Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market."

Marion Harland

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

Returned.

Uncle Sawback (entering lamp store)—Thar, I've brung this instrument back.

Dealer—What's the matter with it?

Uncle Sawback—You said it was a pianner lamp, but Sairy Ann can't git a blame note out of it nohow.—Hartford Bazar.

Emperor William of Germany is a very rapid speaker, and when he is rattling off an address at the rate of 275 syllables a minute the reporters go outside to see a man and come back when the storm is over to write out what they think he said.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures Promptly and Permanently

RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, SPRAINS, BRUISES, INJURIES, CUTS,

NEURALGIA.

ALL ACHES, BURNS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, FROST-BITES,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE BEST

LUMBAGO.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

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ROLLER SKATES

A full stock of Raymond Extension Roller Skates constantly on hand.

Fire Arms, Fishing Tackle

—AND—

Sporting Goods of Every Description

H. T. HUDSON,

93 First Street, PORTLAND, OR.

Send 5 cents in stamps for new 112 page illustrated catalogue.

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Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

DR. PARKER'S SURE COUGH CURE.

One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agents,

GEO. LAHLBINDER & CO., Druggists,

214 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MANN'S BONE CUTTER

Will cut Dry or Green Bones, Meat, Gristle and all Green Cut BONES will double the number of eggs—will make them more fertile—will carry the hens safely through the molting period and put them in condition to lay when eggs command the highest price and will dovelope your chicks faster than any other food.

Feed Green Bones and use **Creosozone** to kill the lice, and you will make *fifty per cent* more profit.

Send for Catalogue and prices.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR COMP'Y. PETALUMA, CAL.

Prune Trees.

Italian and Petite, one year old; 3 to 4 feet high $23 per 1,000; 4 to 6 feet high, $35 per 1,000. Packing done at cost. All trees warranted true to name and free from insects or scale. Send orders to T. J. DAVIS, attorney in fact for G. E. Walker; address, Portland Or.

QUICK!—Want to sell 1000 cases fine SUGAR CORN. Per case of 2 doz., we say $2.25, $2.45, $2.75, $2.85; and Fancy Honey Dew $1.40. Also 800 cases Table Peaches High grade goods, $3.50 per case. Telegraph them at once

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

N. P. N. U. No. 476—S. F. N. U. No. 553

IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of night,
To stray in her solitudes vast,
Pale Memory whispers a vanished delight,
And summons a shade from the past.

Lo! my Marguerite plays; the sweet passion and skill
That we loved speak again in her art,
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will,
Like the chords of a human heart!

It is only a dream, such as travelers say
Thirst gives in the lands of the sun;
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass away—
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words,
If only one moment, to stay,
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloud land of snow,
Are a lake and a valley so fair,
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,
To tell she is sleeping there.

—W. Gow Gregor in Chambers' Journal.

A CALIFORNIA MUSTANG.

The other day a Kern county rancher telegraphed to the best horse doctor in San Francisco:

"Take the next train, come out to my farm, and do what you can for my mustang."

The doctor went, found an old saddle horse, long past usefulness, in fact dying, and returned, wondering what made the rancher so anxious about the animal.

Others wondered, too, until the story was one day told to a few friends who were visiting at the old ranch house near the foothills. There is perhaps nothing in the affair which marks it as different from many occurrences on the frontier, where homes are far apart, and where life itself may sometimes depend upon a saddle horse's speed and bottom. But, told as the rancher told it at his own table, it was a story that long clung to the memory.

"It was more than thirty years ago," he said. "I was 18 years old, and had been away from home attending school. When I came back to the ranch in Kern, near the foothills, my mother came crying to the door to meet me.

"My little sister was very ill. She was only 6 years old, my pet and delight, and my mother was a widow. An elder sister was in Tuolumne teaching school; my brother, who managed the ranch, had gone to Stanislaus to buy sheep, and mother and baby were alone. It was eight miles to the nearest village and stage station, from which place I had walked, reaching the house at dark. I went in and found little Mary unconscious; my mother could not tell what was the matter. I ran down to the pasture and called my colt, Major, the best horse I ever owned. He came at once, and I saddled him and rode off at a gallop.

"It was early winter, and rain had made the road heavy; cloudy all day, a drizzle began before I had been five minutes in the saddle. I had neither whip nor spur. Now and then I spoke to Major, and he knew there was work before him. Two miles we went without a pause, the road dead level and so slippery that I could feel Major slide like a log on a frosted sidewalk; but he managed to keep to his feet and resume his wild pace. He took the bit in his teeth and ran, snorting with excitement; for a year he had not been ridden, and his muscles were steel, his lungs like a steam engine. I let him walk for a few moments, then let him have his head again and again, until he swept into the village in a tearing gallop.

"'Not here,' was the answer, as I hammered at the poctor's door. 'Gone ten miles into the foothills to the old Bemont place.'

"That was east in a direct line, and three miles south was another village where perhaps a doctor could be found. If not it was but a few minutes lost, for another road could be taken to Bemont's.

"Again the wild pace under the clouded sky and cold rain, thoughts of my lonely mother and little sister urging me to yet greater haste. The road was hard, with a thin coating of mud that spattered me from head to foot, and the wind blew sharply in my face. I lived over in memory every scene of our lives, every word said to my sister, every act done in the past—her arms about my neck in thanks for some simple gift; long days behind the plow, with her toddling feet in the furrow; a child asleep in the summer grass, a bunch of wild poppies in her chubby hand, the calico sunbonnet tossed back from the curly head. Then I remembered that when I went away mother wrote me that every day little Mary asked: 'Won't brother Tom come home to-night? I want to see brother Tom.'

"Well, I reached the village and found that the doctor, who lived there, was sick himself. Nothing to do but to start for Bemont's. Again the gallop, no longer on level roads, but through rolling hills and under a darkness that was Egyptian. We were descending into a hollow between high hills. The road was narrow, dark, slippery, and the soft sound of falling rain drowned the noise of wheels. Through a break in the eastern clouds the stars shone out above the hill crest. Suddenly, instantly, without a stroke of warning, there loomed up before me, dreadful as De Quincey's 'Vision of Sudden Death,' a vast moving pile, six mules, a Carson wagon ore laden to the brim, a sleepy driver nodding on his seat—and tearing into that mass of wood, iron, stone and animal life was a tired horse with a heartsick rider.

"Simultaneously the discovery came upon us all. The driver awoke with a loud, affrighted cry, the snorting mules sprang back in a wild group; I heard whiffletrees and harness snap, and a sudden flash of lightning lighted up the dark hollow between the hills to the very feet of the frightened animals. Of myself I could do nothing, so narrow was the space between, so brief the time left for thought. But the instinct of the horse I rode was my salvation. On one side of the road was a shallow ditch, on the other a steep wall of rock. Major gathered himself up and made a leap sideways, screaming as he sprang, and we landed safely below, clearing by a few inches the tangled leaders and the great wheel of the ore wagon. Wild with terror still, Major began to run as he had not run before. He climbed the bank again, and resumed his tearing pace along the roadway, his long mane blown over my face by the wind of his terrible flight.

"That night in the village the teamster told his cronies that a ferocious looking Mexican highwayman had ridden down upon him, frightened his mules and fired several shots as he galloped past. The sheriff heard the story and gathered up a posse of pioneers to look for Josquin Murietta and his desperate gang, and for weeks the miners up in the hills sent a guard with their ore wagons.

"I reached Bemont's in safety only to find that the doctor had returned to the valley by another road, and was already far past any chance of being overtaken; for the condition of my horse now began to warn me that I must slack the headlong pace. I hired a rancher and sent him on a fresh horse after the doctor, while I took the shortest way back across the wide unfenced country.

"When I reached home Mary had been dead an hour. No human power could have prolonged her life. She revived a little once after I had gone and asked if brother Tom had come home.

"No one except myself ever rode Major again. I found it very hard to bear the thoughts of my little sister that came up when I was riding over the hills with the mustang, so I turned him loose in the pasture, and he never had saddlemark but once since, though I have had dozens of men come to me and offer to buy him at any price. It was a great ride we had—the longest and hardest gallop on record in this part of the country, and though I never said much about it, the horse had his reputation.

"When was he ridden again? It was about four years afterward, when he was at his best. There came word from Caliente that a Merced horse had beaten every mustang in the San Joaquin valley. The boys along the Kern county cattle ranges for twenty-five miles tried to beat the Merced mustang, but all that summer he swept the stakes at every sheep shearing and rodeo. One day a dozen of them came for my mustang, and I lent him for one race, to save the credit of the county. He dusted them all, and for months after horsemen came to see him and get him on the race track, but I never let him go again. One time and another I have been called a great many different kinds of a fool for letting the best horse in the valley rest in the pasture."—Charles Howard Shenn in Independent.

IT WAS ROUGH ON THE LAD.

But Then He Looked So Proud They Did Not Dare Offer Him a Lift.

When I was in Switzerland I ran across a half whimsical, half pathetic little incident which befell a Yankee boy of 17. It didn't show much sense on his part, but plenty of pluck, which is not as good as sense, but a good thing when it is needed to fetch a fellow through.

His party was going up to the Rhone Glacier, and he in heedless fashion did not ascertain that the pass divided above Hospenthal, the Furca being the correct road, while the St. Gothard went to the left and down into Italy. He was doing the trip on foot, while the rest of his party were riding.

Taking the footpath, which was a shorter cut than the carriage road, he missed the fork in the road and started off toward Italy without knowing his mistake. He could talk enough French to say Glace du Rhone, and that was about all.

He trudged along the greater part of the day, stopping at a wayside inn for a bite of lunch and a bottle of beer, and not until he reached Airolo at the foot of St. Gothard did he begin to suspect that all was not right. He saw a pretty valley with a tiny glacier at the end.

"Rhone du glace?" he asked of the first Italian he met.

He pointed to the distant ice, and the man nodded, so he went on at a rapid pace, for it was getting late. It was a beautiful and peaceful little vale, dotted with humble crucifixes. The people were polite and bade him good evening, men, women and children.

It was not until nearly sundown that he met an intelligent fellow who talked French and comprehended his Rhone du glace question. He got very much excited, and by gestures more than words indicated that the lad was away off the track, and that, in fact, he must retrace his steps.

After walking all day this was tough news, but there was only one thing to do, turn about and trudge sturdily back. So back he went to Airolo, and after a bite to eat up the mountain side in the grandest moonlight that ever shone.

And so, footsore and weary, with pain at his heart to think of the anxiety of his father when he failed to turn up, he nearly walked the night out, landing at Hospenthal about 4 in the morning. Then he learned his mistake, was told that the diligence would be along at 8 and went to bed. It was the best that he could do.

At 8 the diligence came along—and was crowded. They could not give him a seat. So there was nothing to do but climb again—climb the road he ought to have taken the day before.

But what a climb that was! It seemed as if his feet were as heavy as iron shoes. There were great blisters on them, and he could scarcely put one foot above the other.

When we had traveled for several hours a carriage came along, going the same way as he. It had Americans for passengers. Oh, if they would give him a ride! He looked at them beseechingly. Two young ladies in the carriage looked at him with interest. They had heard his story at Hospenthal. They said afterward that they were dying to offer him a vacant seat in their carriage, but he had such a proud look on his face—heaven save the mark!—that they did not venture lest he should resent it. And so between his silence and theirs he got no ride, but was soon left behind by the strangers, who told the story when they reached the glacier, and relieved the fears of his father, who was almost frantic with grief and anxiety.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when he crept down to the hotel on his blistered feet. Of course he was the hero of the night, and when the people learned of the miles of mountain climbing that he had done they marveled.

As for the two young ladies who pitied but did not invite him, they retired within their shells and hurried away as quickly as they could. So another romance was spoiled because the actors did not do the proper thing, and the wedding which would have taken place in novels did not come off. Alas! how often it is thus in the happenings of the real world.—New York Herald.

Himself to Blame.

In one of Bret Harte's clever parodies of the French he tells a story in words something like these: Three gamins were playing in the streets of Paris. A priest passed by. "There goes a priest," cried one; "look out for your eggs and your chickens!" Then the priest, hearing the words, knelt down and prayed for the boys. But upon reflection he was convinced that it was not the fault of the boys, but of their parents. He knelt down the second time and prayed for the boys' parents. On another thought he saw that it was not the fault of the boys' parents, but of society. He knelt down again and prayed for society. As he rose from his prayer he said to himself: "My friend, who is society? You and I are society." So he knelt down the last time and prayed for himself.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Hard Work for the Almighty.

There is a minister in New York city who said once that he was not certain that he should ever make a long prayer again. What led him to say this was the remark of a very small boy whose mother attends his church. Since the minister learned of the remark, it may not be unfair to tell the story. It was a very long prayer, and when the mother was leading her son from the church after the services the boy said to her, "Mamma, don't you think God must get awfully tired?" His mother looked at him in surprise. "What makes you think so?" she asked. "Oh, he works so hard." She waited a moment. "What makes you think God works so hard?" she asked finally. "Oh, he works hard listening to so many long prayers."—New York Tribune.

Why Dumas Laughed.

Sir Richard Wallace once heard the elder Dumas laughing boisterously in his study, and was told by a servant that Dumas was working and that he often laughed like that at his work. It turned out that the great novelist was "in company with one of his own characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring." But this was years ago, when imagination went hand in hand with animal spirits. It would be difficult to imagine one of the modern intense-realistic-analytical school so easily diverted.—Boston Journal.

How Some Reporters Work.

We started in to get out our first edition a week ago yesterday, and the following are the hours kept by one man on the paper:

From 12 noon Thursday to 7 a. m. Friday.
From 12 noon Friday to 11:30 p. m. Saturday.
From 10:30 a. m. Sunday to 7 a. m. Monday.
From 12 noon Monday to 7 a. m. Tuesday.
From 11:30 a. m. Tuesday to 5 a. m. Wednesday.
From 11:45 a. m. Wednesday to 5:30 a. m. Thursday.

Total number of hours at work for the week amount to 129 hours 45 minutes. Average, 18 hours 32 minutes a day.—Newburyport Standard.

A Farmer's Predicament.

A western Nebraska farmer, having no corn to feed them, loaded up a wagon box full of shoats and took them to Broken Bow to sell. No one would take them, and he turned them loose. The marshal told him he would arrest him unless he took them out of town. He then drove home and was going to kill them when some one told him that he might be arrested for cruelty to animals. He hardly knows what to do.—St. Joseph News.

Walter M. Leman, a veteran actor, who had played before Gen. Jackson, Davy Crockett, Aaron Burr, Charles Dickens and other celebrities, some of whom he knew personally, has just died at San Francisco at the age of 78 years.

Apropos of the amusing baby bunco game by which a number of leading United States senators were fleeced, it is said that over five hundred real or alleged infants have been named after Chauncey Mitchell Depew.

A 14-year-old cat belonging to Mrs. Bradley, of Westport, Conn., recently died. It was given an expensive funeral. The remains were placed in a handsome casket, and a granite slab is to be erected over his grave.

King Kalakaua's most intimate friend in this country was Claus Spreckels, the big sugar refiner, whose advice the king always asked for and usually followed in emergencies.

AN ENEMY BAFFLED.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

"Who is the belle to night?" asked she,
As they stood on the ball-room floor;
He looked around the room to see,
And she speaks to him no more.

HAVE NO EQUAL.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have attained a world-wide reputation solely upon their superlative merits. They have many would-be rivals, but have never been equaled or even approached in curative properties and rapidity and safety of action. Their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and they are recommended as the best external remedy for weak back, rheumatism, sciatica, colds, coughs, sore throat, chest and stomach affections, kidney difficulties, weak muscles, strains, stitches and aches and pains of every description.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Women under 20 and over 70 tell their age.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer $100 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 fifteen 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, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Teacher—What is a citizen? Voice in the rear—Please, mum, it's a policeman with his clothes off.

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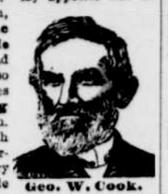

Geo. W. Cook.

Left me in a terribly weak condition; my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt **tired all the time,** had disagreeable roaring noises in my head like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and **severe sinking pains** in my stomach. Having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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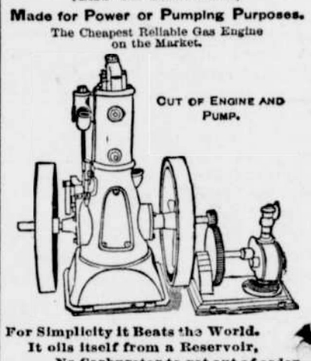

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