

ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, and of the highest strength. It is impossible to make a purer or stronger baking powder.

—San Francisco Board of Health.

ACUTE DYSPESIA

SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

Mrs. V. Curley, of Clarence, Iowa, Tells an Interesting Story of Her Experience With Pink Pills.

From the Republican, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.] Mrs. V. Curley who has resided in Clarence, Iowa, for the past twenty-two years, tells an interesting story of what she considers rescue from premature death. Her narrative is as follows:

"For ten years prior to 1894, I was a constant sufferer from acute stomach trouble. I had all the manifold symptoms of acute dyspepsia, and at times other troubles were present in complication—I did not know what it was to enjoy a meal. No matter how careful I might be as to the quality, quantity and preparation of my food, distress always followed eating. I was dependent and blue. Almost to the point of insanity at times, and would have been glad to die. Often and often I could not sleep. Sympathetic heart trouble set in and time and again I was obliged to call a doctor in the night to relieve sudden attacks of suffocation which would come on without a moment's warning.

My troubles increased as time wore on and I spent large sums in doctor bills, being compelled to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893, it was impossible for me to retain food, and water brashes plagued me. I was reduced to a skeleton. A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did ail me. The doctors gave us their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the coats of the stomach and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said, 'All I can do to relieve your suffering is by the use of opium.'

About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha Smith, of Glidden, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Oxford Junction, Iowa. This lady said she had been afflicted much the same as I had. She consulted local physicians without relief, and went to Davenport for treatment. Giving up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical.

I was led to try them from her experience, and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me right again. I have regained my strength and am once more in my usual flesh. I sleep well and can eat without distress. I have no doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only wish that I had heard of them years ago thereby saving myself ten years of suffering and much money."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

NOT A TENDERFOOT.

An Impromptu Dance at Which Jim Dupree Was Master.

One day a lot of rustlers and all-around thieves and outthroats rode into a mining town in Arizona and proceeded to have fun. They rode up and down the main street firing right and left until they scared everybody indoors. Then they went into the principal saloon of the place for liquor. Jim Dupree happened to be in the saloon at the time and, as usual, had no gun with him. Those fellows who had no guns, and as he was the freshest-looking duck they had seen for many a day, they started in to have fun with him. The leader of the gang was a ruffian called Long-Haired Pete. As soon as he saw Dupree he pulled his gun and sent a bullet through the floor right between Jim's feet.

"Give us a dance and be lively about it," shouted Pete, while his gang gathered around to see the fun. Jim got up without a word and started in to dancing a regular old Kentucky breakdown. Those fellows thought he was scared almost to death. He danced around in a circle, and as he came in front of the leader of the gang his foot suddenly shot up and caught Long-Haired Pete squarely under the chin. The ruffian measured his length on the floor.

Quick as a flash Jim leaped forward and snatched the two pistols carried by the leader of the gang. Then, with a smile as innocent as that of a boy he covered the gang and told them all to dance.

They hesitated for a moment. Then Jim sent a bullet through the toe of Pete's boot, and another through the hat of Lou Spivey, a member of the gang. They danced then, and at the first sign of a let-up Jim would shoot a bullet off some man's coat or clip off a lock of long hair with a bullet.

Without taking his eyes off the gang, Jim told the barkeeper to send out and get all the boys to come in and see the fun. They all came quickly enough, and Jim kept that gang of outlaws there dancing until some of them dropped to the floor exhausted.

Then he made every man of them hand over his gun to the barkeeper, after which he ordered drinks for the crowd. When the fun was over he told Pete to take his gang and get out of the Territory as fast as possible and never come back. That gang rode out of town the sickest-looking lot of tough men I ever saw, and the last I ever seen of them in that part of the country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE NEW WOMAN.

W. D. Howells Says She Has Been Here Before and Is No New Creature.

The New Woman who comes smoking, comes talking, and she talks to all lengths and breadths in fiction. But if this is true, has she come talking in any greater number than before? There were always women who liked the excitement of this line, in their choice of topics, especially if the water was not very deep underneath, and this sort is still abiding about in conversation. Perhaps there is really a greater frankness in the matters spoken of in mixed companies than there was a generation ago; but within the same period women have greatly abridged the freedom of their innocent relations with men in our own country. The chaperon has come, and has come to stay, in all her superfluity, as it would have been accounted by mothers of daughters when they were only daughters themselves. In this respect the American woman of 1895 is vastly less than the woman of 1845, for there was really a novelty among young people, and of our own invention, has been exchanged, in good society at least, for a remnant of the old conditions which Europe has been slowly outgrowing, and which we had flung aside with our political allegiance to England. It was one of the few social growths indigenous to our soil, it was graceful and sweet and pretty, and it was rooted in our purer life; but for the last quarter of a century we have been rapidly recolonizing ourselves, and in nothing more than our wish to extinguish the charming liberty that once existed among young people here.

I suppose there is a sort of newness in women's wish to know rather more of all sorts of things than they used; they have a great many contrivances for the improvement of their minds; they take up different varieties of work, sociological and economical; they interest themselves in the condition of the poor; they have opinions favorable to the unhappy; they wish to take large views, and to act helpfully and generously; and I should be very glad to believe that men were equally renewing themselves in the same way. But we do not hear much of the New Man, and we are left to believe that he has not only not arrived, but has not started. No one really knows whether he has arrived or not, however, except the New Woman, and she is still so uncertain herself, in life, that we have no means of authenticating him from her knowledge. In fiction, such fiction as I began with in this rambling inquiry, he is not a pleasant companion. He is rude to the new girl, brutally rude, and he is very kind to the old girl. He says and does things that only the lady novelist has hitherto conceived of men's doings, and his behavior in fiction makes us willing to get on without him in life for a long time yet. What is certain is that if the New Man ever comes, the New Woman will be too good for him, just as the old woman is too good for the old man now and always has been.—Harper's Weekly.

PROTECTION FROM MOTHS.

Woolen Clothing Should Be Thoroughly Mended Before Putting Away.

This is the time to put away the heavy furs, for the moth millers are already beginning to fly. People rush about buying all sorts of expensive moth-preventives, when they are not of the least use. If furs and clothing are put away with the moth egg in them, all the odors in the world, good, bad, or indifferent, would not keep them from hatching. The time when the eggs are laid and the fatal damage done is usually before housekeepers think of putting them away at all. When the warm spring days come the heavy fur coat or jacket is hung up in the closet, and it may be needed again, and perhaps it is worn once or twice and then hung up again, and in the hurry of spring work forgotten until somebody sees moth millers flying about frequently. Then the furs are taken out, perhaps brushed a little, and put away smothered in camphor or in something else that is useless as it is expensive.

In the fall, when the clothes and furs come out, there is weeping and wailing, for the hair flies from the furs, and holes, always in the very worst places to mend, are found in the clothes. Then there is any amount of wondering, and "I can't imagine how it happened, for I put them away so carefully and used such a lot of moth stuff."

The proper way is to lay the heavy clothing in a chest as soon as the use is not daily, and then it can be taken out and worn when the cold days come and extra wraps are needed. When the cold weather has fairly gone, then every separate article should be taken out and hung on the clothes-line on a clear day; if there is a wind, so much the better, as the dust will blow away from you as you beat it out. After beating with a light touch of some kind—it should be both tough and elastic—brush the clothes carefully. Never put clothes away with soiled spots upon them; scour them all out first. It is a very good plan to have them all thoroughly mended, for the children's clothes are always needed in a hurry in the fall, and if put away in order it is a great gain in every way. When all the clothes are thoroughly beaten and brushed and cleaned, fold every article separately, and with care as to folding. Do not leave them on the line to air, for that is the very time that the moth miller takes to lay her eggs. They are very plentiful out-doors just as soon as the weather becomes mild and are waiting for a chance to get into the house, and no article of woolen is safe if left out half an hour. Then see that your chests are absolutely tight, that there are no cracks, in them anywhere. If there are paste newspaper over the cracks, wherever they are, and see that there is not even the most infinitesimal crevice for the moth miller to enter, for if there is one she will find it. Wrap up each article separately, either in old sheets or in old towels or in papers. See that all are scrupulously and absolutely clean. Pack them in with care, so that they will not be crushed or wrinkled, and spread a sheet over the top, and tuck it in closely all over the things. Close your chest, and if you are sure that you will not need to open it during the winter season, paste paper over the edge of the cover. But if it closes tightly there will be no danger from the moth.—Harper's Bazar.

OUR IRON ORES.

Quantity, Quality and Variety Abundant—Capital Wanted to Utilize It.

We have made frequent mention of our iron ores, and the business which would follow the investment of a sum of money sufficient to manufacture these ores into the common trade, the Post-Intelligencer says:

"It has been a matter of surprise to many who are familiar with the resources of this country why the number of iron furnaces projected on this coast failed to materialize, and it is equally a matter of regret to those who projected the enterprises that they failed to accomplish results, through no fault of their own. The making of iron and steel by modern process requires the investment of a large amount of capital—an amount extending into the millions—and it also requires great skill in manufacture and management. In one or two instances the capital requisite has been secured and every hope held out of its immediate availability, but through unforeseen reverses and financial troubles the money was not forthcoming and the preliminary work was compelled to suspend. Capital, always timid, is slow to enter untried fields, and once driven away, it is hard to secure its return.

"The services of experts have been secured on many occasions, and at great expense, to examine the mines of iron, coal, coke and lime, to report carefully on the quality, quantity and availability. The reports have been invariably good, and as such could be passed upon favorably in the greatest iron centers in America and Europe. The cost of manufacturing pig iron and its conversion into steel was also ascertained; this was found to be within the limits of Pittsburgh furnaces; the market for the metal, either pig iron or steel billets, was found both at home and abroad. In one instance the product of a large plant would have been scarcely sufficient to supply orders extending over a long period. Large home orders could have been secured amounting to hundreds of thousands.

"With the return of prosperity it is hoped that renewed effort will result in securing what the country so much needs—capital—and that the men who have striven so long and faithfully to invest in iron furnaces, converters and rolling mills will meet with the success their enterprise deserves. It means a great deal to Seattle, to Puget Sound, to Washington; it means the taking of millions of wealth from the mountains; it means the employment of thousands of skilled and unskilled workmen; it means the building up of great industries on solid and lasting foundations; it means the building up of a great manufacturing city and a grand state."

STAY IN THE COUNTRY.

An Overplus of Girls in Many of the Large Cities of the Union.

The constant influx of girls from the country into our large cities brings with it portentous dangers and evils. Dreaming of an easy time, good wages, a better wardrobe and more congenial companions; dazzled with the vision of city amusements, and hoping perhaps to find a marriageable partner and settle down into a comfortable city home, thousands leave the farm or village and flock to the metropolis. Here many of them confront a situation far different from that which they imagined in advance of their actual experience of city life. The wages they get are meager; their lodgings are far from comfortable; they have no home life; they face new temptations and trials, and their life becomes one of hardship and trouble. In the store, factory, shop or office they are beset with danger and annoyance, while all about them are pitfalls spread for unwary feet. Some of them, with unusual aptitudes for stenography, typewriting and kindred occupation or with fine executive gifts, make their way to the top and secure first-class posts; but a great multitude struggle and almost starve on \$5 or \$6 a week. This latter class are not able to save any money; a week's illness brings them into debt, and a month without employment renders them objects of charity. How much better would it be for most of them to stay at home, help in the household or accept such work as might be available on the farm or in the village. Our large cities now contain thousands of girls in a sorry plight, either without employment or struggling for bread—girls who might have remained in comfort at home, or who could have found work to support them, with less cost of strength, nerve power and vital force—to say nothing of the dangers which now beset them in the city. What a kindness it would be to thousands who are heedlessly planning to rush cityward "to find something to do," could a persuasive word reach them and say: "Better stay at home."—Philadelphia Times.

Advice for Anglers.

"O, gentle angler, you who are fortunate enough to get away from the business treadmill, look to it that you take your sport as an honest angler should. It may be great fun to kill them as fast as you can drag them out; there may be a certain satisfaction in killing more than the other fellow can show, but believe me these feats do not constitute the real pleasure of angling. One need not be forever staring at an arching rod, or straining silk; one's ears need not always be filled with the click of a string-spewing, string-eating nondescript clock, which measures the life of a captive as our watches measure our days. An angling outing offers many better things than dead fish. The marvelous life stirring in everything, the merry gossip of the brook, the ceaseless music of the joyous birds, the hues of countless flowers, the perfumed, lazy breeze, the beauty, healthfulness and purity of it all, will yield to the observing angler more lasting pleasure than ever falls to the lot of the man who fishes for count and estimates his gratification by the amount of life he can destroy within a given time. No fish should be taken that cannot be properly used, and no man worthy of the name of gentleman angler will kill for count. It is not all—'tis not half of fishing to kill fish!"—Outing for May.

HER STRANGE PRISON.

Where a Cincinnati Man Found His Wife After a Burglary.

The construction of city flats is such that it seems as if flat thieves ought to be able to obtain almost unlimited plunder with impunity. But they are forever getting caught, and most of them are the lowest grades of sneak thieves. Anything like originality in their methods is rare, so the experience of the head of a modest west side flat is remarkable. He arrived home from business about 6 o'clock and at once observed indications that something unusual had been going on.

It was evident that a thief had been around, and that he had gone away without taking much, if anything, with him unless it was the resident's wife, for she was nowhere to be found. The husband presumed that she had gone to notify the police, so he sat down and waited, but after an hour or two he became anxious and inquired of the neighbors.

They had heard or seen nothing either of thief or wife. Then there was trouble. The husband hurried to the nearest police station. His wife hadn't been there, and a general alarm was sent out for patrolmen to watch for her, while two detectives returned to the house and helped push inquiries.

The kitchen and dining room looked as if the wife had been interrupted in her work, but there was no other sign of her. The detectives looked very wise, asked many questions that seemed impudent to the distracted husband, made some notes and went away.

The husband was in a bad state of mind, but not so upset that he didn't presently realize that he needed food. Rather than go to a restaurant he went to his refrigerator to see what there might be to eat. He opened the door, and there, curled up in the ice chamber, was his wife. She wasn't hurt. She hadn't even fainting.

She was simply asleep, somewhat stupefied with the close air and cramped in every joint, but otherwise in good condition and glad to get out. She explained that she caught a thief at work, and that he clapped her into the refrigerator before she could scream. One in she could do nothing. There was no inner handle to the door. She cried aloud, and finding no response just waited to be discovered, dreading all the while that her wedding spoons had been taken. They were not, though. They had been placed, with other valuables, in the center of the dining room table for carrying off, and the incident ended happily.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN EXPENSIVE CURL.

The Origin of a Story Attributed to Twenty Handsome Women.

Lady Harriet D'Orsay was really, according to Mr. Sala, in his reminiscences published recently, the heroine of a story which has been told in at least 20 forms of 20 different ladies of fashion. She was presiding at a stall at a vente de charite, or bazaar, held in aid of the fund of some asylum or another, when there came up the Duke of Orleans, son and heir of King Louis Philippe. The duke, after some polite small talk, began to extol the beauty of her hair, and indeed her Henrietta Maria coiffure had never looked glossier or softer than it did this day.

"Oh," said his royal highness, "I could only possess one of those enchanting ringlets!"

"How much would monseigneur give for one," asked Lady Harriet gravely.

"Five thousand francs!" repeated the duke. "A mere bagatelle!"

"Six thousand francs?"

"Anything so charming a lady chooses to ask."

"I will not be extortionate," pursued Lady Harriet. "We will say 5,000."

And then she very composedly produced a dainty little pair of scissors, snipped off the adorable Henrietta Maria ringlet, wrapped it in silver paper and handed it with dignity to the duke. His royal highness looked very straight down his nose, and returning Lady Harriet's salute stalked some what gloomily away. But his privy purse duly forwarded the money next day.

A Valuable Coin.

A well known bishop tells a story of a clerk at a village church who deliberately took half a crown out of the plate as he brought it up to the communion table and slipped it into his pocket.

"I saw him take it," said the bishop, "and intended to charge him with it at the end of the service, but carried away by the sublimity of the service I forgot all about it. Next day I remembered and spoke about it."

"Oh, sir," said the old clerk, "never you worry about that. That half crown has done good service for many years. I keep it to put down first, and then the greasy, seeing a poor man like me put 2s. 6d. in the plate, can't for shame give less."—London Tit-Bits.

Between 1846 and 1876 scores of patents for producing electric light were taken out in almost every country in Europe.

Mauch Chunk, Pa., is an Indian name meaning bear mountain.

I believe Pico's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALICE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for the cure of all diseases of the female system, and for the prevention of child-birth of its tortures and terrors, as well as of its dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. The "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

Mrs. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of Oakley, Oregon Co., Tenn., writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best I ever took before, and it has saved me so much trouble. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

PICO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cures Cough, Spasms, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by all druggists.

LIKE A SIEVE.

The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other malady with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Balm, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood-purifier, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their sifting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infect it, and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maladies arrested or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia also yield to the Balm, which is also speedily beneficial to the weak and nervous.

"This is a pretty good take-off," remarked old Frontrow as the ballet came out in the burlesque.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One 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 past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TAUB, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & 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.

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Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



IN ADVANCED YEARS.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is often of great value in giving the strength so much desired. Mr. W. G. Wyman of Saratoga, Cal., had a large bunch called a tumor, on his right breast. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla which gave him new life and vigor and the pain and all traces of tumor have wholly disappeared. He says: "Five bottles did the work. It is literally true, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. We also think Hood's Pills the best."

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

TAKE PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES. HEADACHE, CONSTIVENESS. PURE.

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NEW WAY EAST. Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane, via O. R. & N. Railway, and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Minnneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Add nearest agent. C. C. Norvick, Gen. Agt., Portland, Ore. R. C. Stevens, Gen. Agt., Seattle, Wash. No dust; rock-ballast track; fine scenery; palace sleeping and dining cars; buffet-library cars; family tourist sleepers; new equipment.

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