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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE CHINESE SUGARS

Large Quantities Surreptitiously Sold on the Coast.

IT IS BILLED AS "MERCHANDISE"

But Few People Are Aware of the Danger That Is Threatened From This Unclean Article.

Tacoma, Oct. 21.—The curiosity of the unwary reader is not aroused when he sees among other items of cargo reported by the agents of the Asiatic steamers "8,600 pkg's merchandise." There is tea, silk, spices and 8,600 pkg's "merchandise."

Aren't tea and silk "merchandise?"

Yes; and there is nothing to be concealed in their importation, but with sugar it is different. Secrecy is the watchword. The public must not know that Chinese sugar is being dumped upon them. Why? Because the public don't want it.

The steamer Strathnevis, which arrived in Tacoma October 8, brought in her cargo 8,600 pkg's "merchandise," or 860,000 pounds of Chinese sugar, and importations of this same secret "merchandise" since July 1 into Oregon and Washington have amounted to 48,340 bags, or nearly 5,000,000 pounds, valued at nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

Where has it all gone? How many people know they are buying sugar from the plague ridden Orient, with its poorly paid and poorly fed labor? The same secrecy exercised by the importer is exercised by the grocer and every one who handles it, and the public becomes a large consumer of an article that it knows nothing of and would not buy if it knew what it was getting. And yet there has been secretly imported in the last three months six pounds of this sugar for every man, woman and child in Washington and Oregon.

Why does the grocer handle it? Not a single wholesale grocer of any standing in the Northwest does, but some of the retail grocers in their anxiety to buy cheaper than their neighbors have let their avarice get the best of their patriotism and good sense. They buy it because it is cheaper and they can make two or three cents more on a dollar's worth. Do these grocers sell this sugar cheaper? Did you ever see in your grocer's store two bags, one marked "American Sugar" and the other "Chinese Sugar?" No. They buy it at an insignificant difference in cost and sell this "merchandise" as "sugar" at the same price as American sugar. For a little extra profit they sell the public an article that they do not dare call by name.

Secrecy is the watchword. The public will not have this "merchandise" if they know what it is. Therefore they must not know what it is.

There are few people who will buy sugar from plague and vermin ridden China when they get a better article at practically the same price made at home, and it is because the public don't want this product of coolie labor that it is handled in the dark and sold in the dark, concealed by the importer and concealed by the tradesman. There is probably not one reader of this article who has not purchased Chinese sugar thinking that he was getting a clean American product made by American labor. Who reaps the benefit of the deception?

A few honest grocers here and there display cards: "We handle American Sugar Only." Many grocers sell Chinese sugar thinking that they are doing nothing wrong, that it is all right so long as the customer does not ask what he is getting or specify American sugar. If the customer asks they tell him it is Chinese sugar, with a very few exceptions.

Nevertheless, it remains a fact that this immense quantity of sugar is dumped in here and sold and no one ever sees or hears of it.

The American people are protectionists in theory and in fact and are not so inconsistent as to frame laws to shut out the products of pauper labor, and they turn around and buy, at practically no difference in price, an every day staple food product from the most poorly paid, the most degraded, the most filthy labor on the face of the earth.

Hardly a freetrader would be so un-American as to patronize such products although he does not believe in keeping them out by law, and he can well point his finger of scorn to any one professing to believe in protection to American industries who brings to his own house and family sugar from China.

Suppose the grocer gave his customers the benefit of the lower price and gave them one more pound of Chinese sugar than of American sugar for one dollar, few families would save over thirty cents a year. It is ridiculous and no one will listen to it. Hence the secrecy. Hence the "merchandise." This is why no grocer will ask you what you will have, American or Chinese sugar.

Let every American stand for American goods. Find out what you are getting. At least pay for what you get and get what you pay for. This is the kind of protection that protects.

The government in order to protect its citizens against practices of this kind requires that all imported goods shall be plainly marked with the name of the country from which it came. But little sugar is sold in original packages and the good effect is lost. If you buy a bag of Chinese sugar you will find in the middle of the bag the words Hong Kong, provided your eyesight is good and provided it has not been marked over with a marking brush.

A change will come about when every customer asks what sugar he is getting and insists on getting his money's worth and lets the light in on this secret "merchandise."

There is spent for labor alone on the Pacific coast $500,000 annually by American refineries. They buy Washington coal, Oregon barrel stock, paper, etc., and in a great many ways the distribution of this vast sum of money is of benefit to our communities.

The first question to ask oneself is: What can I do to help my fellow man, my fellow workman and the country in which I live? First, by knowing what sugar you use yourself and secondly, by seeing that you are supplied with no other than the American made article, made by American workmen, in American cleanly factories, operated by American capital, paying American wages, in good American coin, and keeping that American money at home, not sending it abroad to support the corruption and corrupting influences of a nation stained with infamy, blackened by disease, and odorized with the death of its inhabitants.

We have here in our glorious state of Washington and sister state of Oregon, as evidenced by the Exposition of the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association, one of the greatest fields of beets in this or any other country. In rejecting the coolie made stuff called sugar and buying only American made goods, you are encouraging and strengthening the hands of your neighbor farmer, and building up an industry which you will yourself share and in time proudly realize the greatness of the soil upon which we live and which God has blessed with a special Providence as uncompassed on the face of the globe.

A DAPPER LITTLE WARRIOR.

Brave but Dumpy Old Lord Saltoun, the Hero of Hougomont.

In those long gone by days brave old Lord Saltoun, the hero of Hougomont, resided during the fishing season in the mansion house of Auchinroath, on the high ground at the mouth of the Glen of Rothes. One morning, some five and forty years ago, my father drove to breakfast with the old lord, and took me with him. Not caring to send the horses to the stable, he left me outside in the dogcart when he entered the house. As I waited, rather sulkily—for I was very hungry—there came out on to the doorsteps a very queer looking old person, short of figure, round as a ball, his head sunk between very high and rounded shoulders, and with short, dumpy legs. He was curiously attired in a whole colored suit of gray, a droll shaped jacket, the great collar of which reached far up the back of his head, surmounted by a pair of voluminous breeches, which suddenly tightened at the knee. I imagined him to be the butler in morning dishabille, and when he accosted me good naturedly, asking to whom the dogcart and myself belonged, I answered him somewhat shortly, and then ingenuously suggested that he would be doing me a kindly act if he would go and fetch me out a hunk of bread and meat, for I was enduring tortures of hunger.

Then he swore, and that with vigor and fluency, that it was a shame that I should have been left outside, called a groom and bade me alight and come in doors with him. I demurred—I had got the paternal injunction to remain with the horse and cart. "I am master here!" exclaimed the old person impetuously, and with further strong language he expressed his intention of rating my father roundly for not having brought me inside along with himself. Then a question occurred to me, and I ventured to ask, "Are you Lord Saltoun?" "Of course I am," replied the old gentleman. "Who the devil else should I be?" Well, I did not like to avow what I felt, but in truth I was hugely disappointed in him, for I had just been reading Siborne's "Waterloo," and to think that this dumpy old fellow in the duffel jacket that came up over his ears was the valiant hero who had held Hougomont through cannon fire and musketry fire, and hand to hand bayonet fighting on the day of Waterloo, while the post he was defending was ablaze, and who had actually killed Frenchmen with his own good sword, was a severe disenchantment.—Nineteenth Century.

How Kelly Saved the Danseuse.

Accidents have happened on the stage. The skirts of ballet dancers have caught fire, and the unhappy danseuses have died from the effects. The story will not soon be forgotten of Michael Kelly in "Lodioska." The last scene represented a castle on fire, and the beautiful Mrs. Crouch, as the Princess, was to be seen at a window. The draft carried the flames toward her, and Kelly, seeing her danger, rushed up a stage bridge to save her, but the supports of this bridge had been removed prematurely by the carpenter, and Kelly fell to the ground.

"At the same time," says Kelly in his "Memoirs," "the fiery tower, in which was Mrs. Crouch, sank down in a blaze, with a violent crash. She uttered a scream of terror. Providentially I was not hurt by the fall, and catching her in my arms, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I carried her to the front of the stage. The applause was loud and continued. In fact, had we rehearsed the scene as it happened, it could not have been done half so naturally or produced so great an effect."

It was not the escape which made this incident memorable, but Kelly's bull. He was furious at the accident and rushed at Kemble, who was manager, shouting, "I might have been killed entirely, and who then—who would have maintained me for the rest of my life?"—Good Words.

Magnificence of Lowther Castle.

Lowther castle, near Penrith, is one of the most imposing mansions in the north. Its great terrace is nearly a mile in length and is carried along the brink of a steep cliff, which overlooks a part of the park, with forest trees of immense growth and well replenished with deer. The park of the emperor of China, at Gehol, is called "the paradise of 10,000 trees." Lord Macartney, embassador to China, in one of his letters says: "We wandered in it for several hours, and yet were never weary of wandering, for certainly so rich, so varied, so beautiful, so sublime a prospect our eyes had never beheld." And thus concludes his description of the wonderful garden: "If any place can be said in any respect to have similar features to the western park of Van Shoo Yeen, it is at Lowther."—London News.

Temperance Mansion.

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Bang."

"Yes, you are right."

"Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?"

"No."

"Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?"

"Oh, yes! But the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put into the whisky. Every farthing was made out of the water, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

JOY AND PAIN.

If there were never any storm or rain,
Fair days would cease to be so rare and sweet
It is when fainting on the dusty street
We mind us of the woods. Ah, then we fain
Would rest among the shadows once again!
We long for winter. When the wild storms beat
Upon our heads we pine for summer's heat.
There is no joy without some loss or pain.
To take life as we find it is the art
Of living well. Ah, let us not forget,
Though life be dark today, there may be yet,
When summer comes, much joy for each sad heart!
Perhaps God sends us trouble as a test,
To see if it will prove us at our best.

—Henry Coyle in Boston Transcript

HOW JACK PROPOSED

"It's no use," said Jack, throwing himself into my most comfortable easy chair, and looking the picture of misery. "It's not a bit of use!"

"What isn't?" I asked.

"Trying to propose to her," replied Jack.

"Why isn't it?"

"Because I can't!" moaned—or, rather howled—the poor boy, savagely kicking my waste paper basket over.

"Why can't you?"

"Because I haven't enough pluck."

"Haven't you?"

"Oh, confound your questions!" yelled Jack, tumbling right backward in his desperation. "It's bad enough to be frantically in love with the most beautiful girl who ever lived, and not possess the courage enough to put the question, without having to submit to the cross examination of a Johnny who's reading for the bar and wants to get practice in bullyragging witnesses. I tell you, I won't answer your infernal questions. I say," concluded Jack standing up, and looking like one of the witches in "Macbeth," "I won't submit to it!"

"All right, old man, all right," I said soothingly. "Nobody wants you to."

"The fact is," said Jack, sitting down again and assuming a sepulchral tone, "if I don't bring it off, I'll—I'll"—

"What?"

"I'll die of felo-de-se."

This was being legal with a vengeance. Here was my dear chum—six months since the brightest, happiest, merriest fellow in London—deeply in love with a young person called Cissy (I don't to this day know her other name, Jack never mentioned it), and in the depths of despair because he couldn't "bring it off," if I may use his own terse phraseology. We held conversations of this sort about six times a day on an average, but never before had he threatened to—

"It shall be either by pistol or rope," growled Jack hoarsely, and for the moment I believe he was thoroughly in earnest.

I thought I'd try the cynical, man of the world method and scoff him out of his foolishness, so I said:

"Fancy being knocked over in this way by a puling girl, a weak, silly creature, who isn't even a new woman!"

Jack was all on fire in a moment.

"She's not a weak, puling, silly creature, and she is a new woman," he shouted, forgetting for the nonce that it is not altogether a desirable thing to be in love with that feminine novelty. "So now!"

(Parenthetically I may ask, Why is it that people always end up defiances of this kind with those mystic words, "So now." Why is it?)

"Jack," I said, "write to her."

"Splendid idea!" said Jack, who had been thinking of different ways of proposing for six months and now hailed that of doing it by post as an entirely one and original idea. "Here goes, and thanks awfully, old chap, for giving me the tip."

Seizing quite a quire of notepaper Jack scribbled and tore up about a dozen proposals in writing. Then he turned round, almost crying, and said that he couldn't do it that way, and he wouldn't, and he'd hang himself, and perhaps then she'd be sorry, and—and—and—why was he born?

"My dear boy," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder in the most fatherly way imaginable, "let's talk over the matter quietly. Now, suppose I propose for you?"

"No," said Jack. "She'd think I was afraid to ask her myself and refuse me on the spot. No. I won't write, and I won't do it by proxy. Isn't there some other way? Why don't you suggest something, you great, long idiot, instead of sitting there and grinning all night?"

Now, I wasn't grinning, and I had been suggesting things all the time, so naturally I felt much hurt. I therefore curled up and was silent.

For some time Jack smoked savagely without speaking a word. After about 20 minutes of this he laid down his pipe and began in a very apologetic tone:

"I say."

"Well?"

"Can't you think of any other way of proposing?"

"Wear a flower which means 'I love you.' A pansy or crocus or something. Then, if she wants you, she'll wear one meaning, 'Your sentiments are reciprocated.'"

"Don't think much of that way," said Jack. "Know any other?"

Now, I have never been in love in my life, and never intend to be, and so I found it rather hard to give Jack advice. However, I racked my brains and at length evolved this startling method:

"Propose to her through her father!"

"Oh, you hopeless mass of imbecility!" yelled Jack, bouncing up and grabbing his hat. "How am I to do that when she hasn't got a father?"

And he flung himself out of the room in a towering passion and did not come near me again for quite a period. Well, how was I to know that the wretched girl hadn't a father? Was I expected to keep a register of all the births, deaths, marriages and divorces which occurred in those families which contained girls Jack was in love with? No, thank you.

I had not quite come down to earning my living by being a love registrar.

Well, you will no doubt want to hear how Jack really did propose. In telling you I must give you plainly to understand that I am only repeating what Jack told me. I was not an eyewitness of the heart rending scene. It was like this:

I was sitting one afternoon trying to find instances of men marrying their mothers-in-law (I never came across one who did yet), under an encyclopedia heading called "Matrimonial Madness, Types of," when Jack suddenly burst into the room with his face all aglow with delight.

"I've done it!" he shouted.

I shut up the encyclopedia with a bang. No need to go on looking for types of matrimonial madness when I had one in front of me, I thought.

"How?" I asked coldly. "How did you do it?"

My manner did not damp him in the least.

"I did it—this very afternoon, and I'll tell you all about it."

He sat down close to me, breathing very hard, and commenced:

"You must know that Cissy told me last night that she was going down to Devonshire today to stay with her aunt. You can bet I felt cut up. Well, after some hesitation, I asked her whether she would allow me to see her off at Paddington? She demurred a little, and then said, 'Yes.' You can't think what a pretty way she has of saying 'Yes.' Well—don't be impatient, I'm coming to it—you may feel pretty sure that I was at Paddington an hour before she drove up. And when she did arrive you can imagine how I looked after her, and got her ticket, and saw that her boxes were labeled, and bought her all the illustrated papers and a luncheon basket, and told the guard to keep an eye on her, and all that sort of thing.

"She was so awfully nice that I almost went crazy when I thought of her being away for a month, all among a lot of other beggars. Well, she took her seat, and I tipped the guard to lock the door and not let any one else in. I wanted to have that last five minutes all to myself, you see?

"So she made herself comfortable and told me I looked awfully red, and judging by my feelings I should think I looked quite purple. Well—don't be in a hurry—the guard whistled and called, 'Stand away, please!' and the train began to move slowly out of the station. Just to say 'Goodby' I got on the footboard and put my hand in at the window. I had said 'Goodby' 12 times already, and she looked so pretty and all that that I suddenly screwed up my courage and said.

"'Cissy, will you?'

"The guard called out, 'Stand away, please, there!' but I kept on the foot board, and Cissy said, 'Oh, get off, please. You'll be hurt.'

"The train was going faster by this time, but I stuck there and yelled out 'Will you? Will you?'

"She looked awfully scared—all the porters and guards and passengers were shouting at me by this time—and said 'Oh, do get off. Will I what?'

"We were almost at the end of the platform now, but I still held on, and said 'Will you? Will you? You know what I mean.'

"She blushed awfully and said: 'Pray—pray get off! Oh, what do you mean? Will I what? Do get off!'

"We were just at the end of the platform now, but I was determined not to get off.

"'Will you? You know, will you?

"'What?'

"'Marry me?'

"There were about 150 porters rushing up the platform to pull me off, but I still hung on and waited for her answer. She looked at me most imploringly and said:

"'Do get off, dear Jack, do!'

"I shouted out: 'Will you? Say!'

"And she answered, 'Yes.'

"I jumped off just as we got outside the station, fell down, and two porters snatched me out of harm's way. I gave them a sovereign each and took a cab here to tell you about it."

"In the event of her refusing to marry you," I said in my best legal manner, "you will not be entitled to any damages for breach of promise, as the defendant's assent was obtained under compulsion."

But Jack didn't care in the least for my law.

The sickening part of it was that the girl really was in love with him and had been waiting for him to ask her quite as long as he had been hesitating.

They committed the fatal act the other day and have gone to Nice for the honeymoon. Bah!—Million.

It Was Very Plain to Him.

"No; I will never"—

Drawing herself up as imperiously as she possibly could, she threw in a few withering glances to emphasize her words.

—"marry you. Do I make myself quite plain?"

He carelessly but very ungallantly placed his hat on the back of his head.

"That would be"—

Moving over close to the main entrance to her house, he continued:

—"entirely superfluous, since nature has forestalled you."

Long after the door had slammed violently she stood there alone, gazing into vacancy.—New York World.

A Rare Specimen.

Mrs. Donovan—Michael, wud ye luk at that lovely goat? Be the powers, if we had that big divvel in the front yard, we'd be the invy av the whole neighborhood.

Mr. Donovan—Go an wit' you an your ignorance! Can't ye see be the sign on the birdcage that he's wan o' them Oryx Licorices?

Mrs. D.—Arrah, thin av coorse it is that same, an I might av knowed had I noticed his beautiful licorice horns.—Truth.

Just Like Mellican Man.

Chinese are great imitators. On a Ninth street electric car, coming down town, was seated one of these childlike and bland celestials, with a pensive, faraway look on his face, but the sad expression would give way occasionally as the motorman turned on more electricity, and an expansive grin wander over his features as the car leaped forward as though conscious of the admiration of pedestrians, and the laundryman remarked to the passenger seated on his left:

"We just zippe light along."

Between H and I streets one of the passengers stepped out on the footboard, and as the conductor made a motion to catch hold of the bell cord the man shook his head. Taking hold of the side bar, he swung out with his face toward the forward end of the car, dropped off lightly and walked away.

Down between G and H streets the Chinaman stepped out on the footboard, and again the conductor put his hand to the bell cord.

"Don't ling! Don't ling!" said the grinning Celestial. "I jumpee off just likee other man."

Taking an extra reef in his blouse with both hands, he hopped off at a right angle to the car, landed first on both feet and then on his left shoulder and ear, and as the car bowled along in the darkness the passengers could hear in a high falsetto wail from the gutter:

"Allee samee dam foolee!"—Washington Post.

Beethoven's Harsh Voice.

Beethoven had a voice so coarse and harsh that once, conducting a rehearsal, when he attempted to hum a passage for the 'cello to show how it should go, an involuntary roar of laughter came from the orchestra. He turned very red, but afterward himself laughed, and the incident passed on pleasantly.

THE LONDON JOHNNIES.

Sons of British Noblemen Shock Polite Society by Their Goings On.

Polite society in London has had another severe shock in the announcement that one of the most eligible young men in the matrimonial market has engaged himself to a pert young person playing a second rate part at the Gaiety theater. The gentleman is Majoribanks, the eldest son of Lord Tweedmouth, one of the wealthiest of peers, and the lady is Miss Birdie Sutherland, better known perhaps as the sister of Lily Harold, the comedienne and singer of plantation songs, at present gracing the Drury Lane pantomime. Nobody has ventured to suggest that these two young women are not as good and virtuous as they are undeniably pretty, and it is a fact that they reside in a genteel suburb with their widowed mother and frequently take part in local church charity concerts, but all that, with additional proof of severe respectability afforded by the fact that their father was a clerk in the Bank of England, is scarcely sufficient to justify their ambition to contract an alliance with a family the head of which is a member of the British cabinet.

Lord Tweedmouth asked newspaper men in the commons lobby to contradict the report of his son's engagement, from which it may be assumed that he succeeded in arranging matters. But it would not be at all surprising if the match would be ratified after all. Young Majoribanks, who is familiarly known to the habitues of the Gaiety theater as "the Skipper," celebrated his majority the other day.

This infatuation is probably the result of the latest fad among the London Johnnies, who indulge in exciting rivalry to score the highest possible number of attendances in the front row of the stalls where the most popular entertainment is given. There is declared to be the finest aggregation of female loveliness just now in "The Shopgirl" on the Gaiety theater stage that was ever achieved in London. The same individuals fill the front stalls night after night. They are either very young or very old, but the young ones predominate. The Sun reporter in the lobby the other evening heard young Majoribanks boast to another sprig of nobility that it was his sixty-second attendance. The other appeared quite crestfallen. He said it was only his forty-fifth.—London Cor. New York Sun.

RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

While Officials Are Tied Up With It the Statue of Puget Is Minus a Nose.

British red tapeism is bad to beat, but the record just now is with Paris. There the front of the Ecole des Beaux Arts is adorned with a statue of Puget, the once famous tenor. Four years ago a passerby made the discovery that the statue's nose had come off. He called the attention of the policeman on duty to the fact. The policeman reported to his brigadier, who reported to the commissary of the quarter, who reported to the prefecture of police. The prefecture of police decided that the nose had dropped off the statue and had not been maliciously knocked off. The matter therefore concerned the prefecture of the Seine. It was then August, 1891. In October a committee of three was appointed to decide which department had to put the nose on again. The committee inspected the statue in January, 1892, and reported in December that they were unable to report.

In February, 1893, this report reached the department of public works. The head of a room found it in June and made the lives of his subordinates so many burdens to them with it. Somehow or other it got into print that but for this zealous official there would be hardly a statue in France and in Navarre with its nose on. In July he was decorated for special services. Somebody else took up the report. Between January and December, 1894, it had got into parliament. On Feb. 25, 1895, the house sat upon it, and MM. Jaures and Carnand got off some virulent attacks upon the government for its want of public spirit. The next day the same passerby who had reported absence of the nose happened to pass by again. He discovered that the nose had not been replaced. He reported to the policeman on duty, who, etc. The nose of Puget is in for another round.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mountain Vegetation In Africa.

Mr. Scott Elliott has been investigating the botany of Ruwenzori, the giant mountain of central Africa. Up to 7,000 feet he found grass and cultivation. Then begins the forest, which, up to 8,600 feet, consists of deciduous trees, sometimes with thick undergrowth, sometimes quite open, with a profusion of ferns, mosses and creepers. From 8,600 to 9,600 feet bamboos grow, and the predominant feature is the wetness of everything. Only very few watery plants grow among the roots. Above 9,600 feet tree heather takes the place of bamboo and seems to extend to the snow, which Mr. Elliott could not reach, and even beyond. In one attempt to reach the summit he found what seems to him the Alpine lady's mantle. On the mountain birds and animals are extremely scarce. He saw a sun bird, green, yellow and crimson, above 10,000 feet, and also saw a robin and a goldfinch.

Death by Crucifixion.

Death by crucifixion—that is, by the cross—was of eastern origin and had been in use among the Persians and Carthaginians long before its employment in western countries. Alexander the Great adopted it in Palestine. It was not a Jewish punishment.—Kansas City Times.

He Explained.

"You don't come to church very often now," said Rev. Dr. Thirdly in a tone of reproof to Mr. Bloomfield.

"No, doctor. The fact is, your sermons are too short."

"That's an odd complaint. I never heard it before."

"Well, you see, I hardly get to sleep comfortably before I am awakened by the singing of the next hymn."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Taking Her at Her Word.

The Simpkinses have a kid who will be president some day if he is not hanged first. "I don't want to go to Sunday school in vacation time," said he.

"The devil never takes vacations," said his mother sternly.

"That's right," replied the hopeful youth, "and you always said I must shun the devil and all his ways."—Albany Argus.

The Greater Peril.

Blobbs—Why is everybody running?

Slobbs—There's a mad dog down the street.

Blobbs—I don't see why that should make people run.

Slobbs—But there's a policeman shooting at it.—Philadelphia Record.

They All Do It.

Passenger—That fellow back there is raising a great row because he has to stand.

Conductor—Yes. He's riding on a pass!—Chicago Record.

A WALKING CORPSE

A TERM APPLIED TO A LADY BY HER FRIENDS.

Mrs. Reed, of Chehalis, Wash., Tells of Her Recovery From Loss of Blood and Dropsy.

From the Nugget, Chehalis, Wash.

The neighbors called her a walking corpse. For fifteen years she had suffered from loss of blood and dropsy. She had not the strength to stand alone. She had spent thousands of dollars with the doctors and had been unable to find relief. Her case was considered hopeless.

That is the experience of Mrs. C. Reed, a well-known lady of Chehalis, Wash.

A Nugget reporter called upon her at her home last Tuesday. She was willing to be interviewed, she said, if she could be the means of pointing out to other unfortunates the way to recovery and good health.

"It has been over fifteen years since the malady asserted itself," said Mrs. Reed. "Since then, until within the last few months, I never knew what it was to be well for a single day. I could not sleep. My appetite went away and I began to lose flesh. This continued for years. I became so weak I could not wait upon myself. I had to have the help of others to dress and undress, even to walk from one room to another. I lost all my strength. In addition I had dropsy of the blood. My limbs were swollen, and nothing I could do seemed to affordme relief. The doctors said I must take iron to strengthen and invigorate my blood. I took iron—took it by the bottle and by the box; took it morning, noon and night. But it did no good, and I finally lost all hope.

"At last I saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought this fitted my case exactly and I tried to get some of the pills. They were not kept at the drugstores here, and I had to send to Olympia. They came finally, however. I began to take them and experienced relief immediately. I sent for two more boxes to the Dr. Williams' Company at Schnectady, N. Y., and by the time I had taken them I felt like a new woman. I have been taking them occasionally since then.

"It was two years ago that I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was 60 years of age then, and had not been able to do my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued.

"I think my cure is a marvelous one, and is due entirely to the Pink Pills for Pale People. Without them I fear I should have been dead before now.

"Since my cure has become known the druggists here have always kept the pills, and I do not have to send away for them any more. I have recommended them to several of my neighbors, and I know that they have done much good in more than one case similar to my own."

In order to confirm this statement beyond all doubt Mrs. Reed offered to make affidavit to its truth, and the affidavit is here presented:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of May, 1895.

J. M. Kepner, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Gravels of the Glacial Age.

Some 10,000 or more years ago the conditions which had brought about the great ice age were beginning to change. The elevated land began to sink, and a higher temperature slowly followed. The long winter was gradually drawing to a close, and the great springtime of the world was beginning to hasten its influence upon an ice covered land. Tons, rather mountains, of ice began to melt, and the water filled the river valleys to overflowing. Gravel, sand and mud were borne along by these raging waters and deposited wherever the conditions were favorable. Ice rafts covered the surface of the flood, bearing rocks and bowlders from more northern lands.

All rivers which had glacial sources were greatly influenced by the final melting. As the southern part of the ice sheet rested over northern Pennsylvania, the Delaware and the Susquehanna were typical rivers of the age. The rocks and gravels which line their banks show how well they have kept the record. In the Delaware valley brick clay and gravel are laid out in beautiful terraces, especially at Stroudsburg and the Water Gap. Here the waters rose some 200 feet, and an artificial dam is supposed to have formed the river into a broad lake. The Indians, it is said, have a curious legend about this flood. They tell us that the "Minsies" were the first race which dwelt here, and the region round about they call "Minisink," meaning that the "waters are gone"—a vague remembrance perhaps of the postglacial floods.—Lippincott's.

A Beaconsfield Anecdote.

One day, when the late Lord Beaconsfield was walking in his grounds at Hughenden Manor, he was accosted by a well known parishioner noted for his ready wit. It being winter time and the weather unusully severe, the villager after paying his respects to his lordship commenced to make an appeal for a little help.

"How often have I told you to be careful and prepare for a rainy day?"

"Ah, that's right enough. So I did, my lord," said the ready witted villager, "but then who ever thought of seeing all this snow and hard frost?"

This ready retort had the desired effect.—Household Words.

LIKE A VENOMOUS SERPENT

Hidden in the grass, malaria but waits our approach, to spring at and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

Mrs. Fogg—But how in the world did she come to marry him? Mr. Fogg—He asked her, I believe.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE EARLY BIRD.

It's the early birds that catch the worm, saith the proverb, but what a foolish worm it is to get up so early and be caught. Some of our farmers are the early birds. They go forth at dawn to catch up, as they call it, and they catch something else.—Tramping through wet grass and stubble on cold, damp, frosty mornings like these, and going thus all day thereafter, brings to scores of them what they were not looking for. They come home in the evening to suffer all night with rheumatism. Now, while men must work, they need not suffer. Why should they when a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil will keep them all right. A good rub at night with it will so strengthen and heal the muscles they will resist the influence of the cold and dampness, and a man will be cured before he knows it. Let this be tried for a while, and if the man is not cured, it is only because he hasn't the patience to rub the pain out.

"On the whole," remarked the horse, reflectively, "I can't say that I regret the bicycle. You see the red haired girl joke was bitterly reproach upon my gray hairs. Death before dishonor, don't you know."

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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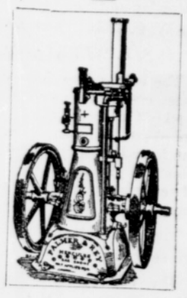

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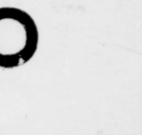

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