

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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## A WAR ECHO.

EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DESERVES HIS PENSION.

And the Lone Limb Is Not the Only Reason for Receiving a Government Reward Either.

From Journal, Lewiston, Me.]  
Samuel R. Jordan has just given the Journal an account of his life, which, in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Maine Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends could testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a short care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. A. L. Parlin, a resident of Madison, Me., and he incidentally mentioned he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered in consequence of his army life, and had been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

## AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

The English Bouffice is Making Preparations to Entertain Many of Us This Year. Already the indications are that more Americans are coming to Europe this year than ever before. The proprietors of the principal hotels in London are rejoicing over the fact that they have received more applications for apartments during the season from all parts of the United States than at so early a date in any previous year. If their expectations are unfulfilled, it will be a dismal time for the English bouffice, for the best of them found the balance on the wrong side of the ledger last year, and America is the sole hope for many of them. One thing only it was feared might check the exodus, and that danger is probably over. Most of the steamship lines made some advance in first class fares last season in anticipation of World's fair travel. It proved to be the most unprofitable year for a long time. The recent conference of managers of the principal lines dismissed the point unofficially, but the managers were almost unanimous in opposing a further advance.

## WANTS TO BE CUT UP.

There's Money Inside Him, He Thinks, Beside a Strange Disease. A poorly dressed old man walked into the reception office at Bellevue hospital the other afternoon and surprised the clerk by hauling a thick roll of greenbacks out of one of his pockets. He followed this up by taking more bills out of the lining of his hat.

"It's all mine," he said gleefully, "and I know where I can get more."

He said he was Bernard Bergen, 69 years old, a peddler; that he had been all over the world, and that he had money to burn.

"I'll tell you how it is," he went on. "I decided last night to become a martyr to medical science. I have discovered that I have a strange disease which has never been heard of before. When the doctors cut me up, they'll learn something."

A doctor pronounced the old peddler crazy and committed him to the insane pavilion. In his pockets were found \$270 in bills and a handful of small change. He refused to tell where he got the money.

"When they cut me up," he added, "you'll find a lot more."

He said he had no friends, and that all he wanted was to get away his money.—New York Press.

To Save the Speculators. The bishop of London has ordered his clergy to make a special effort during Lent on behalf of the worldlings of the Stock Exchange and Lombard street, who certainly need a spiritual awakening as much as the poor east end. The bishop's scheme includes midday services at various ancient city churches, and as business is very slack they have been so far well attended.

The stock produce brokers regard the scheme as a remarkably funny joke and consider it their duty to help it along. On Thursday during a dull interval on the Stock Exchange somebody suggested a special mission on behalf of the souls of the bucket shop keepers, whereat there was much enthusiasm.—London Cable.

### MOTHERS

recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription" makes childbirth easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening labor. The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the danger thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

### WINTER AT THE MILL.

The winding lane is filled with snow; The cold sky waxes a frown; As far as busy dreamland seems The warm o'erflowing town. And everything is white and chill When it is winter at the mill.

The mill wheel with its merry whirr, In busy lanes is fast; No cherry twiglets seek the door; No traveler wanders past; The path is lost across the hill When it is winter at the mill.

The miller reads his almanac And wishes it were spring, When logs come tumbling down the stream; And larks and vireos sing; The whole wide world is blank and still When it is winter at the mill.

The miller's wife, sore discontent, Sits by the casement low, And kites and watches the gray smoke From village chimneys blow. There is no gossip, good or ill, When it is winter at the mill.

But to the miller's little maid Time haunts on rosy wing, The fairies she could never find In any haunts of spring. Fill all the frolic chimney nook Through magic of a story book. —Susan H. Sweet in Youth's Companion.

## EXILED.

Gilbert de Saumur had just returned to Paris after 10 years' sojourn in America. He had left his country ruined and almost hopeless, a victim to his passion for gambling. He was quite young when he had left France, but he had squandered away a large fortune and so had contrived to get into exile and try his luck in a new way—namely, by work! He had started away with \$20 in his pocket and had now returned after 10 years' slavery almost a rich man again.

He was once more on the boulevards, once more gazing at the brilliantly lighted shops and at the gay crowd of fashionable loungers who were strolling along apparently without a care in the world. At last, feeling a little tired, he sat down at one of the tables outside a cafe, idly wondering whether any of his former friends would recognize him again now.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning round discovered an old acquaintance of his.

"De Saumur, is it possible? Why, old fellow, how many years is it since we met, or rather since we parted?"

"Ten years, Rouval—just 10 years since I started off with my \$20 to try my luck over the sea."

who had noticed his friend's uneasiness and who from experience guessed the cause, suggested himself "that they should just have a round or two at cards to see how much he had forgotten in 10 years."

"But I thought you had quite given up playing for ever and ever?" objected his friend.

"Yes, as a regular habit I have, but it is quite another thing to have a game quietly here like this."

Rouval was only too delighted and pulled the card table out with alacrity. De Saumur played at first carelessly. He had only proposed it out of consideration to his friend, and he felt rather bored. Rouval kept winning and appeared so contented with himself and had such a triumphant manner that De Saumur found himself getting interested and excited in spite of himself. The more he lost the more persistent he became. It was as though the old passion of former days which for 10 years had been kept in control by his strong will had completely got the mastery of him.

At first the stakes had been insignificant, but as he continued to lose he became more and more desperate, until at last the amount was getting so serious that Rouval did not wish to continue.

"But as I have been the loser so far," said De Saumur, "you cannot refuse to go on surely?"

"It is not for my own sake, but I don't like it, Gilbert. You are here at my house, and you are playing desperate stakes."

"Well, that's my own lookout. It's your turn to cut."

Day was beginning to break, and the two men were still seated at the card table. They had played all night, and now their eyes were fiery with excitement, and their hands trembled as they handled the cards.

At last Gilbert de Saumur exclaimed, "There, I cannot go on any more!" Rouval looked at him anxiously, thinking that he was ill, but he continued:

### LOTT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Ira G. Hoyt, Ph. D., Master at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., is one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast.

### 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 must be eliminated from the system. The retention of these, in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys, is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hooper's Kidney Pills, a highly sanctioned medicine, restores the normal function of the kidneys, and thus cures the disease.

### 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.

### 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 & South, Rock Island track; line scenery; new equipment. Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write to C. C. Danovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information also rates, routes, etc.

### How is Your Blood?

It is poor and thin and lacking in the number and quality of those red corpuscles, you are in danger of sickness from disease germs and the enervating effect of warm weather. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### DR. LIEBIG & CO.,

Special Doctors for Chronic, Private and Wasting Diseases.

### IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD OF NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, CHILDREN

### FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

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### MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEething



### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

### HEALS RUNNING SORES

### CURES THE SERPENT'S STING

### CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Completely eradicated by S.S.S. Ointment, sores and ulcers yield to its healing powers. It removes the poison and builds up the system.

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PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

### KING OF ALL-THE "REX" 5-CENT CIGAR

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### SHEEP-DIP

LITTLE'S POWDER DIP—THE BEST MADE!

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ANTIFERMENTINE



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3-GALA-DAYS-3

July 3, 4, 5, '95

### PORTLAND, OREGON

Parade Starts 10:30 A. M. of the Fourth

### Gorgeous Pyrotechnic Display

AT NIGHT

### AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS' CO.

PALMER & REY BRANCH

### DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS

A MILD PHYSIC.

### CHICKEN RAISING PAYS

The "ERIE"

### SAPOLIO

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

### Insist on ARM AND HAMMER SODA

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