

Daly's Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

James Brown Potter.

The appearance of Mrs. James Brown Potter at Daly's theater recalls a conversation that I had recently with a lady who is a friend of James Brown Potter.

"James Potter told me not long ago," she said, "that he was ready to take his wife back whenever she was willing to come and never ask a question. He said he had kept his home as much like it was when she was mistress of it as was possible, and he had taken pains especially to keep her room just as she had left it, so that by any chance she should ever wish to come back she would find a welcome in the familiar things that are there. He declared that he did not care anything at all about what the world might say. A home was waiting for his wife whenever she wanted it."

There is a touch of pathos in that declaration which is not inconsistent with the devotion that James Brown Potter always showed to his brilliant wife.

To selfish nature this declaration would seem most weak, but to those people who love only once, and then forever—and I doubt not that there are such, although they may be few—the attitude of James Brown Potter will be thoroughly understood.

Altruism sometimes reaches to the plane of heroism, and the usefulness of this man is indeed lofty, but for all that I think it most improbable that Mrs. James Brown Potter will ever take advantage of the love that seems never to have left her and keeps a home always ready for her. Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

The Night Migrating Birds.

The weird, sweet, annual mystery of the night migrating birds has begun. Last night, sitting in a canoe on the lake, the listener hears for a long time the soft, aerial twitterings and calls which mean to the birds, bound on their long journey, perhaps from Canada to Florida, what "keeping hold of hands" means to human beings. "Chirp! Little one, are you there? It's a long way to Cuba, do you know, and you've never been there before." "Chirp! Chirp! Here am I, I should rather say! Going to Cuba's nothing when you feel the way in your bones, and in your wings especially, and in your very pinfeathers. Chirp, chirp, twitter, twitter! Come on, mamma, we'll lead the way!" On, on, indeed!

All night long, no doubt, one might hear the soft calls and even the flutter, now and then, of tireless wings. Do the old birds know every lake and stream on their way? Possibly. They seem to follow familiar paths, for all they do, and yet what almost world reaching journeys they make! This rosy pine grosbeak wintered in Russia last year; this year he will winter in Massachusetts perhaps; meantime he has made a little arctic expedition of his own, and could tell Nordenfjeld and Peary all about the North American continent with such a comprehensive view as his. —Boston Transcript.

The Musical Voice.

Dr. Pegg, who was once an associate of Abbe Liez, has a certain opinion that the voices of singers may be affected by their diet. In those parts of Europe where fish is the chief article of food, there are few fine vocalists and the voice in ordinary speech there is apt to lack delicacy of timbre and also dignity. Dr. Pegg has come to the conclusion that the food most desirable for singers is of a grammivorous kind, yet they may properly include a moderate quantity of meat in their daily repast. He discards the idea that malt liquors give strength to the voice, though they may stimulate its action for a brief time. They had better be avoided by those singers who desire to keep their tones fresh and rich.

The smoking habit is not necessarily injurious to the voice, if the indulgence in it is well restrained and temperate. Dr. Pegg has no patience with those French composers professing to be ecologists who would mingle with music the "potent spirit of perfume." The ancient Romans believed that in perfume there was a subtle power to create emotion, but it ought not to be used in combination with music to intensify an artistic impression. The music alone should be all powerful.

An Adroit Teacher.

Consideration for others is not always rewarded in this world, however it may be in the next. The Nashua (N. H.) school board wished to get rid of a teacher for what was, to it, incompetence, but in order not to interfere with the teacher's prospects elsewhere the board committee agreed to elect her, provided she would resign at once. She was elected, did resign, but before acceptance by the board she withdrew her resignation and substituted a request to be relieved of certain work, which the board refused to grant, and thereby rather ostentatiously from demanding her resignation. This young woman may not be a very good teacher, but she is a capital politician. —Boston Traveller.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS!!

Think of it! Yet this sum has been expended this year in purchasing a late, up-to-date typewriter machine, that only weighs six pounds. No ribbon, type changeable instantly, perfect alignment, does beautiful manifold work; is equal to the highest priced machine in quality of work, and excels them in convenience. These are only a few of the reasons why the public have spent a million dollars for them. The Western Union Telegraph Company have contracted for 4,000 of them for use in all their offices. This typewriter is known as the "Blickensderfer," the "Blick" for short. It is the only thoroughly practical and reliable medium-priced machine in the market. Price, \$35 net. Live agents with experience wanted for every town and county in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Address, C. S. Jackson & Co., Pendleton, Or., Northwest Agents.

GREAT MEN'S READING.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Lord Olive said that "Robinson Crusoe" beat any book he ever read.

St. John Chrysostom never tired of reading or of praising the works of the Apostle John.

James I of England was a lover of the classics and very familiar with most of the Latin writers.

Bunyan read little besides his Bible, and often said that Christians would do well to read no other book.

Salvator Rosa liked any kind of poetry, but more especially that relating to the country or to country scenes.

Mrs. Siddons gave much attention to the history of the drama and had an extensive library of this kind of matter.

Hume said that Tacitus was the ablest writer that ever lived and himself tried to model his style on that of the Roman historian.

Locke gave most of his attention to works of philosophy. He said, "I stand amazed at the profundity of thought shown by Aristotle."

The elder Pitt liked Shakespeare, but not the labor of reading plays. He enjoyed hearing them and once said that he had learned more English history at the theater than at the university.

Shelley read with close attention all the works he could find antagonizing Christianity. He thought he was an atheist, but was mistaken, as there is not a more spiritual writer in our language than he. He read the Bible with great care, and some of his finest imagery is borrowed from its pages. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FASHION PLATE.

A dainty little bonnet is of puffed chiffon over a passementerie edge. The crown is of passementerie, and the trimming is of ostrich tips.

Head garniture of a rich and elaborate sort is becoming a rage. There is no handsomer trimming made, and it rarely stays out of favor for any length of time.

Wraps to wear over bathing costumes are made of any sort of fancy plaid. Heavy material is preferable, as it stays in place much better and is more manageable.

A stylish cape is of accordion plaited tulle, with stripes of very elaborate and handsome brocaded ribbon. These stripes run from the collar to the lower edge of the garment.

The little close bonnet fitting the head and occupying but little more space than a headress is much liked. A handsome model is made of box plaited velvet, with three full ostrich tips.

Velvet sleeves and soft belts are worn with dresses of extremely thin material. A dress of embroidered chiffon over silk has enormous puffs of velvet for sleeves and a soft belt set on in corselet fashion.

A stylish waist is made of taffeta in shepherd's plaid. The front is in blouse fashion, with plaits from the very narrow yoke. A long point of lace is sewed down each of those plaits to the bust. There is a lace collar and a standing ruffling of the taffeta. The sleeves are very large, with taffeta ruffles below the elbows. —New York Ledger.

STAGE GLINTS.

Herrmann, the magician, has become a life member of the Actors' fund.

Joseph Holland is 83, and has been on the stage 17 years. His first appearance was in "Henry V."

Russ Whytal is at work on a new comedy for himself and Mrs. Whytal, written upon the same lines as "Agatha Dene."

John Armstrong, once a well known actor, but who has been off the stage for about seven years, is now in the ministry.

Will H. Sloan, late of E. E. Rice's forces, has been engaged by Joseph Hart to play the opposite comedy part in "A Gay Old Boy."

"The Greatest of These" is the title of a new play which Sydney Grundy has written for the Kendals. They will produce it in England.

John Hare, who is to come to America to present "A Pair of Spectacles" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," will bring his own company and scenery.

The new play which William H. Crane will produce about Jan. 1 has been written to order by Franklin Fyles, who has just delivered the completed manuscript.

It isn't every actor purchases the home of a president of the United States. Thomas Keene, however, has just become the owner of the house that President Tyler lived in on Staten Island.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A man must become wise at his own expense. —Montaigne.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of mankind. —Sir P. Sidney.

The mind conceives with pain, but it brings forth with delight. —Jobert.

All are born to observe good order, but few are born to establish it. —Jobert.

How true it is there can be no tete-a-tete where vanity reigns. —Mme. de Girardin.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn. —Hare.

Do what good thou canst unknown, and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen. —William Penn.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies. —Pliny.

Nature appears to me to have ordained this station here for us as a place of sojournment, a temporary abode only, and not as a fixed settlement or permanent habitation. —Cicero.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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Solange was far enough from comprehending the significance of the eight. "Are these all, sire?" he asked, lifting his eyes to the emperor's face.

"They could be exchanged for a good deal of money," returned Napoleon quietly. "Have you any idea how much?"

"In truth, I don't know much about such things. I never owned jewels in my life. But now, then, I remember. A friend of mine once had one, so not so large as the least of these, which he sold for a thousand francs. Of course, I did not believe such a story, but were it only half true I can understand that all these would be very valuable. Many thousands francs, perhaps; fifteen or twenty thousand."

"A philosopher, possibly—if he were really a philosopher—might value them at less than that sum," said Napoleon, who had been watching the soldier's face keenly, without seeming to do so. "But our artificial modes of life tend to give them an artificial worth. Besides, they have the interest of history and associations. Most of them belonged to my famous uncle, and were obtained by him during his campaigns. Others came in other ways. Blood has been spilt for them; romances are connected with them. Are but one or two persons, in addition to ourselves, who are aware that this collection exists. The secret could not be safely divulged, for men have risked and lost both their lives and their souls for less than a thousandth part the money that these stones would bring."

Solange opened his eyes. "Of course, then, my guess was too small—much too small," he remarked. "Fifty thousand francs, then?"

The emperor's face remained inscrutable. Solange took a long breath. "Come, let us say a hundred thousand!" he exclaimed, recklessly.

"That seems to be an immense sum," said Napoleon.

"Assuredly, it would seem so to any man. A man might labor night and day for a hundred years and not get together so much as that."

"Very true. Nevertheless, my brave Solange, if I were to pay you every day this sum of one hundred thousand francs and continue those payments, not for a week, or a month, or a year, but for four hundred years, I should still have paid you barely the value in gold represented by this little boxful of stones. They are worth, in other words, at least five hundred million francs."

The soldier's jaws gaped, but came together again without a sound. His bluff visage became pale. He stared stupidly around him. He moistened his dry lips with his tongue, but still was unable to utter a word.

"You perceive, therefore," the emperor continued, "that, as I said, it is no light errand that you are to undertake. It is not too much to say that you will have not only my fortune, but the future of the empire in your hands."

"Five hundred—millions!" gasped Solange at last. "Great God! It is a night-mare! Five hundred—millions!"

"Nonsense, come; we are wasting time," said the emperor briefly. "You must fix your mind, not upon the millions, but upon the disposition you are to make of them. You will carry the gems packed in this box as part of your baggage, but to protect you against custom house investigations they will be prepared in a manner that will be afterward explained to you. You will proceed from here to New York, whither a letter has already been sent, informing the consignee there of the probable date of your arrival and of other necessary particulars. The name of this consignee is Harry Trent; he is a diamond merchant in New York, and a man personally known to me. He is instructed to retain them in his keeping until further notice—until the issue of the coming war is decided. If we are victorious the gems will be returned here, otherwise I shall follow them there. Do you understand me?"

"I do, sire," replied the soldier, who had by this time recovered his self-possession, and there was a new air of pride in his demeanor, showing that he had begun to appreciate the distinction that had been conferred upon him.

"The route you will take," continued the other, "will not be the usual one across the Atlantic. War might break out before you arrive and your vessel might be captured by the enemy's cruisers. You will therefore cross France to the Mediterranean and proceed thence by way of Egypt to the Red sea, and so by way of Australia to the Isthmus of Panama. At Aspinwall, on the northern side of the isthmus, you will take a steamer to New Orleans, whence you will travel by railway to New York. You will, of course, receive a memorandum of this itinerary and of all the other details of your journey. Do you wish to say anything?"

"Only one thing, sire. It is possible that death may overtake me on the route. In that case?"

"In that case you will have done your best, and I shall regret the loss of a faithful servant even more than the loss of the millions. No scheme that mortal man can devise is free from the liability to error or miscarriage. Disaster may overtake this, as well as others; but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I adopted the surest means of success with in my reach. However, we will anticipate your safe arrival. Meanwhile, go and prepare yourself for the journey; and come to me tomorrow morning. I shall probably order you to set out by the noon train to Marseilles."

"Sire, you shall be satisfied with me," said Solange, retiring.

"I fully believe it," returned the emperor graciously. "Ranol," he said to the secretary, who entered as Solange disappeared, "let two of our best detectives follow that man, and never lose sight of him. If he is seen to speak more than a minute to any one, let him and the one to whom he spoke be instantly arrested and brought hither. Go! Be quick!"

As Raol vanished Napoleon replaced the box in its corner, and then, replacing himself in his chair, lit another cigarette.

CHAPTER V.

SOLANGE DOES HIS BEST.

In eighteen hundred and seventy travel to America by the eastern route was a good deal less easy than it is now. But to an old campaigner like Maurice Solange hardships that would have discouraged ordinary tourists were as nothing. He journeyed in light marching

order—a wooden box fitted with a handle to carry it by in one hand and an old carpet bag in the other. Sometimes, when he had to travel some distance on foot, he strapped the box on his shoulders. So independent was he that he never engaged a porter, but jogged along sturdily, finding a solace for all mishaps in a pipe of tobacco. He met with little or no hindrance on his way, being furnished with all necessary passports, and also, when occasion required, producing special letters or documents that secured him safe passage.

Traversing the Red sea he went to Ceylon, and there got passage in a steamer bound for Melbourne. Crossing thence to New Zealand he disembarked at Napier, and after waiting there a week engaged a berth on a merchant vessel bound via St. Elmo and Pitcairn Island to Panama. She was a Spanish-American ship and bore the name of Santa Lucia.

Solange was the only passenger. But at St. Elmo another was taken on board—a tall, thin fellow, with red hair and an aquiline nose. When Maurice, leaning over the taffrail, beheld this individual approaching from afar he uttered an exclamation, and the pipe which he held between his teeth escaped from its position and before he could catch it at dropped into the Pacific ocean. "Well," said Maurice to himself, with the resignation of a philosopher, "the pipe is gone, but if Francois Dupont has come it is a compensation!" And Dupont it actually was—neither more nor less.

"It was while I was suffering from one of the most violent attacks," said Mr. Avery, "that I was persuaded to try Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, after having used several other remedies without relief. I was glad to accept anything that would even temporarily ease my suffering. Why, for three months during one winter I did not pass one restful night. There was not a moment during all that time in which I was free from the awful neuralgia pains. When you consider that I am 64 years old, you must know how rapidly my system was being undermined through the mental distress that I endured. I had not taken more than half a box of Williams' Pills before I felt a decided relief. The neuralgia was not so painful, and I was enabled to sleep during the night in comparative comfort. Having felt the initial results of the pills, I continued to take, and just as steadily did I continue experiencing a relief from the neuralgia. I did not stop until I had taken seven boxes of the pills, although the neuralgia had entirely left me long before that time. The pills certainly possess wonderful curative properties, and I feel perfectly free in recommending them to anyone who is afflicted with neuralgia. My faith in the pills is increased by the fact that my relief has been permanent. I have never felt the least indication of a return of the neuralgia to my head, so I know that the relief I have received through using the pills has been effective. I have already advised several of my friends to use the pills, and I think that a number of them have done so, with good results."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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

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A VETERAN EDITOR

R. B. AVERY WAS A NEWSPAPER MAN BEFORE THE WAR.

Health Shattered by Hardship—Suffered All That Man Could Stand, and Finally Won the Fight.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

At the opening of the civil war Richard B. Avery, now residing at 345 Thirteenth street, San Francisco, was an associate editor on the Chicago Times. Chicago was not then the great commercial and industrial center that she is today, nor had the Times even begun to be the great representative journal of the inland metropolis, as it has become in late years under the control and direction of the late Carter Harrison. At that time Mr. Avery was a man of 30 years of age, and had come to his position as an editorial writer after twenty years of service in various branches of the newspaper business, having begun his apprenticeship as a compositor at 10 years of age.

When President Lincoln issued the first call for volunteers, Mr. Avery threw aside all the bright prospects which lay before him in the journalistic field and joined his fortunes with those of the North. He enlisted as a volunteer and fought with the Union army until the close of the war. He took part in some of the fiercest battles of the war, and when he received his discharge was considerably broken down in health.

By continued exposure to the severe weather that prevailed during the campaigns, Mr. Avery contracted an acute form of neuralgia in the head. He suffered excruciating pain, and passed many sleepless nights on account of the disease. He came to California several years ago, but the change of climate did not afford him much relief, for the neuralgic attacks occurred at stated periods, and the pain was so intense at times that he was driven almost to desperation.

"It was while I was suffering from one of the most violent attacks," said Mr. Avery, "that I was persuaded to try Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, after having used several other remedies without relief. I was glad to accept anything that would even temporarily ease my suffering. Why, for three months during one winter I did not pass one restful night. There was not a moment during all that time in which I was free from the awful neuralgia pains. When you consider that I am 64 years old, you must know how rapidly my system was being undermined through the mental distress that I endured. I had not taken more than half a box of Williams' Pills before I felt a decided relief. The neuralgia was not so painful, and I was enabled to sleep during the night in comparative comfort. Having felt the initial results of the pills, I continued to take, and just as steadily did I continue experiencing a relief from the neuralgia. I did not stop until I had taken seven boxes of the pills, although the neuralgia had entirely left me long before that time. The pills certainly possess wonderful curative properties, and I feel perfectly free in recommending them to anyone who is afflicted with neuralgia. My faith in the pills is increased by the fact that my relief has been permanent. I have never felt the least indication of a return of the neuralgia to my head, so I know that the relief I have received through using the pills has been effective. I have already advised several of my friends to use the pills, and I think that a number of them have done so, with good results."

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