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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BANKER CAMP'S LOAN BUREAU.

A Milwaukeean's Scheme to Lend Money to the Poor at Reasonable Interest.

Remembering that he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, H. H. Camp, the retired Milwaukee banker, has become interested in a proposed loan bureau that will have for its object

H. H. CAMP.

the loaning of money to poor people at a reasonable rate of interest. It is a well known fact that the people who are least able to pay any interest whatever are invariably compelled to pay the very highest rates for the small loans they secure by placing chattel mortgages upon their personal property. In some instances they part with from 100 to 200 per cent interest in order to procure the money cruel necessity compels them to have.

A fund of $50,000 is needed to start the bureau, and Banker Camp has already expressed his willingness to contribute generously. Rabbi Hecht, J. G. J. Campbell and Howard Green of Milwaukee, have undertaken the task of raising the fund, which will be loaned on the lines followed by similar loan bureaus in New York and Boston. It is proposed to make each subscriber to the fund a member of the board of directors and to pay him 6 per cent interest on all the money he advances.

The rate charged the first year will be 2 per cent a month, which seems rather high at first thought, but is a rate much less than the poor pay now. The second year, it is hoped, the bureau will be able to reduce the rate charged to 1 per cent a month or 12 per cent a year, the sum that is charged in New York and Boston. The bureau will be made self sustaining, and will be run on strict business principles.

In 1886 Mr. Camp organized what is known as the Charity Relief association and donated $40,000, part of the income from which has been used as gifts or loans to deserving poor of Milwaukee. The money is disbursed by Agent Frellson of the Associated Charities of Milwaukee and has done a great deal of good. Mr. Camp located in Milwaukee in 1852, and has since made a reputation as one of the ablest financiers in the west. For 11 years he was president of the First National bank of Milwaukee.

Progress of Dress Reform.

The discussion that followed a paper on "The Ethics of Dress," given at a woman's club the other day, proved that many of the women out of the 800 or more present had already in a measure adopted reform underclothing, but that most of them drew the line at very radical reforms that extended to the dress itself. Union underclothing, hose that are supported by a spiral metal garter, a corded waist in place of a corset and a divided skirt or silk petticoat were the garments most affected. For extra warmth equestrian tights of black wool or silk were urged to be much warmer, lighter and pleasanter to walk in than the old fashioned short skirt of flannel, that had a disagreeable way of wrapping itself about the legs. The wickedness of the corset was illustrated by means of charts, and attention was called to the fact that at the national council of women lately held in Washington only one paper out of the large number read by dress reformers favored the wearing of corsets. Miss Anthony, while she put herself on record as having worn one for many years, admitted that she did not approve of them, and that she had never known a comfortable hour when incased in one.—Philadelphia Times.

Lady Paunceforte.

Lady Paunceforte, the wife of the British embassador, is a thorough cosmopolitan, having been born in India, which, however, she left when an infant. Her childhood was spent in England and her girlhood chiefly on the continent, where she studied in Dresden and other educational centers, thus acquiring fluency in speaking several languages. After her marriage to Sir Julian she accompanied him to Hongkong, where he became attorney general and later on chief justice. After ten years' residence in the far east Sir Julian returned to England with his wife and young daughters. At this time he was knighted and appointed chief justice of the Leeward islands. After a few pleasant years in the tropics they returned to London, where they spent the next 12 years. During this period, as the wife of the assistant secretary of state in the colonial office and later when Sir Julian became under secretary of the foreign office, Lady Paunceforte entered largely into society in London. It is this varied social experience in all quarters of the globe that gives her much of the peculiar charm of manner and ability as a hostess for which she is noted.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Nightingale's Advice.

The Young Woman publishes the following autograph message to the girls of Great Britain from Miss Nightingale: "My 'message' to girls would be: (1) Train yourselves to your work, to your life. The last 25 or 30 years have recognized beyond everything this necessity of training. (2) Have a higher object than the mere undertaking in all you undertake. When we fail or are disappointed, we lose heart and perhaps 'strike work.' But if we have recognized ourselves as (I will not say only) a wheel or a tool in the hands of that Almighty highest and truest and best, we have that blessing of being a part of the whole, and whatever our own failures are never cast down. (3) As one of the best women workers of our day says, 'The talk now is of rights, not right.' Let that not be our case. I am myself always a prisoner from illness and overwork, but all the more I wish you godspeed."

HOLLOW MOUNTAINS.

A Chicago Engineer Has a Brand New Eighteen Carat Building Idea.

Nothing ever awes a Chicago man. Hence it need occasion no surprise to learn that an engineer of the Windy City has developed a scheme by which it is proposed to build single mountains or an entire range at short notice. Charles C. Christensen is this engineer's name. The Chicago mountain idea was evolved by him last July, when he was spending the summer in Colorado, and he brought it home with him and made a blue print of it. Mr. Christensen being the estimater for Fraser & Chalmers, the big manufacturers of mining machinery, a citizen of the United States and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, is not to be classed among the wild eyed visionaries who have been amusing the public so many years. He is an engineer of high reputation, has perfect confidence in his mountain scheme and is supplied with arguments and figures to prove that it is not only practicable, but offers the opportunity for the making of several fortunes. He contemplates a mountain provided with all modern conveniences, such as hotels, sanitariums, pavilions, flats, stores, restaurants, natatoriums and stables, from which a constant revenue would be derived.

Mr. Christensen's mountains, as they are pictured in the blue print, are built of steel and are hollow. They are covered on the inside with steel plates, shaped and painted to imitate cave formations, and the lower part of the walls are clad with thin layers of real rock. There are clusters and lines of incandescent lamps arranged on the ceilings and walls to represent precious stones, and electric fountains, springs and waterfalls to make the caves complete.

The outsides of the mountains are covered with steel plates, forming pockets of many different shapes and sizes, cemented and filled with soil, in which are growing pine and fir trees, mountain shrubbery and wild flowers. The exterior of these pockets, as well as the mountain sides, are clad with layers of hollow rocks of different shapes.

The general scheme of construction is very similar to that employed in skyscraper buildings, with the difference that Mr. Christensen has planned one mountain 1,000 feet high and surmounted it with a tower 500 feet higher. Above the caves are the modern cliff dwellings, built like the Chicago high buildings and divided into suitable flats and furnished with all modern improvements. The upper stories form hotels and sanitariums, and each story will have, besides elevator connection with level ground, an exit to a burro trail, which winds up and down the mountain.

There are 24 floors on the highest mountain planned by Mr. Christensen, 15 floors on the next highest and 10 on the lowest. The low mountain contains a number of small caves, to be used for restaurants, stores and stables, and the large one level with the base for a natatorium. A complete water supply system provides for the subirrigation of the pockets on the mountain sides in which trees are planted, and furnishes natural springs, which unite in streams, flowing down into a lake at the base.—Buffalo Express.

Havana's Busiest Man.

The busiest man in Havana is not Martinez Campos, military dictator, but an old chap, Jose something or other, whose usefulness in life is of a unique but definite character. His profession is that of suffering vicarious imprisonment for the editors who offend the government.

Of course the press censor, especially in troublous times like these, sees to it that none but loyal stuff and news favorable to the Spanish side gets into the papers. But now and then some bold editor sneaks in an insinuation or allusion which the censor skips. If, then, the editor be hauled up in court, as is very likely, he doesn't go himself. Not he. Instead he telephones for Jose something or other, who generally may be found at a certain corner saloon.

"Are you editor of El Pais?" asks the judge.

"I am," replies Jose.

"Did you publish this?"

"I did."

"Ten days in jail." And off to jail goes Jose.

In these busy times he is generally satisfied with his sentences, but in more calm and dull seasons he occasionally asks the judge to send him up for 15 or 20 days instead of 10. Jose's regular compensation for representing journalists in jail is $4 a day.

He has been in the business several years, and is a well known character in Havana.—Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Silk Gown.

In spite of the epidemic of crepons a silk gown is necessary for every woman's wardrobe, says a fashion writer in the Boston Herald. Indeed the greater number she can have the smarter she will be this summer. The silks are simply bewildering in their beauty and in the variety of design. With so many to choose from it is small wonder that nervous prostration is the fashionable complaint at present. The India and China silks have lost their firm hold, and taffetas, broches and such ilk are the silks of the day. The old patterns that were fashionable in our grandmothers' time have all revived and resemble so wonderfully the old time silk that now the girl who was lucky enough last year to put away silks and brocades which had belonged to grandmothers and greataunts can no longer put on airs of superiority, for in almost all the shops can be found the exact counterpart of what she so proudly wore last year—identical in texture, coloring and design.

Making Sure.

On a recent missionary Sunday at one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia the pastor preached on the distress of the heathen and the beneficent influence of Christianity. A practical business man was moved to place $1 in the collection. After the service he waited around to speak to the pastor. When he had secured his attention, he said, "Pastor, I gave $1 to the foreign mission this morning, but I was so impressed by your description of the condition of the heathen races that I would really like to have them get the benefit of that dollar." The pastor looked up inquiringly, and the man added, "Here is $10 to pay the expenses of getting the dollar over there."—Philadelphia Letter.

PREHISTORIC CRIMEA.

The Early History of the Bleak Peninsula Veiled In Mystery.

We halt at the evacuated city of ancient Kherson, remarkable for curious rock dwellings and tombs still containing the bones of early inhabitants, but whether of Tartar invader or Greek colonist, who shall say? Civilization and barbarism tread so closely on each other in the Crimea that historical traces of the distant past often becomes confused beyond recognition.

Crim Tartary, known to the ancient world as Chersonesus Taurica, possessed a legendary reputation many centuries before the Christian era, but the early history of the bleak and barren peninsula is veiled in the twilight of dreamland and myth. Greek thought pictured the Chersonesus as a dark realm of mystery and death, and the fancies of the early poets teemed with vivid imagery drawn from the inhospitable shores and savage cliffs washed by the stormy waves of the treacherous Euxine.

Although the city of Sevastopol was built on the supposed site of Kherson, when the Crimea was annexed to Russia in 1786 recent excavations show that the ancient town extended far inland. Sandy tracks seam the plain in every direction around the rocky dwellings of the early Turi—baths, ovens and cisterns honeycombed the granite foundations, and the museum contains numerous household utensils of earthenware and iron, together with the stone weapons and flint arrowheads of primitive times.

Rude carvings of disks and circles symbolize some forgotten eastern creed, buried too deeply in the dust of ages to be capable of excavation. Archaic sculpture, Greek inscriptions and Roman brickwork suggest a melody of ideas, and we escape from the bewildering chronology of ancient Kherson to the neighboring church of St. Vladimir, a distinct landmark of one memorable epoch in Crimean history. The ancient sanctuary now forms the crypt of the brilliant cathedral overhead, and the rugged simplicity of the venerable church contrasts sharply with the elaborate ornament of the modern temple.

The black stone fount wherein the apostle of Russia baptized the first Tartar converts to Christianity occupies the center of the shadowy crypt, the spot on which St. Vladimir stood being railed off and considered holy ground. Wild looking peasants, with matted hair and long beards, are kissing the jeweled icons in the upper church, with much preliminary bowing and crossing. The uncouth aspect of these fervent worshipers shows that even in the nineteenth century Russia still hovers on the edge of barbarism.

Close at hand lies the monastery of St. George, hewn in a granite cliff which towers up perpendicularly from the Black sea. Long tunnels lead to a labyrinth of cells and chapels, from whence flights of rocky steps emerge on the outside of the precipice, where arbutus clings to the narrow ledges and yellow broom trees wave in the winds.

These impregnable strongholds were able to protect themselves from the fierce tribes of wandering Tartars in the early days of Russian Christianity, and the monastery of St. George, rich in legends of attack and defense, colored by the miracles of local saints, gains additional interest to English minds as Miss Nightingale's headquarters during the Crimean war.

A brown frocked monk, with long gray curls and flowing beard, conducts us through the maze of rock tunnels. His brethren are in choir, and the weird chanting of the eastern church mingles with the eternal voice of the sea as it breaks into foam against the frowning cliff. Across the water, blue as molten lapis lazuli today, thousands of sea gulls fly in a white cloud to their home in the rocks, described as "the bird haunted headlands" even in the days of Euripides, who wove into his great drama, "Iphigenia in Tauris," the wild scenery of this iron bound coast, with its fierce traditions of human sacrifice and barbaric orgies.—London Society.

Two Happy, t'Other One Not.

They were just two days married and happy as a big sunflower.

Anybody could tell those people hadn't been long married. They had walked down the big aisle in the Kimball House dining room in a fashion that suggested the big aisle they had recently journeyed down in some faraway church to the altar, where the fragrant blossoms of the orange tree had shed its perfume and the man at the organ had played soft and low "Oh, Promise Me."

She held fast to his arm as they walked in under the escort of the head waiter and everybody turned in their chairs to watch the procession go by.

When they sat down, nothing seemed to do her but take hold of his hand. This wasn't a bit funny to the fellow who sat next by at the same table. He afterward said it made him weary.

Then she began playing with her husband's hand, taking it and using it as a pencil and drawing lines on the soft linen tablecloth. This was worse, and the man near by was excusable for frowning perceptibly.

All the while they were talking in a most frivolous manner, the climax of the conversation being reached when the bride said:

"You old darling, give me both oose hands."

And then the man near by arose deliberately, turned around three or four times as in a dilemma and finally made for the door.—Atlanta Constitution.

Excess of Intellectualism.

The soul, indeed, can be trained to considerable indifference; it can be rendered obtuse to pain and pleasure, to impressions and affections. But such indifference means not uniting ourselves closer with nature and the infinite, but cutting loose from them on one whole side. The human creature, no longer enjoying, no longer sympathizing, no longer loving, would hold on to the universe only by his reason. The wind would blow, trees rustle, waters murmur, hills be blue and fields green and people around be beautiful, brilliant or kind, sorrowing or clinging, without his being any the wiser.

It would be good practice for dying, as indeed Roman stoicism was the school where men learned to escape from tyranny by suicide of body and soul. Such stoicism is the folly of philosophers, the cowardice of heroes, the blasphemy of those who, believing in gods, reject their good gifts for fear of their bad. It is afraid of the universe and tries to look at it as Perseus at the head of Medusa, only in the reflected image. This excess of intellectualism, thinking to limit all wants to those of the logical intellect, would defeat its own end, for what should the intellect contemplate and discuss, if all were reduced to abstractions, if things existed only as ideas, if the moment, the individual, the sensation, the emotion, ceased to be?—Vernon Lee in Contemporary Review.

His Combination.

Professor of Chemistry—Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a vial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce?

Goodsby (waking up)—Br-r-randy!—London Million.

KEEPER OF THE CLOCKS.

This Is Mr. Foy's Calling as an Official of the New York Elevated Roads.

Probably the most independent position in the Manhattan Elevated Railway company, from president to trackwalker, is held by Charles J. Foy. He is the official clockmaker and time regulator for the corporation, and his calling is unique and out of the ordinary, to say the least. It takes him six full days of hard work to complete the task he has mapped out as his week's work, and then on Monday morning he has to start in and do the same thing over again. His duties require that he keep every clock used by the company in good running order. This means that he must also wind and set them so that they will be kept as nearly correct as possible.

All of the timepieces in his charge are eight day clocks, so that the winding does not have to be done more than once a week. If it did, he would be compelled to engage an assistant, for the present task takes up every minute of his time, and if he misses a day he has hard work to make it up, for unless an accident happens the clocks go right on ticking.

On Monday morning he starts on the stations of the Second avenue line. As soon as the train stops he runs to the ticket office, and, producing a key, which is shaped like a crank, he winds the clock in a jiffy. Then he compares its time with the time of the watch he carries and makes the proper correction in the hands of the clock, if such action is necessary. It is seldom that he fails to catch the following train, and he boards it only to get off at the next station and repeat his task.

On Tuesday the entire day is consumed in this manner on the Third avenue line; on Wednesday he goes along the Sixth avenue branch, and Thursday finds him on the Ninth avenue trains. Friday he devotes his time to the switch trains and offices at all parts of the roads, and on Saturday he remains up in his clockshop in Harlem and manages to clean and repair four or five clocks.

In all Timekeeper Foy has 275 clocks to keep tabs on, and every clock is cleaned once a year. In order to arrange this work without robbing the stations he cleans just five clocks a week, giving each its regular turn, so that when a year has rolled away all the clocks have been attended to and the ones which were first to be cleaned are ready for another brushing up. Mr. Foy likes his position and says there is too much hustling in it for him to feel that it is monotonous.—New York Herald.

The Dear Board Fence.

The small boy was in love. Not that he called it by any such grown up term, but the elders of the family recognized the symptoms as unmistakable. He had come home one day from school full of the charms of a small maiden whose curls—so said the small boy—had bobbed up and down when she played "chaser" just like long yellow shavings. After this any mention of the small maiden caused the small boy to blush a fiery red under his freckles. He also fell into a Mary's little lamb sort of habit of lingering about after school hours until the small maiden did appear, which made him unconscionably late in arriving home. One afternoon he didn't come home at all. At last after supper he came in, his face wreathed with smiles. Was he so very late? Why, he had just staid after school to play "chaser" with the small maiden, and such fun as they had! He had watched her bobbing curls to his heart's content, and they had raced and run all about the schoolyard and the neighboring block until they were thoroughly tired out. "And what did you do then?" asked the small boy's mother. "Oh, then," replied the small boy, his freckles fairly blotted out beneath his blushes, while his eyes beamed ecstatically, "then we leaned against the same board fence."—Philadelphia Press.

Cleansing the Surgeon's Hands.

In Germany the usual method for surgeons to clean their hands is that of Furbinger. It consists in brushing the hands and nails with soap and hot water and then dipping them in an 80 per cent alcohol solution and finally washing with a 2 per cent sublimate of mercury, each part of this proceeding to last one minute. Recently Reinecke of Leipsic has asserted that a sure disinfection of the hands may be obtained by rubbing with alcohol only and washing afterward with pure sterilized water. The alcohol owes its power to its action in dissolving the sebaceous substance on the surface of the skin and enabling the bacteria which adhere to it to be easily washed away. Instead of brushes, which are difficult to clean and which irritate the hands, he recommends loofah sponges. Another reformer in this matter is Dr. Schleich, who rejects all brushing and only washes the hands with a soap invented by himself, which consists of domestic soap (one part), marble powder (three parts) and lysol (4 per cent of the whole).—Philadelphia Record.

Literature and Art.

Those who pursue literature or art in its various branches in this country and have talents in some degree commensurate with their ambition are now generally able to make a comfortable livelihood. Indeed the men and women in the very front rank are beginning to receive incomes which would be highly satisfactory to a leading lawyer or physician. Of course original work in literature or art demands special ability and fitness, but the general utility man is beginning to have many opportunities presented to him in connection with what may be called the clerical work of these professions. The great magazines and publishing houses have an increasing need for trained, scholarly men, for capable critics and discerning advisers in the field both of letter press and illustration.—From "Occupation," by Robert Grant, in Scribner's.

Why He Unraveled His Stockings.

The coolness and resources of the steeplejack were never better shown than in a case which happened in the north a few years ago. A steeplejack had flown his kite over a chimney, and subsequently drawn himself up to the top. He was just beginning his inspection of the work, when, by some mishap, he dropped his rope, and was left, like St. Simon Stylites, alone on his pillar. Attempts were made to fly another kite over him, but the wind had dropped. There were iron ladders inside the chimney, but the fires would have had to be drawn, and the chimney let cool for hours. The steeplejack was then seen to unlace one of his boots, take off the long blue stocking generally worn by workmen, and set to work carefully to unravel it, knotting the pieces of yarn together when necessary. He then fastened a stone to the end, plumbed the depth, picked the other stocking to pieces, and added it to the first length of yarn, and let it down far enough to meet a tall ladder, from which he drew up, first a strong string, next a rope, and then, after completing his inspection of the chimney top, lowered himself to the ground.—London Spectator.

A Mean Trick.

It was a mean trick that Fogg played on the barber. He went in for a shave, and he asked the tonsorial artist if he thought he could give him a hair cut and a shampoo next day, and if he honed razors and if he had any head washes and hair oils that he could recommend. The barber was delighted, and Fogg says he never had a better shave in his life. Of course he can't play that at the same shop again, but there are plenty of other barbers in town, and Fogg thinks he can bamboozle them all in the same way. A great head has Fogg, but wait till one of his victims gets hold of it.—Boston Transcript.

And This Also?

Mrs. Newera (waking suddenly in the night)—What noise is that? Is it you Cyrus?

Mr. Newera—Y-yes, my dear.

Mrs. Newera (composing herself to slumber again)—You won't find anything in my pockets, Cyrus. I put it all in the bank this afternoon.—Chicago Tribune.

BIRD COLONIES.

Great Cliffs Within the Arctic Circle Where Millions Nest.

Within the arctic circle are the great bird colonies. The largest and most remarkable is that of Svaerholt Klubben.

Every inch of this wonderful cliff, which rises about 1,000 feet from the water's edge and is of considerably greater breadth, may be said to be used by the birds. The discharge of a small cannon in the immediate neighborhood will darken the air with millions of birds, but even then a fieldglass will reveal the innumerable ledges white with other undisturbed millions. These consist almost entirely of the small gull (Rissa tridactyla), and they are a source of considerable income to the owner of the colony, who lives at the little fishing station close by. About the middle of May every year, by means of a long ladder placed against the foot of the cliff, he proceeds to collect the eggs. Of these there are at most three to each nest, and the number taken averages from 5,000 to 10,000 annually, or the produce of, say, 3,000 pairs of birds. Ropes are not used for this purpose at Svaerholt, as they are in the Faroe isles, so that the highest of the above figures represents only a very small percentage of the yearly production of the colony, as far the greater portion of the cliff face, where the nests are packed as closely as they can be, remains absolutely untouched.

The food of these multitudes of birds during the summer months consists for the most part of fish spawn (more particularly that of codfish, which is abundant in these northern waters) and of the small crustacea which are driven to and fro by the currents along the coast in immense masses. To the latter belong the tiny organisms Calanus finmarchicus and Uphausia inermis, the favorite food respectively of the whales, Balaenoptera borealis and B. sidbaldii when these giants approach the mouths of the great fiords in July and August. In winter the famous cliff is completely deserted. By the end of August the young gulls are able to take care of themselves and all take their departure, to return no more until the following year in the month of March.—Exchange.

THE ART OF SPELLING

Many Distinguished People Who Were Miserable Failures In This Direction.

A little boy, examined before a magistrate, was asked to spell the sentence, "I am grateful for the benefits I have received." He managed to spell it all correctly, except the last word, which he wrote thus, "recieved."

The magistrate pronounced this to be "fatal," and sent the lad to school. Enforce the same rule impartially all round, and where would be half the world's celebrities?

Take two ladies first. Sarah Bernhardt cannot spell well, and one of our own most celebrated actresses does not always spell correctly. In a recent autograph letter of hers we find "occured."

Then Bismarck never could spell. He himself has confessed to "a lack of diligence at school," as a consequence of which his letters contain many spelling errors. John Bright was another statesman somewhat weak in the same particular.

Among literary men, a famous journalist is a conspicuously bad speller. A brief examination of his "copy" is generally sufficient to discover an error. In a short letter of his occurs the curious blunder "populer."

But plenty of authors slip occasionally. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes makes a mistake in spelling the rather common word "indispensable," which he writes "indispensible."—Pearson's Weekly.

Polly's Last Word.

There is a well known, but depraved, young man about town who has an uncontrollable propensity to pawn anything within reach from his father's handsome house when he runs short of funds. The most prized volumes from the home library, rare pictures and even the piano stool have been stealthily carried off by him to the "hockshop," where they were usually pledged for ridiculously small amounts, only to be quietly redeemed by the distressed members of the depraved young man's family. Finally a valuable and quite talkative pet parrot, the pride of the household, attracted his attention. He soon had cage and parrot at the pawnbroker's, where he eagerly requested a loan of $3. The money lender hesitated because of the garrulous demonstrations of the frightened bird, but finally consented to advance the sum asked. The cage was placed on a back shelf, and as the young man was about to take his leave the parrot piped out in a shrill tone, "Say, Bill, am I here for life?"—Philadelphia Record.

Value of Warm Baths.

Warm baths will often prevent the most virulent disease. A person who may be in fear of having received infection of any kind should take a warm bath, suffer perspiration to ensue and then rub dry. He is advised to dress warmly to guard against taking cold. If the system has imbibed any infectious matter, it will be removed by resorting to the warm bath if the latter be taken before the infection has had time to spread over the system, and even if some time has elapsed the drenching perspiration that may be induced by hot water will be very likely to remove it. In cases of congestion, bilious colic, inflammation, etc., there is no remedy more certain to give relief than a hot bath. In cases of obstinate constipation also wonderful cures have been wrought.—Harrison's Magazine.

How Various Nations Sleep.

In the tropics men sleep in hammocks or upon mats of grass. The East Indian unrolls his light, portable charpoy or mattress, which in the morning is again rolled together and carried away by him. The Japanese lie upon matting with stiff, uncomfortable wooden neck rest. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved and supporting only mats or coverlids. A peculiarity of the German bed is its shortness. Besides that it often consists in part of a large down pillow or upper mattress which spreads over the person and usually answers the purpose of all the other ordinary bedclothing combined. The English beds are the largest beds in the world. The ancient Greeks and Romans had their beds supported on frames, but not flat like ours. The Egyptians had a couch of a peculiar shape, more like an old fashioned easy chair with hollow back and seat.—Philadelphia Press.

The Talking Dog of Zeitz.

London Tit-Bits publishes a wonderful story of the achievements of a boy at the old German town of Zeitz. This boy owns a dog which he taught to pronounce 31 words, 24 German and 7 French. The words are spoken one at a time and only at the dictation of the young teacher. The "talking dog of Zeitz" is the wonder of Europe, and nothing similar has ever been known, except the dog which was exhibited in Holland in 1718. This old time canine wonder could pronounce all the letters of the alphabet, except l, m and n.

On High Olympus.

"What are you looking so glum about, old man?" asked Jupiter.

Mars frowned. "A little German tailor has invented a bullet proof suit that is likely to interfere with my business," said he. "They are getting a little the best of you," chimed in Cupid, "but it will be a cold day before they ever get an armor that is proof against my darts."—Indianapolis Journal.

Confident of It.

Lady of the House—I should think you would be afraid to come around in the back yard. I notice you didn't do it last week on account of our big dog.

Tramp—No'm. But I knew that dog wasn't here no more.

Lady of the House—How did you know it?

Tramp—I let him have that piece of pie you gave me.—Detroit Free Press.

A Saving Thought.

Kate (spitefully)—The men are all alike.

Laura (demurely)—But some have more money than others.—Boston Transcript.

OUR DAILY BREAD

THE GREAT LABOR REQUIRED TO FEED THE MULTITUDE.

The Baker's Task a Hard One—He Soon Breaks Down and Has to Desert His Occupation—A Well-Known Baker Talks With a Reporter.

Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

In speaking of the physical endurance which is required of bakers as a class, Mr. Louis Coppola, of 969 Harvard street, San Francisco, took occasion to say that many of them break down under the severe strain of their work. The most vital point of endurance is the back. The men have to bend over the long troughs in which the dough is mixed. The work is comparatively light until the dough begins to thicken, but then it becomes a continuous process of lifting and throwing the heavy mass in a trough containing three hundred or four hundred pounds of dough. It nessitates the employment of almost herculean strength to properly mix the dough.

"I gave way under the strain of such work," said Mr. Coppola.

"It affected my kidneys, just as it does those of many others who follow the trade. I began to experience pains in the small of my back. At first they were periodial, but they afterwards became more frequent and finally it became so that I suffered from them not only while I was working but when I was at leisure. They would seize upon me while I slept and cause me hours of painful wakefulness. I soon saw that I was being unfitted for my work, so I began taking medicine for the relief of the complaint. It was all to no avail, however, until I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did not take the pills in the confidence that they would in any way relieve me of my suffering, but I bought them simply to see if the many reports of their marvelous power were true. I was soon convinced, for before I had taken very many of them the pains in the regions of my kidneys began to be lessened, and before I had taken a full box I had been entirely relieved. I knew no more wakeful nights, no more painful exertions while at work. In fact, I was a new man, and I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"My sister, Mrs. A. Duncan, has been a sufferer from female weaknesses for some time. She had gone about in a sort of moping, listless way, with no energy for any kind of exertion. When she saw the great good which had been done me by Williams' Pills she determined to take some herself. The result has been very favorable. She has gained strength, is as lively as a young girl, and in fact says she feels as though she were ten years younger than she really is."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hunderd) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

AMONG THE LEPERS.

Those of Molokai Have Many Ways of Occupying Their Time.

Here in this sea girt asylum of people afflicted with the most dreaded of known diseases, from which there is no escape but through the portals of death, is presented one of the noblest and brightest pictures of the glory of Christianity, with its marvels of self sacrifice amid surroundings and under circumstances the most depressing. These poor victims, doomed to the ravages of a disease that completes its deadly work in an average of four or five years, the progress of which is marked with the most significant and destructive precision, can alone appreciate at its true worth the Christian heroism of those who are laboring among them, following in the footsteps of the venerated Father Damien, and ready as he was to accept, if need be, the burden of the disease itself in their behalf. And yet unhappiness does not chill the air of Molokai. Death has lost its terror by reason of its very familiarity, and by the silver lining their faith has given the cloud. The Hawaiians are naturally a light hearted people, and even the shadow of leprosy cannot suppress for long their buoyant temperament.

In Molokai lepers may be found engaged in pleasant pastimes, and among them one may hear the light and cheerful words of greeting and see the sunny smiles. Horse racing, which is a favorite national sport, is indulged in frequently. Nor are the lepers idlers; far from it. They work, while able, in the cultivation of the ground and in other ways, and altogether lead a far pleasanter and more contented life than might be supposed. The improvement of their condition, as compared with what it was when Father Damien took up his residence on the island in 1873, has been chiefly brought about by his influence and the labors of his successors.—Donahoe's Magazine.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Avarice is a weed that will grow only in a barren soil.—Hughes.

Without labor there would be no government and no leading class and nothing to preserve.—U. S. Grant.

Five things are requisite to a good officer—ability, clean hands, dispatch, patience and impartiality.—Penn.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very great ones, alas, are let on long leases.—Sharp.

CONFINEMENT AND HARD WORK

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and thoroughly than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

Bobby—Papa, Jack Mason said his father gave him 50 cents an ". Papa—Well? Bobby—I'd like to say the same of you.

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 A. B. C. Denniston, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, Absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

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

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

The avocations of men go on just the same in winter as in summer, and those who labor hard with hands, body and muscles know this full well. The sport also are just as festive and are attended with many accidents. The chances of accident are about the same to all, but to the laboring man a mishap means very much. For instance, a sprain may cripple badly and mean loss of time, place and money were it not that we all know how readily St. Jacobs Oil will cure a sprain, and prevent all these misgivings. So let us enjoy ourselves without fear.

"Did I understand you to say that you were a pugilist?" "Dat's what." "Manual, oral, or caligraphic?"

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be take out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MOBBS, 215 W. 22d St., N. Y., Oct. 29, 1894.

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By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room P., Omaha Building, Chicago.

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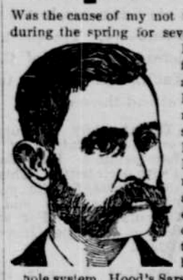
Impure Blood



Was the cause of my not feeling very well during the spring for several years past. I had that tired feeling, was weak and so tired that I could not do much work. For several years I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly, and it has cleansed my blood, driven off that tired feeling and built up my hole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also benefited other members of my family, so that we would not be without a supply." STEPHEN MCCLARE, Greenwood, Arkansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills the after dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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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 sample free, or full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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