

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The world is wide, and the heavens are high.
And what do you think, with your dreamy air,
Little Blue Eyes on the cushion there?
For flowers to blossom and birds to fly,
The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

Last and least of the wondering three,
Here is we Freddy, and what says he?
I play with my kite and my kites fly,
The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

Ah, well, a reason you each have found,
So now the riddle to me comes round:
And this is the guess I venture you
The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

Up the great hillside our feet to set
A little farther and farther yet;
To fly forever and ever and ever,
The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

—Kate Putnam Oswood in St. Nicholas.

The belle of belles in that day had red hair—not bright red, but a dull red—with glints of crimson. More recently—almost in our own time—a rage arose for bright blond hair, as to which there was a tradition that it had been popular with the Greek beauties.

Almost all hair dyes consist of sulphur and arsenic, both of which are injurious to so delicate a plant substance as hair. A steady course of either will impair the vitality of the hair papilla and may destroy the medulla altogether. The fumes of sulphuric acid, the volatile oxide of hydrogen, which after a time imparts an unnatural and wiglike luster to the hair. A more dangerous dye still has for its basis nitrate of silver. This is first dissolved in water, and the hair is first washed with sulphuret of potassium. The nitrate is applied while it is still wet. In all these cases the drug is adulterated with a pigment of the desired color. It is not surprising, therefore, to substitute that color for the natural hue of the cortical substance or hair bark. It need hardly be said that the effect of a continued use of such medicaments is to destroy the hair, and to excite the scalp. Alopecia, Baldness then ensues, and for that science has discovered no remedy.—
Detroit Free Press.

Some men of long experience of elephant keeping say that the "must" condition is preceded by premonitory symptoms, and if taken in time may, by diet and treatment, be averted; but, without presuming to contradict those better informed people, I can aver that I have known some of them to be taken by surprise by the sudden "musting" of elephants under their own immediate supervision.

Vowels In the Hawaiian Tongue.
The Hawaiian language is composed mainly of vowels and a few consonants and in it to vary the monotony. And the beauty of the system is that there is no waste. Every vowel is pronounced. For instance, when the American eye winks at the appearance of the simple word "maunao," the glib native rolls out the five syllables with neatness and dispatch. This means "sunlight." Doubtless you

No Chances.—Fetherstone (nervously).—Whose overcoat is that in the hall, Willie, your father's or your brother's?
Willie.—It isn't my brother's. Sister told me you were coming, and he said he couldn't trust it there.—Clothing and Furniture.

A Crank's Fate.—Friend.—That old crank Whitehair, who

The Remarkable Experience of Postmaster Woodson of Panama, Mo.—For Ten Years a Cripple—To-day a Well and Hearty Man.

"For two or three years I have suffered the tortments of the damned and have been unable to do any thing but groan and moan. I am a hearty man, free from almost every touch of pain. I don't think man ever suffered more acute and constant agony than I have since 1884. The rheumatism was in my right leg, right side, and after a few weeks of suffering in bed I was at last relieved sufficiently to arise, but it was only to get about on crutches for five or six months. I have since been unable to walk. Despite constant treatment of the most eminent physicians the rheumatism grew worse, and for the last four years I have been compelled to go about on crutches. In the winter of 1890-91, after the rheumatism had settled into its most chronic form, I went to Kansas City upon advice of my friends, and for six weeks I was in the hands of one of the best and best known dispensaries of that city, but without the slightest improvement. Before I came home I secured a strong galvanic

To verify the story beyond all question of doubt Mr. Woodson made the following affidavit:

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
COUNTY OF BATES, }

I, M. M. Woodson, being duly sworn in my oath, state that the following statements are true and correct as I truly believe.

M. M. WOODSON.

Thinning Them Out.
A new device for plucking strangers has been invented by the keeper of a big ark street restaurant. He didn't want to frighten regular customers away by raising prices on the bill of fare, and yet felt that it was a shame to be behind boarding house keepers, saloons and hotels in overcharging. Yesterday a bright sea struck him and he promptly put it

Pleasant.
Madge—This weather, Mr. Puffbrain, how does it suit you?
Mr. Puffbrain—Drives me out of my mind.
Madge—How you must enjoy it!—Chic—Inter Ocean.

An Objection.
Willy—I hate these ring circuses.
Jamma—Why, Willy?
Willy—Because they use up the circus too. If they had only one ring, the circus could be four times as long.—Euck.

High through his titles, power and pelf,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
So the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

When I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that came up that was the bond of our union.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine, Masterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and I lived long in the period of misery as a student of long hair and a poor school; but through it all we kept up a three cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result, I think, that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than would otherwise have been possible. It was the perfect candor

And while Masterston and I were compiling scrapbooks of clippings showing how easily Yale crews defeated Harvard crews, Masterston was reading books of interest. Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors—stories of vampires, tales of hallucination and other unmentionable things.

While Masterston and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herrick as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his time to reading the works of Hoffman, Poe and Monk Lewis, and as a result those sentiments smacked of malaria would be his poet for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterston and I agreed was that we should regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unrelenting in our efforts to bring him down to the sunny things of life, but I cannot say that that was the ever sanguine result of our efforts.

It was Marsden's horrible addiction to

decision for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might be into actual contact with those who suffered the things of which he read. Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts, and then the end came. Masterson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was high unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties

Mr. Marsden saying: "Wait for me. He
 not die."
 This was more or less unsettling. To
 it for Marsden was the very thing it
 ould please me most to do, but to have
 n bring his message to a close with
 ose four words grated on my nerves.
 ey did not sound exactly right.
 An hour later a second telegram ar-
 ded from Marsden, which read: "Am
 t leaving Boston. For God's sake wait
 me!"

when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load, by far greater for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and burying his pallid

"Believe—I believe it is nearly all over," he staggered slightly as he spoke and would have fallen if I had not caught him by the arm.

"Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my rooms."

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Mar-

"His tone by this time had risen to a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a maniac."

"I—I am quite as upset, Tom," I replied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death."

"Don't speak of it—don't speak of it!" he shuddered, covering back into the corner of the cab and hiding his face with his hands.

"I cannot," he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we will have no more of our kind. I am a man of my word. What I am I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, everything, and but a fragment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I am sure, and you shall die with me. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I, John Hartley, cease to be!"

John Hartley spoke the cab stopped at the door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Masterson's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had been thrust upon me. Was it curable or mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether, and that was Masterson's death. No,

"Read it," he cried, trembling with excitement. "Read it!"

I took it, and casting my eyes over the news saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said: but I did not dare read it aloud.

"What does it say?" gasped Marsden.

"The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore."

"Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a groan sinking in a faint to the floor.

* * *

Marsden is still connected with the

At Last.

He let her hand be taken, and with confidence unshaken he tried his best to waken in her heart some sentiment.

With a wondrous burst of feeling round her waist his arm was stealing, yet her face showed no revealing of her mind's ingenious vent.

His voice, quite low and pleading, for himself was interceding, but the maiden paid no feeling to the words that he might say.

Yes," the woman repeated, "I must create a scene."

With a few deft movements she arranged the trees and a waterfall about her, assumed a sweet and pensive smile and called the photographer that she was all ready. "I would like to have him get a move on a—," Detroit Tribune.

It has been generally remarked that no class of articles at the Midwinter position received more attention than the various indispensable, and to the masculine mind, mysterious adjuncts of the toilettes of our fair ladies. Many features from every part of the

manufacturing chemists of San Francisco, but an indorsement of the judgment of the ladies of the Pacific Coast, who, long ago, pronounced in favor of the superior excellence of "Cycline," which may be obtained at any drug store upon the Pacific Coast.

Both Mistaken.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said the stranger on the seat in front, turning to stare at the passenger who had leaned forward to remark that it looked like "No, sir," replied the other pleasantly.

THE NURSE'S DELIGHT

Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being an analgesic, will relieve soreness of the limbs and stiffness of the joints and enable a patient to get about more easily.

Scott's Emulsion

BLOOD (THROAT) **SKIN.**
CURES CONSTIPATION.
 INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS,
 ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN.
BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.
\$50 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.
 Unagreeable LAXATIVE and NERVE TONIC,
 and by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c., 50c.,
 and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.
NO NO The Favorite **TOOTH POWDER**
 for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

CATA
Gives Relief at once
Apply into the Nostrils.
50c. Druggists or by mail. 1

"DON'T BORROW
SAP

MALARIA! DO YOU
ache? I
MOORE
Three doses only. Try it.

by building up the exhausted and exhausted nature of the body. It is a powerful tonic for so much faith in its curative powers that they are sold by druggists for any case that fails to cure. Sent for 10¢ in stamps, three times.

Use KIDNEY PILLS FOR PAIN, NO MATTER HOW LONG IT HAS BEEN THERE.

TRY GREENKA FOR BRONCHITIS.

MADE LIFE A BUDDEN.

MISS G. F. CRAWFORD, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I have been monthly for many years, but was so active and busy that I never used Dr. Fanny's Pearls until I was thirty years old. I used them for many months and they cured me of my trouble."

digestion, enriches the blood, and
and pains, brings refreshing sleep,
stores health and vigor. For every "fem-
complaint," it is the only remedy so
that it can be guaranteed. If it does
sure, you have your money back.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.
 NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN
 FRENCH ENAMELED CALF
 \$3.99 FINE CALF & SUEDE
 \$3.99 POLICE & COACH
 \$2.99 22 WORKINGMEN
 EXTRA FINE
 \$2.19 29 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES
 LADIES' SHOE



Address MISSES RODNEY, Portland, O.

CALKINS ELECTRIC OIL BURNER



THE GREAT FUEL SAVER

HOME-MADE GAS PERFECTED. No dirt, no ashes, no odor, no danger. A perfect method of generating and burning gas from petroleum oil. For heating and cooking. Fits any stove, also adapted for furnaces, oil heaters and grates. Absolutely safe. No possibility of explosion and cheaper than any other fuel. Call and examine the latest invention! Agents wanted in every town and county. California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington.

Free by mail. If you order trial, send it, in stamp
pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, ATLANTA.
If you order trial return this advertisement to

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Bil-
l, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, all-
the itching at once, acts as a pos-
tice, gives instant relief. Dr. Wil-
lams' Indian Pile Ointment is pre-
pared for Piles and Itching of the priv-
parts. Every box is warranted. By dr-
ugs, by mail, on receipt of price, 50 cen-
ts and \$1.00. **WILLIAMS' MANUFACTURING CO.**
Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

ENGRAVING

NO DIRT OR SMOKE.
Your Wife Can Run It. *Hercules Gas or Gasoline Engine.*
Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. and Portland, Or.

FEELER IN THE END.

DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK
aches every step seem a burden? You need
THE REVEALED REMEDY.

...makes the blood
pure and re-
moves all such
disgratifying
...Also gives strength, creates an appetite and
...sugarizes the whole system. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.



**DO
YOU
TRAVEL?**

IF SO, YOU WILL FIND THE

Big Four Route.
E. D. MCCORMICK, D. B. MARTIN,
Pass. Traffic Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
CINCINNATI.

**FRUIT PRESERVED!
LABOR SAVED!**

Antifermentine

**PRESERVES FRUIT
WITHOUT HEAT.**

Antifermentine
—PRESERVES—



—NOTED FOR—

—AND—

SUPERIOR

WORKMANSHIP

In Every Detail.

STATIONARY AND MARINE ENGINES

—MANUFACTURED BY—

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisco'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. 25c.