

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest managers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

CITY AND COUNTY

SATURDAY.....NOV 26

TO WOOD SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who have promised wood in settlement for the WEEKLY GUARD account are requested to deliver the same at their earliest convenience.

DAILY GUARD Nov 23

E. C. Lake is in the city.

H. G. Plymate is in Eugene.

W. Teutsch is in the city.

Pumps and pipe at F. L. Chambers.

Harrows of all kinds at F. L. Chambers.

C. M. Young returned from Portland today.

Kola Nels returned to Albany this morning.

Senator I. D. Driver left today for points north.

H. F. Lounsbury of the S. P. left for Portland today.

Monitor Drill—best on earth, at F. L. Chambers.

All kinds of "Crack" pruners at Griffin Hardware Co.

Genuine Oliver Plows and extras only at F. L. Chambers.

Timber guaranteed to show no rust for 3 years at F. L. Chambers.

Full stock of buggies and wagons; also second hand, at F. L. Chambers.

G. W. Griffin returned from Cottage Grove this morning.

S. H. Friendly returned from Salem on last night's train.

Attorney J. E. Young of Cottage Grove, is in the city.

Dr. S. O. Starr, of Junction City, spent last night in Eugene.

Another car load of Oliver plows, just received at F. L. Chambers.

Rev. L. Pzybylski returned this morning from Cottage Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goldsmith returned home today from Oregon City.

Mrs. W. C. Smith of Turner, arrived today to visit with friends.

Deputy Sheriff H. J. Day arrived home from Cottage Grove today.

B. Erb and wife left for Spokane, Wash. on this morning's early train.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Casper left today for Portland to make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Porter arrived up today from Shedd's to spend Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chambers of Independence, are in the city to eat to key at the paternal table.

C. Compton and John T. Butterfield of Florence, are in Eugene, having arrived here last night.

The Oliver Steel Plows have the same old guarantee to scour. F. L. Chambers has them.

Miss Laura Miller was a passenger today for Portland, where she will visit for several weeks.

Mrs. J. M. Clark of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived this morning and will visit at the home of Geo. F. Crow.

Miss Alice Smith arrived from Jasper today to spend Thanksgiving. She had the misfortune to have an ankle sprained on the ferry boat.

Pruning knives, hand pruners, long and short handle pruners, pruning saws, and hedge shears, at Griffin Hardware Co's.

I get the celebrated Kimball pianos and organs direct from the factory and sell them on easy terms and prices that defy competition.

F. A. Rankin.

FOR SALE—220 acres excellent farming lands. Inquire of JOHN VAN-DUYN, Cotburg, Or.

For Sale.

A fine stock ranch containing 320 acres for sale at a bargain. Will sell as a whole or in parts, one containing improvements, house and two barns, consisting of 135 acres; the other pasture lands principally. Situated six miles from Eugene. Call on or address J. M. GEARHART, Eugene, Oregon.

Goats for Sale.

I have a few choice two year old Angora Billys for sale at my place one mile south of Monroe.

Geo. A. Houck.

ORCHARD GRASS SEED—A lot of choice orchard grass seed for sale.

O. F. MOORS, Creswell.

Horse Strayed.

From my premises, about Sept 5, a yellow buckskin horse about 7 years old, 15 hands high, weight 1050 pounds. Was shot behind when he left home. A liberal reward will be paid for his return or information leading to his recovery. Address GUARD office, or E. B. GRIFFIN, Fall Creek, Oregon.

MAN LOST

J. R. Buckner, of Harrisburg, Lost Since Friday.

SEARCHING PARTY OUT.

J. R. Buckner, of the Harrisburg Lumber Co and Judge Morris of the same place, were hunting in the mountains east of Harrisburg last week. On Friday Buckner became separated from his companion, Morris for two days remained and searched for him without avail. He then retraced his steps and a party of 15 men have been continually searching for the missing man, but no trace of him has been found.

It is feared he has accidentally shot and killed himself.

THE GUARD APPRECIATED.

Advertisers Assured of Definite Results.

J. W. Kays, the well known furniture man is more than ever convinced of the beneficial results of advertising, and more particularly with the GUARD as a medium by which to let his wants become known. The DAILY GUARD of Friday, Nov 18, contained the following:

WANTED—A boy to learn the furniture business. Inquire at J. W. Kays' furniture store.

This morning Mrs. Kays presented her five year old son, not only with one boy, but two. They are fat, healthy little fellows and give promise of becoming a strong team in the furniture business. Joe put in an order by telegram this morning for a two-seated buggy.

FOR SOUTHERN OREGON.

John Morgan Appointed Collector of Customs.

Washington, Nov. 21.—The president has appointed John Morgan collector of customs for the Southern district of Oregon. Coos Bay.

A Common Superstition.

Many people believe that the breaking of a looking glass is a certain sign of death. The newspapers report that a mother recently became insane after dropping a mirror, because she feared that some of her loved ones would soon die. There are other signs much more dangerous than this. The most common is a disordered stomach, which causes nervousness, dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. These symptoms tell the sufferer that his days will be shortened unless he sets things right in his digestive organs. For this purpose there is nothing so certain to cure as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It regulates the bowels, steadies the nerves and whets up the appetite. It is the standard remedy. There is no substitute for it.

Lake County Stock Sales.

The Lakeview Register has made an estimate of the beef, mutton and wool sales of Lake County for the fall season of 1898. The total sales of these products in that county for the season amount to \$129,872. The total number of beef cattle sold was 847, at an average price of \$28 per head, or \$239,622. A total of 31,500 head of sheep have been sold for mutton at an average price \$2.75 or \$250. (The greater part of the mutton sheep are yet in the county unshorn). One million pounds of wool have been sold at an average price 12 cents, which amounts to \$125,000.

Local Market

Nov 18, 1898.

Wheat—50c.

Oats—28c.

Butter—14 to 16c.

Hops—\$9 to 50c per roll.

Eggs—30c.

Potatoes—25c.

Poultry—\$2 50 to \$3 50 per dozen.

Dried prunes—3 to 4c.

Apples—40 cents per bushel.

A. B. Conley, the "wheat king" of Grande Ronde valley, has disposed of his entire crop of wheat, the same having been purchased by Balfour, Guthrie & Co. at 47 cents per bushel. Included in the lot was also the wheat crops of E. E. Conley and George Miller and the whole amount sold was about 100,000 bushels.

The following is given in connection with the wreck of the Atalanta: "While the sailors were hanging in the rigging, expecting any moment to be swept to destruction, they got to bantering one another about their predicament. The opinion was expressed and concurred in that the only safe thing for a sailor to do when he arrives in port is to keep himself too drunk and disorderly to sail away again. It was a unanimous vote that corn and barley wine is more digestible than that of Old Neptune."

The greatest Discovery Yet.

W. M. Reppine, editor Takilwa, Ill. "Chief," says: "We want keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our household as it is we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. To y are as good as dead, because this remedy has a record of years and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Wilkins & Linn's Drug Store.

RHYME OF RHYMES.

With on the mountain peak the wind
Lovers the old refrain,
Like those of couples who have sinned
And fast would sin again.

For "wind" I do not say to "mind,"
Like many a mortal man,
"Amen" when one reflects 'twere kind
To rhyme to it "again."

I never met a single soul
Who spoke of "wind" as "mind,"
And yet we use it, on the whole,
To rhyme to "mind" and "wind."

We say, "Now don't do that again,"
When people give us pain,
In poetry, like times in ten,
It rhymes to "again" or "dane."

Oh, which is wrong or which is right?
Oh, which is right or wrong?
The sound in prose familiar calls
Or those we meet in song?

To hold that "love" can rhyme to "prove"
Requires some force of will,
Yet in the amateur lyric groove
We meet them rhyming still.

This was our learned fathers' wont
In profane poetic times,
We follow it or if we don't
We oft run short of rhymes.

—Andrew Lang in Languan's Magazine

DICK'S GOOD TIME.

A Very Human Boy Enjoying His Well Earned Reward.

A portly gentleman sat on the porch and smiled while a small boy, also smiling, painted the front fence. "Look at that boy," the portly man remarked to a visitor. "He thinks he is having a good time. A small boy is surely the drollest creature on earth. When I was a youngster, I remember that there were certain kinds of work I considered play, and one of them was painting. I was always crazy to paint. Many times I had taken a bucket of muddy water and an old paint brush and have spent a whole half day putting a thick coat on the side of my father's barn."

"So with my boy Dick, the little chap painting the fence. He has always been crazy to paint. He is enjoying himself now—you can see he is, and he will paint that whole fence, too, just as well as he knows how. I don't care if it is a trifle smeared. He's getting joy, solid joy, thicker than the paint on his hands and clothes."

"There's a mean side to it too. He wanted to paint the fence, and I wanted the weeds pulled out of the yard. So, like an underhand rascal, I bargained with him. I told him that if he would pull all the weeds out I would let him paint the fence. He went through the other job like a soldier—he hates to pull weeds; all boys do—and now he thinks he is getting his reward. It is a downright shame to fool him that way. Don't you think so?"

The portly gentleman chuckled again, and the small boy, wild with joy, went on plastering paint on the fence.—Detroit Free Press.

Crossing the Threshold.

Crossing the threshold was and is the most critical period of the wedding day with all races, not even excepting the Anglo-Saxon.

The superstitious fears of the many, always particularly alert on the occasion of a marriage, culminate in this final act of the drama. The lifting of the bride over the threshold or her stepping across it is the signal in Persia, Arabia and among the Copts of Egypt for the sacrifice of a goat or a sheep. Among the Aeneas, according to Burckhardt, the bridegroom simply kills a lamb in front of his father-in-law's tent, and the ceremony, but for the running of the bride from one tent to another, is complete. Perhaps the most symbolic act is that of the Transylvanian saxon bridal pair, who step over the threshold with their hands tied together. Some of these Transylvanian customs are remarkable and must be survivals from a very ancient period. The bridegroom never wears the shirt made for him by the bride except on his wedding day and at his burial, just as the veil of the Japanese bride becomes one day her shroud.—London Spectator.

He Got the Mustard.

It was in the army. The boys had a meal of beef that had been served by a bath in a salt water barrel. It was quite a treat. They all thought so until one of the party remarked, "A little mustard wouldn't go bad."

"That reminds me," said another. "You just wait a few minutes." A quarter of an hour later he returned and, producing a screw of paper, he said: "Oh, yes. Here's that mustard."

"Where did you get it?" said the others in chorus.

"Up at the surgeon's. The sick call, you remember, sounded as we were talking about the mustard. It occurred to me that a little mustard for my lame back would be just the thing."

"But you haven't got any lame back."

"But I have got the mustard."—Philadelphia Press.

Knows Them Too Well.

Mrs. Brown—What a curious man Mr. Skowler is. He never takes the least notice of children. He actually seems to dislike them.

Mr. Brown—Yes, Skowler is the man who takes babies' pictures at Smiler's studio. It is his business, you know, to make the little ones look pleasant.—Boston Transcript.

Delicately Put.

He would not say that she painted, powdered and all that. He was too much of a gentleman for that.

"Still I may as well confess," he said, "that she impressed me as one who thinks she can improve upon the Lord's handiwork."—Chicago Post.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

The trade between Japan and Formosa has more than quintupled since 1895.

Rheumatism Cured.

My wife has used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with great relief, and I can recommend it as a splendid liniment for rheumatism and other household uses for which we have found it valuable.—J. W. CUYLER, Red Creek, N. Y.

Mr. Cuyler is one of the leading merchants of this village and one of the most prominent men in this vicinity.—W. G. PHIPPIN, Editor Red Creek Herald. For sale by Osburn & DeLano Druggists.

ROYAL BEAUTY ON WHEELS.

The Duchess Sophie of Bavaria a Skillful and Daring Cyclist.

Her royal highness, the Duchess Sophie of Bavaria, whose recent engagement to Count Torrington-Jettenbach has caused so much interested comment in European society circles, is one of the most skillful and daring riders among the royal wheelwomen of Europe. Fully four years ago, when there were few women cyclists in Germany, the young duchess and her brothers and



DUCHESSE SOPHIE OF BAVARIA.

sisters were all adepts on the wheel and were proficient in fancy and trick riding. The family have inherited their well known fondness for all forms of outdoor sport from their father's side of the house.

The duchess, who is a beautiful girl, 23 years of age, is the eldest daughter of the Duke Karl Theodor, in Bavaria, and his second wife, the Princess Maria Josefa of Braganza. She has an exquisite complexion, large, blue gray eyes and masses of golden hair. On her father's side she is the niece of the ill fated empress of Austria, the former queen of Naples and the Countess Traudi. The unfortunate Duchess of Alencon, who lost her life in the tragic bazaar catastrophe in Paris in 1897, was also an aunt of the Duchess Sophie.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The English Girl's Complexion.

They are saying horrid things about the English girl and her complexion. It must be true, for a "lady correspondent" writes in a column and a half of large type. She says she has seen it with her own eyes, and not only that, but it is laid on with a trowel. And that in high places—every duke's daughter of them is devoted to powder, rouge and hair dye. Now, if there is one thing that the good American has been educated to believe it is that her English sisters, the younger ones, have complexions of peaches and cream, and this revelation comes like a blow. It is ironical. What can the American woman believe now?

Face bleaching, steaming, rejuvenating, etc., was the cause of it at first, the lady correspondent believes. After the long unpleasant process there was need of a little cooling lotion and a little powder, then a bit of color to kill the white effect, and so on and so on until the English girls of 18 and 20 and young matrons of 20 and 25 have become modern Jennies in general appearance and wear their colors openly and are not ashamed. If they could only see themselves as others see them, the lady correspondent believes they would be ashamed into cold water and common sense, but as it is they gaze at each other complacently, and the powder and rouge business is flourishing.—New York Times.

A Generous Young Woman.

Miss Jennie Flood has given the Menlo estate to the California State university. "Besides the house," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "which was two years in building and cost \$500,000, there are the large grounds, on which money has been lavished. Miss Flood has requested that enough of these grounds to enhance the beauty of the house be retained for 50 years, but she has no objection to the sale of the rest. The land is very valuable. In addition to the 600 cultivated acres which immediately surround the house, Miss Flood has given her interest of an undivided half of 2,400 acres, or 1,800 acres in all. The latter land is marsh land, but can be made profitable."

A Souvenir Fan.

Among the many souvenirs of the war is a set of unusually attractive fans manufactured by a Boston woman, Miss Isabel Hay Barrows. She conceived the idea of making fans in the semblance of our soldiers. When the fan is closed, it presents the figure of a stalwart young fellow in uniform. When opened slowly, his twin brother promptly steps up beside him. A little wider and there comes a third; then others follow in rapid succession until ten brave fellows stand abreast. There are four of these small detachments, the sailor lads, the sentries, the naval commanders and the rough riders. The original sketches were made by Miss Helen Nicolay of Washington.

Praise For an American Girl.

"Miss Yaw, the American vocalist, who is now singing at the promenade concerts, can boast of possessing the highest voice ever known. Miss Sibyl Sanderson's 'Eiffel tower' note, introduced with such effect in 'Esclarmonde,' is now surpassed by nearly five full notes. This phenomenal upper register is, according to medical research, due to an abnormal arrangement of the vocal chords. The list of singers who can sing Mozart's 'Angel d'Inferno' and 'Non-Sci Capace,' which introduce again and again the 'P' in alt, is a short one, and this note is nearly an octave lower than Miss Yaw's E in altissimo."—London Chronicle.

For Sale at a Bargain.

A fine farm with outrange, 20 miles west of Eugene, 5 miles from Elmira 100 acres in cultivation, balance nearly all pasture.

New residence and barn and usual outbuildings. All fenced, 2 acres good orchard, good garden.

Splendid outrange, almost unlimited, open hills. Small spring branch runs by house. Splendid view. Easy terms. Address J. M. STEPHENS, or GUARD, Eugene, Elmira, Or.

A Good Duck Dinner.

After a good dinner a happy feeling comes over one, so I want to tell you how ours was cooked. We had wild duck with it. The ducks were dressed with their wings folded closely over their backs and legs tied to their tails. In my granite pot with its tight fitting cover I placed three or four thin cut slices of sweet fat pork and let frizzle slowly, so that it would not burn. After it was a delicate brown I put in two medium sized onions, a teaspoonful of ground sage, and let all cook well together; then the ducks with just enough hot water to cover them. I covered them closely and let them boil slowly for three hours, and they became quite plump. If the ducks are unusually tough, take five hours. The toughest duck will thus become deliciously tender. After removing from the pot I set them in the mouth of the oven and took the boiled down liquor, thickened with browned flour smoothed with a little water, and boiled rapidly a few minutes. One-half can of sterilized cream added gives a delicious flavor. This should be poured over the ducks and served very hot.

For vegetables serve plain boiled potatoes, green peas served in their own liquor instead of milk, with butter, pepper and salt; fried parsnips cut in shreds, crisp celery and olives. For dessert have clear boiled custard pudding over thinly sliced oranges, with sugar, and coconut grated over the top.—Housekeeper.

What Should Women Do?

One of the great London dailies has opened its columns to letter writers who feel qualified to answer the question, "Should women work?" Another form of the question is, "Should the wife be a sweetheart or a companion in toil?" There have been dozens of letters, and the conclusion which might be drawn from all of them is that a woman's proper place is at the home fireside, but sometimes she is compelled by stern necessity to become a wage earner. The present discussion in the Daily Telegraph has brought out opinions exactly similar to those which appeared in The Record about four years ago, when the employment of women as clerks, bookkeepers and typewriters was pretty thoroughly denounced by men who were out of work or whose pay was so small that they could not undertake the financial responsibility of married life.

The women of London say, as the women of Chicago said, "We would prefer to be housewives, but we are compelled to be independent workers."

The men say, "We would like to marry, but we dare not do so while our pay is kept down by the close competition for which women are somewhat to blame."—Chicago Record.

She Was a Navigator.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Newcomb, who died recently at her home in Malden, Mass., was in many respects a remarkable woman. She was one of the few women that mastered the intricacies of navigation and was able to navigate one of the old time clipper ships across the ocean when her husband was too ill to do so himself. She made a great many voyages with him, he being one of the old line of sea captains that has passed away with the advent of ocean steamers. With him she crossed the Atlantic 44 times and saw a greater part of the world. Her oldest son, Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb of the United States reserve cutter service, was the hero of the battle of Cardenas on May 11 last. He was in command of the Hudson, which towed the gunboat Winslow out of the range of the deadly fire of the Spanish batteries, for which signal act of bravery he has received the thanks of congress and a special gold medal of honor.—Boston Woman's Journal.

May Be Decorated.

As the subject is being agitated that possibly the president of the United States will confer some insignia upon the women nurses who served in the Spanish-American war, it is of interest to know that in England there is a decoration known as the Royal Red Cross. It consists of a cross of enameled crimson, edged with gold, having on the arms the words, "Faith, Hope, Charity," with the date of the institution. On the reverse side are the royal and imperial cipher and crown. The cross is attached to a dark blue ribbon, edged red, tied in a bow and worn on the left shoulder. This order is bestowed by the sovereign on any woman or nursing sister recommended to her by the secretary of state for special exertions and devotion to the sick and wounded sailors and soldiers.

Born With a Needle in His Leg.

Mrs. Oscar Stanley of Anderson, Ind., gave birth to a baby boy nine days ago. When it was placed in care of the nurse, she found a rather peculiar pimple on the inside of its thigh. She thought nothing of it at first, but it began to get very sore and also became very large. Yesterday when she was bathing the child her hand came in contact with a sharp projection. She called a physician, and he found that there was a needle in the child. It was finally extracted and proved to be two inches in length. It was in the child when it was born. He thinks the mother swallowed it probably many years ago. The child is sound as a dollar today and will never be bothered because of the fact that he was born with a needle in him.—Louisville Post.

Women Attorneys.

Miss Elva Hubbard Young of Springfield has recently won the distinction of being the first woman in western Massachusetts to secure admission to the bar. Miss Young is a Wellesley graduate and has studied law at Cornell university.

Miss Margaret A. Richardson was recently sworn as an attorney and admitted to practice at the bar in Montgomery county, Pa. She is the first woman attorney ever admitted in that county, and she was warmly congratulated.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Any boy can try it. He has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malara or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting spells, Sleeplessness and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents a bottle at Wilkins & Linn's Drug Store.

NO. 50 OLIVER

Is the only plow made that is better than the No. 40 Oliver chilled. See it at

F. L. Chambers

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

FARO BUILT THE CHURCH.

ORIGIN OF KALAMAZOO.

Pretty Legend That is Responsible For the Town's Name.

The name of Kalamazoo, like Oshkosh and one or two others, has come to be for foreigners a synonym of American absurdity. It is often chosen, for some occult reason, to illustrate that form of vernacular English known as "United States."

But all thought of ridicule vanishes when the romantic origin is considered, for it is the echo still lingering about the memory of two dusky lovers, who, in that long gone time when Michigan was the home mainly of Indian tribes, lived and loved on the banks of the river which now bears their names.

Kahla, the young warrior, was straight of limb and eagle eyed, while to Malzoo the many graces and virtues for which Indian maidens have become noted in song and legend. Life to these two possessed all the charm which true affection has ever granted to lovers, and the days, as they came and went, brought only abounding joy.

Each summer evening, as the twilight deepened and the time drew near for her lover's return from the chase, the maiden watched from her lover in the swaying branches of a giant elm overlooking the river's edge for the first sign of his coming. As the bow of his canoe shot round the curve away in the distance her clear musical voice called to him, "Kahla, Kahla!" and from the young warrior came in loving tones the response, "Malzoo!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Twin's Material For Stories.

In Berlin, when one pays his fare to the conductor of a street car, he receives a ticket, which is soon afterward collected by an inspector, who boards the car at a fixed point. One day, just as a joke, Mark Twain paid his fare 15 times on one trip, each time throwing the ticket out of the window or under his seat as soon as he had deposited the regular fare with the conductor. A few minutes later the inspector would get on the car and demand tickets all around. Of course Twain had none to show and had to buy another, apparently with reluctance. The performance amused the American, dumfounded the conductor, who had never met so reckless a passenger, and tickled the native passengers, who thought the foreigner well punished for his negligence. By this modest investment material was obtained for a capital story, which netted Mark Twain just \$500.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Homestead.

A recent article on homesickness recalls the reply made by a young Swedish maid to her mistress. It expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels.

"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home, Ina," said the lady as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick, it is the place where I don't be."—Youth's Companion.

Do You Want to Fight?

"No," replied the clergyman.

"Then take that!"

But "that" never came. Worthington wanted off the blow, and with his good right fist sent the bully to grass in scientific fashion.

That night the affair was talked over in Cy Henry's gambling house.

"I like that chap Worthington," said Bill Johnson. "He strikes a good blow. Let's all play for him tonight."

The proposition was agreed to, and the next morning \$1,800 won at faro was presented to the minister. That money built the first church in Butte.—Chicago Chronicle.

Smithers—Why don't you run for school director, Brown?

Brown—Well, you see, sir, there is the farm to look after, and the work on the roads, the timber to cut, the strong party feeling, my views on the educational question, my tax theory, my ideas of the money problem, and then, besides—my wife wants to run.—Harper's Bazar.

A Writer in London advertises to furnish manuscripts to persons who aspire to become authors, but can't write, at so much a volume.

The use of coal for house heating is not nearly so general in Europe as in this country.

Papa—Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me truly, what do you think you're fit for?

Johnny—if I should tell what I think, you'd give me another whipping.—Boston Transcript.

Take it off!

Don't wear your working apron all the time—it's a sign of poor management. Do all your cleaning with

GOLD DUST Washing Powder

and you can change your working clothes for resting clothes early in the day. It saves time, work and worry. Largest packages—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.