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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A VISIT FROM THE DEVIL.

How His Satanic Majesty Once Made His Appearance In Bungay.

A rare pamphlet in the library of the editor of a department of The Republic bears the following quaint title: "A Strange and Terrible Wunder Rought Verie Lately In the Parish Church of Bungay—namely, on the fourth of thys August in the Yeere of our Lorde 1577." The story, stripped of the quaint language in which it is couched, and briefly told, is as follows: A storm of extraordinary fury raged during divine services in the church alluded to; rain fell in torrents, and the lightning flashed "blue, red, green and in a mixture of indescribable colors," while the thunder peals "not only disquieted men and dumb creatures, but senseless things devoid of all life and feeling trembled and shook with terror."

While the tempest was at its height, a fiend from the lower regions appeared in the midst of the terror stricken congregation. The account says: "It was in form, as well as could be discerned, of an enormous dog, of black color, the sight whereof, together with the fearful flashes of fire which then were seen, moved many minds to the belief that the end of time had come, and that doomsday was upon us. The evil one, for he it was in such strange likeness, ran with extraordinary speed into that portion of the church where the majority of the congregation was seated. In doing so it passed between two persons who were upon their knees in the attitude of prayer, grasped and wrung the necks of both in an instant, so that they died presently as they knelt. As he passed by another he gave him such a grip on the back that he was drawn together and instantly shrunken up like a piece of leather scorched in a hot fire."

Leaving the church at Bungay, the devil is said to have "flown with a greate noise and rustling" to the church at Blibery, seven miles away. He was seen to alight upon the roof and to instantly pass through it, dropping from the vaulted ceiling upon the heads of three persons (two men and a boy,) who were all instantly killed, "beying scratched bye the horyd thing and burned to nearlie a cracklyng."

The "Book of Wonderous Visitations," published in 1687, 110 years after the events mentioned above, says that the prints of the devil's claws where he ran down the aisle of the Bungay church were then still plainly to be seen.—St. Louis Republic.

The Large Flying Squirrel.

The large red flying squirrel is interesting, but not beautiful. It is wholly nocturnal, and, like most nocturnal animals, is extremely surly and spiteful if disturbed in the daytime. It is as large as a cat, with a face like a rabbit's. Its coloring is extremely brilliant for a mammal, and in general appearance it resembles some curious monster in a Chinese painting. The fur is a rich and deep chestnut on its back, light chestnut below, its head white and its eye a dull pale gray.

The wide parachute membrane between its legs is covered with fur, and its tail is long, thickly furred and round. This squirrel does not "fly" in the proper sense of the word, but in the forests its parachute membrane answers its purpose almost equally as well as wings. It runs with a wonderful agility up the trunk of the tree, and to the end of a branch, and then takes a flying leap, with its limbs extended to the utmost and the wide flesh membrane stretched.

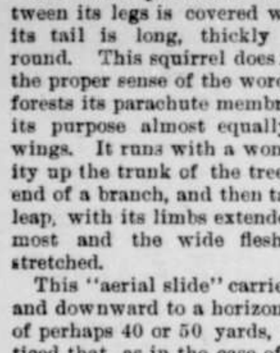
This "aerial slide" carries it forward and downward to a horizontal distance of perhaps 40 or 50 yards, and it is noticed that, as in the case of birds when making use of their powers of descent with fixed pinions, the squirrel throws itself upward and ascends slightly at the close of the "flight," perching on the bough it aims at, with all the lightness of a pigeon descending from a tower, to some point upon the roof below.—Spectator.

Bowie's Great Knife.

The bowie knife obtains its name from Rezin P. Bowie, who lived in Maryland in the early part of this century. He had a brother who had many enemies, and he, being turbulent and fond of hand to hand fights, stood in need of good weapons. Rezin undertook to furnish him with a weapon somewhat superior to any that could be found in those parts at that period. A knife was made out of a blacksmith's file, and a blade was had nine inches long, to which was fastened a handle of six inches. The knife was simple, strong in build and had an admirable temper. Bowie used it in 19 sanguinary contests, and then, happening in Philadelphia, he met with a cutler who fashioned it over for him. Bowie afterward settled on the Mississippi, and entertained the celebrated actor Edwin Forrest, to whom he gave the original knife. Forrest placed the knife in his collection, where he retained it until his death.—Hardware.

Haphazard Preaching.

A clergyman in Cushing, Me., is reported to have a unique way of securing texts. He passed around slips of paper upon which the people wrote various texts that they would like to hear preached from. He then passed around a hat and gathered up the slips and asked a young lady present to choose one without looking. She drew forth the text, "What think ye?" upon which he preached, according to report, a very excellent sermon. This method is certainly unique, but we admit an old fashioned preference for a text selected early in the week and several days of careful thought and study devoted to the discourse preached upon it.—Augusta (Ga.) Journal.



Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go.

The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

TEXAS HOOPSNAKES.

THEY HAVE HOOKS AND HOLES IN THEIR LIPS AND LIKE FUN.

With a Fine Sense of Humor They Play Jokes on Tenderfeet and Women—Gophers and Bullsnakes Create Lively Situations For the Hoopers.

"The hoopsnake of Texas is as interesting a reptile as you can find anywhere," said a former resident of the Lone Star State. "It is unlike any hoopsnake I ever saw in the east and a good deal livelier. Under its lower jaw there is a lip, with a hole in it, and on the end of its tail there is a hornlike hook that curves upward. Whenever the snake takes a notion to roll, it throws its tail over its snout, hooks into the lip, and goes spinning away over the grass as merrily as you please.

"The snake can get over the ground pretty fast by crawling, but it seems to take great pleasure in rolling. The under part of its body is bright red, and you can see the snake quite a distance when it's rolling. Some say the horn is hollow and capable of ejecting poison, but I don't know how true that is. People who are ignorant of how the Texas hoopsnake is built are simply amazed when they happen to see one change from a crawl to a roll. They can't make out how it is possible for the snake to put its ends together and roll away at such speed unless it sticks its tail into its mouth. You will often run across a hoopsnake that is crawling along leisurely, when all at once it will throw its tail forward and go zipping off at a speed, you imagine, that makes its head swim. But its head is always level, no matter how fast it rolls or how far.

"I've seen many a man and boy amusingly taken in by hoopsnakes out there. Every newcomer desires to possess a specimen, and they get it into their heads that it is as easy as lying to catch one. The tenderfoot thinks he can capture a hoopsnake by poking a pole or stick through the circle made by its body. He gets fooled, however, for the cunning snake instantly unhooks its tail, thus ridding itself of the stick or pole, runs along on its belly for a short distance and then hooks into the lip again and resumes its frolic with perfect freedom. The hoopsnake has a fine sense of humor, I reckon, for it takes delight in scaring women and tenderfeet by rolling right up to them and dodging away when they scream or jump. They tell a story out there of a man who ran the handle of a rake through a hoopsnake's circle and unhooked it. The snake got mad, struck at the man and hit the trunk of a mesquite bush with its horn. It sped away then, and the man found the print of its horn in the bark. He examined the bush often, and he took his oath that it died in less than 90 days.

"I once saw a hoopsnake hanging to one of the hind feet of a gopher. The gopher kicked and squealed and pulled, and the snake kept tapping it on the head and back with its horn. The snake couldn't have swallowed the gopher, and it tormented the little thing out of pure deviltry. Its aim with the hook was unerring, and it acted as if it was tickled all over every time the gopher squealed. The hoopsnake's fun came to an end very suddenly the moment another gopher appeared. The second gopher took in the situation at a glance, and it immediately hopped upon the snake and bit it in the back of the neck. The snake let go of the foot mighty quick, and all the lively writhings imaginable that snake performed in the next eight or ten minutes. It thrashed the grass flat in a space five feet in diameter, and I never saw a creature hate to die as that snake did. It finally stretched out motionless, and I cut off its horn, which had no hollow in it. The wounded gopher was squealing in some brush, and its rescuer was trying hard to coax it into a hole, but it had been done for by the snake, and it died in a little while.

"How it does make a toad's eyes hang out when a hoopsnake gets after it! The toad knows that it's a goner, and it begins to hop and peep and squeal with terror before the snake has touched it. The snake is in no hurry, for it knows very well that the toad can't get out of its sight, and it takes downright comfort in hearing the toad wail. It crawls behind the toad, and when it gets good and ready it throws its tail forward and gives the toad a smart thump between the eyes with the point of the horn. The toad backs up a few inches, and the snake seizes it by a hind foot. Then the toad kicks with its free hind foot and claws the grass with its front feet, keeping up a piteous squealing all the time. The snake lets it kick and claw for a spell, but by and by knocks the toad on the head till it stops kicking and swallows it.

"While a hoopsnake was handling a toad in that way one spring I saw a bullsnake interfere. The bullsnake of Texas is a big headed reptile about 3 feet long. Its body tapers all the way like a cone, and it has two curved teeth in the upper jaw and is nonpoisonous. The hoopsnake had the toad by a hind foot, and of course the toad was making all the noise it knew how to. Suddenly a bullsnake glided out of the bush and struck at the hoopsnake's middle with its upper jaw. The hoopsnake instantly released the toad, faced the bullsnake and hit it on the neck with its horn. The blow didn't phase the bullsnake a particle. It returned the attack with a sidewinder that knocked the hoopsnake out of the path. The latter must have been very much astonished, for, instead of sailing into the big fellow again, it cleared out at once, and the bullsnake seized the toad right away and started to swallow it."—New York Sun.

A Book Miser.

A Philadelphia auctioneer says: "You would scarcely believe it, but there are men who will go without the necessities of life to gratify their craze for collecting rare books. I have in mind the case of a man who lives in a back street away up town somewhere in miserable circumstances, but who has a really fine library of rare books. When I have had sales on, I have known him to come in looking like a tramp, with the toes out of his boots, soiled linen and a general air of semirespectable vagrancy. And yet he would think nothing of paying $50 for some book that he wanted. His daughter came to me one day with tears in her eyes and begged me not to sell her father any more books, as the family was in absolute want and needed the money for household purposes. I looked into the case and found that the old man's passion for collecting had transformed him into a perfect miser."

It is lawful for any person to kill a grave robber in China the instant he is caught in the act.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

LOOK OUT FOR THE WOMEN, FOR THEY HAVE COME TO STAY.

Athletics of Frenchwomen—The Modern Heroine—Their Manifest Duty—Her Dream, She Thinks, Came True—A Model Lawyer—Woman's Emancipation.

On the question, "Is business life congenial to womanly instincts, and is it essential for women to have a business education?" Mrs. Croly, better known perhaps as Jennie June, said at the recent meeting of Sorosis:

"What are womanly instincts? Are they alike in all women? Do all women want to sit at home by the fire? Is every woman satisfied to limit her life to the nursery and kitchen? The habits of one generation are the instincts of the next, and is not this staying at home instinct in this generation the result of the habits of the women of the past?

"Before the patriarchal age there was a matriarchal age, when the women attended to all the retail business of life. We read in Proverbs how the woman, after she had gathered her maids together and set them at their spinning, went forth and considered the fields and purchased them. And because of her good judgment she was accounted a crown of glory to her husband. It was a woman who organized the first squadron of ships and sent them out on a mercantile venture. The reason of this was because the men were all warriors, and the women controlled all the social, domestic and mercantile life. There are today large numbers of women in controlling positions in the business world. One woman there is who is known on paper as J. Brown and controls large home and foreign interests. A gentleman who had occasion to meet J. Brown in a business way after having known the individual for many years on business paper found that J. Brown was a very small woman at the head of a very large establishment where the only men employed were the porters.

"A gentleman who lectured to a commercial class of young men recently warned them to look out for the women, for they had come to stay. They were more reliable, more persevering and more conscientious than men. The young business woman is more assertive, more independent than the business woman of the past. They have less of the feeling of gratefulness toward men, of timidity, and they charge, I am happy to say, twice as much for their services. The day will come when it will be said, 'Oh, I cannot afford to have her; she charges so much more than a man.'"

Then Mrs. Croly, who evidently is not afraid of having her age approximated in conjecture, paid a pretty and deserved tribute to the men in her profession by saying that she had been a business woman for 40 years—almost alone in it at first—and that she had never heard from business men a word that they might not have uttered in a drawing room full of ladies, and that the journalists were the most advanced and liberal of men in their recognition of the intelligence and ability of women. Mrs. Croly finished her remarks by saying that "woman will never take her proper position in the world until she gets to be a money maker as well as a money spender."

Athletics of Frenchwomen.

The Salle d'Armes Feminine, as it is called, which was recently opened in Paris, has been followed by the opening of a Cercle d'Escrime des Dames, or Ladies' Fencing club. This institution is under the patronage of Mme. la Colonelle Derue, the Comtesse de Murat, Mme. la Colonelle Rousset and others. The chief professor is a woman whose husband was formerly a master-at-arms in a military school. The device of the club is "Ludus Pro Froma," as the exercise of fencing is calculated to develop special graces and beauties of the feminine form. In no city is skating so generally practiced as in Paris, for the artificial ice arenas afford more opportunity for the sport than nature is inclined to provide except in Canada. These artificial ice surfaces are five or six inches thick, very smooth and glistening, and the air inside the pavilions is pleasantly warmed with gas.

Frenchwomen, too, are devoted to bicycle riding and may be seen in their jaunty short skirts every day in the park riding, with or without a groom in attendance, according to their rank. It has been considered pertinent to criticise the Frenchwoman as given over to vanity and luxuriousness, but the more one becomes acquainted with this dainty type of femininity the more one learns to respect the little knack she has of accomplishing all that other women do so quietly and gracefully and with so little flourish of trumpets that no one knows that she is doing anything at all. It is the supreme cleverness of the woman that deceives us into believing her incompetent.—Paris Letter.

The Modern Heroine.

An English writer calls attention to the interesting change in the heroine of the day. The simple ingenue Amelia Sedley and her sisters have been voted tame and insipid and are dead and buried. Becky Sharp and her host of unworthy imitators, with their schemes and their lies and their ultimate discomfiture, have joined the great majority and vex us no more. Nowadays it is the sphinx who is the rage—the creature with unfathomable eyes and large aspirations, passionate impulses and pessimistic tendencies, a more or less happy combination of Schopenhauer and Musset, with a dash of Gyp's flippancy thrown in. She is a complicated person whose most salient point, perhaps, is her absolute selfishness, her cynical disregard for the feelings of other people.

According to the novelist, the great feminine cry of the age is, "Let me live my life," but somehow or other the girl when she has a chance never seems to go forth and give proof positive of this overweening genius which places her at such an immeasurable distance from her commonplace surroundings. A story in which this new development of the feminine constitution does something besides declare that she means to would be novel. It is interesting, too, to see how very markedly the hero of late has been forced to stand aside for the heroine, whether it is because of the notoriously complicated moral constitution of the latter, or because of the increasing number of women novelists and the alleged difficulty in the drawing of a hero by a woman, it is difficult to determine.

Woman's Manifest Duty.

The Civitas club of Brooklyn, which has sprung into a famous existence, deplores with commendable modesty its wide notice. "We are just learners," said one of its members, "eager to understand Brooklyn's municipal affairs. After we know how to go to work and in what way good can be accomplished we hope to do something. Just now we are simply studying the rudiments of city government."

The club is a strong and growing organization. Its first limit of 125 has been increased to 175 for the first year, and there is a large waiting list. It is a sort of offshoot or branch of the health protective board, which has done valuable work in the city across the bridge. The spirit of the junior organization—modest, but earnest—gives promise that it will prove an admirable ally to the older association.

It is just what is needed in every city and town in the country. Even in the small villages, where the scheme of government is simple, not half a dozen probably of the women residents know the duties or term of serving of the selectmen or councilmen or whatever the designation may be of their particular town. Every woman's club in these small places, as is true in the larger ones, should devote certain meetings through the season to the study of the government of the place. Whether women gain the right of suffrage or not, an intelligent comprehension of methods of government is their manifest duty.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Her Dream, She Thinks, Came True.

The following remarkable recent experience of a Portland lady is a fact: She had been absent from her home all day, and that night she had a dream. She thought that she had started to descend the cellar stairs when a great snake came gliding up. It reared its head close to her and stood there swaying back and forth, and suddenly the head began to change and assume the form of a human head, and finally the face of one of her neighbors was grinning at her on the serpent's body. She awoke with a scream. The neighbor was one whom she knew but slightly, but with whom she was not favorably impressed.

The next morning her servant, a most excellent cook and so generally superior as to have become almost a member of the family, told her that she must leave her, as the neighbor of the dream had come to the house during her absence the day before and offered higher wages and less work and better advantages generally. The result was the servant went to the neighbor's, and the lady feels that her dream was appropriate. She had no intimation or suspicion that this neighbor had designs upon her cook, and there was nothing apparently to inspire her dream.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

A Model Lawyer.

One of the prettiest and most charming of young New York society women and a member of the Drawing Room club has a knowledge of legal lore that would astonish any one not acquainted with the marvelous versatility of the nineteenth century woman. "I believe you would be a splendid hand to search briefs for me," her husband, a lawyer, had remarked at one time. "Well, then I'll take a course in law," was the reply. And for two years she devoted herself to all manner and kinds of judicial verbosity and with such charming assiduity that the musty old tomes were cajoled into giving out their most cherished secrets without demur.

The other day a legal conundrum was propounded to her, "If a man dying intestate leaves only two relatives, an uncle and a grandfather, which would inherit his property?" "I shall have to refer to my books," was the answer. "It is always a lawyer's prerogative to do so in questions of that kind." "O wise young judge; O learned judge!" was the admiring exclamation of the perhaps skeptical querist, for the most astute lawyer would not have been betrayed into a more definite statement.—New York Letter.

Woman's Emancipation.

The Hon. Ettore Socci, a member of the Italian parliament, through the pages of The Humanitarian, asks if it would not be possible to hold an international women's congress in Rome in 1895 in order to give prominence to the women's movement, which is spreading its ramifications throughout the world. He is an ardent advocate of the movement.

The emancipation and higher education of woman, he declares, would not destroy in her the feeling of wife and mother, and still less would it undermine family life.

"It is much more probable that wives will be unfaithful in places where they are looked upon as slaves rather than in more civilized society, since, in giving a worthy position and a true personality to the woman, unfaithfulness becomes a crime, and duty is regarded as a religion."

There is so much common sense in this last observation that it must commend itself to the judgment of all thoughtful people, says an English paper. Give a person liberty and responsibility, and his whole being is changed. Keep him in subjection, and he will be in a chronic state of irritation and unrest.

Only One Wee, Faint Kick.

The Woman's club of Montclair, N. J., the residence of Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell in 1862, recently met in the parlors of the very house built by them and now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marshall. The woman suffrage movement was thoroughly discussed by a brilliant and representative gathering. As the meeting was drawing near its close each person in the room was asked how he or she would vote if the question were at once submitted. All but one said they would vote in its favor. And even the one gentleman who voted in the negative said that he believed in woman suffrage, but thought it was a little too soon to establish it.—Boston Woman's Journal.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

That the enfranchisement of women in the United States is inevitable is being gradually forced upon the minds of its opponents by the logic of events. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, who has long been a prominent Boston "remonstrant," is reported in the Salem (Mass.) Observer as saying to the recent graduating class of the Salem normal school, "When woman suffrage comes—as come it must—and these young women are citizens, let them see to it that the laws shall permit a married woman to teach in the city schools."

An Enthusiastic Sportswoman.

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie of Pittsburg, for whom the yacht Dungeness is now being built at Baltimore, is an enthusiast in all outdoor sports. She has a magnificent winter home, also named Dungeness, on Cumberland island, the southernmost of the Sea islands, off the coast of Georgia. Here she keeps a fleet of boats. There is also one of the finest game preserves in the country on the island.—New York Telegram.

Skirt Dancing Children.

The latest thing at 5 o'clock teas is to have the children of the house brought in to dance a skirt dance for the guests. In London it is no uncommon thing to see at the daily teatime a 5-year-old child in an accordion plaited skirt dance. When it is questioned if such a practice is good for the children, fashionable mammas argue that it is—it gives them grace and self possession.—St. James Gazette.

New Orleans' Librarian.

Mrs. Culbertson has been librarian of the New Orleans city library for 18 years. She is an accomplished scholar and has many times been of invaluable assistance by translating volumes from the French. During all the changes in the city administration during 18 years there has never been suggested the making of a change in the city librarian.—New Orleans Letter.

JAPAN'S NEW ISLAND.

SOME FACTS OF INTEREST CONCERNING FORMOSA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

It Is Peopled Partly With Savages and Partly With Chinese and In Many Ways Is Ahead of the Celestial Empire In Point of Material Progress.

For many years it has been understood in a general way by the civilized that the island of Formosa is a most beautiful place, that a certain highly prized sort of tea is raised there and that its inhabitants are partly Chinese and partly savage. Beyond these facts few have cared to know and fewer yet, even among the well read, have been informed.

Now, however, since the beautiful island is to be turned over to Japan by China as part of the price of peace, the outside world is making many inquiries, and gradually many interesting facts are coming to light. Formosa is about 240 miles long and 70 miles wide. It lies to the east of the Chinese mainland, at an average distance of about 90 miles, the body of water between the two being known as the Formosa channel, which is used as a thoroughfare by the Pacific Mail and many other steamers engaged in the trade of the far east. Although this channel is landlocked, so far as the gales of the Pacific are concerned, its surface is apt to be anything but a placid sea, as the typhoon, one of the most dreadful winds of the orient, is especially fond of blowing the biggest kind of great guns there. The island is

A TEA GO DOWN AT TAMSUI.

longitudinally separated into two parts by a range of mountains extending from the northern to the southern extremity. Many of these mountains are of volcanic origin, and some two or three are still active vents for the products of internal disturbances.

That part of the island lying to the west of the mountain ridge is by far the more progressive, albeit the progress is mainly of the Chinese sort, though somewhat in advance of that of the celebrated empire. The products, besides tea, are camphor, sugar, drugs, tropical fruits, spices, maize, dye stuffs, tobacco, rice, jute, hemp, coal and sulphur, and there is a rather extensive commerce between the dealers in these articles and the rest of the world, the imported goods being principally opium, cheap cotton goods and a limited range of manufactured articles. Along the western coast there are numerous towns, chiefly inhabited by Chinese from Amoy, Swatow and other places in the province of Fukien, to the government of which the island has formerly been tributary.

Kelung is the chief city of Formosa from a commercial standpoint. It is located on the west coast near the northern extremity and owes its importance to its exports of coal dug from the mines near by. Tamsui is another important city, the prized Formosa tea being its chief article of export. Taiwan, the capital, is much farther south than either of these cities. Besides its commercial importance, which is considerable, this city brings forth the further claim for attention that it is better paved, better built and better cleaned than almost any other Chinese city. Takao is still farther south, and it is from these two last named cities that most of the fruit and other exports aside from tea and coal are sent.

To the east of the mountains the inhabitants are mostly aboriginal savages, sunken so low in the scale of human development as to make the Chinese civilization to the west seem almost like enlightenment in comparison. These savages have always flatly declined to submit to the rule of the Chinese, and there have been many contests between the mongols and the natives, though these fights have been less sanguinary than the encounters between different tribes of the natives themselves. According to all accounts, there is always fighting going on among these tribes, and it is understood that the quelling of the turbulent aborigines will be one of the first tasks undertaken by the Japanese after they actually take possession of the island.

A number of English and German traders are located in Formosa, and it appears that the best part of the foreign trade has drifted into the hands of these men. Some years ago a protege of Li Hung Chang named Lin Ming Chuan was made governor, and he at once began to introduce all sorts of occidental improvements, projecting railroads, telegraphs and many other new fangled things. It was largely due to his energy and enterprise that the coal mines in the northern part of the island were opened, and it seemed likely at one time that he would soon cause his domain to lead all China in material progress. It has been explained that he did all these things in accordance with the wishes of the viceroy and the imperial government, who desired to test the availability of modern mechanical improvements in Formosa before risking them on the mainland. However that may be, the governor did not carry out his plans of improvement beyond a limited degree, and he was ordered to be disgraced while in the midst of his career of progress.

It was claimed some four or five years ago, at the time his degradation occurred, that he had been detected in making combinations with a certain German trader, whereby the trader got a monopoly in certain lines of trade and the governor took a part of the profits—in other words, that the two men had a "deal" on. Lin Ming Chuan is said to have borne his disgrace in the most philosophical spirit, and well he may have done so, if the published accounts are correct, for the degradation is said to have consisted simply of a button's removal and not to have included the cutting down of any of his revenues or the curtailment of any of the privileges of the German trader who made the "deal" with him.

The course taken by Japan in the government of Formosa will be watched with the greatest interest by the rest of the world.

Curious Facts.

The medical statistics of this country have been studied by Dr. John T. Billings from the racial standpoint. He deduces many curious facts: The infantile death rate among the blacks is very high; the race itself is shorter lived than the white; it is less liable than the white to malaria, yellow fever and cancer, but succumbs more readily to tuberculosis and pneumonia. Irish children survive infantile diseases, but the adult death rate is high; tuberculosis, pneumonia and alcoholism cut them down. Germans are especially liable to digestive disorders and cancer. Jews have a low death rate; they live long; their diseases are diabetes, locomotor ataxia and kindred nervous ailments.—Zion's Herald, Boston.

Ouida's Dresses.

The novelist Ouida is decidedly plain looking, about 50 years old and "overdresses shockingly." She drives on the fashionable thoroughfares in Florence every bright day, a gay picture against the turquoise blue satin of her smart brougham, in an orange colored batiste, much trimmed with lace, and a black guipure mantilla.—London Sun.

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

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., is one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast.

Prize Fighting Among Fish.

One of the popular amusements of Siam is fish fighting, just as horse racing holds a high place in England.

The two fighting fish are placed in a huge bottle together, and they proceed to take each other's measure, shoulder up to each other in schoolboy fashion and back and push around the "ring," the small fins vibrating rapidly all the time, and each little being quivering with excitement and wrath. This goes on for some minutes, until, as the spectators are growing impatient, one fish suddenly makes a dart and a bite at his adversary's tail. Henceforth there is no hesitation until one or other gives in.

The Siamese back their fish just as money is staked on horses here, and then the battle is continued until one fish is chased around the bottle by the other. But this is usually an affair of an hour and frequently three or four. The fish are reared specially for fighting and display wonderful pluck and determination.

The tail is the part which shows most damage, although it is very easily torn, but a good grip on the side fin is very effective. They display considerable agility in evading their opponent's mouth and also in suddenly twisting round and taking a piece out of its tail. In 20 minutes or so these appendages, which looked so brave and bright as they started to the fray, are torn to ribbons.—Times of India.

A Good Fit.

At the Wigan pantomime the other night two ladies who lived at a distance, having to catch an early train, were obliged to leave the theater before the performance was finished. Selecting, as they thought, a quiet interlude, they were passing out of the stalls, when an actor suddenly appeared on the stage, and repeating a part of his role exclaimed: "There they go—the only two women I ever loved. One I couldn't have, and the other I couldn't get." The amusement of the audience and the astonishment of the young ladies can be imagined.—London Spare Moments.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" was the work of Annie McVicar, afterward Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

In all the out door sports of the season the weather is playing champion to knock out and close up games. A change will come, of course, and with hot weather will come the fiercer struggle to make up for lost time. All this means a greater amount of wear and tear to the body, to its muscles, nerves and bones. What the damage in all will be from sprains, bruises, wounds, hurts, inflammations, contusions and the like, no one can tell, but there is a championship to be won, important to all, to which few give sufficient consideration, and that is the triumph over all these pains and mishaps in the surest, promptest way. St. Jacobs Oil is the champion remedy for all such ailments; it does not disappoint and never postpones a cure for any cause whatever.

New woman has a lot to learn,
Emerging from her prison.
The new man says it's now his turn
To talk; she's got to listen.

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.

A girl who has a piano and a pink silk evening dress is equipped for the voyage of life, whether she has a cargo of sense or not.

A GREAT STAYER.

As competition increases it becomes harder and harder for the business man to succeed, and in recognition of this fact, the public is often informed that this or that thing has "come to stay." A strong purpose is good, but doing the thing is even better. One of the greatest stayers we know of is Pain-Killer, the advertisements of which we are printing elsewhere. This famous old family remedy has stayed in the homes of the country 55 years, and is to-day more popular than ever. This one fact proves its value, and makes argument unnecessary. It only remains for the proprietors (as they are now doing) to remind each coming generation that for over half a century Pain-Killer has been recognized as the handiest, surest and cheapest cure for the common ills of humanity, and that a bottle on their shelf will sooner or later save them trouble and suffering and money.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure!

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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.

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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.

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10-CENT MUSIC—Send for catalogues.

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Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
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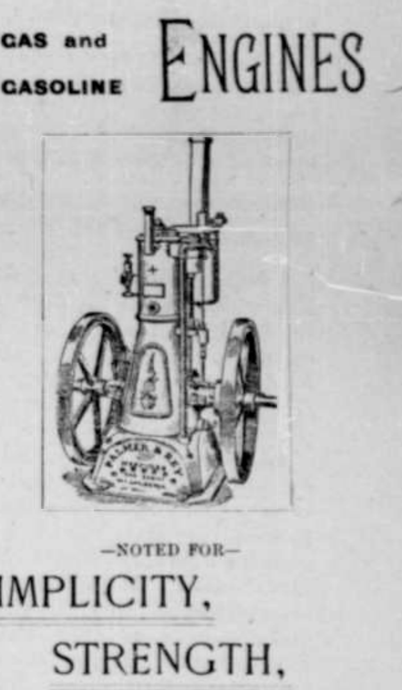

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