U. S. Gov't Baking Powder Tests.

THE report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

	LEAVENING GAS.	
	Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06	160.6
All OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and the best of them to be of the following strengths respectively,	12.58	151.1
	11.13	133.6
	10.26	123.2
	9.53	114.
	9.29	111.6
	8.03	96.5
	7.28	87.4

These tests, made in the Gov't Laboratory, by impartial and unprejudiced official chemists, furnish the highest evidence that the "Royal" is the best baking powder.

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

HER ATONEMENT.

Pathetic Story of a Wealthy Woman's Theft, Confession and Restitution.

I heard a little story today that makes it seem conscience, Christianity and self abasement are something more than mere words, after all, and it is so nice, too, to hear such a story of a distressingly rich woman. The heroine—and she is a genuine heroine—none other could do as she did—is the wife of a magnate whose wealth is inestimable, whose income is incalculable. She lives in one of the most gorgeous mansions of the metropolis and is famed for her piety and charity. But she was not always rich—indeed she once was actually poor. When she was a girl at boarding school, she had probably less pocket money than any of her classmates. One time a collection was taken up among the girls for a most worthy and needy object. Our young heroine longed to help, and she was so ashamed not to be able. A schoolgirl's pride is a distorted, disproportionate sentiment anyhow. So, in a moment of temptation and weakness, she stole $5 from her chum, who was the richest girl in school.

The latter, with the happy carelessness of a petted child, who has more than she wants, never even missed the money at all. The end of the term came, and the girls all went home. The rich girl never returned. She became lost to the ken of her former schoolmates—all save one, who remembered her with agonizing and conscience quickened distinctness.

Finally, in the course of many years, our poor heroine had become the wife of one of America's richest men, and one day she heard that the girl she had never relinquished the search for was poor, ill and a widow, with little children. She hunted her up, invited her to come to dinner, and without telling her invited also 20 of the friends whose friendship and esteem she most valued, among them her pastor.

After dinner, to every one's amazement, she had every servant summoned to the drawing room. There, before her most cherished friends and her paid subordinates, she confessed her petty pilfering of 30 years before and ended her confession simply, "But I will pay back the money tonight." There wasn't a dry eye in that stately drawing room when she finished, but only very few who listened to her self abasement knew that the widowed friend took home $1,000 for the pilfered $5, and besides a promise of education and subsequent care for her three little children.

Don't you think my heroine had in her the spirit of the early martyrs—or, indeed, I believe it a higher type of soul?

God bless her!—Mollie Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS.

The Skeleton of Another Tall Man Recently Discovered Near Mentone.

Fresh discoveries of human remains, probably prehistoric, were found this week on the Italian frontier near Mentone. Two years ago the skeleton of a man more than 8 feet high was unearthed at the same spot under the direction of an English archaeologist. Workmen in a cave recently uncovered several slabs of stone which seemed to form a part of a dolmen. The earth contained many bones of animals, broken evidently, for the extraction of the marrow, and there were indications of fire close by. Several small, pierced shells which once formed a chaplet and a row of stag's teeth were near at hand.

The skeleton of a man 6 feet 2 inches in height was lying on its back. The legs were crossed below the knee. The right arm was extended and bent backward toward the head. The hand was clinched. The left hand was placed under the head. The same position has been frequently observed in early neolithic burials. A fine crystal of carbonate of lime beside the skeleton was probably a talisman. Further excavations in the cavern revealed innumerable bones of animals, notably a fine vertebræ of a mammoth. Still another find is a flint implement, which appears to be of palæolithic age.—Paris Letter.

To Be Tried For Mailing Bible Quotations.

A case of unusual interest in which the United States is prosecutor and Anthony Beerpass is defendant will be tried soon in the United States court. Beerpass was violently enamored of Celia Grassby. In a fit of anger and jealousy the lover wrote Celia a very objectionable letter. The girl promptly turned the letter over to the proper authorities, and Beerpass was arrested for sending obscene matter through the mails. He acknowledged sending the letter, but claims he cannot be made to suffer for it, as every sentence in it is a quotation from the Bible, which he readily proved. The defendant says that, as the Bible is mailable matter, he had a perfect right to use the mails for transmitting a few quotations from it.—Trimble (Tenn.) Correspondent.

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 last 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.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

A LITTLE SOLDIER.

We were all boys when the war began, or rather "broke out," to use the common phrase. Of course everything connected with it was of interest to us. Not one was too small to feel the enthusiasm which swept the whole country. The baby in its nurse's arms would be seen with a flag in its hand; the toddling boy would have a lath to represent a sword or a tobacco stick for a musket.

The oldest of us was Richard, or Rich, as we affectionately called him. He was 16, though rather small for that age. At the sight of a soldier his eyes glistened. We had looked on with pride once when a member of the captain's company, during a pause in the exercises, had lent Rich his musket and put him through some of the movements. "He'll make a soldier before very long," the man said. "Ain't quite tall enough yet to get out of a mudhole if he falls in marching 'long the road." Rich winced a little at this, but felt all right when another soldier said: "Boys like that ain't got no better sense 'an to fight. Yankee got to kill 'em or cripple 'em once to stop 'em fighting."

This and much more was said, all of which was marked by us and report of it made when we got home that day. Child as I was, there is one thing I still remember about it. When it was told at the table where we were all seated, I happened to look from Rich's proud face to his mother's, and I saw on it such a look of sadness that it perplexed me until I was old enough to know what it meant.

* * * * * * *

In a month Rich was to become a soldier. Time never crept more slowly than it did through those 30 days, so Rich thought, though I do not think that his mother thought so. No lover ever counted the days when his sweetheart was to be his bride more anxiously than Rich counted those days. At last the day came. We were all to see him off, and our cousins from the neighborhood were assembled to dine with the young soldier. Uncle Billy led the sorrel colt up to the gate. It was a Planet colt, and Rich had broken it himself, not without several falls, however. The blanket rolled up behind the saddle looked very soldierlike. Rich kissed all the girls and shook hands with us boys. We felt that we were in the presence of a hero. The last person he said goodby to was his mother. I wondered then why she held him so long in her arms and still more why there were tears in her eyes. I remember that all she said when she let him go was, "Be a good boy, my darling, and say your prayers." She knew as well as we did, so we thought, that Rich would be a good soldier and would kill a whole lot of Yankees and come back home a general.

We had finished supper and were all together in the little room and were having a good time. We were listening to one of Cousin Fanny's ghost stories, and Rich's mother, who had been going in and out doing a thousand things, had just taken her seat, for she said she wanted to hear the story too.

The fire was so low that she leaned over to count the stitches on her needle, and I heard her say—but that was because I was so close to her and was leaning on her shoulder when she whispered it to herself—"With heavy cavalry boots it will take 10 more stitches." And just then the door opened, and there before us was Rich's ghost. I knew it was a ghost and did not find out that it was Rich until he threw himself into his mother's arms and burst out crying. Then I knew it was not a ghost, for Cousin Fanny always said a ghost did not shed tears.

And this was the way it happened: As Rich was riding merrily down the road and was about to gallop across the bridge, which he would not have done except that he was so anxious to get to the army, two men stepped out and said. "What are you in such a hurry about, sonny? Seen any Yankees?" And Rich said no; he only wished he could. Then one of the men said, "Good many of 'em about, ain't there?" And Rich said, "They better not be about where our men are, for they won't be there long." "Why not?" asked the man. And Rich said, "'Cause we'll drive them away." But the biggest man said, "Maybe they are like that colt that ain't got any collar mark on him and won't drive." But Rich said: "Yes, they will, and I'm going over to help drive them now. And I haven't got any more time to lose, and I must go."

But the man with the blue overcoat on said, "Sonny, you can drive 'em fast enough on foot and don't need a horse, so get down." At first Rich said he wouldn't, but the point of the bayonet looked very sharp and was so close to his face.

So Rich got down. But he told the man he would report him to General Lee; that General Lee was his mother's cousin. But the man said General Lee was a great friend of his and said Rich must give his love to General Lee and tell him his friend Charles Demoines from Iowa sent his love to him.

Then it came to Rich for the first time that the Yankees had him, and that he was a prisoner. He wondered what they would do with him. Would they march him off to prison, or would they carry him before their general, like the soldiers did the young Roman in history?

He did not have to wait long though, for one of the men got on Rich's colt and rode away very fast, and the other man said to Rich: "It's time boys like you was in bed. Le' me see how fast you can drive 'long that road you jest come and give my love to General Lee when you see him."—Roswell Page in Philadelphia Press.

The New Chicago Religion.

We learn from Chicago that the new Chicago religion is nearly ready for the market. One of the doctors engaged in compounding it says it is made of the choice elements of Mosaism, Christianity, Buddhism, ethical culturism, Mohammedanism, Renanism, Confucianism and other beliefs, both ancient and modern. Assurance of its solidity is given by its compounders, among whom are a Universalist, a Populite, two liberal rabbis, a Unitarian, a Hindoo and an agnostic. The extracts have been made with care, so that it shall be suitable to every mind in all parts of the world. It has not yet been marketed, on account of the difficulty of getting a good name for it, a descriptive name that shall convey some idea of its elementary principles, and that shall be attractive to mankind. Why not end the trouble and struggle at once and give the new religion a boom by calling it Chicagoism?—New York Sun.

TO REMAIN YOUTHFUL

VIEWS OF AN ADVOCATE OF AMERICANIZED DELSARTE.

He Tells How Old Age and Its Wrinkles May Be Combated—"Let Go the Worry and Fret" and Follow Out the Physical Expression of That Idea.

As a rule, Delsarte and theosophy strike the uninitiated with terror. Life seems too short to delve into their awful mysteries, and so to the average mind theosophy signifies clever sleight of hand tricks, and Delsarte is ever associated with wabbling, wild eyed women who pose in greenery gallery tea gowns and talk vaguely about "the cult." But when you hear a sweet faced, soft voiced little woman in a dream of an ivory crape gown, with cunning little silk bowknots all over it and great, puffy sleeves that suggest the wings of Sandolphin, the angel of glory, talk downright sensible things about health and grace and the relation of the body to dress and how to keep from growing old and ugly and fat, and when she tells you this is "Americanized Delsarte" you begin to think that maybe, after all, there's something in it, and that Francois Delsarte knew what he was talking about.

Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, who is the teacher and expounder of Delsarte and physical self culture at the great Chautauqua summer school, has been lecturing at Pratt institute, Brooklyn, on these questions of so vital interest to women. For breathes there a woman with soul so dead who does not long to keep young and slim and attractive?

Mrs. Bishop, who is a striking illustration of the logic and good sense of her precepts, is not a bit of a faddist. She does not attitudinize, nor does she wear costumes calculated to give any self respecting scarecrow an attack of nervous prostration. She is a tiny woman, full of fire and dew—a sort of unpatented physical dynamo. Her department at Chautauqua is the largest numerically and financially, having achieved twice the revenue ever secured by any special class of work there, and that, too, in spite of the handicap by certain limitations in the organization.

I saw Mrs. Bishop at the close of one of her lectures and asked her, "How may women keep from growing old?"

"Old age is going out of fashion," laughed the lady. "Seventy-five now, you know, is only considered a reasonable maturity. Old age is not the lines on the face that are the carving of thought and erudition nor the soft halo of white hair. It is rather the loss of elasticity of the body, of the power to do physical acts that were once as play to us. If people will think old age and expect it, they will not be disappointed. Many a woman of 40 has the form and expression of a woman of 80. We can keep our bodies young by systematic exercise. Muscles that are not duly exercised, you know, lose their shape, firmness and strength. Look at the dancer who at 75 has the flexibility of a young girl. It is a well known fact that women who are actively engaged in literary, social and reform movements remain young longer than those whose lives run in uneventful, narrow grooves. This is not so much the difference in the kind of work, but the difference in the thoughts back of the work, for when one's thoughts are not given to general interests one becomes absorbed in self. Flexibility, the distinguishing characteristic of youth, may be preserved by certain physical exercises. Obesity, that foe of women, should not be starved away, but routed by certain exercises. Above all, expel thoughts of infirmity and time."

"Will you give some exercise for the mitigation of abdominal corpulency?"

"Yes. Stand normally. Slightly but firmly contract the abdominal muscles. Raise the arms laterally to the level of the shoulders, with the hands extended, palms upward. Keeping the arms and hands in this position, slowly bend the torso to the right side. After holding the position a moment, raise the torso to its normal poise; then let the arms sink to the sides as the breath is gently exhaled. Next inhale and raise the arms as before, twist the torso to the right and bend backward in a direct line with the right arm. After holding the position for a moment, raise the torso, untwist it and then let the arms sink to the sides as the breath is exhaled. These bending and twisting exercises develop flexibility, give a rounded contour to the waist and prevent an undue accumulation of adipose over the hips."

"You have given an exercise to prevent adipose. Can you suggest something for wrinkles?"

"One of the places where the marks of age are first seen," replied Mrs. Bishop, "is in the muscles of the neck. From lack of exercise these muscles become weak and flaccid. A very good exercise is this: Sit erect, keeping the head well poised and the arms and legs relaxed. Slowly turn the head until it is directly over the right shoulder; then bend it backward diagonally until the face is turned directly toward the ceiling, and then rotate the head around to the other shoulder; then slowly lift it and turn it forward and to the right shoulder again.

"This is an excellent remedy not only for wrinkled necks, but for nervous headaches and pain at the base of the brain."

"What other advice do you give women with which to fight off old age?"

"Stop worrying," promptly and emphatically answered the lady. "Many a woman fidgets herself nearly frantic uselessly—stews, as they call it in remote rural districts. If women would but trust—learn the beauty and the power of repose. Think how much nerve force is frittered away in little meaningless movements—tapping the feet, hitching the shoulders, drumming with the fingers, jerking the head, clasping and unclasping the hands, working the lips, contracting and elevating the eyebrows. The majority of women are in a state of chronic tension. Tension causes fatigue, inability, self consciousness, nervousness and insomnia, and these ills are enough to make any woman old and ugly before her time. The gospel of relaxation is the message to be preached to the nervous, tense, high strung American woman of today. There are many exercises to assist and accomplish this relaxation. The hands, being the direct agents of the mind, by their tension and restlessness report the mental strain and agitation. Therefore they are the first members to deal with. Let the arms hang heavily at the sides and agitate the hands until they feel lifeless. Shake them forward and backward, laterally and in circles, from each other and toward each other. When the hands become relaxed, raise the arms above the head. Hold the position for a moment; then drop the arms like dead weights. There are many other exercises for relaxation of which there is not time to speak. But every exercise is a physical expression of the idea 'Let go! Let go the worry and fret! Drop it now—relax, rest!'"—New York Herald.

Not a Devoted Husband.

Our strangest mistakes are due to official red tape. A story was told in a London district court last week of a man who was unable to support his invalid wife at home. He secured for her admission to an infirmary seven years ago and paid 5 shillings weekly maintenance till a few weeks ago, when he learned that the woman died a few days after entering the infirmary, and he had been a widower seven years. Instead of finishing his conjugal neglect by losing seven years' contributions, the magistrate ordered the authorities to repay the full sum.

Saved by an Ironing Board.

Smoke from the hallway of 216 East Eighty-ninth street at 4 a. m. yesterday woke Feligo Carnego, who lives with his family on the ground floor. The flames prevented egress by the door. Carnego rose to the occasion and passed his wife's ironing board from the window across the area to the iron railing. Over this improvised bridge his own and several other families reached the sidewalk in safety. Others escaped by the roof.—New York World.

A PRAIRIE TRAGEDY.

A Nebraska Settler's Pitiful Tale of Drought, Death and Desertion.

It was not like most prairie schooners, which as a rule impress one as being comfortable and picturesque. In the first place there were no children in this wagon, and generally one sees little faces peering from front and rear and under the flapping canvas at the sides.

The sticks supporting the canopy bulged through the brown, tattered cover, their outlines distinct as the ribs of the starving horses crawling along through the white blur of dust, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. The wagon lurched slowly up the main street of the little Nebraska town, the fierce wind swooping down from the bluffs in the south, and rending the rotten canvas into fantastic fringe. No stock followed. A dejected dog slunk between the rear wheels in an apologetic attempt to efface himself.

The man on the creaking seat leaned forward, holding the slack lines in languid hands. He was about 40, thin and stooping of shoulder. His sallow face was lined. His hair was streaked with gray. He drove on to the outskirts of the town. There a great oak tempted him. He drew up under its shade and turned the lean horses loose. He took a little flat piece of sheet iron 2 feet long, and under it built a fire of twigs and sticks. He went down to the creek twinkling near, a mere thread in its parched grave, and came back with a tin of water. He put a handful of ground coffee in a skillet, poured water on it and set the utensil on the primitive stove. When the coffee had boiled several minutes, he strained it, wiped out the pan with a newspaper and laid in it a few slices of fat pork. These cooked, he took from the interior of the wagon a bag of soda crackers and sat down to his lonely meal.

A young farmer, jogging by on horseback, nodded to him, sent him also a glance of curiosity. "Campers" were a common sight. Of late they had been passing through in droves, but few had appeared so forlorn as this man.

"How fur," called out the camper, "is it to the next town east?"

"Twelve miles."

"Bad road?"

The young fellow stopped his horse, swung half round.

"Middlin. Goin fur?"

"Back to Iowy."

"Burnt out?" hazarded the other.

"Yep; corn whar I come from in western Nebraska only fit fur fuel. Everything

"ONLY 360 ACRES AN A WIFE AN A CHILD."

out thar dried up like a drunkard's throat."

"Did ye hev much to lose?"

The camper took a gulp of the coffee and choked a bit.

"Only 360 acres, an a wife, an a child."

"Eh?" queried the young farmer stupidly. He had ridden up close to the wagon, and now lifted one leg over the mare's head and wheeled around in the saddle. The camper forgot his supper. He clinched two gnarled brown hands around his knees as he sat on the grass.

"I went out west when I got married, four years ago," he said, glad in a way to break the silence of days. "She was lots younger'n me an pretty ez you ever see. Her folks said ez how she'd be sorry for takin me. She wus."

He sat silent a few minutes. When he looked up, he went on hastily, with a kind of twitch in his voice. "I don't know why I'm tellin you this. I ain't never seen you before. Ennyhow things went wrong. First there come hog cholery. Then thar wus chinchbugs. I had to mortgage the farm. All the time Mary kep' gittin more'n more discontented. Even the comin of the little girl, that heartened me up so powerful, seemed a worriment to her. This spring she says: 'Ef thar's a crop this year so's we kin live easy, we stay together. Ef thar ain't, we don't.' Gittin a wet spring made us hopeful. Things wus lookin fine when that cookin hot weather come along. The everlastin hot winds kep' a-blowin an a-blowin. The corn curled up an crackled like paper. What wus left wouldn't make decent fodder. It 'ud make the heart of a man ache to see the stalks that meant peace an love an happiness to him a-dyin a slow death, an him a-hopin till the last ear wus shriveled. Thinkin, too, all the time that a middlin rain 'ud save it, an Godlemighty havin floods up thar to sweep other men's farms away!"

A meadow lark chirped its little treble noted song in the stubble near. The abashed dog cast an insinuating eye at the skillet.

"Mary," the camper continued, "kep' her word. She went off with a drummer that wus stayin at the town hotel. The little girl did well fur awhile. Then—doctor said 'twas malairy; the neighbors said frettin fur her mother—whichever 'twas she died. The mortgage on the farm wus foreclosed; the furniture wus sold. Half paid fur the coffing, the other half fur a new dress her mother got before she went away."

He began gathering up his traps, preparing to resume his journey.

"You're going back east—what to do?" asked his confidant.

The camper climbed wearily up to the creaking seat.

"God knows!" he answered. "I don't, an I don't care much."

Concealed Weapons In New York.

All along the Bowery the pawnshop windows are filled with pistols, says the New York Sun. Every kind of a pistol can be found there, from the tiny pepper box to the long navy. Besides these there are hundreds of hunting knives, daggers and dirks and plenty of weapons less familiar, such as slungshots, blackjacks, brass or iron knuckles and loaded clubs. That they are there in the pawnshops is evidence that they have been used, most of them in all probability recently. Yet any one carrying any of these weapons except the pistols is liable to penalties set by law, and no man is permitted to carry a pistol unless he carries it openly or has a permit. Less than 600 permits to carry concealed pistols are issued annually. At a conservative estimate, the estimate of an officer who has had long experience with all classes of men in the city, 12,000 New Yorkers carry weapons unlawfully, either weapons which are forbidden by law or pistols without a permit.

Buddhism In Paris.

A fresh propaganda of Buddhism is being undertaken in Paris, says a correspondent. It is asserted that 30,000 Parisians now profess the ancient religion. Many well known women describe themselves as eclectic Buddhists. A little volume gives a summary of the doctrines of the new creed. It has just been printed, and large numbers have been bought by wealthy neophytes and will be distributed next week among all classes. The converts are not expected to desert the churches of which they are members. The copies of the book have been bound in black morocco, gilded to resemble prayer books.

Her Faith Led to Death.

Mrs. William Seidentopf died Saturday from the effects of a dose of poison, which she spread on a piece of bread and then deliberately ate. Mrs. Seidentopf was a Christian science believer, and it is thought that she ate the poison to prove her faith. Even after the agony resultant from the action of the poison had begun, she refused to allow a doctor to be called and was beyond hope of saving when one was summoned.—Council Bluffs (Ia.) Dispatch.

THE WAR IN CHITRAL

SOMETHING ABOUT ENGLAND'S CURRENT TROUBLE AND ITS CAUSES.

The Mehtar of Chitral, the Ahkoond of Swat, Umra Khan, Sher Afzul and Divers Other Queerly Named Personages Figure Prominently.

It would be necessary to go through a course of close study as to England's Asiatic possessions and the frontier territory between them and that tributary to the Russian czar to understand England's current "little war," but in a general way the facts are about as follows: The scene of the disturbance is known as Kashgar, or Chitral, which lies north of the military station of Peshawur, west of the Swat valley and east of Kafiristan. The principal town of the region is also known as Chitral. It is situated near the Dora pass, on the southern slope of the wild and well nigh impassable Hindu-Kush mountains, about 5,000 feet above sea level and 200 miles or thereabouts north of Peshawur, the most advanced post of the British in India.

This may not be very enlightening, but the situation will be clarified by the statement that the Hindu-Kush mountains are the great barrier between John Bull and the Russian bear in Asia, and that it is through the Dora pass that the Russians will pour if they ever succeed in swooping down on the British in India, unless the advance is made through Afghanistan. Time was when the Russians certainly

GENERAL LOW, COMMANDER OF THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

would have adopted the latter route, but that is long passed. The ameer of Afghanistan, though he and his people are nominally independent of either of the great powers, is now and for some years has been friendly to the English.

It was about ten years ago that the British discovered the value Chitral might some time be to them. There was then some danger of a war between Russia and the English in India on account of what is known as the Penjdeh incident. Just what the latter amounted to does not matter at this time, but the complications to which it gave rise were so serious as to cause the establishment of a British residence at Chitral and the extension of a suzerainty over the region, whose sovereign's title is that of mehtar.

The Kashgar region is only a part of the greater territory termed Yaghistan, which includes Swat, ruled by an ahkoond and peopled by the Swatis, the lands of the Yusufzais, the Utman Khels and the Momands and the countries known as Bajaur and Dir. Amir-ul-Mulk, a younger son in the reigning house of Chitral, had to leave the country some years ago on account of political complications and his elder brother, Nizam-ul-Mulk, was mehtar in Chitral until recently. The younger brother, however, who had fallen into a religious life—paganly religious, of course—somewhere in southern India, dreamed that he was to reign in his elder brother's stead. So he hastened to Chitral, hid behind a rock pile near which the mehtar must pass, shot the unfortunate ruler dead and proclaimed himself mehtar. Then one Sher Afzul, an uncle of the two, appeared and said he had a better right to be mehtar of Chitral than had Amir-ul-Mulk. Sher Afzul got help from Umra Khan, the savage ruler of Jhandol, and the combined forces of the two attacked the British residence of Chitral and cut off the supplies of Mr. Robertson, the resident there, and his garrison. There was danger that Robertson and his supporting force would be wiped out, and it was this that caused General Sir Robert C. Low to be sent to Chitral from Peshawar.

At the latter place and the nearby stations of Nowshera and Hoti about 13,000 British troops, including the historic guide corps founded by Colonel Lumsden, have been regularly stationed for some years. As is usual in similar British expeditions the guide corps preceded the main body of troops on the march to Chitral, and before the advance had been pushed very far the gallant little corps, under command of Colonel Battye, was completely annihilated by the natives.

The method adopted in this annihilation was peculiar to the territory and the hostile forces which compassed it. The entire region through which the relief party had to pass is of the most broken description and abounds in narrow, dark defiles between precipitous heights. While Colonel Battye and his men were marching through one of these straitened passages a body of natives massed at the top of the cliffs and rolled down a perfect torrent of bowlders upon the devoted heads of the British, not one of whom was left alive. However, in spite of this and other setbacks, the British have succeeded in relieving Mr. Robertson and the little garrison at Chitral, Sher Afzul has been captured and an alliance has been made with the khan of Dir. The trouble may therefore now be considered at an end, for the present at least, and the British will no doubt proceed to thoroughly subjugate the Swats and other tribes which assisted Sher Afzul and Umra Khan. This will not be an easy task, however, since the natives are of the most warlike temperament, of splendid physical constitution and not at all inclined to be ruled by anybody.

Until about 20 years ago the Swats were very powerful. Then the greatest ahkoond who ever ruled over them was called away by death, after a reign of 50 years. It was this ahkoond whose death inspired the late George T. Lanigan to write that extraordinary piece of versification which alone has made fame for the name of the ahkoond of Swat in the civilized world.

It is likely that the first thing that the British will do to strengthen themselves in the territory they have now safely entered will be to extend the railroad north from the terminus at Peshawar, since good roads are always found to have the strongest sort of influence in thoroughly subduing savage tribes.

The Furnace Cold Air Box.

How many women, I wonder, know where the cold air box of the furnace that heats their house ends? It should not end, according to a sanitary authority, either under a piazza, where decaying leaves and other refuses have drifted, nor where cats and rats make their abiding place, nor near a place where food is stored, nor should it end underground, where there is any chance for neighboring drains and damp, impure air to be carried into the furnace. If you find that your supply of cold air is from a box with the end raised 4 or 5 feet, "with an upward bend and an opening at the side protected by wire netting," and where the air cannot be contaminated in any way, your health will probably be secured in at least one important direction.—Nation.

Noble Enough.

Miss—Of course you know, baron, that my father is not in the remotest degree a nobleman?

He—Say no more, beautiful one. A man who will give his daughter a dowry of a million is noble enough for me.—London Million.

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

EXTRAORDINARY!

AN OCCURENCE THAT WAS MARVELOUS INDEED.

Not Merely Relief From an Insignificant Ailment, But a Human Life Involved.

The newsgatherer on his daily search for items of interest often comes across happenings of more than passing note. It was during a recent conversation with Mr. A. H. Cransby, the well-known commercial traveler, with the Cochran Lumber Company, that a reporter of the Commercial learned of a wonderful case. Mr. Cransby is well known in Memphis and surrounding country, and now resides at 158 Kerr street.

"Just ten years ago," said he, "my wife noticed a small lump in her breast. She thought nothing of it, but it increased in size rapidly, and soon broke through the skin, and commenced to discharge. She was put under treatment of the best physicians, but they very soon found that they could do her no good, and simply prescribed antiseptics to keep the place clean. Both her grandmother and aunt, by the way, had died with cancer, and when apprised of this fact, the doctors told me that they would not attempt to save her; that she was incurable. Although the cancer had by this time become deep seated, and her health very low, I had one of the most noted specialists of New York to treat her. After treating her awhile, this doctor admitted that the case was hopeless and further treatment useless. It is difficult to imagine how despondent we all became, knowing that she must die, and unable to give her any relief. I had spent over five hundred dollars with the best medical skill to be had, and felt that there was no further hope.

"One day I happened to read an advertisement of S. S. S., recommending this remedy for cancer, and in view of the failure of the most eminent physicians in the country I confess I had little faith left in any human agency. However, I purchased a bottle of S. S. S., and to my delight it seemed to benefit her; after she had taken a couple of bottles, the cancer began to heal, and as astonishing as it may seem a few bottles more cured her entirely. You can probably better understand how remarkable this cure was when I explain that the cancer had eaten two holes in the breast two inches deep. These healed up entirely and although ten years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned and we are assured of the permanence of the cure, which we at first doubted.

"I certainly regard S. S. S. as the most wonderful remedy in the world, and it is truly a God-send to those afflicted with this terrible disease. Yes, sir," he concluded, "you may be sure that I shall always be grateful to that remedy, for without it my home would now be desolate and my children motherless."—Memphis, Tenn., Commercial.

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10-CENT MUSIC—Send for catalogues.

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.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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.
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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.

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CURES KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS.
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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
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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

LIKE A SIEVE.

The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these, in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys, is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood depurent, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their sifting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infest it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maladies arrested or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also specially beneficial to the weak and nervous.

"Well," said the monkey to the organ-grinder as he sat on the top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."

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.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS

CURE SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, POOR APPETITE, and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Of all druggists.
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ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.
A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or A full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.
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Sarsaparilla more than any remedy I have ever taken. I have never been robust and was subject to severe headaches, and had no appetite. Since taking

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and Hood's Pills I am a well woman, have a good appetite and sleep well. I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla.—MRS. S. M. GORHAM, Fillmore House, Fillmore, California.

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

G. W. STA