tell you what did it—it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

It is due to suffering humanity that the story of Mr. Green be told. His kindness of heart and generous impulses would rejoice in spreading the fame of a remedy that has brought him from the valley of death to enjoy the pleasures of a loving home.

His physician is a gentleman well known in Denver, has lived here many years and built up a good practice. He is broad-minded and in good standing in the best medical circles in the city. Anyone wishing to do so, can readily satisfy himself as to the facts hereof related.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

New Use For Love Letters.

An ingenious bride, so the story goes, has evolved a happy scheme for keeping her husband true to the protestations of his wooing. The engagement was a long one, the love letters exchanged, legion. With these letters she has papered her boudoir. No man could in the face of such evidence of eternal devotion object to the price of a new bonnet or besting in the matter of pin money. How could he scold about the butcher's bill, or be sulky even if she did give his pet long-leaved coat to the old clothes man or put her pug to sleep in his Sunday hat or cry because he staid at the club and forgot to come in until midnight as in his bachelor days?—Philadelphia Call.

His Pardonable Mistake.

"It was a bad break the Rev. Dr. Fourthly made when he married that couple the other day."  
"What was it?"  
"He performed the ceremony all right, but he never had married anybody in bloomers before, and he's a little nearsighted, you know, and when he came to saluting the bride, according to his custom, he became a little flurried and kissed the young man."—Chicago

The Devil's House.

In Ledyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1710 which bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than 100 deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic. The curse is supposed to have been put upon the place by a girl named Green, who was ill treated there by a relative to secure her property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TRI'S UNDERTAKEN FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

Will be rendered more beneficial, and the feeble will take along with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that preventive and curative, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Impurities in air and water is neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It cures rickets, malaria, rheumatism, and a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

There is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock ballast track, fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet Dining Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

## HERE BELOW.

"Man wants but little here below, and wants that little long," and just as long as he can get it. The words of the old hymn have a meaning, which, interpreted that as the absence of all pain is supreme happiness; it is very little to ask to be freed from it. A short cut to the attainment of this is to use St. Jacobs Oil. It is a little thing to get, but the amount of good it does in the cure of pains is something enormous.

HOUS THIS? We offer On Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure!

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TAUBS, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WILSON, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. 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.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FRANK, CAMP ST., HARRISBURG, PA., May 4, 1891.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and 200 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GENMA for breakfast.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

## YOUR HAPPINESS

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind.

## Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

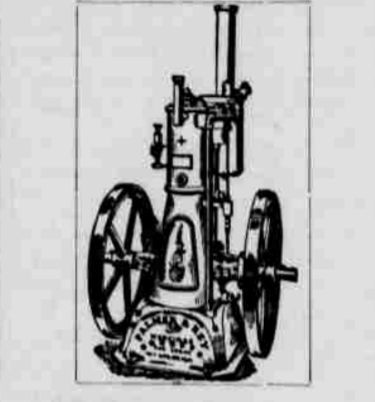
## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver troubles.

HERCULES GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINES...

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horsepower, and without an electric spark battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable. For pumping outfits for irrigation use a no better engine can be found on the Pacific coast. For hoisting outfit for mines they have met with highest approval. For intermittent power their economy is unquestioned.



STATIONARY AND MARINE ENGINES.—MANUFACTURED BY—American Type Founders' Co. PORTLAND, OR. Send for catalogue.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS. A Mild Purgative. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headaches, Brightness of the Eyes, and the Colic pain better than castor oil. They neither grip nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. DR. ROBERTO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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## Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an Alcock's Porous Plaster. BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

WEINHARD'S WELL-KNOWN BEER. Second to none. No matter where from. PORTLAND, OR.

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"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP! Is the best soap in the world. Frank Siddalls says so, and we say so, too. Everyone who has tried it thinks so. Have you tried it? Our price is 10 cents a cake. If you mention this paper we'll give you an extra cake for each dollar's worth, or sell 30 cakes for \$3.25. Try it! Smith's Cash Store, 414 4th Street St. L., S. F., Cal.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Cures all piles, hemorrhoids or protruding piles, and all other ailments of the rectum. Sold by Druggists. Price 25c. per box. Dr. S. B. BOWEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A Medical Mission to Women.

Dr. Clara Marshall, Dr. Hannah T. Crossland, Dr. Amy S. Barton, Dr. Ada Andrieland and several other philanthropic physicians have on foot an enterprise which is to be fathered—mothered—by the Woman's Medical College. This is the establishment in the northeast section of the city of a dispensary for women, to be provided over by women physicians. Such a work needs no plea in its favor. Careless, prosperous women are sometimes slow to realize that a poor and ignorant woman has the same unquenchable aversion to talking of herself and her ailments to a man that they have, the only difference being that they are able to call on a physician of their own sex and their less fortunate sister suffers unrelieved. The Woman's Medical college, however, is fully aware of this difficulty, and every success deserves to attend its efforts to incorporate this truly missionary work in the so called slum.—Philadelphia Press.

## Lady Henry Somerset.

Lady Henry Somerset is undergoing considerable abuse by various cranks and fanatics. She is arraigned for having a title, for owning property and for not managing her property to suit the single tax people and others who see but one cause, and that their own. It is charged that she is, "like all aristocrats of the Tolstoid description, willing to do anything for the poor except get off their backs." And yet if anything is known about Lady Henry Somerset it is that her tenement houses in London have been torn down and rebuilt at large cost and in accordance with hygienic requirements, so that she gets a very small return from them; that she is concerned in a number of movements which have for their object the improvement of the social, moral and physical condition of the poor in London, and that, in fact, she is the philanthropist she professes herself.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## She Lectured on Wills.

Gotham's new lady lawyer, Miss Nellie Titus, lectured on a recent afternoon on the subject of "Wills." She is an intellectual looking young woman, with gray blue eyes, a broad, low forehead and a pleasing smile. Her voice is clear and well modulated. In order to make her lecture on "Wills" more easily understood she had charts hung on the wall behind her, on which were set forth the subdivisions of her subject and a model of a well drawn will. Miss Titus was born in this city, and after graduating from the Normal colleges she entered the law school of the University of the City of New York. She finished the course in June, 1893, and shortly afterward was admitted to the bar. She has not yet appeared in court.—New York Advertiser.

## Oh, Those Sleeves!

"If it rains, you must come in out of the wet instantly, because if you don't your lovely sleeves will collapse into dragged bunches of cloth. The stiffening in them is that new material that looks like old fashioned paper flour-sacks, and it really is paper," said a dressmaker to a customer. "You'd better carry two umbrellas—one for each sleeve—and you mustn't sit down twice on the same side of your dress skirt! If you pull all that big haircloth lined plaits in the back to the right side, every time you sit down your skirt will hang crookedly. You must alternate when you sit down—the first right, then the left side," and the young woman who was trying on the dress wondered if it were really worth while.—New York Sun.

## A Fireproof Lamp.

An incandescent methyl alcohol lamp was shown recently to Kaiser Wilhelm by the inventor. It gives six times the light of a kerosene lamp. To show that it is not explosive, it was thrown, at the emperor's request, on a heap of sand. The glass broke, and the alcohol burned around the flame, but it did not burn.

## COLUMBIAN PRIZE WINNERS.

## CONOVER PIANOS

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGANS WERE GIVEN HIGHEST AWARDS

At the World's Exposition for excellent manufacture, quality, uniformity and volume of tone, elasticity of touch, artistic cases, materials and workmanship of highest grade.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION FREE. CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

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