ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Highest of all in Leavening Strength. —U. S. Govt. Food Report.

The official report shows ROYAL BAKING POWDER chemically pure, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce, which was greatly in excess of that shown by any other, and more than 40 per cent. above the average.

Hence Royal Baking Powder makes the lightest, sweetest and most wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A WOMAN'S NERVES

STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.

She Says That She Was Prostrated by the Least Excitement—Physicians Baffled by Her Case.

From the Gate City, Keokuk, Ia.]

Mrs. Helen Myers whose home is at 3515 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too."

My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on I believe through too much worrying over family matters and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake shore drive, because I could not stand the noise of the locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all.

"Madam," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover." "So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Ia., and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day, and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was fresh as that of any 16-year-old girl in Iowa and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk, for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now, laughingly concluded the lady.

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 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

DON'T GORGE YOURSELF.

Some Sound Advice on the Subject of Foods and Feeding.

The vast majority of people are absolutely wrong on the subject of feeding. They think that rich and luxurious people, feeding on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse. I am the director of an insurance company and am obliged often to form an estimate of the commercial value of life. If, then, two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious and the other be competent and frugal, frugal even to abstemiousness, I would value the life of the frugal person as 20 per cent at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person.

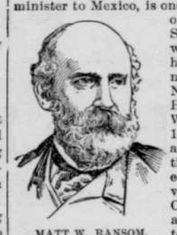
Dives dies in plenty, Lazarus in poverty. Do not die like Lazarus if you can help it, and do not die like Dives if you have the opportunity, but find the happy condition, easy enough to find if you determine to learn how on least food you can do the most and best work. Never eat until you are satiated, never eat in the day one heavy meal, but divide your food into three light meals, equally distributed as to time and quantity. Eat slowly, take small mouthfuls, masticate, or chew, your food well, touch your food with your fingers as little as possible, do not cry out for animal food more than twice a day at most, have all animal food well cooked and do not forget fruit as food.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the orange, the golden fruit of the Hesperides, might find its way to the queen's table, but such fruit was indeed scarce. Joints of meat were cut up with the frill of paper round the end of the joint to hold by, forks being unknown, and her loyal subjects, a short lived race, knowing little how to make the most of life in the matter of feeding and drinking, suffered from diseases which were of the most avoidable as well as objectionable character. We, fortunately, live in a different reign. We have fruit galore and have clean forks, instead of dirty fingers, to raise our food with, two advantages equally sweet and wholesome, though so different in kind.—Sir B. W. Richardson in Longman's Magazine.

THE MEXICAN MISSION.

Matt W. Ransom, the New Minister, Has Served Twenty-three Years as Senator.

Matt W. Ransom, the new United States minister to Mexico, is one of the veterans of the United States senate, where for 23 years he represented his native state of North Carolina. He was born in Warren county in 1826, received an academic education, was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1847 and became an attorney and counselor the same year. He was elected attorney general of North Carolina in 1852 and served three years. In 1858, 1859 and 1860 he was a member of the North Carolina legislature, and as a peace commissioner from North Carolina to the congress of southern states in Montgomery, Ala., in 1861, was a strong advocate of a peaceful settlement of the "irrepressible conflict between the north and the south." When the war began, however, he followed the stars and bars and served as lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general and major general and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He was a gallant soldier and a hard fighter and was as popular with his men as he has since been in the senate. In the spring of 1864, when General Hoke recaptured Plymouth, N. C., Ransom's brigade made a most heroic charge upon the breastworks of the town and carried them, but left 500 dead and wounded on the field.



MATT W. RANSOM.

After the war the late Zebulon B. Vance was elected to the senate, but as his war disabilities prevented him from serving Mr. Ransom was elected to fill his term. He worked faithfully to procure the removal of Vance's disabilities, and, it is said, divided his first year's salary with the late senator. He took his seat April 24, 1872, and remained in the senatorial harness until March 4, 1895.

Senator Ransom is admirably equipped for any diplomatic position. He is thoroughly conversant with the Greek and Latin classics, speaks Spanish and French, has a wide knowledge of international law and diplomatic usages and is a splendid type of the courtly old time southern gentleman. His never failing courtesy and kindness have made him one of the most popular men in the senate. Mr. Ransom has six adult sons and one daughter, and his handsome wife was Miss Hattie Exum, the belle and heiress of Northampton county, N. C. Mr. Ransom will be succeeded in the senate by Marion Butler, the young Populist and Farmers' Alliance leader.

The salary of the Mexican minister is $17,500 a year.

DIDN'T HAVE ANY USUAL BRAND.

How a Country Cousin Made Miserable a Newly Made Man About Town.

When an adaptive young man from the far corner of some New England or western state lives for a time in New York and absorbs enough of its atmosphere to gain the prestige of a regular boulevardier, it's pretty hard now and again to have old times thrust upon him in the person of a primitive cousin or brother-in law, whom he is bound in conscience to entertain. A case of this kind occurred recently, in which the artless relative saw nothing but a screamingly funny lapse of memory, while the man about town found a mortification therein which was pretty hard to live through.

A complete deliverance of the bumpkin into the hands of the outfitter made him presentable, and then there was the little bachelor dinner at a Fifth avenue hotel given by the swell to all the smart men, who wanted "to meet your cousin, don't you know."

All went merry until the wine list came forth. To be sure, the bumpkin talked too loud and refused to understand any monitory wink, but then he said nothing too badly out of place.

"What wine will you have?" said the cousin, addressing him.

"Haw! Haw! I don't know, Cousin Dick, anything about the wine. You'll have to settle that yourself."

"Shall we begin on a bottle of Sauterne?"

"Lordy, how can I tell! Anything you like!" shouted the red cheeked, bullet headed youth, who couldn't make head or tail of the winks and looks of deadly warning emanating from the swell's eye.

People at adjoining tables pricked up their ears in amused curiosity, while the guests at the table looked a trifle disconcerted at the bumpkin's noise.

"What," said the swell, firmly planting his index finger on the word "Medoc" and glaring at the youth mesmerically, so that he might understand and repeat it, "do you generally take?"

"Usually!" shouted the youth. "Haw, haw, haw! Isn't that great? Usually nothing! Of course! Never see wine. How could I? You know that, Cousin Dick, as well as I do. You never saw wine at home, and now New York makes you forget all about it. Usually! Haw, haw!" and the terrible youth stretched out at full length and roared satisfactorily for about five minutes, while a sense of frozenness stole over his cousin, and the swells looked on in amused pity.

That frozen cousin is dead henceforth to family ties in so far as dining social recruits is concerned, at least.—New York Herald.

Baltimore's New Monument.

Baltimore is about to put up another monument. The young Irish are at the head of the movement, and they have not yet decided on the hero to honor. So far the vote favors, in the order named, Emmet, O'Connell, Grattan, Tone, Burke and Parnell, and the choice will be made from this half dozen. Contrary to the order of such things, the money is already provided.—Baltimore Letter.

THE FENCING BELLES OF BOSTON.

The Boston girl more graceful grows,
Her blood in healthier heart beats flows,
Because the arts of foil she knows.

Dressed in becoming fencing clothes,
Her broadsword ready for her foes,
With the new exercise she glows.

Far from the envious eyes of beaux,
A mask upon her pretty nose,
She blushes like a sweet June rose.
—Boston Transcript.

THAT PICTURE.

During five or six years Marcel had worked at that famous painting which he affirmed should represent the crossing of the Red sea, and for five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately refused by the jury at the annual salon.

So, from force of habit in going and coming so often from the studio to the musee and from the musee to the studio, the picture knew the road so well that, if one had set it on wheels, it would have been able to go all alone to the Louvre.

Marcel, who had ten times repainted and rearranged this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to a personal hostility of the members of the jury against himself the ostracism which rejected it annually from the Square salon, and in his idle moments he had composed in honor of the Cerberuses of the institute a little dictionary of curses with some illustrations of a savage ferocity. This collection, which had become celebrated, had obtained in the studios and at the School of the Fine Arts the popular success which is attached to the immortal complaint of Jean Belin, painter in ordinary to the grand sultan of Turkey. All the daubers of Paris had a copy of it in their memory.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the determined rejections which he received at each annual exhibition. He was comfortably settled in the opinion that his picture was, in its least proportions, the long sought for pendant to the "Marriage Feast at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose brilliant splendor the dust of three centuries has not been able to tarnish. So, every year at the epoch of the salon, Marcel sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only—in order to throw the examiners off the scent and to try to baffle them in their preconceived determination to exclude it, which prejudice they seemed to have against the "Crossing of the Red Sea"—without changing anything in the general composition of the painting, he modified certain details and changed the title of his picture. Thus, one year it came before the jury under the name of "The Crossing of the Rubicon." But Pharaoh, badly disguised under Cæsar's mantle, was instantly recognized and rejected with all the honors due him.

The following year Marcel threw upon the foreground of his canvas a layer of white paint to represent snow, planted a tree in one corner, and dressing up an Egyptian in the uniform of the imperial guard of France he baptized his picture "The Crossing of the Beresina." The jury, which had rubbed up its spectacles that day upon the tails of its green palmed coats—on official occasions the members of the institute wear dress coats having green palms embroidered on the lapels and collars—was not duped by this new ruse. It recognized perfectly the obstinate canvas, especially by a big devil of a many colored horse that pranced about on top of a wave of the Red sea. The dressing of this horse served Marcel for all his experiments in coloring, and in his everyday speech he called it "a synoptical tableau of fine tones," because it reproduced all the most varied combinations of color with their plays of light and shade. But once more, unmoved by this fine detail, the jury had not black balls enough to fully express their feelings in rejecting "The Crossing of the Beresina."

"Very well," said Marcel, "I'll wait! Next year I shall send it again under the title of the 'Passage des Panoramas.'"

A few days later, and when Macrel had already forgotten terrible threats of vengeance he had uttered against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father Medicis. Thus the bohemians had nicknamed a Jew named Solomon, who at that epoch was well known to all members of artistic and literary Bohemia, with whom he was in perpetual relations. Pere Medicis did business in all sorts of bric-a-brac. He sold complete sets of furniture at from 12 francs up to 3,000. He bought everything and knew how to sell it again at a profit.

The exchange bank of M. Prondhon was a very little affair compared to the system applied by Medicis, who possessed the genius of traffic to a degree never before attained by even the most able of his fellow believers. His shop, which was situated in the Place du Carrousel, was a fairyland where one found everything to be desired. All the products of nature, all the creations of art, all that comes forth from the bowels of the earth and of genius, Medicis made of it an object of negotiation.

His business touched everything, absolutely everything that exists; he dealt even in the ideal. Medicis bought ideas in order to exploit them himself or to sell them again. Known to all the litterateurs and all the artists, an intimate of the palette and a familiar friend of the writing desk, he was the Asmodeus of the art. He would sell you some cigars for the plot of a novel, some slippers for a sonnet, some fresh fish for paradoxes; he chatted "by the hour" with writers whose business it was to relate in the newspapers the scandal of society; he would procure you places in the galleries of the house of parliament and invitations to private soirees; he lodged by the night, the week or the month the wandering daubers who paid him in copies of the works of Flavius Josephus.

On entering the home of the bohemians, with that intelligent air which distinguished him, the Jew divined that he had arrived at a propitious moment. In fact, the four friends found themselves at that moment met in council, and under the presidency of a ferocious appetite they were discussing the grave question of bread and meat. It was on a Sunday, and the end of the month! Fatal day and sinister date! The entrance of Medicis was therefore greeted with a joyous chorus, for they knew that the Jew was too miserly of his time to spend it in visits of mere politeness. Therefore his presence always announced an affair of business.

"M. Marcel," said Medicis, "I have come here solely to make your fortune. That is to say, I've come to offer you a superb chance to enter the artistic world. Art, as you well know, M. Marcel, is an arid road of which glory is the oasis."

"Pere Medicis," said Marcel, on the hot coals of impatience, "in the name of 50 per cent, you venerated patron saint, be brief!"

"This is the affair," said Medicis. "A wealthy lover of paintings who is making a collection of pictures destined to make the tour of Europe has ordered me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. I have come to offer you an entrance into that gallery of art. In a word, I have come to buy your 'Crossing of the Red Sea.'"

"Cash?" said Marcel.

"Cash," responded the Jew, making the orchestra in his breeches pocket play a lively tune.

"Go on, Medicis," said Marcel, displaying his painting. "I wish to leave to yourself the honor of fixing the price of this work, which is beyond all price."

The Jew placed on the table 50 crowns in beautiful new silver pieces.

"Go on," said Marcel; "that is only the advance guard."

"M. Marcel," said Medicis, "you well know I shall add nothing. Reflect! Fifty crowns. That makes 150 francs. That's a sum, that is!"

"A feeble sum," replied the artist. "Why, know that my first word is always my last, merely in the robe of my Pharaoh there are 50 crowns' worth of cobalt. Pay me at least the material. Equalize those piles, round up the figures, and I will call you Leo X."

"Here's my last word," said the Jew. "I'll not add a sou more, but I offer a dinner to all of you, various wines at your own discretion, and at the dessert I'll pay in gold."

"Does any gentleman wish to make any further bid?" yelled Colline, rapping three times with his fist on the table. "Going, going, gone!"

"Agreed," said Marcel.

"I will send for the picture tomorrow," said the Jew. "Now let us start, gentlemen; the table is laid."

The four friends descended the stairs, singing the chorus from "Les Huguenots," "A table, a table!"

Eight days after that feast Marcel learned in what gallery his picture had taken its place. While walking through the Faubourg Saint Honore he stopped in the midst of a group that was gazing with curiosity at the hanging of a sign over a shop. That sign was none other than Marcel's famous picture, sold by Medicis to a dealer in provisions. Only, the "Crossing of the Red Sea" had once more suffered a modification and bore a new title. Some one had added to it a steamboat and had called it, "At the Port of Marseilles." A flattering ovation arose among the loungers when they discovered the painting. So Marcel turned away, delighted by this triumph, and murmured, "The voice of the people is the voice of God!"—Boston Transcript.

IN FAVOR OF HORSE MEAT.

Veterinarians Say They Know of No Objection to Its Use.

"Shall we eat horse?" is a question which a Philadelphia newspaper has been putting to leading veterinarians. While none of them answered squarely in the affirmative, there was general concurrence in the opinion that horse meat makes rather good eating at a pinch. Francis Bridge said, "The flesh is as nutritious and in flavor as good as that of the bovine, and I see no good reason to interdict its use as human food." W. L. Zuill declared that he would eat it in preference to pork. It is "more juicy and of better flavor than ox flesh," he said. S. J. J. Hargar, who had once eaten a mule tenderloin, found it inferior in fiber and taste to beef.

E. M. Michiner thought that horseflesh was not injurious to "human health," and he pointed out that neither tuberculosis, actinomycosis or trichina was found in the horse, the exception being noted that rare cases of tuberculosis had been recorded. John W. Gadsden believed that the flesh of young horses properly cooked was good for man, and he thought that if horses got much cheaper "there would be a great temptation to try it." Samuel C. Weber said: "The flesh of the horse seems to remain tender with age and has a more pungent savor than that of other animals. From these superior qualities it may readily be seen why it should be more digestible than other meat, which often comes from animals which are prematurely as well as excessively fattened. In Europe, where raw meat is prescribed by physicians, it is generally that of the horse. They claim it is more healthy for those undergoing severe muscular exercise and more nutritious for the weak and anæmic."

Alexander Glass sounded a warning in the following experience: "In two instances, when I ate horseflesh, I found the meat very tender and rather pleasant to the taste. At the time I could not shake off the thought, 'What if this horse had incipient glanders?' for some of that meat was very rare." Several years ago Dr. Huidekoper of Philadelphia invited some members of the Philadelphia club and of the City troop to a dinner, at the conclusion of which he announced to his guests, who were much pleased with the repast, that they had dined off the carcass of his old white horse Fedora.

Wily Reynard.

Those familiar with the "Fables of Æsop" will remember the reputation which Reynard bears among the rest of the animals. It is questionable whether any wild creature can compete with the fox in craftiness. To look at him generally, even in his ordinary habits, he exhibits an amount of cleverness which astonishes one. Should a fox catch a hedgehog, whose spines effectually protect him from most of his enemies, he does not waste time, as a fox terrier will do, in endeavoring to worry his prey. He merely rolls him to the nearest water, knowing that a drop or two will cause the animal to relax his hold.

It is a rare thing to catch one in a trap laid at the door of his "earth" even. If he is inside when the trap is set, he waits until some other animal springs it and then emerges to eat the victim and the bait. Only when driven by the terrible pangs of hunger will he tempt fate in his own person. Most animals gorge themselves when they are fortunate enough to come across a superabundance of food. Not so with Reynard. Should he find a poultry yard well stocked and ill protected he fills his larders first. Nor does he, as the proverb says, "put all his eggs in one basket." He puts one fowl in a hedge, hides another in a bush, places a third in a hole in a tree, rapidly digs a cavity for a fourth and covers it up again, remembering in each case where his stores are concealed. And when his supplies are sufficient in his own estimation he takes a fine fat chicken or duck to his "earth" for present enjoyment.

Looking Backward.

The superstition of the ill luck of looking backward or returning is a very ancient one, originating doubtless from Lot's wife, who "looked back from behind him" when he was led by an angel outside the doomed city of the plain. In Roberts' "Oriental Illustrations" it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindoostan for men or women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him, and if some great emergency obliges him to look back he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact."—Exchange.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A MESSAGE FROM SANTA CLAUS.

He Sends an Illustrated Apology to All Disappointed Children.

Hello! Hello! This is the North Pole and I am Mr. Claus—Santa Claus, you know. Have I got the United States? I have? Well, that's what I want, for I wish to tell the children all about something. What's that? I cannot hear you. Please do not yell so in the 'phone. There, that's better. What I wish to tell the children is that I am very, very sorry they did not find in their stockings all the presents they asked me for before Christmas. I remembered every one of them and had them all down in my books. Have you got all that? All right. I made the most careful preparations so that not a sin-

gle child should be disappointed. I had 20,000,000 of little birds distributed through every town to report to me what presents the children were wishing for, and my books up here at the pole were kept by 10,000 of the best polar bear bookkeepers in the arctic regions.

But you know accidents will happen even in the very best regulated Santa Claus family. I came zipping down from the pole in my sledge drawn by 50 reindeer, and was making very good time—about 20 miles a minute—when the forty-seventh reindeer cast a shoe, and I had to drop down into the Maine woods to have the shoe put on again.

I left my reindeer tied to a big tree and was walking through the forest for a blacksmith when something dreadful happened. It would take too long to tell you about it, and as my artist friend, Frank Ver Beck, has made a picture showing just what happened, I send it to you by telephone.

Just take a good long look at the picture and then you will understand why that horn, and that drum, and that sled, and those mittens, and that candy, and all the other presents you wished for were not in your stockings Christmas morning. Goodby! Ting-ling-ling!

EARLE H. EATON.

A Simple Trick.

Cut out a narrow strip of pasteboard and join the ends together to form a hoop. On the inner side of the hoop fasten a small weight, such as a metal button or a bit of sealing wax. Construct an inclined plane by placing a flat ruler on a table, with one end resting on a slight elevation, such as a pile of books. Place the hoop on the incline in such a position that the weight may be slightly in front of the highest point of the hoop, in the direction of the top of the incline.

On releasing the hoop it will be found to at once roll up the incline, in seeming defiance of the law of gravity. It will increase the mystery if instead of a hoop a round pasteboard box is used, having a similar weight on the inside. —Once a Week.

Tadpoles, Toads and Frogs.

When frogs and toads are very young, they are called tadpoles. They first appear to be nothing but head and tail; then, in a few days, four legs appear, and then the tail disappears and the little creature becomes a perfect frog. In the tadpole state they live under water, but when they become frogs they can only stay under the water a short time.

The Little Peer of Ireland.

The late Duke of Leinster, who died of typhoid fever on Dec. 1, at Carton, near Maynooth, is succeeded by his eldest son, Maurice, marquis of Kildare,

who was born on March 1, 1887. There are three other children—a daughter and two sons. The new duke succeeds to the position of premier duke, marquis and earl in the peerage of Ireland. For the benefit of our little readers we present herewith a full length ture of the young peer.

Fifteen!

Dolly's lovely hair
Floats toward her feet,
Dolly's girlish skirt
Shows her ankles neat;
She will always taste
Sorrow in her cup,
Till her skirt is down
And her hair is up!

Dolly waits and waits,
With impatient pain,
Till she sees herself
Glorying in a train;
Till the happy hour
Fills with joy her cup,
When her skirt is down
And her hair is up!
—New York Tribune.

Prevention of Disease.

It is true that the verification of the germ origin of disease has thrown very little light on the subject of curing disease. The microbe evaded discovery until the midday of science and seems able yet to evade its enemies. But the discovery has made the prevention of disease a certainty. The microbe can be prevented from transportation and can be prevented from germination in soil, air, water and organic matter. The general public, however, are not yet ready to do this work. They do not appreciate its importance or their privileges. No doubt the time will come when the preventible diseases will be prevented, and the necessity of cure will be superseded.—Dr. Leslie E. Keeley.

Knew His Business.

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant as a customer left the store, "that you told me in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard that a woman reminded you of 'Trilby.'"

"Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman that I've sold a pair of shoes to."—Washington Star

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Two St. Patrick's days in succession—that of 1894 and 1895—have been remarkable for being clear and cloudless. Nevertheless, there were typical wind flurries, and while the old Saint is supposed to have driven out serpents, he has never succeeded in driving out rheumatism and like pains and aches, which hold their own at this time of year. No, it has been left to another Saint to accomplish this; St. Jacobs Oil, and whenever used for rheumatism it cures promptly. Don't trust the weather, but have a bottle handy all the time.

DEER HORNS AS MEDICINE.

This Queer Remedy Is In Use In the Flowery Kingdom.

Deer horns are used by the Chinese for medical purposes, and consequently the value to a Chinaman of a pair of horns depends upon the quantity of the medicinal property contained in them. This property, which may almost be called the "virtue," is said to be greater in the young horns, and to get rarer as the horns grow older. The deer from which the horns are obtained are a true species of deer, the females having no horns, and this, as Darwin has pointed out in "The Descent of Man," is the case with all kinds of deer proper, the reindeer only excepted. In substance the horns are not horny like the horns of a cow or an antelope, but are, when young, composed of a very delicate venous substance, covered with a velvety coating, and when old are osseous rather than callus.

For some months after they begin growing they are very tender, and the deer, not liking to touch them against branches of trees or bushes, a thing they are almost sure to do in the forest, will remain in the open, deserting cover, and so many times exposing themselves to greater dangers than the ones they flee from. After a time, as the horns grow older, the velvet covering begins to peel off, and while doing so causes an irritating, itching feeling, that makes the deer rub them against twigs, mossy bark or any other yielding substance not hard enough to hurt. This rubbing assists the velvet to peel off, and the horns then enter the second or intermediate stage. They are no longer tender, nor are they so hard as they eventually become, but are still going through a process of development.

Eventually their growth is perfected, they stand for a time, are shed, to be replaced by new ones, and become the property of the first forester or hunter who has the good fortune to find them. These shed horns, together with any horns taken from deer when they were approaching the time of shedding, have reached the third or final stage and are the least valuable.—Chinese Imperial Customs.

POOR INDEED!

The prospect of relief from drastic cathartics for persons troubled with constipation is poor indeed. True they act upon the bowels, but this they do with violence, and their operation tends to weaken the intestines, and is prejudicial to the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual laxative, but it never gripes nor enfeebles. Furthermore it promotes digestion and a regular action of the liver and the kidneys. It is an efficient barrier against and remedy for malarial complaints and rheumatism, and is of great benefit to the weak, nervous and aged. As a medicinal stimulant it cannot be surpassed. Physicians cordially recommend it, and its professional indorsement is fully borne out by popular experience. Appetite and sleep are both improved by this agreeable invigorant and alterative.

Forty ninth friend (since breakfast time)—M., Morton, what a dreadful cold you've got. What are you taking for it? Morton (Hoarsely)—Advice.

ATHLETES.

One and all bear witness to ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS as invaluable for their purposes.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says: "I have found it imperative to have pure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession, I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprint" and "distance" races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS rectify the secretions.

Editor—What makes you speak of the crowd at a variety show as a "polished audience"? Scribbler—I got a peek at the bald heads in the front row.

REWARD.

$10 Reward for information as to the present whereabouts, or death of Ansel White, who left Santa Cruz, Cal., in 1865. Address Wm. Pierrepont White, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

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.

The Door of Life.

The fear of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress. It is a natural function, and should be performed in a natural way without undue suffering. Nature never intended that women should be tortured in this way.

Taken during gestation Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its dangers to both mother and child, by preparing the system for delivery, thereby shortening labor, lessening pain and abbreviating the period of confinement.

Lipman=Wolfe & Co.

PORTLAND OREGON...

Have just received a full line of Tailors' Linings, Findings and Buttons .. .. ..

Purchased under the new tariff, We are enabled to give the

Very Best Prices...

Send for Samples .. .. ..

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

SPRING MEDICINE

Or, in other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is a universal need. If good health is to be expected during the coming season the blood must be purified now. All the germs of disease must be destroyed and the bodily health built up. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take in the spring. It will help wonderfully in cases of weakness nervousness and all diseases caused by impure blood.

"My little girl has always had a poor appetite. I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla and since I have given it to her she has had a good appetite and she looks well. I have been a great sufferer with headache and rheumatism. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now well and have gained in strength. My husband was very sick and all run down. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he began to gain, and now he has got so he works every day."—MRS. ANNIE DUNLAP, 385 E. 4th St., S. Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

MUSIC STORE—Wiley B. Allen Co., the oldest, the largest, 311 First St., Portland. Cickering, Hardman, Fischer Pianos, Estey Organs. Low prices, easy terms. 10-CENT MUSIC—Send for catalogues.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 29 1-2 Ohio avenue, Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

RAMBLER BICYCLES...

Ladies' and Gents' All Sizes...All Weights

$45, $55, $65, $85, $100

8 cond-hand Wheels for sale and exchange

Send for catalogue FREE. Live agt's wanted

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.
327 Washington St., PORTLAND, OR.

MEN

DR. LIEBIG & CO., Special Doctors for Chronic, Private and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. Liebig's Invigorator the greatest remedy for Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Private Diseases, Overcomes Prematureness and prepares all for marriage life's duties, pleasures and responsibilities; $1 trial bottle given or sent free to any one describing symptoms; call or address 400 Geary St., private entrance 405 Mason St., San Francisco.

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.

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.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching Piles known by moisture like perspiration, causes intense itching when warm. This form and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to

DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY,

which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price $.00. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philada., Pa.

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising but before we were half through, OUR ADVERTISEMENTS DISAPPEARED. Why? Because WE WERE OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS. There was but one thing to do: withdraw the advertising and devote every energy to filling the orders with which we were flooded. This we did, and handled with reasonable promptness a most unprecedented year's business.

WITH ENLARGED FACTORIES, INCREASED FACILITIES, AND TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES FROM WHICH TO DISTRIBUTE OUR GOODS, WE CAN NOW CARE FOR ALL WHO COME. Last year we could not reduce prices because we were compelled in some way to limit the demand for Aermotor goods. We would have been satisfied with lower prices, but why create a demand which we could not supply? We have made the heaviest purchases of steel and material bought in America this year, and at unprecedented prices, and have made terms to dealers which enable them to make unprecedented prices.

In quality, character, variety, finish, and accessibility to full stock of goods and repairs, we are without competitors. In our plan of advertising last year, we proposed to furnish a feed cutter under certain conditions for $15. For reasons stated above we did not complete the advertising, and the feed cutter was not put out. We now propose to make amends in the following manner: We will announce in this paper our NEW ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH

$40 at $10

cash with order, f. o. b. Chicago. Only one to one person, he to furnish addresses of ten neighbors who ought to have something in our line. Cut, description and full information regarding it will appear soon.

*We especially desire to caution you against paying extravagant prices for windmills. The temptation on the part of the dealer to overcharge is great. Bear in mind the legitimate profit to the dealer, to be sure, is added to the proper price and artificial prices will not protect you if you get the article you need, review of your needs and you will be protected. We are, and always have been, believers in low prices, because of the prodigious output of our factories we are enabled to have special tools for each piece, and thus reduce the hand labor on the material and laying it down again. So much for the material which we manufacture. We have been mentioning the material in the country become the cost of labor put on the material in the country, well that it is not worth ing made up in the form of some the largest dealers in platform windmills, towers the material, of course, be- pumps, etc. To such an cause galvanized-after-con- extent has this become true, structing and fixed), tanks, on that account the vol- extent has this become true, dered competition impossible, the price of our goods (and ible, that FOUR LARGE WINDMILL CONCERNS ARE BUYING one of our business rival- THEIR TOWERS OF US THIS YEAR. THEY DO IT BECAUSE WE MAKE THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AND SAFE TOWER; BECAUSE THEY CAN BUY OF US CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BUILD; BECAUSE WE ALONE ARE PREPARED TO GALVANIZE EVERYTHING AFTER IT IS COMPLETED, AND COMPLETE EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT.

These concerns are wise, for, even though they may not furnish the best of wheels, the wheel will have the best of supports. Send to us your name and address, and those of your neighbors who may need something in our line, and thereby do them a good turn. The Aermotor Co. is one of the most successful business enterprises which has been launched in recent times. In succeeding advertisements will be discussed and made clear the lines on which that success has been worked out. It was done by a farmer's boy. A careful following of these advertisements may suggest to some other farmer's boy a career

Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago.