

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

Mrs. Miller's Knowledge of Birds.
Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, the well known writer on birds, did not know one bird from another till she was past middle age. At that time a friend, who was an enthusiastic ornithologist, visited her, and to entertain her Mrs. Miller took her through Central and Prospect parks and made with her various excursions to the suburbs of New Jersey and Long Island. It was while endeavoring to prove sympathetic companion to her bird loving friend that her own interest was suddenly awakened. Her ardor and knowledge grew constantly, and today she is an accepted authority on all matters concerning the feathered species. Mrs. Miller starts this spring on a trip to Utah, California and the Yellowstone park in pursuit of her favorite study.—New York Times.

Gloster Lightning.
A curious thunderbolt fell at Berga, near Schlieben, in Germany, recently. It appeared to be a ball of fire and came down the chimney of a bedroom in which a man, his wife and three children were sleeping. On emerging from the fireplace it broke into two parts, each of which assumed a globular form. One of these globes ran along the rafters and disappeared, while the other traveled slowly toward the bed, on which it afterward jumped. Thence the man watched it roam around the room and finally disappear through the wall with a loud crash. None of the occupants were injured further than being temporarily deafened.—New York Recorder.

Bad Boys and a Turtle.
The boys have been keeping the fire department busy of late. Some boys caught a turtle and poured oil over it near the city's house for storing naphtha. On Dwight street, then set the shell on fire. The turtle ran up to the door of the house, and in an instant the whole interior was in flames. An alarm was sounded, and the department worked over two hours before the flames were subdued.—Holtzman (Mass.) Cor. Springfield Republican.

Nine persons of royal blood—one emperor, three kings, one queen, two heirs apparent, one emperor's brother and the wife of one heir presumptive (the Countess of Flanders)—slept on French soil on a recent night.

ANTI-FERMENTINE

Is a **HARMLESS** preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Anti-Fermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-Fermentine.

"Jane, did you invite the gentleman to come in and take a chair?" "Yes, but it was the old man he wanted, because you'd not paid for it."

JUST A LITTLE

pain neglected, may become

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

Just a little

SPRAIN

may make a cripple.

Just a little

BRUISE

may make serious inflammation.

Just a little

BURN

may make an ugly scar.

Just a little

COST

will get a bottle of

ST. JACOBS OIL.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

Years of Comfort against Years of Pain for

JUST A LITTLE.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of buildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. In postage stamps by THE CHAMBERLAIN & VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Agents and school children wishing to make money, write a letter to the Chamberlains and City Mail, every school child should have one, sent at 20c. Also our new story, "The Little Boy Who Found the Treasure," sent at 10c. Just the books to sell these hard times. Owen & Co., Almsworth Hill, Portland, Or.

CLAS POISON-IVY PILLS.—A sure cure for poisoning from ivy or oak. If not improved in 2 days, return the bottle and get your money. Sold by all druggists.

N. P. N. U. No. 505—S. F. N. U. No. 582

EVENTIDE.

At eventide, at eventide,
The day drops anchor in the west,
The far horizon, crimson dyed,
Hears not a sound upon its breast.
With silvery chiming of tinkling bells
The cows come slowly winding home,
Kneading their heads, through grassy dells,
Their dripping dewlaps flecked with foam.

At eventide, at eventide,
The young moon shows his silver horn,
The moonbeams but come forth to glide
Above the fields of rustling corn,
The owl bestirs him from his sleep,
And flits abroad with muffled wing,
While from the vale where shadows creep
The whippoorwill's soft numbers ring.

At eventide, at eventide,
The glittering fireflies, one by one,
Swing tiny lanterns far and wide,
To tell the nocturnal day is done,
The daisy shuts her starry eye,
The forget-me-nots close their nest,
While evening crosses her eyelids,
And rocks the weary world to rest.

—Heaven Whittier Clark in Good Housekeeping.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said, when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running off to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a crowd aboard." Wait for the 3:05 express.

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers, she was determined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently, Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was not and it was dusty and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, on dear!

After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally. At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child, in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion. And the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie glanced her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, saying sotto voce to herself meanwhile.

"It's really the most ridiculous sight I ever saw. The child must be crazy! If it were only an old woman of my age (Mrs. Johnnie was rather fond of calling herself an old woman, although she was only owned to be twenty-eight)—if it were only an old woman of my age now, there might be some excuse. But for a child like that with the complexion of a peach—why—why—this is perfectly preposterous!"

Mrs. Johnnie settled herself comfortably in the seat, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young girl at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted, it's innocent and trusting. Her dress fits her abominably! But she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other was the little sister Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said, indeed, except for some little excursion now and then she never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends, she said, and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh, Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan.

"But I shan't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married!" "Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so? When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, looking down at the two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along, my trousseau dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—except my new pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the mornings, now and then."

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack to do that?" asked Mrs. Johnnie, pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's eyes pronounced to be very bad taste. "And there was a box of complexion powder he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches so and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just at present matters were taking too serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder what the girl was up to. "But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You haven't answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course, you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this way. Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of goodbye. But Jack knows best. I suppose. Only I wish—"

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

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"Well, no—not exactly. He's so busy at this time of year, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known a lady friend of his?" "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down on one of the yachts. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written ever so often."

Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if it comes to that."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love him and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me. Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. She was just slowly digesting together for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car full of men, was certainly no place for a scene. And Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings. "Hurry up, my child," she exclaimed, "the train is waiting for you. Come along!"

"But I thought this train!" "Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions!"

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently. "Don't worry about the little pink dress, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the little pink dress was the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again, Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie laid the task of displaying him in his true colors, and though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—her particulars of what occurred in that little pink dress.

New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop, and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now. Her hair hung heavily down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

Tom, who had finished his tea in silence for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools!"

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him and said, "Don't call her that, dear," she added, as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10."—Acton Davies in New York Evening Sun.

The Breadth Library.
Mr. Breadth's daughter has published the priced catalogue of her late father's library, in the form of a substantial pamphlet. With a view to make it not merely a descriptive list of books, but a memento of their original possessor, two photographic portraits are added, together with facsimile signatures. The books number in all 4,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets and blue books. They comprise, as his daughter says, only a few rare bindings and comparatively few costly first editions, but such as they were he valued them.

"Twice," she adds, "within recent years he thought he should be obliged to sell them to meet legal expenses. The first time it was to pay government costs during his parliamentary struggle; the second occasion was after the Peters and Kelly case. Each time the sale was happily averted, but the anticipation of the possibility brought extra lines to his face and bitterness to his heart. Last December, when he was feeling ill, and in want of a rest and change, which he had no money to procure, I asked him why not sell two or three of the more valuable books? If you could get health by the money, they would fetch it, it would be well worth the exchange."

"Ah! my daughter," he answered, with a sad half smile, "when I have to part with my books—I was anxious about him and ventured to press him further, but he only shook his head, saying, 'I can't do it, arguing the matter.'"

Electricity and Ice Cream Poisoning.
A new experience of the danger of electricity has been recorded. Dr. George S. Hull recently conducted some experiments with ice cream freezers, and he finds that galvanic action takes place, which results in the introduction of poisonous salts of copper and zinc into the cream. It appears that the freezer and the paddle are generally made of dissimilar metals, and the cream is mixed with fruit or other acids or even saline substances, forms an electrolyte, which naturally completes the necessary conditions for galvanic action.

With galvanic action there is, of course, chemical action, resulting in the formation of salts of zinc and copper, which become mixed with the cream. Dr. Hull has probably discovered the cause of many mysterious cases of poisoning which have followed the consumption of ice cream. The remedy, however, seems very simple; if the freezer and the mixer were made of the same metal, no galvanic action could take place.—Irons.

To Keep Apples or Pears.

To keep apples, select the best fruit and wipe perfectly dry with a fine cloth, then take a jar of suitable size, the inside of which is thoroughly coated with cement, and having placed a layer of fine sand, perfectly dry, at the bottom place thereon a layer of the fruit (pears may be kept in this way also), being careful to not allow of the fruit touching; add another layer of sand, then fruit, and so on until the jar is filled. Over the upper layer of fruit spread a thick strata of sand, and press this lightly down with the hands. In this manner choice fruit may be kept for almost any length of time, if the jar be placed in a situation free from moisture.

Another way is to take fine sawdust (preferably that made by a circular saw from well seasoned hard wood) and place a thick layer of this on the bottom of a barrel. Then place a layer of apples, not close together nor near the staves of the barrel. Put the sawdust liberally over and around, and proceed until a bushel and a half or less are packed in each barrel. Keep in a cool, dry place.—Detroit Free Press.

The Longest Telegraph Circuit.

Operator Dan Spencer, of the Buena Vista office of the Mexican Central railway, in this city, was called by the El Paso office, saying that the old-time telegraph operators, who were having a reunion in Washington, would like to hear from their brethren and friends beyond the Rio Grande. El Paso signaled Spencer to call Kansas City, which he did, and Kansas City in turn told him to call Washington, who was evidently waiting, as the reply came instantly, when Spencer sent the following message:

"T. T. Eckert and the Old Times. The railway operators and trainmen in the land of the Montezumas send warm greetings."

The circuit was made by way of El Paso, Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo and New York to Washington from the city, forming the longest overland circuit in the history of the telegraph.—Mexico Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Waiter's Apology.

Hungry Guest (impatiently)—You have forgotten several things.
Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but you know it's a good while since I took your order, sir.—Good News.

THE NURSE'S DELIGHT.

Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being anodyne, will relieve soreness of the limbs or stiffness of the joints and enable a patient to sleep quietly and naturally.

Just such a remedy are ALLOCOCK'S PORCOSA PLASTERS. Placed on the chest or on the back, if necessary cut into strips and placed over the muscles of the limbs, they work marvels in the way of soothing and quieting restlessness. Being perfect of simple and harmless in their composition, they can be used freely, and many a sufferer has thanked them for a night of quiet rest, grateful both to him and those who care for him.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not weaken the bowels.

It has been so dry that the song of the grasshopper sounds like somebody frying meat against the wall.

Joe Zuanelline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

THE GERMEA for breakfast.

Because of the intense pains in my stomach and side, and also account of my illness, I had to be in bed for a long time. I would be in great distress. My father had me give HOOD'S SYRUP, and I was cured in a few days. I have continued to use it, and I feel well. I have gained in flesh and color, and I am now in good health. I now enjoy life, and I owe it all to HOOD'S SYRUP. Sincerely, Mrs. MARY SHUTE, CAROLINA, N. Y.

Hood's Pills assist digestion and cure headache. Sold by all druggists. 2c.

Life Was a Burden

Because of the intense pains in my stomach and side, and also account of my illness, I had to be in bed for a long time. I would be in great distress. My father had me give HOOD'S SYRUP, and I was cured in a few days. I have continued to use it, and I feel well. I have gained in flesh and color, and I am now in good health. I now enjoy life, and I owe it all to HOOD'S SYRUP. Sincerely, Mrs. MARY SHUTE, CAROLINA, N. Y.

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Golden West

Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED

CASH PRIZES

To introduce our Powder, we have decided to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates of sale before Jan. 1, 1904, we will give a cash prize of \$100, and the first prize of \$500, and prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 in cash.

CLOSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, Or.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumption and people who have been cured of this disease, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 50c.

CONSUMPTION.

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed on the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced of age constant—including many physicians of eminence—the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions and debilitated and shattered systems. The performance of the bodily functions, renewed appetite, flesh and healthy repose attend the use of this thorough and standard remedy. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Client—You tell me to use the railroad company for \$25,000 damages. Isn't that exorbitant? Lawyer—Oh, no, I shall want \$3,000 of it for my fee.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at last one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for particulars. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists; 75 cents.

LET IT RUN, and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to, if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites Consumption. The seeds are sown, and it has fastened its hold upon you, before you know that it is near.

It won't do to trifle and delay, when the remedy is at hand. Every disorder that can be reached through the blood yields to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Diseases, Asthma, Scrofula in every form, and even the Scrofulous affections of the lungs that's called Consumption, in all its earlier stages, it is a positive and complete cure.

It is the only blood-cleanser, strength restorer, and flesh-builder so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. All medicine dealers have it.

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