COOK BOOK FREE.

Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them.

"The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook."

Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School. Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
106 Wall Street, N. Y.

SACRED ANIMALS IN OLD EGYPT.

Many of the Creatures Embalmed and Put In Catacombs by the Ancients.

Not only did the ancient Egyptians embalm the bodies of the human dead. They performed a like operation upon the remains of the sacred animals, though in general less expense and trouble were taken over them, animals being chiefly prepared by soaking in natron. The list of sacred animals is a long one, though the very ones that were most highly esteemed in some places were most abhorred in others. The list includes dogs, cats, monkeys, lions, wolves, jackals, foxes, hyenas, bears, ichneumon, shrew mice, bulls, deer, goats, sheep, hippopotami, vultures, eagles, falcons, hawks, owls, ibis, geese, swallows, crocodiles, toads, lizards, serpents, fish of various kinds, rats, mice, beetles and even insects and flies. As a rule, with the large animals, the head only was mummied, the body being represented by pieces of wood. The birds are squeezed together and lose their shape, except the ibis, which, according to Belzoni, is formed like a fowl ready to be cooked. The ibis and hawk appear to have had the most care bestowed upon them, for rosin and asphalt are frequently found within their envelopes. Birds in general, having been wrapped in their bandages, were then placed in an earthen urn and deposited in the tomb. No mummies of animals are to be met with in the tombs of the higher class persons. Most of them had their own proper sepulchers consecrated and appropriated to their species only, but they were occasionally found mixed.

The catacomb of birds is distinct from the catacomb of human mummies. One bird only is inclosed in each earthen pot, and an infinite number of pots were found in good order, whole and sealed. The hot nature of the materials with which they had been embalmed had, however, dried up the greater number to powder. Upon the possession of Egypt by the French upward of 500 mummies of the ibis alone were discovered in the catacomb of birds. Certain animals were maintained at the public expense in sacred parks, and people were appointed to nourish them with the greatest care. Bread, milk, honey, meat, birds, fish, etc., were all supplied according to the nature of the animals. No expense was spared. The keepers bore upon their persons the resemblance of the species to which their care was devoted, and people paid remarks of respect to them as they passed along. The greatest sorrow was manifested at the death of any of them. They were embalmed and interred with great pomp and splendor. So great was the veneration in which these animals were held that, though when a famine afflicted Egypt the people were driven to eat human flesh, yet the sacred beasts, birds, reptiles or fishes were always respected. They would rather eat their own species than lay sacrilegious hands upon what might be gods in disguise. Animals of the lowest character, even noxious insects, were fostered in their temples, nourished by their priests, embalmed after death, entombed with pomp and received all kinds of honors. Those who, either by accident or design, occasioned the death of any of these animals paid the forfeit of their lives as the penalty of the offense. Diodorus Siculus says: "He who has voluntarily killed a consecrated animal is punishable with death, but if any one has even involuntarily killed a cat or an ibis it is impossible for him to escape capital punishment. The mob drags him to it, treating him with every cruelty and sometimes without waiting for judgment to be passed."—London Society.

School For Gamblers.

The croupiers of Monte Carlo have a school for gambling in which they learn the ins and outs of the games, the method of defeating trickery, manual dexterity in clearing the boards and paying the stakes, readiness in reckoning and in dealing and shuffling the cards, and so on. Most of them come from Alsace.

A Living Statue.

A man at Marseilles has made a bet that he will stand for 28 days on a pedestal and pose as a statue, with only 28 hours off during the whole time. The scene of the bet is to be Marseilles, and the living statue will be watched night and day by those betting on or against him.

Filial Revenge.

"What will you do when you are grown up?"

Little Boy (putting on a serious look, as though remembering certain unpleasant episodes of his life)—I will thrash papa.—Svegliarino.

A GREAT CELEBRATION.

Portland Will Observe the Fourth Better Than Ever.

Arrangements are well under way for the greatest celebration of the Fourth of July at Portland ever held in the metropolis. The celebration will occupy three days, from the 3d to the 5th, inclusive. The Fourth will of course be the big day, and will be filled up with a splendid programme. A great parade will take place at 10:30 A. M. During the day there will be numerous and varied amusements, with many new features. Speed Association races at Irvington Park, purses aggregating $29,000, in the afternoons. The most gorgeous pyrotechnic display ever witnessed in the Northwest in the evening. Everybody assured a "great time" at small expense. Reduced rates on all lines of travel.

Dr. PIERCE'S
Golden Medical
DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

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

A CHRONIC SPELLBINDER.

Opiates Given to Prevent John N. Reynolds Talking Himself to Death.

The doctors at the Osawatomie Insane asylum keep John N. Reynolds, famous as an ex-convict, under the influence of opiates about half the time. They have to do it to prevent him from talking himself to death, says the Kansas City Times. He wants to make speeches day and night. One morning he commenced to deliver a temperance lecture and did not quit for 27 hours, and only then when he fainted from hunger and exhaustion. He weighed 200 pounds when he entered the asylum. He has talked himself down to 120.

Reynolds ran for senator while an inmate of the penitentiary. He was formerly president of a bogus live stock insurance company at Atchison. He advertised

JOHN N. REYNOLDS.

the concern extensively and was sent to the penitentiary for the fraudulent use of the mails. He claimed that his enemies were persecuting him, and to test his standing in the community announced himself as a candidate for state senator. He received 500 votes.

Upon his release from prison Reynolds wrote a book about penitentiaries of Kansas and Missouri. It was entitled "Twin Hells." He cleared about $40,000 on the sale of the book, but the money went as fast as he got it. He was a great spendthrift.

Two years ago Reynolds took the lecture platform in the interest of prison reform. He kept this up six months, and then his mind went wrong. One day while making a speech on a street corner in Houston he became a raving maniac and was sent to his family at Atchison in chains. Shortly thereafter he was placed in the asylum.

Reynolds is 46 years old. He has been a lawyer, a preacher, a banker, a farmer, a schoolteacher, a contractor, an author, a merchant, an editor, a lecturer and an actor. He has a wife and five children at Atchison, to whom he was devoted.

After his term in the penitentiary Reynolds always lectured in prison garb.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

John O. Bache, a Defaulter Who Disappeared Last Winter, Heard From.

John Owen Bache, the New York financial manager of the Union Central Life Insurance company of Cincinnati, who disappeared on Feb. 28 last while on his way to Boston, is now on a steamer bound for Madagascar, so a letter received in New York recently from Bache says.

The letter was written to Miss Nellie Sargeant, who claims to have been engaged to be married to Bache, in ignorance of the fact that he has a wife living. Bache wrote to Miss Sargeant from Rouen, France, and said that by the time the letter was delivered here he would be en route to Madagascar, where he intended to end his days.

Bache has had an eventful career. Thirteen years ago he was the rector of the Church of the Mediator and a warm friend of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr. At that time, one dark night, Bache was beaten senseless and robbed on Fifty-first street, near Fourth avenue. It was stated that blackmail was directed against Mr. Tyng, owing to Wall street speculations. Mr.

JOHN OWEN BACHE.

Bache undertook to settle with the blackmailers and was waylaid by them. It was shortly afterward that Mr. Bache followed Mr. Tyng's example and drifted into the life insurance business. He made a success in his new field, and up to the time of his disappearance was considered one of the most capable men in the business.

He left New York on Feb. 28 in company with Dr. Henry T. Boyle, one of the medical examiners of the company, for Boston. Several days later Dr. Boyle turned up alone in Boston, apparently demented. He said he and Bache went on the Plymouth together to spend a pleasant evening. The next evening Bache was missing, and although several clews were run out by detectives no trace of him had been found up to the receipt of the present letter from Rouen. A few days after his disappearance it became known that Bache was indebted to the company in the sum of about $3,000, and that his notes for about $4,000 had gone to protest at one of the banks.

A Modern English Gentleman.

This recipe to make "a modern English gentleman" is offered by Mr. Labouchere: "Wash a large, red stock jobber, brush and trim, baste all over with money, arrange in a luxurious west end house, surround with puff paste, then serve up hot. Will keep for months."

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

SLUMBER SONG.

Creep into my arms, my baby dear,
And mother will sing to you, soft and low,
A little song you'll be glad to hear
Of the old moon sheep and her lambs, that go
Up the sky
And down the sky,
And over the hills that seem so high.

The moon is the mother sheep, my dear;
The stars are her little lambs, and they
Follow her, follow her, there and here,
In the wide sky meadows to leap and play.
Up the sky
And down the sky,
And over the hilltops by and by.

Rock-a-by, baby, and go to sleep;
The little star lambs will sleepy grow
And all lie down with the moon to sleep
Till the sun goes down at night, and so
Up the sky
And down the sky
The moon and her little white lambs go by.
Go to sleep
And mother'll keep
Watch o'er her lamb, like the old moon sheep.
—Youth's Companion.

A LUCKY "SPEC."

A black nor'easter was working its wicked will in the harbor of Alexander, the capital town of one of our colonies, as we steamed into it on board the Omeo in June, 1874. Blinding rain poured pitilessly down. The whole of the magnificent sheet of water which forms the landlocked harbor was a seething mass of foam, and as we rounded the inner heads the roar of the surf on the Eritonga beach, which faces the entrance to the harbor, was ominously distinct. Under the skillful guidance of our skipper, Jock Maclean, familiarly known on the coast as Hell Fire Jock, we felt our way to the pier. I had been spending a long holiday in sightseeing. What between Rotomahana and the Hot lakes, Sydney, Melbourne and Hobart Town, when I landed on the pier at Alexander I possessed three portmanteaus and 7 shillings. However, I chartered a buggy and drove with all the confidence in the world to the Empire hotel.

Having done justice to an excellent dinner, I determined to hunt up an old press comrade, Frank Gifford, who, I had heard, was the editor of the Alexander Daily Post. The rain was coming down with tropical vengeance, and from all the numerous hills upon which the Empire City, as they call it, is situated, miniature torrents of water poured down and inundated the Te Aro flat, the business portion of the town. It was an uninviting night, but the stimulus of an empty pocket overcame my repugnance to quit the cheerful halls of host Moeller. Luckily the offices of The Post were close handy, so I was not quite drowned by the time I was shaking Gifford by the hand.

He welcomed my advent in a reassuring manner, which eased my mind somewhat as to the inevitable mauvais quart d'heure. We had the usual shop talk. Fisher of the Gulgong Advertiser had died in a fit of delirium tremens, Clarke of The Argus had been dismissed for sending in a glowing criticism of a theatrical performance which had not taken place, Holloway of the Waillato Times was editing the Tauranga Trumpet, Dillon had ratted and now swore by Bogle, the premier of the day; Jock Danderson had abandoned journalism and was keeping a public house, and so forth. Then Master Frank dilated upon his own prospects. He had but two complaints to make—firstly, his proprietor was an old brute; secondly, his subeditor was a young fool. My experience is that most newspaper proprietors are old brutes, and that most subeditors are—not so wise as they would be thought. "Subeditor!" said Frank. "He's excellent at the 'devouring element,' admirable at 'casting a gloom over the entire community' and altogether unapproachable when he has to record the fact that 'our esteemed and enterprising fellow townsmen, Stains & Kircaldie, have added to their emporium a new shop front, which is a credit to the town and quite an ornament to Te Aro street;' but, as to subediting, he knows as much about it as Mount Cook does of a policeman."

Sympathizing deeply with my friend, for I, too, had had bitter experience of paste and scissors men, I suggested that perhaps on the whole it wouldn't be amiss if Mr. Mosely were sent about his business and I were installed in his chair. Frank jumped at the idea, but explained that the "old brute" had an absurd quixotic belief in Mosely because that eminent paste pottist, though not a genius, was always sober.

A deep plot was then concocted whereby the old brute was to be got round and Mosely circumvented. As a part of this plan it was arranged that I should attend a performance to be given that evening at the Odd Fellows' hall by Professor Beda, who described himself as the premier equilibrist tight rope walker of the world and champion prestidigitator of the universe. I was to return to the office and write as excellent an account as I could. "You'll have, in fact," said Frank, "to 'fake' it." And I did.

The rain was still pelting down as I struggled to the hall. The roads were in places two feet deep in water. What with the wind, the rain and the darkness of the streets—there was no gas in Alexander in those days—I had considerable difficulty in getting to the place at all, but at last I reached it, presented my ticket to an attendant who glared at me as savagely as a balked box keeper and entered the room. The place was well lighted, warm and comfortable, and was a pleasing contrast to the horrors of the night outside. A dejected looking pianist was playing a lively tune, and all things were ready for the feast. All things but one—the audience. There wasn't a soul in the place but myself, and I was a deadhead. Seeing that it was now half past 8, and that the performance should have commenced at 8, this did not look promising. However, my business was to report the show, so down I sat and read the programme through half a dozen times, dimly conscious the while that the piano was informing me that "there was a good time coming, boys, only wait a little longer." What with the music and the lulling effect of the raindrops pattering with monotonous regularity on the shingled roof, I fell asleep and awoke to find the dejected pianist thundering out: "There is nae luck about the house; there is nae luck at all."

I looked at my watch. Five minutes to 9, and I was still the oldest inhabitant. There was to be nae luck that night; that was certain. The pianist disappeared behind the curtain. I sat stolidly on. I was there to report that show, and report it I was determined to, whatever happened. Everything happens to him who waits.

This happened to me. Professor Beda, in a shabby suit of evening clothes, looking as though they were suffering from a long course of being let out on hire, came before the curtain, and addressing the audience said, "Sir." The novelty of the exordium aroused my attention, and looking at the professor closely I recognized him. Professor Beda, the premier tight rope dancer of the world and champion prestidigitator of the universe, was no other than Harry Becker, who had been a private in my company of Forest rangers during the war.

"Sir," said he. "I am sorry to see so small an attendance here this evening. However, it is my boast that I never disappoint the public, and though I am afraid the proceeds of the evening's entertainment will barely pay expenses, nevertheless with your kind permission the performance will now proceed."

And it did proceed. As gravely and cheerily as though the hall had been crammed to suffocation the professor went through his entertainment. He borrowed my watch and pounded it in a mortar; he begged the loan of a half crown—it was all I had in the world, but I trusted him with it—he spirited my pocket handkerchief into the center of a candle and performed a number of other tricks with ease and dexterity. All his little jokes and funniments, all the antics of his assistant—Sprightly he was called in the programme—were punctually gone through, and a very fair show it was—for the colonies. When he came to "This concludes the first portion of the entertainment. There will be an intermission of 10 minutes," I could stand it no longer. The melancholy pianist was announced to sing a comic song, which perhaps precipitated my decision. I asked him to tell Professor Beda that the audience would be glad to speak to him for a minute or two. I "went round."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said the professor. "Pray be seated. May I offer you a little whisky and water? You are a gentleman of the press, sir, I understand."

Yes. I represented The Post and was there to do his show.

"I thought, sir, I would give you a specimen of what I can do, and if you'd like it I am quite prepared to go through the whole entertainment."

I explained that there was no occasion for that, because I could write about it quite as well without seeing it—perhaps better. If "gentlemen of the press" were to confine themselves to what they see, the business would soon go to the dogs.

We had some whisky and water, and the professor began to talk less formally.

"Well, sir, they told me down south Alexander was one of the best pitches in the profession. It doesn't look much like it. Seems to me about the one horsedest place ever I was in, except Naipaw, and that ain't even a one donkey place. Not a soul in the house but you, sir, and this here blessed show has cost me out of pocket £5 10. Paid in advance too. A couple o' pound for the hall and the lights, a pound for the pianner, a couple o' pound for fixing up the rope and 10 bob for a money taker. Think of that, sir! Ain't it hard? Ain't it cruel? Ten bob for a money taker!"

That did seem hard indeed, but I explained that I thought that shows usually took especial care to have a money taker of their own for obvious reasons.

"So they do, sir, and so do I. My wife takes the money always—always has done ever since I took to the business—but my luck's dead out. She's up at Britten's—you know, sir, the hotel—in bed with a smashed foot. Some clumsy fool on the Star of the South as we were coming here from the south lets a great packing case right on her foot and smashes her. The doctor says she'll be a fortnight or better. Ten bob for a money taker! If it ain't the cruelest thing as ever I hear! And then the rain! Did anybody ever see it rain like it? It's been a-coming down, down, down like this for three blessed days. Not a soul in the house. Ten bob for a money taker! Help yourself, sir."

I suggested that he might have better luck the next night and corroborated the opinion he had heard down south that Alexander was an excellent place as a rule for performances of all kinds.

"No, sir. The luck's out, and I'm about broke, that's what I am, and I ain't got the money. There's the hall, they will have it in advance; there's the pianner, they wants that in advance, and there's the advertisements not a line they'll give me till I've paid for today's ads, nor a line, not The Post, nor The Independent, nor none of 'em. 'Advance New Zealand.' That's their motto, is it? Pay in advance it ought to be. Ten bob for a money taker!"

Then a brilliant idea occurred to me.

The professor was stone broke. So was I. I knew what the professor did not apparently—that these black nor'easters at Alexander never lasted more than three days. In all probability the next day would be bright and lovely, cold and sunshiny. If so, the sloppy roads would in a few hours be hard, firm and dry, for the soil is limestone. I knew how prone the people of all conditions were to shows. The money for the hall and the "pianner" I could borrow from Gifford. The ads I could manage with a little persuasion, not unmixed with cheek, and as to the money taker I'd be my own, so that "10 bob" and the mortification attaching thereto would be saved. Happy thought! I'd risk it.

"Professor Beda," said I, "otherwise Harry Becker"—he gave a start—"yes, you were in my company of the Forest rangers. I've grown a beard since and altered a good deal no doubt. Now, professor, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay for the hall and the 'pianner,' and the ads tomorrow. You do your entertainment. I'll take the money, and after £10 we'll share the receipts."

"I should never have known you, sir, with that beard. The old Forest rangers! Do you remember Captain Ross being shot alongside me and you, sir, at Waiapu? How he did bleed! I should never have known you, sir. Well, sir, I'll tell you what it is, it ain't no risk to me, and I'll do it. I can't be no worse off than I am. How I'm to leave the town and pay the hotel and doctor and passage money on to Tauranga, blessed if I know. I'll do it, sir. Shake hands on it. It's a bargain. Me and you divides after 10 pound."

We cemented that arrangement with another whisky, and away I posted to the office of The Post. The venture looked unpromising enough. The rain was still sluicing down with purposeful pertinacity. I half repented of my bargain. But the bond was as binding as though it had been signed, sealed and delivered and witnessed by all the attorneys on the rolls. So I sloshed my way to the office of The Post knee deep in mud and water. The "old brute" had not turned up and was, in fact, on one of his "bursts," as certain fits of temporary aberration are called in the colony. I propounded the matter to Gifford. He was more cautious than to me appeared good. But I wooed him with my golden tongue, not only out of the harmless necessary five, but out of a letter to the other papers, guaranteeing the money for the next day's ads.

"How about the show?" said Gifford. "Magnificent! You wait and see what I write about it when I return." And away I went to The Independent and The Herald, polished up the professor's ads, and as no report had been done at either place I wrote as puffing a paragraph as I thought they would stand for each paper and then hurried back to The Post to concoct as flaming an account as I could contrive, and I think I may say that it was strong. I may even venture to go further and to say that it was about as glowing as such notices can be made. Repeated applications to Roget's Thesaurus were necessary. Gifford, who was reading my slips as I finished them, objected once or twice. "Come, I say, this is too hot. The old man'll have a fit." The old man was the "old brute."

"Well, from what you tell me," I replied, "he's likely to have one anyhow, so it won't matter." Had the professor been Houdin, Heller, the Wizard of the North and Herr Frikell combined I couldn't have been more lavish of my admiration.

It is usual to conclude this kind of article with some notice of the audience present, and here for a minute or two I was fairly nonplused. But the old story occurred to me of the audience of one at the Portsmouth theater. The performance was proceeding merrily when the manager missed the audience. Hurrying to the front, he asked anxiously, "Where, where is the audience?" "Sir," said the boxkeeper, "he has gone to get some beer, but he is delighted with the performance and says he'll be back in a minute." "Let business proceed," said the manager. And it did proceed. Why I do not know, but this story suggested to me a way out of the difficulty I was in. I concluded with the following peroration: "Altogether Professor Beda's entertainment is one of the most admirable and entertaining that have ever visited Alexander or the colonies. At its conclusion the entire audience arose as one man and applauded the professor to the echo." It must indeed have been "to the echo."

Gifford was nervous about the article; but, as I pointed out to him, no one could possibly contradict a word that I had written, and ultimately my notice, which extended over a column and a quarter, was allowed to pass holus bolus.

The rain had ceased when I returned at 3 in the morning to the hotel. Half a dozen times before daybreak I was out of bed inspecting the weather. No rain, the clouds had cleared off, and at 5 o'clock the stars were shining. A cold, bright morning succeeded. At breakfast I heard people asking, "Were you at the hall last night?" "No. Were you?" "No." At luncheon the mayor of the city said, "It's an odd thing; I've asked every one I've seen today about the performance at the Odd Fellows' hall, and not a soul seems to have been there." And I inwardly thanked Mr. Mayor for an excellent advertisement.

The professor and the other persons concerned held their tongues. I had to make it worth their while to do so. "Ten bob for a money taker" developed into a promise of a sovereign if the show paid.

And pay it did. The seat plan at Lyon's, the bookseller, was well spotted with names by 5 o'clock. It was an off day at the house of representatives, it was the height of the Alexander season, and the evening turned out one of those brilliant, cold, starlight nights that New Zealand alone can produce. The doors were opened at half past 7, and I ensconced myself, wearing a pair of green spectacles, in the pay place. The melancholy musician struck up a lively tune, and at 17 minutes to 8 the first shilling for a back seat came in. I have it now. Luckily shillings and half crowns came in plentifully at first, for had any one tendered a sovereign and wanted change I should have been considerably embarrassed. By and by the front seats (5 shillings) began to pour in, and up to a quarter past 8 I was taking money as fast as I could receive it.

The show was a great success—to us. What the audience thought of it I don't know. I do know that the professor and I divided £53 12s. 6d. The plot succeeded, the old brute was malleable, Mosley became "our reporter," and I was for two years subeditor of the Alexander Daily Post.—R. Halkett Lord in London Theater.

UNEASY RESTS THE HEAD.

The Ameer Kept at Home Through Fear That When the Cat's Away, Etc.

The ameer of Afghanistan, who in consideration of a big annual subsidy and frequent lavish presents is England's very good friend and trusty ally against Russian designs in India, is once more debating whether it is safe to leave his country a few months in order to pay a visit to Queen Victoria. It is the English fashion to picture the latter day Afghans as fanatically loyal to their sovereign and devoted to peaceful pursuits, but Ameer Abdur Rahman knows better and fears to leave his devoted subjects to themselves or to expose them to the probable temptations of Russian agents even temporarily. The truth is that the British government shares the ameer's distrust and is by no means anxious to see his highness in England. Negotiations are therefore proceeding to secure in his stead a visit from his two sons, Prince Habibullah and Prince Mahomed Omar, said to be smart young fellows, who are carefully educated to believe that their bread, butter and other blessings depend upon English good will. At present the princes are devoted to each other, but they will not be Afghans if, when their respected father dies, they do not have a fierce fight for the succession. Then will come Russia's opportunity, as England knows very well.—London Truth.

Beginnings of the Income Tax.

In 1377 a "tax unheard of before" was imposed by parliament, which took the form of a poll tax, graduated chiefly according to rank, though partly according to property. Dukes had to pay £6 13s. 4d.; earls, £4; barons, £2; knights, £1; squires, 6s. 8d., or, if they had no land, 3s. 4d. Beggars were exempt. Yet the whole amount collected was under £25,000. The poll tax having failed, the country reverted to the previous system of granting fifteenths and tenths.

The first indication of an income tax occurs in 1435, when an act was passed imposing a tax on every person "seized of manors, lands, tenements, rents, annuities, offices or any other possessions."

But, although we have here the idea of income tax, yet this mode of raising a revenue is generally considered to have been introduced by Pitt in 1799. The rate was 10 per cent, and it produced about £6,000,000. After the peace of Amiens, Addington repealed it on the ground that it ought to be exclusively reserved for times of war, but reimposed it, for the same reason, when the war broke out again in the following year. It was very unpopular and was repealed in 1806, as soon as possible after the close of the great war.

The tax was reimposed by Peel in 1842 for four years, his object being "to relieve trade and commerce from the trammels by which they were bound" by repealing other taxes in his opinion more injurious. We were, however, over and over again promised that it should be only temporary, and it is still only imposed from year to year.—Sir John Lubbock in North American Review.

A Blown Out Candle.

The only reason, it seems, that we don't die when we are in a room where a candle is blown out is that we don't get enough of the deadly composition that is eliminated from the burning wick, of which carbureted hydrogen, carbonic oxide and acroleine are some of the component parts. A medical journal tells of a company of jokers who tried a pleasantry on a boy sleeping in one corner of their room. They held to the boy's nose the smoke of a blown out candle. In a little while the boy fell into short breathing, trembling and cramps and died in three days.—New York Times.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Burlingame, San Mateo County, Cal., will reopen August 6th. It is in charge of Ira G. Hoitt, ex-State Superintendent, and is one of the best schools for boys in California.—S. F. Examiner.

Very Like a Whale.

The excavation of the ruins of Carthage promises to yield valuable results. The explorers of the Mound of St. Louis have come upon a wall composed entirely of large amphorae bedded in earth, the numbers of which run vaguely into thousands.

A sinking of the soil has not left many intact, but the most interesting portions, the stamp of inscription which showed the name of the maker and the date of the wine, can generally be recovered in perfect preservation.

The most curious find, however, recorded so far is that of large fragments of a whale's skeleton among the ruins of what is supposed to be the capitol. Although completely buried in the earth, this was not a marine deposit, nor even a relic of the primitive days when Proteus, as the poet says, "Pecus egit altos visere montes."

The mystery is cleared up in a letter of St. Augustine to his friend Deogratias, written in 408 A. D., wherein he makes mention of a bellua marina, "now on exhibition" at Carthage, to prove that Jonah could have found comfortable accommodation for three days' sojourn in the belly of a whale.—Cosmos.

Candid.

Hostess (to Bobby, who is dining out with his mother)—Will you have another piece of pie, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes'm.

Hostess (smilingly)—And so you are one of the fortunate little boys whose mammas let them have a second piece of pie?

Bobby—Yes'm. She does when we're out visiting, but at home I never get but one piece.—New York Telegram.

Thomas Taylor, M. D., in his report to the department of agriculture, says that mushrooms that change color when cut are not always poisonous, while, on the contrary, the writer knows of several of the nonedible amonitas that do not change color when they are cut.

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 speedily beneficial to the weak and nervous.

"Are you going to the B owns' dance?" "No, I haven't been asked." "Oh I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know."

"Goodluck has had his salary raised. Was it for extra work?" "Yes: he always listens when the proprietor tells his baby's smart sayings."

HOW'S THIS?

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

For Whooping Cough Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DUETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 94.

MUSIC STORE—Wiley B. Allen Co., the oldest, the largest, 211 First St., Portland. Chickering, Hardman, Fischer Pianos, Estey Organs. Low prices, easy terms.
10-CENT MUSIC—Send for catalogues.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Your Health Depends

Upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Therefore, see that your blood is made pure by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today.

HOOD'S PILLS act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

A Glorious Fourth

3--GALA - DAYS--3

July 3, 4, 5, '95

—IN—

PORTLAND, OREGON

Parade Starts 10:30 A. M. of the Fourth.

Gorgeous Pyrotechnic Display
—AT NIGHT—

Speed Association Races in the Afternoon for Purses Aggregating $29,000. Races From June 20 to July 6.

REDUCED RATES ON ALL THE LINES
See small bills for Programmes.

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 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philada., Pa.

All Pain Goes When Pain-Killer Comes

For Colic, Cramps, Cholera Morbus and all Summer Complaints, there is no cure equal to **Pain-Killer.** Get a bottle to-day. Keep it constantly on hand, for there is no kind of pain or ache—internal or external—that

Pain-Killer

will not relieve. Accept no imitation or substitute. Genuine has PERRY DAVIS & SON on bottle. The quantity has been doubled, but the price is still 25c.

SHEEP-DIP LITTLE'S POWDER DIP---THE BEST MADE! Mixes with cold water. Reliable and safe. JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Portland, Or. Gen. Agt's for Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Dakota & Montana.

WEINHARD'S WELL-KNOWN BEER —(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES)— Second to none— No matter where from. T. Y. IT., PORTLAND, OR.

ANTIFERMENTINE

Preserves all kinds of Fruit without cooking, and retains their natural flavor.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

SAPOLIO

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

Estab. 1866. **CORBITT & MACLEAY CO.** Inc. 1893.

IMPORTERS, SHIPPING and COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Liberal advance made on approved consignments of Wheat, Flour, Oats, Wool and Hops. Special imports from China, Japan and India: Tea, Coffee, Rice, Matting and Rugs, Spices, Sago, Tapioca, China Nut Oil, etc. From Liverpool: Liverpool Fine, Coarse and Lump Rock salt, Chemicals of all kinds, Tinplate, selected No. 1 returned Wheat Bags, Hop Burlap, Roll Brimstone, Bass Ale, Guinness' Porter, Scotch and Irish Whisky, Brandy and Wine, for sale in quantities to suit the trade. PORTLAND, OR.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS — DIAMOND BRAND
PENNYROYAL PILLS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2521 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHICKEN RAISING PAYS if you use the Petaluma Incubators & Brooders. Make money while others are wasting time by old processes. Catalog tells all about it, and describes every article needed for the poultry business. 48 Page Illustrated Catalogue FREE.
The "ERIE" mechanically the best wheel. Prettiest model. We are Pacific Coast Agents. Bicycle catalogue, mailed free, gives full description, prices, etc. AGENTS WANTED. PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Petaluma, Cal. BRANCH HOUSE, 231 S Main St., Los Angeles.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IT IS THE BEST
FOOD
FOR
Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and
AGED PERSONS
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
A MILD PHYSIC.
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 a sample free, or a full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. LOSANCO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES **COLD IN HEAD**
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Artificial Eyes
Elastic Stockings
Trusses . . .
Crutches . . .
Write for Prices...
WOODARD, CLARKE & CO. DRUGGISTS
...Portland, Oregon

MEN suffering from the errors, indiscretions, excesses of youth, or disease, of the reproductive organs, all of which lead to Consumption or Insanity if not treated in time, can find PERMANENT CURE by corresponding with us. Our remedies are endorsed by the medical profession. No QUACKERY. HOPKINS MEDICAL CO., Manchester, Conn

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds of symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial, return this advertisement to us.

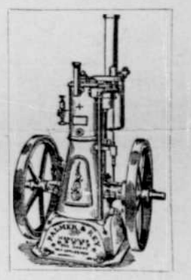
FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

NEW WAY EAST Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane, via O. R. & N. Railway and Great Northern Railway to Montana points, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Address nearest agent. C. C. Donavan, Gen. Agt. Portland, Or.; R. C. Stevens, Gen. Agt., Seattle Wash.; C. G. Dixon, Gen. Agt., Spokane, Wash. No dust; rock-ballast track; fine scenery; palace sleeping and dining cars; buffet-library cars family tourist sleepers; new equipment.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

HERCULES

GAS and GASOLINE **ENGINES**



[—NOTED FOR—
SIMPLICITY,
STRENGTH,
ECONOMY
—AND—
SUPERIOR
WORKMANSHIP
In Every Detail.

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high-grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horse power, and run without an Electric Spark Battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable.

For pumping outfits for irrigating purposes no better engine can be found on the Pacific Coast.

For hoisting outfits for mines they have met with highest approval.

For intermittent power their economy is unquestioned.

STATIONARY AND MARINE ENGINES
—MANUFACTURED BY—
PALMER & REY TYPE FOUNDRY,
PORTLAND, - OREGON
Send for catalogue.

•• AMERICAN ••
TYPE FOUNDERS' CO.

PALMER & REY BRANCH
Electrotypers Stereotypers...
Merchants in Gordon and Peerless Presses, Cylinder Presses, Paper Cutters, Motors of all kinds, Folders, Printing Material.
Patentees of Self-Spacing Type.
Sole Makers of Copper-Alloy Type

N. P. N. U. No. 603—S. F. N. U. No. 680