



The Careful Housewife uses no other.

Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., THE WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**The Place to Grow Bananas.**  
The country most extensively cultivated for the growth of bananas, and which for the past three months has so distinguished itself by the unusual quality and fine development of its products, is situated in the Republic of Colombia, Bocas del Toro being now the shipping center and principal attraction for planters and merchants engaged in the industry.

There are at the present time, taken at a rough estimate, no less than 18,000 acres of land devoted entirely to the cultivation of bananas, from which can be shipped weekly 20,000 bunches. These are termed "whole bunches"—bunches which about 25,000 bunches of a smaller size, averaging 200 bunches each (which are termed halves) still remain uncut, and at the expiration of another week attain their full size, when they also are ready for shipment.

At the lapse of the same length of time perhaps twice the quantity of bunches are ready to be cut, and so on from week to week, month to month, and year to year. New plantations are continually starting up, taking ten months from the time the "suckers," or plants, are first put into the ground to the time they commence to yield.—Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

**Wholesale Deer Killing in the Northwest.**  
Parties who have been out hunting in the country between the headwaters of the forks of the Santiam bring back accounts of a wholesale destruction of deer in that region by Indians. Bands of Warm Spring and Klickitat Indians, numbering from 150 to 200, get permission about July 1 to come over into the Willamette valley to pick hogs and leave their reservations. They come in over the Santiam wagon road and make a camp at Indian prairie, and then organize a grand roundup of deer. They surround a vast tract of country on their ponies, which they ride through a country that a white man can hardly get through on foot, and drive the deer toward a common center, and slaughter them by hundreds, killing bucks, fawns and does indiscriminately, drying the choice parts of the meat for winter supplies. It is stated that in the region about the headwaters of the various forks of the Santiam, Indians have this season slaughtered over 1,000 deer.—Portland Oregonian.

**How Some Lazy Fellows Gamble.**  
"Rain gambling" is the latest vice to develop in India, and the police of Bombay and Calcutta are just now vigorously at work prosecuting rain gamblers in the local courts in an endeavor to show that the law includes this form of gambling. In Calcutta the "outrif" of the rain gamblers is in a street in the burmahazur. Here into a small tank, four feet square and six inches deep, an ordinary front discharge rain water from the roof of a three-story building in gambling with this apparatus bets are made at the beginning of the rainy season as to whether or not the tank will overflow at a given shower; to the extent the rain will overflow it when the water sheets come down in proper tropical style. It is alleged that on busy days in the bazaar several lakhs of rupees change hands. This is surely vice made easy for the lazy man.—Exchange.

**Latest in Hatpins.**  
A hatpin has appeared upon the scene that is destined to bring joy to every feminine heart. The usually straight pin is now curled in a spiral that gyrates through the wearer's hair and challenges the wind or any other element to eject it. Imperfect pearls are largely used to head these pins, and the defects of the former are cleverly concealed under gold and jeweled serments.—St. Louis Republic.

**They Watch the Bank Employees.**  
"On the occasion of a visit to Paris last winter I renewed acquaintanceship with a very old friend who is employed in a bank in that city," says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "During the evening we took in several innocent and harmless recreations, and I suggested to him that we might see something a little more out of the common. To my surprise, he said that if I wanted to see Paris on the shady side he would find me a reliable guide, but he certainly could not go himself, because if he did he would be like a statesman out of office at 9 o'clock the following morning. Pressed for an explanation, he told me that every official in his bank, and he believed in every other bank, was practically under police surveillance day and night, and that pictures of such of them were in the hands of skilled detectives. Instead of waiting until a bank official got behind in his accounts in consequence of excessive gambling or high living, the directors preferred to close the stable door before the horse had got out."

**An Ingenious Woman.**  
"My wife is the most ingenious woman who ever lived," said Jones.  
"I believe you," said Smith politely.  
"But you don't know why you believe me," intimated Jones.  
"To tell you the truth, I don't," frankly replied Smith, looking bored.  
"Well, I'll tell you. We've been married twelve years and have lived in the same house all the time, and this morning she has a new place to hide my slippers."  
And Smith was paralyzed with admiration.—London Tit-Bits.

**GUARANTEED.**  
The MONARCH and RED STRIP are superior brands of BELLINI, which, together with Maltese Cross, Ringwood and Wallaby brands of Cream and Water ROSE, are fully guaranteed by the manufacturer. Your dealer keeps them; if not, write us.  
Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,  
Established 1882. Portland, Or.

**WOMEN WHO DRINK.**

**The Habit Is Astonishingly Prevalent, According to Dr. Kellogg-Lane.**  
Oakland, Cal., is to have a drink cure established for women by a woman and a woman. A society has just been formed, with Dr. L. J. Kellogg-Lane as president, for the building of a drink cure institute exclusively for women. Nearly all of the ladies are either physicians or members of the Woman's Christian Temperance union. Some time ago Mrs. O. R. Johnson, then president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union of Oakland, said in an address to the society:

"I have found the very hours for you—Jacobite, period and almost original. It was a trifle spoiled by some Philistine individual about three years since, but with your taste and the aid of the local architect every thing can be put right. This part of houses goes by the name of Thorpe Manor, and is of course situated in the most desirable part of any country life by a gentleman's house. Ever yours,  
J. W. RIDGWAY.  
P. S.—The house is in Surrey, about four miles from Winton station. You had better come down at once, as I fear some one else is after it."

At that time I was a fairly good looking, well-to-do bachelor of thirty-five. My ample leisure I devoted to antiquarian researches, literary work and the collection of "curios." I had no relatives and few friends, and I lived an almost solitary and perfectly happy life in my chambers.

Among what some people called my "curios" was an engravement for ancient houses, and I had deputed John Ridgway, an artist friend of mine who lived in Surrey, to find me a genuine old country house—a dreamy, rambling place—where I could spend the summer. Hence his letter.

"As the train steamed into the little station at Winton John rushed up to my carriage and clasped my hand. Dear old chap! he quite beamed with joy at the prospect of showing me his wonderful house.

"Charming old place! I've had my eye on it for months!" he said as he walked over the common.  
Then he produced the inevitable notebook and pencil and was soon drawing plans and explaining details.

As we passed through the village we called upon the house agent and took him with us. He was a prosaic man, and evidently thought of me as a couple of mild imbeciles, so excited did he become when suddenly turning a corner at the foot of a steep incline we stood in front of Thorpe Manor. It was a quaint old house, standing back a little from the road, and its walls were as perfect as when first built, but mellowed and beautified by time.

We walked up the prim gravel path to the wide doorway with its fantastic carving. Here our agent produced a huge, rusty key and unlocked the door, which swung back easily on its large hinges. We entered and went through the rooms, which had low ceilings and broad window seats. Most of these had paneled walls, though some of them had been covered with paper, which of course we said must come off. One of the bedrooms—which I thought from the elaborate carving on the high mantel shelf and the beautiful oak paneling had originally been the state one—was perfect.

I felt strangely attracted to this room. I knew not why, and as we turned to leave I lingered behind the others for a parting glance. Then I slowly went down the winding stairway.

"Seen the ghost?" asked John jestingly.  
The agent looked uneasy. Ghosts are tiresome things, apt to militate very much against the chances of securing a good tenant, but I reassured him by remarking that I rather liked ghosts, and that, so far as I could see, the house was exactly what I wanted. Of course there were many details to be settled about the lease, repairs and other matters, and I stipulated that I should be allowed to make some alterations, such as removing the staring plate glass with which the late owner had "modernized" the windows of the lower rooms.

Six weeks later I was installed in my new residence. The alterations were not nearly completed, but declining the Ridgways' pressing invitation to take up my quarters with them, I occupied two rooms in the old house and engaged a woman in the village to come daily and attend to my simple wants.

On the third evening after my arrival I was smoking my favorite pipe by a wood fire in the oakroom, which I had made my bedroom. It was nearly 12 o'clock, but being accustomed to late hours I did not feel inclined for bed—far from it. I decided to have one more pipe, and I sat talking to my pipe. I began to refill my pipe. Suddenly I stopped short, and with my little finger still rammed into the bowl of the pipe I left my chair and walked to the opposite side of the room, for I could have sworn I saw the paneled mirror ever so slightly upward. Nor was I mistaken; for very slowly the whole panel disappeared, and in the opening stood the figure of a woman.

The room was dark, for the wood fire had begun to smolder, so I could not see what she was like—young or old, ugly or beautiful.  
I was not nervous—I had a profound disbelief in the supernatural—so I simply waited to see what the intruder proposed to do. She advanced into the room and came close to my elbow, then raised her hand and beckoned me to follow her. Of course I went, and she led me through the aperture and down a steep wooden staircase. It was pitch dark, but I struck matches at intervals. My companion went on quickly, never looking behind her, but I smiled as she raised her skirts gingerly from the dusty stairs, and once I saw the woman shudder as a rat scuttled by.  
"No ghost this," thought I.  
On we went down the wooden stairs till at last we came to some stone ones, all green and humid, owing to neglect. We continued our course, going down fight after fight of dark, slippery stairs, till at length, to my relief, my companion paused before a heavy oak door, then opened it and entered. Following her, I found myself in a low, vaulted chamber, more like a cell than anything else. The floor was stone, the walls were bare, but it was apparently inhabited, for there were a few articles of furniture—a rickety spindle-legged table, a couple of high-backed, worn seats and a battered horsehair sofa. In the grate, too, burned a small fire and a couple of tall, white candles in tarnished sconces were on the narrow mantelshelf.  
In the dim light afforded by these candles and the fire I closely scrutinized the woman who had brought me there.

**BOOTH IN HAMLET.**

Once in life's way down I saw the towers of Elshore rise on the painted scene—  
The king, the stout and the unhappy queen I saw, and fair Ophelia with her flowers,  
And heard the slow bell toll the passing hours,  
But when you entered with dejected mien,  
The others were as though they had not been,  
We wept with Hamlet, for his griefs were ours.  
And here tonight, amid the listening crowd  
That hangs upon your lips, I see the flame  
(The sacred fire nor time nor age can quell,  
Newer than the mortal frame be changed and less)  
Burn clear as the high places whence it came,  
Passion, how royal! Dances! and farewell!  
—Flora Macdonald Steamer in Lippincott's.

**A FAIR RECLUSE.**

DEAR FRANK—I have found the very hours for you—Jacobite, period and almost original. It was a trifle spoiled by some Philistine individual about three years since, but with your taste and the aid of the local architect every thing can be put right. This part of houses goes by the name of Thorpe Manor, and is of course situated in the most desirable part of any country life by a gentleman's house. Ever yours,  
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She was tall and slender, and wore a long russet gown of an old-fashioned cut, but her face was pale and sad, with sharp, clear cut features, and a mass of rough, reddish hair was carelessly twisted into a long knot at the nape of her neck.  
She motioned me to one of the chairs, taking the other herself, and she now sat bending over the fire, apparently too deep in her own bitter reflections to be conscious of my presence. The expression on her thin, worn face was very sorrowful, and her hands were tightly clenched in her lap. But, though thin and worn, her face was still lovely, and as I gazed I thought how lovely it would be when the hollows filled out and the deep lines smoothed away.  
Suddenly, with a little resolute gesture, she turned toward me and began to speak in low, rapid tones.  
"I brought you here because I wanted to tell you my story, and I want your help if you will give it."  
Then, with voice rising and falling with varying emotions, and with deep gray eyes fixed on my face, she told her tale. The beginning was commonplace—a beautiful, willful girl, a stern, unyielding father; two lovers, one brave and handsome, the other more of an amateur; a proposed marriage, a sudden death; a broken heart—the last three were the tragic elements.  
"And I saw them carry him by the house—dead," she said, speaking in a strange, dull way, "and for a long time I think I must have lost my senses. When my father still insisted on my marriage with the wretch he had chosen for my husband I raised no protest. I viewed the preparations for the wedding with indifference. I seemed turned to stone. But a week before the marriage my reason returned, and I realized the horror of the coil which was slowly tightening around me. Then it was that I determined on what was virtually a living burial. I was born in this dear old house, and I knew every nook and cranny of it. My foster mother had shown me a sliding panel in the room above that which I then occupied, and she and I were the only living persons who knew the secret. She was devoted to me, and I at length won her over to my plan.  
"On the night before my bridal day I fled down here, and here I have remained ever since. For eight years I have been dead to the world. I had valuable jewelry which had been my dear mother's; that has been gradually sold, and on the proceeds I have subsisted. My foster mother comes daily and brings me food—not through the house of course. There is a secret path and door of communication in the garden."  
"And the ghost?" I queried.  
"Oh," she said, with a queer little smile, "I am the ghost! You see, I wanted to keep the house empty, so that I might wander about the rooms and grounds; but now I am tired of this unnatural existence. Life will always be good for me! I have had a dreadful grief, and all my dear ones are dead; but, in spite of all, my youth reasserts itself, and I sober old bachelor, had fallen in love—quite hopelessly, I told myself, for her heart was with her dead, and yet it happened that one June afternoon, as we stood alone by the sundial on the sloping shade lawn, something gave me courage. Perhaps it was that she looked so sweet in her fresh mountain gown, with the flowers in her belt, or perhaps because I caught a strange, fleeting look in her shy gray eyes; and I, a sober old bachelor, had fallen in love—quite hopelessly, I told myself, for her heart was with her dead, and yet it happened that one June afternoon, as we stood alone by the sundial on the sloping shade lawn, something gave me courage. Perhaps it was that she looked so sweet in her fresh mountain gown, with the flowers in her belt, or perhaps because I caught a strange, fleeting look in her shy gray eyes; and I, a sober old bachelor, had fallen in love—quite hopelessly, I told myself, for her heart was with her dead, and yet it happened that one June afternoon, as we stood alone by the sundial on the sloping shade lawn, something gave me courage. 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