In Baking Powders "Royal" Leads.

As the result of my tests, I find the **ROYAL BAKING POWDER** superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. *It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.*

WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.,
Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College,
Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

AN END OF THE CENTURY TERM.

Julius Cæsar Burrows to Be a United States Senator Until 1899.

Julius Cæsar Burrows, the Michigan orator and statesman who has been chosen United States senator, has long been a conspicuous Republican leader in congress. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and North East, Erie county, was his birthplace. He is now 58 years of age, and his friends have already begun booming him for the Republican presidential nomination in 1896. Like many of his colleagues in congress, Mr. Burrows received a common school and academic education and then turned his attention to the law. In 1862, 1863 and 1864 he was an officer in the Federal army and for three years beginning in 1865 was prosecuting attorney of Kalamazoo county.

JULIUS C. BURROWS.

In 1874 he began his long career in the house of representatives as a member of the Forty-third congress. He was elected to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh congresses, and in 1884 was appointed solicitor of the United States treasury department, but declined the office. The same year he was elected delegate at large to the national Republican convention in Chicago. He was a member of the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first congresses, and during the last named session was twice chosen speaker pro tem. His election to the Fifty-second and Fifty-third congresses followed, and after 16 years of service in the house of representatives he now steps into the United States senate.

He was chosen to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Francis B. Stockbridge, and the office is literally of the fin de siecle order, for it continues until March 3, 1899.

One evidence of Mr. Burrows' magnetic personality is that the entire Democratic minority in the Michigan legislature, the famous John Donovan of Bay, concluded to vote for him, instead of Edwin F. Uhl, the moment he was nominated.

Women to Bathe With Bare Feet.

It is said that fashion next summer will kindly permit ladies at seaside resorts to bathe without stockings, and stylish young women are already having their feet prepared for next season's campaign. Many feet which look just too captivating for anything in shoes and stockings are not altogether lovely when exposed to view, and feminine owners of such defective extremities are now invoking the aid of pedicurists to make them presentable. Civilization and tight shoes have inflicted many wrongs upon the human understanding, and many ladies recognize that if they are to make impressions upon the masculine heart, as well as upon the sand, with their feet next summer, they must put themselves upon a better footing. There are comparatively few Trilby feet in real life—few which are perfect in form and entirely free from blemish. Nevertheless Du Maurier's rhapsody over the beauty of Trilby's foot may be to a certain extent responsible for the general note of preparation for the exhibition of female feet next summer.

A Case of Second Sight.

The London Psychical society will investigate a remarkable incident that occurred in the Scottish mining district of Ben Har recently. A miner, Donald McFarlane, disappeared on Sunday. There was no trace of him after a two days' search. On Tuesday Robert Halbert, an old man who has the reputation of possessing second sight, and who is a brother-in-law of McFarlane, fell asleep and dreamed that he saw the missing man in a particular part of Almond Water, which is some miles distant. Mentioning this to the neighbors, they went to the place, saw the footprints of the missing man in the snow and eventually found the man himself standing in the water, which is three feet deep, with ice frozen around him. He was dead.

Public Spirited Portland Women.

A new thing in women's clubs has been organized at Princeton, Me. They call it the Snow Plow club, and its members are to hold teams, socials and fancy fairs during the winter with the object of raising funds to keep the streets and sidewalks clear of snow.

Matrimony is the name of a postoffice in North Carolina.

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MEN'S ERRORS IN DRESS.

A Young Woman of Observation Says That Such Solecisms Are Common.

"It is surprising," said a young woman of observation, "how near some of you men fellows come to being properly dressed and don't quite get there. I've heard a good deal of talk and read a good deal of writing about the fine art of dressing well, but my idea is that it's just a question of the preservation of the entities. It's just like apple sauce with roast pork and currant jelly with canvasback duck—the proper thing goes with the proper thing. Yet a man may be letter perfect in his condiments, or may have a fit at seeing a water color in a velvet frame, and still wear a silk hat and a sack coat. Oh, you needn't laugh. I've seen it, not only on Broadway on a Saturday night, but I have seen it on Fifth avenue on a Sunday morning. Yes, and worse than that. I saw one young fellow going to church with two swell girls, he wearing a black silk hat and a brown sack suit. Now, do you know I call that impious.

"There are two other sins of attire that men are often guilty of—one a sin of commission, wearing an overcoat with a straw hat, and the other a sin of omission, wearing an overcoat and no gloves. These things are done all the time in their season, and yet you sinners in costume think it a good joke to see a woman in white gloves and a mackintosh—and so it is.

"There's another thing you men get woefully mixed up over—spats and gaiters. Any fool girl knows that the gaiter is used for warmth, and therefore is a part of a winter costume, while the spat was designed as an article for summer attire to keep the bottom of the light trousers from being soiled by black shoes. It is quite as awful a solecism to wear spats with dark trousers as it is to wear a gaiter over a tan shoe, yet both are committed constantly here in New York, and by men who ought to be ashamed of themselves for not knowing or not doing better.

"And, talking of tan shoes, you never will convince me that it's either correct or convenient to wear tan shoes in winter or in stormy weather. That's the time for rubbers, and goloshes over tan shoes are an incongruity that gives me the horrors. It's the same sort of debased taste that leads a man to peril his soft palate by using a cigar holder, or that leads him to outrage decency by sticking a cravat pin in a sailor's knot. And don't think for one instant that all the rest of us don't observe these things just as I do. If a man's dress is trig and trim from top to toe we admire him, even if he's as homely as sin—that is, as sin is supposed to be—but if he mixes the seasons or falls down in the nicer details of completeness we have our little sneer at him after he's gone, even though he's as good looking as you'd like to be."—New York Sun.

BRANDING A CLAIM FALSE.

World's Fair Officials Expose a Pretender to an Award.

A most discreditable result of the late Chicago World's Fair is the fraudulent advertising of awards never received by a Chicago baking powder firm. Officials of the Exposition are much incensed, and have notified the offending parties that the misstatements must cease. They are defied, however, by the Chicago concern, who continue to advertise the false statement that they received the highest award for strength, purity and excellence. Mr. Thatcher, Chief of Agricultural Awards, shows in his letter that the awards granted were "for an exhibit of baking powder," merely, not for superiority; while the Judge of Awards on Baking Powders writes a letter saying that "no such award was given to the Chicago company," as the company claims and advertises.

Another fact in connection with the baking powder business at the Chicago Fair has come to light. The identical baking powder made by the Chicago concern, and so brazenly advertized as having received the highest award for purity and excellence, it now appears was found by the analysts who made the tests at the Fair to contain traces of ammonia and sulphates.

The officials believe that though they may be powerless to stop the misleading publications of which they complain, the quick wit of the people will doubtless detect the spurious claims and be able to apply the proper remedy.

The Mother of Phillips Brooks.

The influence of a wise and tender mother is lovingly set down in the paper in a magazine on Phillips Brooks, which his brother, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, contributes. "That love to Christ which glowed in his words and flashed in his eye was caught from a mother's lips and was read with boyish eyes as the central power of a mother's soul and life. I may not say more nor lift any further the veil which separates a holy of holies into which we loved to enter with an awe which we could not understand. I cannot say less lest I should take from young mothers today the encouragement, the hope and the incentive which they have a right to claim from the story of this great life."

A Hint In Manicuring.

It is folly for any one to attempt cleaning her nails with cold water. It seems to "set the dirt," as washerwomen say. Hot water and plenty of soap must be used. In temporary lack of the proper manicuring utensils, the corners of a visiting card will be found an excellent substitute for the ivory "spoon," its dull, firm edge adapting it well to the service.

Dr Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

A TEXAS NORTHER.

We were riding along the middle fork of the Concho, Lieutenant Ward of the Tenth cavalry, Caswell, chief clerk at the post sutler's, and myself. We had been out after antelope without success and late in the afternoon found ourselves some 20 miles from Fort Concho, men and mounts tired with a day's pounding over the plains. Private Bilkins, whom the lieutenant had taken along to spread our noonday lunch and lead the pack horse, rode at the rear, his big gray following with the faithfulness of a troop horse, while the pack animal bore no heavier a burden than a pair of jack rabbits which Caswell had ignominiously potted.

A blast of air, so cold that it seemed to almost freeze one's blood, rushed over us just as the sun was hidden on the horizon by the advancing cloud. A band of cattle, 200 or more in compact mass, plunged madly past, their heads near the ground and their long horns shining in the glow of the false twilight. Crash, through the underbrush, splash, through the stream, and then wildly on toward the southward tore the cattle.

Over a swell of the plains came other herds all running like race horses. Antelope, whose fleet feet and farreaching vision had been their own protection and the cause of our failure all the day, skimmed the ground, their white tails bobbing with their nimble bounds. To the southward, always to the southward fled the creatures of the plains as if in flight lay safety from the blast, as if flesh and blood could outspeed the ice wind.

"She's coming!" exclaimed the lieutenant. Inelegant, perhaps, but save in its unwarranted designation of a meteorological gender entirely truthful. Turning our horses sharply to the right and restraining at the beginning their symtoms of a desire to bolt, we rode into the thickest of the timber and then eastward at a gallop which lacked little of a lively run. Colder blew the north wind. Blast driven drops of rain began to slap our cheeks with their stinging picket warnings that the storm was nearly upon us, and we were anxiously looking for some embankment along the stream which would partially shelter us under its lee when Bilkins wantonly broke the rules and regulations of the service by treating his superior officer in a most flippant and unmilitary manner. His big gray bounded by, the packhorse keeping noble time to giant leaps. "Come on," yelled Bilkins. "There's a house"——

He doubtless added something more, but his words, like the cattle, went to the southward. We overtook Bilkins in 50 yards and in 50 more ended a wild race to a miserable shanty which the sharp eyes of the soldier had seen.

Before we could dismount half a dozen men came out, and the cheery voice of Captain Hall was heard: "Just in time, lieutenant! Boys, help the gentlemen with their horses."

Five minutes later the animals were safe in a corral near the shanty, from which they could not escape during the storm, and we were in the house, where Captain Hall and a detail of state rangers had taken refuge. A fire was soon roaring in the old fireplace, for the fierce wind without caused a magnificent draft.

Darkness and the storm. Men rolled in saddle blankets and sleeping on the dirt floor. The dreary drip of drops which came through the leaking roof. And the roar added to the blast, and the ground trembles as a herd of bellowing cattle thunders past.

"What a night and what a storm!" said Captain Hall. "I pity any cowboy who is caught out tonight. No man could live through such a norther unless he was muffled like an Eskimo."

We didn't know it then, but later we learned that all alone a woman was riding through the night, while we huddled in the shanty. The bitter wind, rain which froze where it fell, even death in the darkness, were defied by a love which bore a woman to warn as worthless a scoundrel as lived in Texas.

A long time Captain Hall gazed at the fire, his big eyes looking bigger in the blaze. Very innocent eyes were his, mild and liquid like a maiden's. This leader of the rangers, captain of a daring band of reckless riders whose mission was the capture of desperate outlaws, had the face of a poet and the eyes of a schoolgirl. At length he said, unconsciously using the local vernacular:

"You all better see this thing out. We are after a man who is wanted for some score of crimes, big and little. Life at Fort Concho must be rather dreary. Get up, guard, mount, drill, the sunset gun, taps, go to bed. Isn't that about the routine? Come with us in the morning and see us catch Jack Brown. He's at a ranch some four miles from Johnson station and about eight miles from here. We'll surround the ranchhouse as soon as it's light, and if there's any shooting you can watch it from the timber. Then we'll all go back to the fort together. We'll have breakfast at the ranch, and that will be worth staying over for. See us capture Brown and get your breakfast."

"You forget I am a soldier," replied Lieutenant Ward, somewhat nettled, "and would hardly hide behind a tree while a dozen men captured a single outlaw."

"Pshaw," said Captain Hall. "It isn't in the line of your duty to expose yourself to the bullets of any cattle thief the rangers may arrest. I don't suppose there will be any resistance, but I never could forgive myself if any of you gentlemen came to harm. I reckon I was thinking as much of your breakfast as of our own mission. It's a long ride to the fort on an empty stomach."

I remembered this Jack Brown as a long haired, ignorant product of the mesquite; a drunken loafer, a cheap gambler and a swaggering bully, but really dangerous; a man who was ready to shoot on small provocation and proud of his reputation as a second class desperado. While Captain Hall was talking I had a vision of a swarthy, black haired man dressed like a cowboy, who was slapping the face of a Mexican girl. The girl was crouching against the adobe wall of Morris' dance hall at San Angelo and offering no resistance to his blows, but only cried, "Oh, Jack! Jack!" A dozen men stood near, but none offered to interfere. I remembered that I actually started for the pair, intending in some vague way to protest, but ere I reached them the man entered the dance hall. Five minutes afterward the girl was paying for his liquor at the bar, and I was congratulating myself that I had escaped from perpetrating one of the most foolish acts of my life.

The girl was known as "Press," a half caste Mexican creature, who gave Brown the larger share of her earnings, bore his blows with meekness and would have driven a stiletto into the man who conquered him in an encounter. But Hall was saying:

"We learned at San Angelo yesterday that Brown was at the cattle ranch. Sergeant Watson got quite thick with the girl Press, but she knew nothing about Brown or pretended ignorance. We intended to reach the ranch at sunset, but the norther stopped us.

"That girl Press is devoted to Brown and would raise money some way to bribe a Mexican to warn him, but money would not hire a Mexican, or any other man, to face this norther, so there is no danger that he will be on guard. He cannot escape unless he was caught out on the range in the storm and is now at some other ranch."

There was only a faint glow in the east when we mounted our horses next morning. The norther had spent its fury, and the promise of a pleasant day was borne on the soft winds of the south. Only a faint tremor, a lingering chill in the early air, as if the trees and grass were shaking off the coldness of the night. A sharp ride to the westward, and just as the scarlet banners of the sun was seen in the horizon we drew rein in the wood some hundred yards from the house where Jack Brown was supposed to be hiding. The ranchhouse was a wretched thing constructed of upright poles, the cracks being filled with mud. At the rear a shed with a sloping roof. The house had been built within a few feet of the stream where the bank was some 12 feet high. A door in the front room opened to the southward; one in the shed to the north.

Like Indians surrounding the cabin of the settler, the rangers stationed themselves in the form of a horseshoe around the house, the "points," or "heels" of the shoe resting on the bank of the stream when the rear door could be commanded by a cross fire. I confess I felt, as I watched these preparations, very much as I imagine a robber must feel while he reconnoiters a dwelling when intent upon some unlawful undertaking. Everything was ready. Captain Hall, Lieutenant Ward, Caswell and four rangers rode to the front of the house and stopped some hundred feet from the door. Then, for the first time, we saw a horse tied to a post near the doorway. Steam was rising from its sides; low drooping head and hollow flanks showed that the brute had been ridden long and hard.

"One of the men has just got home," whispered Captain Hall as he dismounted. Accompanied by three of the rangers, while the fourth held the horses, he walked to the door.

"Hello!" was the response to his knock. A short parley, a demand for admittance, a profane reply and then the sharp report of a rifle. One of the rangers turned his back toward the house, took one step and fell heavily on his face. Crash! A dozen winchesters sent a dozen bullets into the house. Some struck the poles, but a few found their way through the mud mended cracks. No order to seek shelter of a tree was needed now. In two minutes Lieutenant Ward and Caswell had added their rifles to the fire, and after it was all over I found that the magazine of my own winchester was empty.

The passion of a man hunt conquers, as it always will until in the evolution of time the intoxication of battle is outbred from human nature. I don't know how long we fired or how long the answering shots came from the shanty, but suddenly the door was flung inward, and a man stepped boldly out.

An instant the rifles cooled. I saw Jack Brown's gaudy sombrero, its wide rim and massive crown glistening with silver ornaments. Black hair hanging to the shoulders, the leather "chaps" of a cowboy, and then—straight outward shot two arms, gleaming black eyes sighted two heavy colts, and at their report a ranger dropped his rifle because a bullet had shattered an arm. Then a volley.

The broad hat slipped downward over the black eyes, straight up in the air two pistols sent their harmless lead and to the ground in a heap sank the body.

The rangers on guard at the rear ran toward the front when their ears told them the outlaw had braved his fate. We gathered around the fallen man, all honoring in our hearts the hopeless daring of his death, and Captain Hall lifted the sombrero from his face.

"The devil!" he yelled. "Run to the rear, boys!"

Too late! Idle to beat the bush. Useless a hasty hunt through the timber. Long afterward we knew that from the limb of an oak, around which a wild grapevine had woven its dense foliage, Jack Brown saw a sight which would have redeemed a being worth, in the broad economy of eternal time, the trouble of redemption.

Love had faced that awful storm. Love had done its best to bring a warning. Love laid down its life that a miserable and worse than worthless man might spring out of a door, plunge over an embankment and hide in a tree.

As tenderly as if her life had been all purity and her soul all untouched by sin we bore her body to the fort, and the next day, decently dressed in the garments of her sex, the body of Press was consigned to an unmarked grave on a barren hill not many yards from the spot where Brown used to beat her.

And no larger funeral had been seen on the frontier.—C. W. Hunter in Short Stories.

CROMWELL AND HIS HORSES.

An Accident That Befell the Protector While Driving In Hyde Park.

C. H. Firth, in an article on Oliver Cromwell's association with horses, says in Macmillan's Magazine:

"As Cromwell rose in power and rank his love of horses began to be more conspicuous. When he started from London in 1649 to reconquer Ireland, he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, reddish gray." In 1655, when the Spanish embassador took his leave of the lord protector, Cromwell sent him "his own coach of six white horses"' to convey him to and from Whitehall. "Certain it is," adds the narrator, "that none of the English kings had ever any such."

The protector was not much of a whip, however. In 1654 the Count of Oldenburg sent Cromwell a present of six horses, and the protector's anxiety to make trial of their quality led to his well known adventure in Hyde park. On Friday, Sept. 29, he went with Secretary Thurloe and some of his gentlemen to take air in the park, ordered the six horses to be harnessed to his coach, put Thurloe inside of it and undertook to drive himself. "His highness," said a letter from the Dutch embassador, "drove pretty handsomely for some time, but at last, provoking those horses too much with the whip, they grew unruly, whereby his highness was flung out of the coach box upon the ground. His foot getting hold in the tackling, he was carried away a good while in that posture, but at last he got his foot clear, and so came to escape. He was presently brought home, and let blood, and after some rest taken is now well again. The secretary, being hurt on his ankle with leaping out of the coach, hath been forced to keep his chamber hitherto and been unfit for any business."

The royalist Scroggs, afterward chief Justice, writing of this incident, hoped that the next fall would be from a cart—hinting at the gallows. As to Cromwell's views on the burning question of horse racing, it is difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion. His constant aim was to possess as many good horses as he could afford. Whether he entered his horses for races or had the satisfaction of owning a winner history does not say.

FARM AND GARDEN

Suggestions and Facts That Tend to Profit.

A VOLUME ON SMALL FARMING

The Great Northern Railway Has the Work Under Preparation and Is Desirous of Obtaining all Information Possible.

A communication has been received from St. Paul from F. I. Whitney, general passenger and ticket agent of the Great Northern railway, on the subject of small and diversified farming. The railway officials recognize the fact that there is far more business for a road from a region thickly populated and producing many kinds of crops than from a thinly populated one devoted only to the production of staples. For this reason they are anxious to see the Pacific Northwest increase largely in population by the cutting up of the large farms into small tracts and their cultivation in such a manner that each small area shall support a family. This matter of immigration is an important one and affects the entire Northwest. The efforts of the railroads to induce the right kind of immigrants to come here, and to lay before them the facts necessary to accomplish that end, should receive general encouragement and aid. The information asked for in the letter should be supplied by the intelligent farmers, journalists and hopgrowers who have it at their command. Mr. Whitney's letter is as follows:

"We are desirous of securing a series of letters from practical men of your State devoted to the discussion of intensive farming. In our various publications, which we freely distribute about the East, we have made the broad claim that ten acres properly cultivated to vegetables or fruits will make a good living for a family. This we have done on account of the many instances of success attending the tillage of small areas, an acre, more or less, which have come to us from nearly every part of the Pacific Northwest. There is more waste land from an agricultural standpoint in your States than in the Mississippi Valley. All the land capable of cultivation in your country should be in small holdings and made to produce to the limit. Small farming means much. It means better roads, better schools, nearer neighbors and better markets. It means sociability, companionship and touch with the world; but I need not enlarge upon the importance of increased population and well-managed acres.

"Your climate invites out-door life; it invites people from more rigorous sections to come and prolong their lives and usefulness. Your varied resources invite capital, industry and development. New men will uncover new avenues to wealth and happiness. We believe in building for the future, in laying sure and firm foundations; but while doing it we should share some of its benefits. Let us ourselves partake of the fruits of the tree and garden and enjoy while we live some of the beauty and perfume of the flowers.

"We therefore respectfully invite contributions from farmers, fruit raisers and gardeners, showing what can be done on one acre and upwards, and how to do it, so that others may be instructed in the art of right living and labor. 'Ten Acres Enough' gave an Eastern writer material sufficient to prepare a very readable and useful book. We believe volumes can be written upon your resources and possibilities. We do not want a book from any single person; matter to fill a newspaper column will be plenty from each one, and our hope is we may be favored with enough short articles to make a book. Address F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn."

How to Measure an Acre.

It is desirable—in fact, indispensable—for good work that a farmer should know how many acres are in his field. Otherwise he cannot apportion seed or manure for it, nor can he tell how much time it should take to plow, harrow or cultivate. A good cotton cord, the size of a plow line, should be kept for this purpose. To make one, buy sixty-seven feet of cotton rope an inch round, fasten a ring at each end and make these rings precisely sixty-six feet apart. This is four rods. Tie a piece of red rag in the center. One acre of ground will be a piece 4 of these cords long and 2½ wide, equal to 16 by 10 rods, making 160 square rods to an acre. The advantage of the rings is that one person can measure alone by driving a stake in the ground to hold the rope while he stretches it out. The rope should be soaked in tar and then dried. This will prevent shrinking.

Last year a neighbor of the writer had a heavy sod plowed by contract at $2.50 per acre. Three persons stepped it off. One said it was 4 acres, another said it was a little over 5, and the third said it was 3½ acres. The contractor sent over and got this rope, and all five men measured it, and it was found to be just 3½ acres. He had paid to have the grass cut off it for three years $1 per acre, or $5 each season, counting it to be five acres in extent, thus losing $4.50 through ignorance.

Get a measuring rod and when not in use put it away, so that the hands cannot get at it or they will be very apt to cut a piece off it to tie up harness, thus making it worthless for measuring purposes.

POULTRY NOTES.

There is more in the management than in anything else. Everything depends on the poultryman.

Cheap egg foods are mostly ground oyster shells, and the benefits are only imaginary. Don't buy them.

Feed sulphur sparingly, as it will cause rheumatism or leg weakness. Never give it in damp weather.

Don't "break up" a setting hen. It is lost time. Let her get rid of her fat, and she will lay more eggs in the end.

To keep eggs for hatching turn them three times a week and keep them in a cool place, where they will not freeze. They will then keep a month.

The Romance of a Watch.

Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned, has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented the composer with a repeating watch, studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nobody in Bologna could clean the watch, so it was sent in the care of the tenor Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroyed in a fire. Plivee, the watchmaker, thereupon made a second watch, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the diamonds were false, and Rossini, who never discovered this pious fraud, wore the trinket all his life. On his death it passed to a relative, whose son has just sold it. It is said to contain an excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini as he was in 1824.

Rustic Morality.

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles, uncommonly fine!

Contemplative Villager—Ah, yes, sir, if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!—London Tit-Bits.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The project of the Nicaragua canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate; it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama Railroad cost a life for every tie. What an idea of pains and aches is in this sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacobs Oil would be armed against these troubles. Men's muscles there are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's just the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malady I very much like the breakbone fever in certain parts of America.

THACKERAY WAS ANGRY.

The Sailors Who Intended to Play a Trick Changed Their Minds.

Once upon a time the daughters of Thackeray saw that good man thoroughly and heartily angry—angry to the point of profanity. It was during their Italian journey, when they were returning to the ship in Genoa harbor after a day on the shore.

"We had to be on board at a certain time," Mrs. Ritchie says in her Macmillan paper, "so that we engaged a carriage and drove quickly to the quay, where the convicts, clanking in their chains, were still at work. A boat was found, rowed by some sailors, who certainly did not wear chains, but who were otherwise not very unlike those industrious convicts in appearance. The bargain was made, we all five entered the boat, and as we were getting in we could see our great ship in the twilight, looking bigger than ever, and one rocket and then another going off toward the dawning stars.

"'They are signaling for us,' said one of our companions. 'We shall soon be on board.'

"We had pulled some 20 strokes from the shore by this time when suddenly the boatmen left off rowing. They put down their oars, and one of them began talking volubly, though I could not understand what he said. 'What's to be done?' said one of the young men to my father. They say they won't go on unless we give them 50 francs more,' and he began shaking his head and remonstrating in broken Italian. The boatmen paid no attention, shrugging their shoulders and waiting as if they were determined never to row another stroke. Then the steamer sent up two more rockets, which rose through the twilight, bidding us hurry, and then suddenly my father rose up in the stern of the boat where he was sitting, and, standing tall and erect and in an anger such as I had never seen him in before or after in all my life, he shouted out in loud and impatient English, 'D—you, go on!' a simple malediction which carried more force than all the Italian polysyllables and expostulations of our companions. To our surprise and great relief, the men seemed frightened; they took to their oars again and began to row, grumbling and muttering. When we got on board the ship, they told us it was a well known trick the Genoese boatmen were in the habit of playing upon travelers and that they would have sent a boat for us if we had delayed any longer."

It Comes High to Be Rich.

Any one acquainted with the living expenses of persons who esteem themselves fairly comfortable finds a significant moral in the commands laid upon the rich by their physicians. Not only is the wealthy patient bidden to substitute costly table waters and even imported champagne for ordinary drinks, but every detail of his life seems regulated with a view to spending the most money for his needs. The whole world is ransacked for food that his weak stomach can digest, for clothing sanitarily suitable for his body. The infants of the rich are required to drink milk at 50 cents a quart and to wear tiny garments that exceed the cost of plain adult clothing. It may very well be that a child under 2 years old, fed and clothed according to a doctor's prescriptions, may cost more per annum than the living expense of a wholesomely clothed, fed and housed adult.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Holmes on Domestic Economy.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy—a plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children; a small basket of homemade gingerbread, with one or two pieces of pound cake carefully disposed on the surface so as to appear to the best advantage.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Happened In Hades.

The grinning imps were packing sinners into the oven with a thing like a hay press. And the sinners groaned, all but one good natured looking man.

"Do you know," said the good natured man at last, "this is rather nice. Reminds me of when I lived in dear old Brooklyn and crossed the bridge at rush hours."—New York Recorder.

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.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD

Strengthen and invigorate your nerves and muscles, tone your stomach and digestive organs, and build up your whole system by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would avoid the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever. These diseases seek for their most ready victims, persons who are weak, tired, debilitated and all run down, owing to impure and impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood, and wards off disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD HEAD CATARRH HAYFEVER ELY BROS. NEW YORK

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.
A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

HOPE CRUSHED TO EARTH

Will rise again in the bosom of a dyspeptic wise enough to substitute for the pseudo tonics, which have bamboozled him out of his belief in the possibility of cure, the real invigorant and stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The bilious, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic alike derive speedy benefit from this helpful botanic medicine. Persons suffering from indigestion will gain no positive permanent good from the fiery, unmedicated stimulants of commerce, too often used recklessly. The Bitters is immeasurably to be preferred to these as a tonic, since its pure basis is modified by the conjunction with it of vegetable ingredients of the highest remedial excellence. Malaria is prevented and remedied by it, and it infuses vigor into the weak and sickly. A wine glassful three times a day is the average dose.

Host—The question that worries me most is how to treat one's inferiors. Dr Tangue—Buy better for 'em, that's good enough.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS.

Hosts of letters have been written, some to the proprietors of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, some to friends, telling of their inestimable value. Here is one from the Hon Edmund L. Pitts, the late President of the New York State Senate:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1886.
I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended."
BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood

Teacher—When Robinson Crusoe was cast on the Island from whom did he get his clothes. Pupil—From the swell on the beach.

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 and South. Rock ballast track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Diners; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet Library Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

Highbee—Newed suffers terribly from dyspepsia. Robbins—Well, you know, his wife is a graduate of a cooking school.

PIANOS—Hardman—Chickering—Fischer. Low prices; easy terms. For sale by WILEY B. ALLEN CO., (the oldest and largest music store), 211 First St., Portland.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN. BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION. $1.00 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.
An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.
KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

R. HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
The Best CURE for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.
Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents.
J. R. GATES & CO., Proprietors, 417 Sansome St., S. F.

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EYES fitted by mail. Write for our home system of fitting the eyes—FREE.
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SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
*CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.