

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength
— Latest U. S. Government Food Report. —
Absolutely Pure

TERRORIZED BY DEER

A MOB OF THEM CAPTURE A HOUSE AND SMASH THINGS.

A Sportsman's Account of the Annoyance Caused by Canadian Game Laws—If You Want Peace While Hunting in Canada Provide a Stuffed Gray Wolf.

"But I was going to tell you about the Canadian game laws being responsible for a nuisance," said the old sportsman. "The deer have the laws down fine, and though you might roam for days without seeing a sign of one, of them in the shooting season they are as numerous and intrusive as mosquitoes at other times. The deer, you know, is a species of goat and will develop all a goat's toughness if he gets the idea that you aren't touch him. No small boy could be more insolent than the deer under those circumstances.

"After we finished our dinner the first evening at the cabin on Capen island last August we sat reading and smoking. A deer put his head in the door and ba-a-a-ed at us and winked his eyes and shook his tail in an eager way, as if he was asking for something.

"What does he want?" we asked the guide.

"Oh, anything—old clothes or boots, a rubber shoe, tomato cans, anything like that for a change of diet."

"We gave him a pair of stockings and a chromo of Mary Anderson. He ate them and bounded away looking as pleased as if his uncle had left him a legacy. That made us laugh, and we hoped he would come back and let us have some more fun with him.

"He did come back before daylight next morning and brought six other deer with him. They ate up two white shirts and some underclothes that were hanging on the line behind the house and roused us up by knocking on the door with their horns. When the guide opened the door, the leading buck butted him into a corner. The other deer crowded in, and they took possession of the place. They upset the lamp, and as many as could get at it drank the kerosene. It made them cough, but didn't abate their curiosity in the least. They all put their noses in the stove and sniffed the ashes. That set them sneezing. The big buck, by turning his horns sideways, got his head into the biscuit barrel. He ate till he was rounded out like a football and then tried to go out to get a drink. But he had forgotten the combination, and the barrel staid right where it was. He gave a loud 'ba-a-a-a!' and that frightened him worse than anything, for his voice was baritone, and the barrel made it sound like double bass. Then he started in to back out slowly, shaking his head and keeping it low.

"I and Capen had kept quiet in our bunk. We knew the Canadian law, and we didn't want any trouble with the deer. But they had no idea of leaving us in peace. Two of them caught hold of the blanket that was covering Capen and began to devour it.

"Leggo!" he shouted. But it was no use. They knew the ropes and were not going to be bluffed.

"Jumping mackerel!" shouted Capen, getting mad. "I won't stand this any longer. Law or no law, these hoodlums have got to get out of my house."

"He started to descend from his berth when a wicked looking doe made a jump from the other end of the room and helped him back again. I don't know what would have become of us if it had not been for the buck with the barrel. In backing out he tripped over a chair and fell down. The barrel jarred him, and he became panic stricken. He gave a terrific 'ba-a-a-a!' and hoisting the barrel up in the air began to charge about blindly. He fell down, turned somersaults, butted the other deer and tried to knock out the end of the cabin. The others were so surprised and frightened at his strange appearance and antics that they stood still and stared open mouthed till two or three of them were knocked galley west. These got up and away, full lickety smash, and the others woke up and slid the whole earth from under themselves at one jump.

"The three of us got up and jumped on the buck. We carried him outside and then let him go, and the way he smashed around through the landscape was a caution. We could trail him by the biscuits. He broke the bottom out of the barrel after awhile, but I guess he's wearing the rest of it yet.

"Of course we were in a great state of alarm for fear the deer would come back, but the guide said:

"That's all right. I'll fix those fellows."

"Luckily we had a fine gray wolf skin. This the guide stuffed and planted in a lifelike attitude on the shore where the deer came from the mainland. That afternoon the deer that turned our cabin

inside out returned with 25 others. They were all on the broad smile, thinking of the picnic they were going to have till they caught sight of the stuffed wolf. That stopped them as dead as though they had run against a brick wall. They wheeled quick as a flash, and the way they put was a caution.

"After that we had no more trouble, and my advice to men who are going for sport into the wilds of Canada is that they take a stuffed gray wolf if they want to have peace and comfort."

—New York Sun.

THE BUTTERFLY.

How the Gorgeous Beauty Bursts From His Ugly Outer Shell.

Last summer I noticed a milkweed caterpillar traveling across the piazza floor, evidently in search of his final shelter. We secured him temporarily under a tumbler, but there, to our surprise, he proceeded to spin his little web and hang himself head downward from the bottom of the covering glass in such wise that in the course of two days we saw the whole process of change, even to the splitting of the caterpillar skin and the final wriggle from it that changed him into the most exquisite transparent, Nile green chrysalis, buttoned with gold. Toward the end of two weeks this began to grow opaque, and gradually we saw from under it the thorax, antennae, head, wings and abdominal rings in perfect coloring of black and red. One fine morning "he burst this outer shell of sin and hatched himself," not "a cherubim," but a more tangible aerial creature, though not able to float off at once, as perhaps even cherubim do not. No; his wings were only as big as dime pieces. "And still the wonder grew" as we watched them grow and unfold under our eyes in breathless amazement, and one at least in reverence and awe. It seemed such a definite change from death into life. It was not so difficult then to imagine a soul freed from its mortal envelope since this marvel could be done.

The little creature, after expanding to its full size, became very sociable, liking to be held on the finger, and after I had once unrolled his proboscis with a pin and guided it to a drop of sugared water quickly learned to find his food and sucked up a drop "in no time."

After a few days he floated out of a carelessly opened window, and I was glad and sympathized, for I, too, longed to try my wings beyond four walls. Milkweed caterpillars are common enough (Danais Archippus, I believe, but cannot verify), and it is a most charming and exciting experiment, especially for an invalid, to try.—Boston Transcript.

"Nativism" in Paris.

The directors of the Paris Grand Opera, in answer to criticisms that, although subsidized, they were producing foreign instead of French works, recently drew up a list by which they showed that during the past 20 years they had mounted 38 operas by Frenchmen and only 6 by foreigners, the two outsiders being Wagner and Verdi. M. Maurel, the Parisian critic, has now carried the statistics back to the beginning of the century.

It seems that the last generation of Frenchmen were not so particular as to the nationality of musicians. From the year 1800 down to the present time the Paris Grand Opera has produced works by 109 French and 82 foreign composers. On the other hand, it appears that only 5,934 performances of French operas have during this period been given, as against 8,149 representations of works by foreign musicians. The French writer laments that his compatriots preferred foreign works, although in fairness it should be said that the list probably includes the operas of Meyerbeer, Rossini and other great masters of a previous generation, who, although not French by birth, were practically Parisian by adoption.—London News.

The Stage.

I believe that if a pastor of a fashionable church were to denounce any particular play as positively immoral it would very soon disappear from the stage. A very large percentage of the ordinary playgoers are communicants of the churches, and a well considered condemnation of a play would certainly injure its popularity. "Christian people" would not think it "respectable" to sit through a play which had been condemned by their spiritual pastors. All that is needed is a little more ministerial courage with regard to the stage, and it will very soon be seen that the pulpit really possesses more power in this direction than it ever had in the history of the modern drama. One thing is certain—if the stage is left to its own devices, it will become a fruitful source of injury to the moral well being of the nation.—Rev. Thomas P. Hughes in Forum.

BOMBHELL'S BRAVE DEED.

The Dog Saved Two Little Children From Serious Danger.

While a gun was being loaded Bombshell would sit on the parapet and watch the operation. That finished, he would jump up and look out to sea over the range and then scamper down from the parapet and follow us into the bomb-proof.

As usual, Bombshell was on hand to see the test of the new big gun.

He superintended the loading, and while I was aiming the gun he looked over the range as carefully as did the lookout, and from his air of responsibility one might have supposed that to him had been intrusted the duty of seeing that the range was clear.

But when we started for the bomb-proof, instead of following us, as was his custom, Bombshell remained on the parapet, looking out to sea and sniffing the air. In a moment he dashed off through the bushes which covered the narrow beach between the parapet and the sea.

Though thinking his actions peculiar, I was sure that he would not remain in front of the gun because he had done so once when quite young and inexperienced, and the burning grains of powder, which are always thrown out by the blast of a gun, had buried themselves in his skin, burning him badly. He had never forgotten this.

Certain that he would take care of himself, I paid no further attention to him, but went with the others into the bomb-proof and took my place by the electric key ready to fire at the command of the captain.

Just as the command "Fire!" was about to be given Bombshell reappeared on the parapet and began to bark furiously into the very muzzle of the gun.

I called to him, but he would not come. Annoyed at the delay of the test, I tried to catch him, but could not do so. As I approached he retreated, still barking and apparently urging me to follow him.

Finally, convinced from the dog's actions that something was wrong, the electric wire was disconnected from the gun, and I followed Bombshell. Wagging his tail with joy at having accomplished his object, he led me through the underbrush to the beach.

There, concealed behind a clump of bushes, were two little children quietly digging in the sand and entirely unconscious of the danger in which they had been.—Lieutenant John C. W. Brooks in St. Nicholas.

An Irresistible Bargain.

Mrs. Newwife—I bought a lovely bottle of medicine today, warranted to cure St. Vitus' dance. I only paid 36 cents for it.

Her Hubby—But neither of us has that disease.

"I know, but it was marked down from 50 cents."—Philadelphia Record.

A Funny Misprint.

One of the most ludicrous announcements that ever appeared perhaps was made by a London newspaper in the earlier half of the present century to the effect that Sir Robert Peel "and a party of fiends were shooting peasants in Ireland." The words misprinted, of course, were "friends" and "pheasants."

BETTER THAN REFINED GOLD

Is bodily comfort. This unspeakable boon is denied to many unfortunate for whose ailments Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a promptly helpful remedy. The dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the nervous, persons troubled with biliousness or chills and fever, should lose no time in availing themselves of this comprehensive and genial medicine. It promotes appetite and nightly slumber.

"Mr. Badger, when is a woman in the prime of life?" "Well, Mrs. Badger, when she's 35." "And a man?" "Oh, anywhere from 21 to 30."

AGENTS WANTED. Best cement on earth; new discovery; everybody wants it. Mends china, glass; takes place of mulligan in home and office; sample 10c. Address Interstate Mfg. Co., box 198, The Dalles, Or.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—J. C. Albright, Millburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '93.

Phil A. Del—And was your friend's death unexpected. Arizona Pete—No indeed. He had been a horse thief for years.

FROM GOAT TO BOAT.

Even the festive goat in his vernal season has his field sport on the common with a tin can or the butt of a log. From the sport of the goat in the spring to the varied sports of the early and late summer, what a world of amusement and what a scene of muscular activity. In all these, ever so helpful, from the bat in the hall field to the oar of the boat and the clatter of the turf, there comes in a large amount of penalty in the shape of serious sprains and troublesome bruises, but no man is a good athlete, nor does he develop well from such exercises without his full share of both. It is a good thing, therefore, that there is provided something which, if always kept ready, is always ready to cure promptly these sudden and painful mishaps. St. Jacobs Oil, without question, passes among all sportsmen as the thing to have, par excellence, in all kinds of sports. It has gained its best reputation from its best cures of this nature, and the man who would enjoy freely the summer sports would be almost foolish not to keep a bottle about him.

Browne—That's a good detective story, isn't it? Whyte—Well, it's interesting, but it isn't true to life. Browne—Why not? Whyte—Well, for one thing, the detective finds the criminal.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA FOR BREAKFAST.

From U.S. Journal of Medicine Prof. W. H. Fiske, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. Fiske, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and burning, bleeding or protruding Piles yield at once to Dr. B.-O-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itching, soothes tumors. A positive cure. Treatise free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. B.-O-SAN-KO, Phila., Pa.

Real Cocoa

The test of 115 years proves the purity of Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly success and weakness of life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

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To ALL Merchants Who Retail TOBACCO.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY. DURHAM, N. C.

Dear Sir: You are entitled to receive FREE from your wholesale dealer, WHITE STAR SOAP with all the

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco you buy. One bar of soap free with each pound, whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

Gloom to Sunshine

Of ill health, despondency and despair, gives way to the sunshine of hope, happiness and health, upon taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it gives renewed life and vitality to the blood, and through that imparts nerve strength, vigor to the whole body. Read this letter: "Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me wonderfully, changed sickness to health, gloom to sunshine. No pen can describe what I suffered. I was deathly sick, had sick headaches every few days and those terrible tired, despondent feelings, with heart troubles so that I could not go up and down stairs without clasping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it would almost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for. There is no pleasure in life if deprived of health, for life becomes a burden. Hood's Sarsaparilla does far more than advertised. After taking one bottle, it is sufficient to recommend itself." Mrs. J. E. SMITH, Beloit, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, 25 cents.

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"Save My Child!"

is the cry of many an agonized mother whose little one writhes in croup or whooping cough. In such cases, Dr. Acker's English Remedy proves a blessing and a godsend. Mrs. M. A. Burke, of 309 E. 105th St., New York, writes: "Dr. Acker's English Remedy cured my baby of bronchitis, and also gave instant relief in a severe case of croup. I gratefully recommend it."

Three sizes, 25c.; 50c.; \$1. All Druggists. ACQUER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

N. P. N. U. No. 648.—S. F. N. U. No. 725