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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BEAR GOVERNMENT.

THE WAY OLD MRS. BRUIN KEPT HER NOISY CHILDREN QUIET.

The Shaggy Mother Bear Cuffed the Ears of the Little Ones and Shook the Cubs Repeatedly Because the Youngsters Squealed and Played.

"I once saw a she bear act toward her cubs just as I've seen women act toward their children," said an old Zoyalsock bee hunter last week. "Late one August I lined a lot of wild bees to a big beech tree two miles back in the woods on Elk mountain. I located the bees in a hollow part of the trunk, far up toward the top, and when I went to mark the tree so that no one else would claim it I noticed that a bear had gone up and down the tree several times only a little while before.

"There was a lot of loose green beech bark at the butt, and looking up I saw that a bear had been clawing and biting to get in the hollow where the honey lay. I didn't want to cut the tree for two or three weeks, as the bees were gathering honey from the wild flowers of late summer, and, for fear that the bear might dig into the tree and steal the honey before I got ready to chop the tree down, I decided to see if I couldn't catch the bear at it that night and shoot it in the act.

"The next night I climbed the hemlock, heard the brush crack at a distance, heard something that sounded like the whining of a cub, followed by a low growl, and soon everything was as still in the woods as it had been. The bear didn't make its appearance at the bee tree that night, and on my way home a little after daylight I stopped at the house of an old bear hunter and told him of my experience in the woods.

"The old man chuckled over my lack of knowledge concerning the habits of bears, for he saw through it all at once, and then he told me that the cracking I had heard was caused by a bear's feet, and that a bear always makes three or four circuits around a bee tree in the night before it approaches it. The bear I had heard tramping on the dead limbs, the old hunter said, had run across my track while it was making the first circuit, and that it had made itself scarce mighty quick after it had got scent of my boots. 'And I'll bet a dollar that it was a she bear with one or two cubs,' he added.

"Then he told me to take a couple of pieces of board with me when I went after the bear the next time. 'From the time you strike the woods till you get to the tree,' he said, 'keep your boots on the boards by taking one up from behind you and placing it in front of you all the way. Don't let your boots touch the ground, and when you reach the tree strap the boards and boots to your back and take them up.'

"That night I followed the old bear hunter's directions to the letter. A little after midnight I heard the brush cracking around in a circle, for the night was calm and clear, and no wind rustled the leaves. The sound of cracking came nearer and nearer, and when three circuits had been made by the heavy steps I was rewarded for my long watching in the big hemlock by seeing a she bear steal cautiously toward the bee tree, with two cubs tagging at her heels.

"The old bear sniffed around the butt of the tree a couple of times, gazed at the top for a moment, and then stuck her claws in the bark and started to climb. The cubs began to whine and whimper before their mother had gone the length of her up the tree, and immediately she began to stop them by giving a low growl and looking back at them. But the cubs didn't stop their noise, and all at once the old bear backed down, gave each cub a good shaking, sat it up on its haunches, cuffed its ears, shook her fist at it and told it to stay there till she came down.

"The cubs were as still as mice, and the old bear quickly climbed to the top of the trunk and began to tear at the wood with her teeth. I had intended to shoot the bear in the tree, but when I saw that the one that was trying to steal my honey was a mother with two young ones to look after my heart failed me. I might have killed her easily with a charge of buckshot, but I was so deeply interested in her cubs and her work that I made up my mind to let her live and watch her while she was doing her best to dig through the wood to where the honey lay.

"In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the cubs became tired of sitting on their hind quarters, got down on all fours and started to play with one another. They rolled and capered in the underbrush, and in a little while they began to squeal and look up at their mother, as though they were coaxing her to come down. The old bear flew into a rage over the way they were acting, and hurriedly backing down she gave them another severe shaking, scolded them, cuffed their ears and set them up on their haunches. Then she climbed the tree once more, and for nearly an hour, while she worked like a beaver with tooth and claw to get at the honey, the cubs sat as still as stumps and didn't give vent to a single whimper.

"By that time the old bear had torn through the wood to the honey, and when she had eaten a lot of it she backed down with a pawful of honey for her young ones. The cubs gobbled it greedily, and the old bear soon climbed up and fetched down another pawful, which they ate quickly. All of a sudden the old bear started the cubs off in front of her, and in a moment the bear family was out of sight. The next night I chopped the tree down and secured the rest of the honey. I got a washtub full out of the hollow tree, and I wasn't a bit sorry that I had let the bear and her cubs have their fill of it for once."—Cor. New York Tribune.

Ingenuity of a Naughty Boy.

Johann Meyer, 11 years old, one of the wickedest boys in Vienna, had been spanked many times for running away. Finally, to enable him to gratify his desire to escape, late at night he stole the big door key, sawed the handle through, filed the ends as sharp as a needle point, drew them through the skin of his waist, and then hammered them together, and the key hung from his body like a ring from the nose of a savage. He was thus enabled by standing on a chair to open the door and leave the house whenever he liked. This went on for weeks until he got in a fight with other bad boys and was hit a heavy blow where the key was. He was taken senseless to a hospital, and the doctors were unable to remove the key till they sawed it in two. The boy's life was in danger for several days, but now it is expected that he will live to be spanked many times more.

A Dead Letter.

Health Officer—Under the law, sir, your family must remain in strict quarantine for thirty days.

Paterfamilias—Do you expect to be able to enforce the law?

Health Officer—Of course.

"Well, you can't do it."

"Why?"

"My wife's made an appointment to try on a dress this afternoon."—Detroit Tribune.

A PENNILESS PRINCESS.

The Strange Plight In Which Stephanie of Austria Recently Found Herself.

One of the peculiarities of royal personages is the practice of never carrying about any money with them, and this leads them into all kinds of odd scrapes and adventures. The popular notion that their pockets are generally full of gold and notes which they scatter with a lavish hand is a fallacy, and in nine cases out of ten kings, queens, emperors, as well as princes and princesses of the blood, do not have a single cent in their pockets. In the first place, in their own country no one would ever dream of asking them to pay for anything in cash or to refuse credit, and, secondly, they rely upon the purses of their gentlemen and ladies in waiting to furnish any chance goldpiece that they may need. Consequently when, by any unusual hazard, they find themselves without the attendance of their suit and alone they are generally penniless.

STEPHANIE AND HER DAUGHTER.

An amusing illustration of this which happened recently on the south slope of the Semmering mountain, an hour or two's distance from Vienna, is told by the Marquise de Fontenoy. The widowed Crown Princess Stephanie and her 12-year-old daughter Elizabeth had undertaken a mountain excursion together and either intentionally or accidentally had become separated from the gentlemen and ladies in attendance. Hungry and thirsty, they stopped at a small inn and had asked for some refreshments, when suddenly the crown princess remembered that she had nothing in her pocket wherewith to pay. Accordingly she took the landlady into her confidence, informed her who she was and asked her if she would trust her.

It is to be regretted that the landlady had, as she claimed, "been there before." She declined to believe that the simply attired and dust covered lady and child were archduchesses and declined to serve them with anything unless they paid for it in advance, even requesting them to relieve the inn of their presence if they had no money. Crown Princess Stephanie took the matter quietly enough, sensible of its ludicrous side, but the little archduchess was infuriated and protested with flashing eyes to the landlady, "Aber wir sind doch ehrliche Leute." (But I assure you we are honest people.)

In the same way the king of Denmark was once apostrophized as a confidence man by a suspicious jeweler at Hamburg and ordered out of his shop merely because, finding that he had not sufficient money in his pocket to pay for the trinkets that he had bought, he had shown some embarrassment and asked that they should be sent to his hotel. The Prince of Wales and his equerry got financially stranded when visiting the battlefields just after the Franco-German war and were only able to pay their hotel bill at Sedan by pawning General Teesdale's watch at the mont de piete of the locality.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Man Convicted of Murder With the Testimony of a Printed Talmage Sermon.

Some time in August, 1887, a man named Coker was placed on trial in the criminal court of Henderson county. One of the principal witnesses against the defendant was Tom Fulton, and it was upon his evidence that the conviction was held. Lee Coker, a son of the defendant, on the evening after the trial remarked to a young lady whom he met:

"While my father is serving a term in the penitentiary Tom Fulton will be serving a term in hell."

On the night of the 10th of August, a few days after, Tom Fulton, while standing on his front gallery, was shot dead by an unknown assassin. The threat made by Lee Coker to the young lady led to his arrest. Near Fulton's dead body were found some pieces of newspaper which had been used as gun wadding. Coker was granted a change of venue to Canton, Vanzandt county. Here two trials were given him, both resulting in mistrials. On the 16th of April of this year Coker was tried for the third time, and a decision was reached, fixing the penalty at life imprisonment. He was convicted solely upon circumstantial evidence. The pieces of paper found by the body proved to be a copy of The Comanche Chief. The pieces of paper found by the body and those found in Coker's shot pouch when placed together fit perfectly, and reading across a part of Talmage's sermon was deciphered, which read as follows:

"Who watched you last night? Who has been good to you all your life? Methinks the goodness of God would convert this whole audience to repentance."

On the other side of the paper was an advertisement which read evenly. This is the most remarkable feature of the whole affair—the words uttered by Dr. Talmage seemed to apply so directly to the murderer, who divided the words by tearing the paper and using a part for a gun wad, which was found beside his victim.

Three sizes of shot were extricated from the body of the deceased, and three sizes of shot were found in Coker's shot pouch, which compared identically. The loaded barrel of Coker's gun was also examined, and it contained three sizes of shot, comparing with the shot in the pouch and those taken from the dead body. His trial was set and continued 10 times.

The Fighting McCooks.

The McCook family was well represented in the war of the rebellion, and the members were generally "bunched" as the "fighting McCooks." General Alexander McCook had as one of his staff officers Adjutant General Dan McCook, of Illinois. Other members of the family were Captain Edwin McCook, who belonged to Logan's regiment; Lieutenant Edward McCook, who was in the regular army; Major Anson G. McCook, of the Second Ohio; Captain Henry McCook, of Illinois, and Sheldon McCook, lieutenant in the navy. They bore themselves bravely and won the title "fighting McCooks" where the battle raged fiercest.—Washington Star.

A Brave Man.

The man who has never needed to have any teeth pulled out is the loudest in advising the sufferer to "brace up like a man and have the thing out at once."—Exchange.

FARM AND GARDEN

An Economy Our Land Tillers Should Look After.

HAY MULCH FOR FERTILIZING

He Tries the Effect of Spreading Cut Grass, After It Had Dried, Along Through the Drills Between Rows of Potatoes Planted in Poor Land.

Wishing to use a piece of land that was apparently a most barren, worthless plot of ground, one of my neighbors tried some experiments. The only vegetation apparent was a scanty growth of daisies, a few buttercups and a large quantity of sour grass or field sorrel. The soil was of hard clay, and in a drouth it was baked to the depth of five or six inches, and possibly more; and I have seen a heavy shower, lasting several hours, pour down upon it until it seemed as though it would deluge the whole surface, but to my surprise, after it had ceased raining for two hours, this ground seemed as hard and dry as it had been before.

Two years ago last summer this land was broken up, manured and planted with potatoes, which yielded almost nothing. But it was here that my neighbor tried a new plan, at least new to me and possibly many others. He had a partially-meadowed piece of land close by, and during the summer, when the potatoes were hoed for the last time, he cut the grass on the meadow, and after it had dried he spread it along through the drills between the rows of potatoes. He cut the meadow the second time, and spread the cutting as before; and by the time the potatoes were ready for digging the hay had settled well down on the surface, and the hay was covered with the soil when the potatoes were dug. The next spring it was plowed much easier, appeared more friable than before, and after tilling it well he sowed a varied assortment of vegetables, and among them peppers, which, when ready for picking, were the largest in this vicinity. Some of the vegetables did not do quite as well as they would had they been in other soil; but, taking all in all, he had a surprisingly fine crop on his hay fertilizer, which he continued to apply whenever the meadow was ready for cutting.

Last summer, much to my surprise, he put several trenches through the lowest part of the clay bank, which broke up even better than before, and set out some 400 or 500 plants of White Plume celery, using a liberal quantity of well-rotted barnyard manure. Every one knows about the drouth we experienced last summer, but he continued his application of hay and the result was marvelous. The hay protected the scorching sun from striking directly on the soil, and all the moisture was available for the plants. To be sure, there still remained lumps of earth which were exceedingly hard, but these were utilized in a telling manner. In hoeing his celery he would set these hard lumps of clay around each plant, about two inches away from the stalks, and carefully draw the looser and finer earth up to it. The result was that he had some of the finest celery I have ever seen, and it was as clean and white when taken from the ground as though it had been carefully washed and scrubbed.—American Agriculturist.

A NEGLECTED CHANCE.

Another Economy Our Land Tillers Should Look After.

A writer in the American Agriculturist says: "I suppose that each year I am giving away a thousand pounds of honey; for bees get a good deal from raspberry gardens and from nearly all our fruits when in flower. Clearly here is another economy that our land tillers should look after more carefully. It is not altogether as a market product that honey is valuable, but as a food product for home consumption. It is a concentrated food of the greatest value. Every effort should once more be put forth to make farm life independent. So long as it is dependent on markets, the drop in the prices of wheat, hops, corn and apples bankrupts us. A great diversity of crops, and a purpose to raise as far as possible our own necessities, enable us proportionally to be independent of fluctuating prices. But the bee industry is to be commended as a complementary necessity to successful fruit growing. Many of our grapes are not self-pollenizing. Some of our pears are of the same deficient nature. All fruits are more or less dependent on bees to carry pollen from one to another. I have no doubt but the possession of a small house of bees in the orchard will be worth thousands of dollars to a man who grows half a dozen or more acres of fruit. Some years the need of this help is not so great as in others, but there are years when our fruit crop is lost for lack of pollenation. The year 1890 was of this sort; but that year I saw two small orchards loaded with apples. Each orchard had a few hives of bees. The cold rains prevented any general and extensive aid from insects until it was too late. This co-operation of industries is of vital importance. It holds the key of the situation. A complete home ought to include the production of nearly all that we need for food and comfort and clothing. In reality we waste, or allow to go to waste, a large part of the natural products of the land. Honey making as an industry should not be separated from fruit and flower growing, or from general farming. The art is easily learned, and in a family of six persons there will generally be found one who finds especial pleasure in bee culture. Fruit, flowers and honey are a perfect and natural combination of industries. It is not the amount of money that we can make from honey that settles the question, but the fact that what honey we secure is a desirable supplement to our income, and is so much withdrawn from waste. We have the honey if we have the flowers, but we need the bees as extractors and manufacturers, who will store it very carefully for future use."

Salt for Animals.

Salt is necessary for all vegetarian animals and aids in the digestion of the food. The belief that it is a preventive of intestinal worms is well founded, for these parasites are found mostly in animals of imperfect digestion. The undigested food encourages these pests, as they feed upon it or upon the copious mucus secreted in the bowels of animals suffering from indigestion. Salt should be given regularly with every feed, if cut food is used, otherwise in the form of a lump of rock salt kept in the manger, where it may always be reached.

It does not make much difference whether the egg is fertile or not if eaten a day or two after being laid, but when stored for future use it is important.

THE PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat Market.

There is nothing doing in the local market, and prices are entirely nominal, 75c per cental for Walla Walla and 80@82½c for Valley being quoted.

Produce Market.

FLOUR—Standard brands are quoted as follows: Portland, Salem, Cascadia and Dayton, $2.65 per barrel; Walla Walla, $2.90; Snowflake, $2.70; graham, $2.40; and superfine, $2.25.

OATS—Steady at 36@37c per bushel for white and 35c for gray. Rolled oats are quoted as follows: Bags, $5.75@6.00; barrels, $6.00@6.25; cases, $3.75.

MILLSTUFFS — Bran, $15@17; shorts, $16@18; ground barley, $20; chop feed, $15@16; whole feed barley, $17 per ton; middlings, $23@28 per ton; chicken wheat, 65c@$1 per cental.

HAY—Good, $10@12 per ton.

BUTTER—Steady. Quotations are as follows: Oregon fancy creamery, 20@22½c per pound; fancy dairy, 17½@20c; fair to good, 12½@15c; common, 9@10c.

CHEESE — Oregon, 11½@12½c per pound; young America, 13½@14½c; Swiss, imported, 30@32c; domestic, 16@18c.

EGGS—Sales were made at 12½c for ordinary stock and 14c for candled.

POULTRY—Weak. Old chickens are worth $3, and young $2@3, according to size. There is no demand for old ducks or geese. Young ducks, $2@3, and young geese, $4.50@7.50. Turkeys are slow at 9@10c.

ONIONS—New California red, 1c per pound; yellow, 1¼c per pound.

POTATOES—Old are firm at 85@90c per sack. New Oregon are slow at 65c per sack on account of being very small.

VEGETABLES—Oregon cabbage, 40@60c per dozen; California cabbage, $1.60 per cental; cauliflower, $2.60 per crate, $1.00 per dozen; parsley, 40c per dozen; string and wax beans, 3½@5c per pound; peas, 1½@2c per pound; cucumbers, 90c@$1 per small box, $1.35@1.50 per large box; California tomatoes, $1.10@1.25 per 25-pound crate; corn, 35c per dozen; egg plant, 10c per pound; green peppers, 10c per pound.

MELONS.—Watermelons sell at about $3.50@4 per dozen. Canteloupes are now on the market at $3.50 per dozen.

TROPICAL FRUIT—California lemons, $4.50; common, $2@3; Sicily,—@—; Mediterranean Sweets, $3.50@3.25; St. Michael, $3.25@3.50 per box; bananas, $1.75@2.50 per bunch; Honolulu, $1.75@2.50; seedlings, $3.00@3.25; pineapples, Honolulu, $3 00@3.50; sugar loaf, $5.

BERRIES — Raspberries, 4@5c per pound; blackberries, 4@5c per pound; currants, 4@5c per pound.

FRESH FRUIT—Oregon cherries, 15@50c per box; apricots, 80@90c per 25-pound box; California apples, $1.25 per 60-pound box; 75c per 25-pound box; plums and prunes, 90c per box; Bartlett pears, $1 per box; grapes, $1.35 per 20-pound crate; Oregon peaches, 40@65c per box; California Crawfords, 75@85c per box

DRIED FRUITS — 1893 pack, Petite prunes, 6@8c; silver, 10@12c; Italian, 8@10c; German, 6@8c; plums, 6@10c; evaporated apples, 8@10c; evaporated apricots, 15@16c; peaches, 12@14c; pears, 7@11c per pound.

WOOL — Dull. Valley, 9@10c per pound; Umpqua, 9@10c; Eastern Oregon, 5@7c, according to quality and shrinkage.

HOPS—Quiet; 1893, poor to choice, 6@10c. Contracts for new hops are made at 10@12c, according to locality.

PROVISIONS—Eastern hams, medium, —c per pound; large ——c; hams, picnic, 11@12c; breakfast bacon, ——c; short clear sides, 9½c@11c; dry salt sides, 9@10c; dried beef hams, 12½@13c; lard, compound, in tins, 8⅛@10c; lard, pure, in tins, 10⅛@11⅛c; pigs' feet, 80s, $5.50; pigs' feet, 40s, $3.25; kits, $1.25.

Meat Market.

BEEF—Top steers, $2.50@2.75; fair to good steers, $2.00@2.25; cows, $1.75@2.00; dressed, 4@5c per pound.

MUTTON — Best sheep, $1.75@2.00; ewes, $1.60@1.75.

HOGS—Choice, heavy, $4.00; light and feeders, $3.75; dressed, 5c per pound.

VEAL—Small, choice, 5c; large 3@4c per pound.

Merchandise Market.

WHEAT BAGS—Calcuttas, 6¼c, cash.

BEANS—Small white, No. 1, 3½c per pound; No. 2, 3⅜c; large white, 3½c; pea, 3½c; butter, 3½c; bayou, 3¼c; Lima, 4½c.

RICE—Island, $5.25@5.50 per sack.

CORDAGE—Manilla rope, 1¼-inch, is quoted at 9¾c, and Sisal, 7¾c per pound.

COFFEE—Costa Rica, 23c; Rio, 22@23c; Salvador, 22c; Mocha, 26½@28c; Padang Java, 31c; Arbuckle's Columbia and Lion, $23.80 per 100-pound case.

COAL—Sales are slow and prices steady. Domestic, $5.00@7.50 per ton; foreign, $8.50@11.00.

SUGAR—D, 5⅛c; C, 5⅜c; extra C, 5⅝c; dry granulated, 6⅛c; cube, crushed and powdered, 6¾c per pound; ¼c per pound discount on all grades for prompt cash; maple sugar, 15@16c per pound.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

FLOUR — Family extras, $3.40@3.50; bakers' extras, $3.30@3.40; superfine, $2.50@2.75.

WHEAT—Slow; good to choice shipping qualities, 87½@90c; milling grades are easier, $1.00@1.06¼.

BARLEY—A small consignment from Oregon came down by steamer; feed, new, 80@82½c; old, 82½@85c; brewing, new, 87½@90c; Chevalier, standard, $1.20@1.25.

OATS—The recent lowering of asking figures has not developed any new business; milling, $1.15@1.25; surprise, $1.30@1.35; fancy feed, $1.20@1.25; good to choice, $1.10@1.17½; poor to fair, 90c@$1.05; black, nominal; red, nominal; gray, $1.55@1.15.

HORS—Nominal at 9@12c per pound.

POTATOES—Early Rose, 20@25c in sacks and 30@40c per cental in boxes; whites, 25@40c in sacks and 30@50c in boxes; sweets, 2@3c per pound.

ONIONS—Quotable at 25@35c per cental for red and 60@70c for white.

WOOL—Spring, year's fleece, 5@7c per pound; six to eight months, San Joaquin, poor, 5@6c; six to eight months, San Joaquin, fair, 6@8c; Humboldt and Mendocino, fair, 8@10c; Humboldt and Mendocino, choice, 12@13c; Northern California, 9@10c; Calaveras and foothill, 8@9c; Oregon and Washington, heavy and dirty, 6@7c; good to choice, 8@12c; Valley, 10@12c; Nevada, heavy, 6@8c; choice light, 9@10c.

To Sentence Drunkards to the Keeley Cure.

A scheme is being talked up in Augusta to make the state a patron of the Keeley cure. The plan is that the police and municipal judges shall be empowered, after a man has been sentenced a certain number of times to jail, to send him to the Keeley cure at the state's expense. Judge Andrews, of the Augusta municipal court, is a strong advocate of the scheme. He would have the county bear the expense, and if a man relapsed to his old habits after taking the treatment sentence him to state prison for a year.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Jonathan Hulls in 1736 made a small steamboat. It failed to work, but had all the germs of Fulton's later invention.

The best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength; the noblest man, a woman's gentleness.—Graik.

A $15,000 PICK UP.

A WELL KNOWN DALTONIAN MAKES A BIG HAUL

From the Honduras National Lottery Drawing—Mr. W. H. Pruden of Dalton Buys a Ticket For His Wife and Makes a $15,000 Drawing.

DALTON, Ga., June 18.—[Special.]—In a plain unpretentious one-story brick building, on one of the side streets of Dalton, Ga., Pruden & Lyle, insurance agents, have their office. Pruden, of the firm, is a remarkable man. He is perhaps fifty years old, with gray mustache and beard, and looks at you with a pair of eyes almost keen enough to read one's soul. He has the reputation of being the best financier in Dalton and has, for a number of years, been Alderman and Chairman of the Finance Committee, both of which offices he now holds. He is held in high esteem by all who know him and has never been beaten for an office within the gift of Dalton's citizens. Among other honors conferred upon him, he was, for quite a while, Mayor. Many a man who has been less successful in life, if suddenly thrown into possession of one-fifth of the capital prize of the Honduras National Lottery (Louisana State Lottery) would have informed the whole town of his good luck before night, but not so with W. H. Pruden.

Outside of the cashier of Dalton's bank not a man in town knows that he is $15,000 richer today than he was a month ago. The local papers tried to run down the rumor of a capital prize having been drawn by some one in the town, but failed signally.

The Constitution's correspondent, therefore, had small hopes of getting much information when he asked Mr. Pruden if he really had gotten $15,000. He replied:

"No, sir; I did not get it. I wish I had."

"But we have absolute proof that you drew the money from the New Orleans National bank."

"I do not deny that, but I got it for some one else and not myself. I simply acted as agent in the matter."

"Who really drew the money then?"

"I do not care to say."

"Does the party reside in Dalton?"

"That, sir, does not concern you. I wrote the lottery people and told them that I did not want my name used at all. The lottery people know that I got the money, and that is sufficient. I do not mind telling you personally about it. I bought for $1 one-fifth of ticket, No. 48,617, which drew $15,000, in the May drawing, for my wife, and after it drew the money ($15,0.0) I collected it for her, and she has it now."

"What will your wife do with it?"

"I do not know. I suppose she will invest it in some way, but it is hers and I shall leave that matter entirely to her."

"Has she been buying tickets long?"

"Off and on for perhaps two or three years. I always secured them for her, sending the money direct to the company."

"How did she receive the news of her good luck?"

"She was delighted; who wouldn't be?"

Mr. Pruden said he did not consider buying lottery tickets worse than dealing in futures, and concluded by saying that the only thing he regretted about the matter was the probable publicity, which, being a very retiring man, he did not relish.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, June 19.*

Color Perception in Savage Races.

From various investigations made of the subject the opinion would appear to be justified that savage races possess the perception of color to a greater degree than do civilized races. This is made evident by the facts presented by Dr. Webster Fox before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, his statement covering the results of some 250 examinations among Indian children, 100 of these being boys.

Researches of this character show that in a selection of 100 white boys from various parts of the United States at least five of the number would have proved color blind. Among all these Indian boys not a single case of the kind was discovered.—New York Tribune.

BRACE THE NERVES.

Sedatives and opiates won't do it. These nervines do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this, fall short of producing the essential of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing, toning, strengthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Bitters by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions promotes throughout the whole system a vigor in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

Mrs. Jenks—Do you know I always look best in calicoes? Mrs. Thorpe—Who told you so? Mrs. Jenks—My husband.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least 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 list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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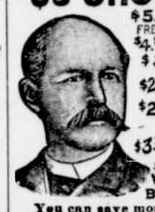

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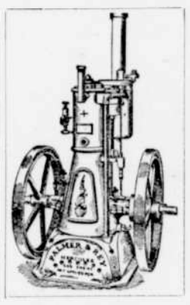

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