

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

The ancient apple tree that stands
Beside the black, decaying eaves
Once more has both her crooked hands
Half full of maytime flowers and leaves.
But the old gray house where the gold-haired
children

Blossomed out from window and door
At the early kiss of the warm May sun—
The old gray house will bloom no more.

In that old apple tree again
Their loving nest the bluebirds fill;
They warble to the mild spring rain.
With music soft the moraines thrill,
But the old gray house with her vacant win-
dows

Where never a rosy cheek is pressed,
Where all is silence and void and shadow,
No birds come back to her empty nest.
—Irene Putnam in Good Housekeeping.

WHAT FIREMEN FIND.

They Pick Up Curious Articles Sometimes.
A Touching Incident.

"Well, sir," said a stalwart looking
fireman the other day, "we fellows don't
have much time for looking about for
finds when a house is burning and per-
haps people's lives are at stake, yet we
do come across things occasionally.

"A brother wearer of the brass helmet
used to tell how he was once at a fire—
and a big one, too—and in making his
way through the house positively saw
bank notes burning away like so many
pipe lights. He picked up as many as he
possibly could, stuffed them in his pocket
and went on with his work. After the
conflagration had ceased the man
who was left in charge picked up among
the embers an old fashioned pepper box
—black and charred—filled with silver
dollars, and a further search brought
him to a number of rare old silver
spoons.

"I have myself found two or three
checkbooks, and once a set of false teeth,
which I popped in my pocket and soon
after was able to return to the owner,
who proved his right to possess them
without a doubt. I once brought out a
genuine Stradivarius—a violin worth
several hundreds of dollars—while dia-
monds and other jewelry have been
saved in plenty.

"Indeed there are a thousand and one
things a fireman finds and saves, though
perhaps that which gave me the greatest
satisfaction was an old rag doll. It was
a touching little incident and quite true.

"It happened at a big fire, and in the
midst of the excitement—which I as-
sure you few people realize—the word
went forth that a little child was 'up
stairs.' I don't want to boast, but away
I went. I found her on the second floor,
asleep in her little crib, with this old
doll by her side. I caught the child in
my arms and—she awoke. She looked
up in my face and seemed to understand
that I was saving her from the flames.

"Dolly! Dolly!" she cried.
"The next instant—aye, quicker than
it takes to tell you—I had the old rag
doll, and my pals told me that if any
artist could only have painted us as we
appeared—me with the youngster in my
arms, and she cuddling up her treasure
—why, there wouldn't have been another
picture in the land to touch it!"
—Boston Traveller.

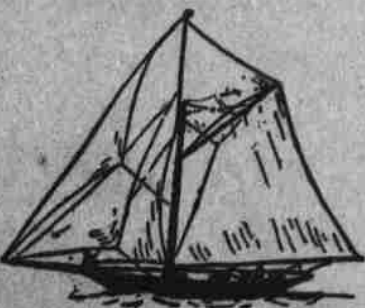
Didn't Understand Twins.

A festival in the family drew home-
ward the scattered kindred. The boys,
twins, had been long parted, and mean-
while one had married and in his wid-
erhood reared his little son, now 7
years old. To him, by name Bobby,
newly arrived in the house, enters the
uncle whom he had never seen, so per-
fect a corroboration of his father that
Bobby runs to him at once, clings to
him and hugs his knees. A moment later,
when his father really came and the
laughing company were on the brink of
comment and explanation, the poor lit-
tle man, giving him one mortally
shocked glance, fell to the floor, sob-
bing, "Don't want—two—papas!"

The resident puppy, familiar with the
bachelor brother, had almost as distur-
bing an experience. He stared and stared
at Bobby's father, upon their introduc-
tion, sniffed at his garments, wavered
and stared again. Then he leaped upon
his own friend and next upon the image
and echo of him bewildered, and finally
backed into the corner, after making a
brave stand against the supernatural,
his insulted eye upon both men, barking
and growling and indulging generally
in the doggerel for thunder.—Chap
Book.

The children of foreigners, as a rule,
use English in preference to the lan-
guage of their parents, especially after
they begin to go to school.

The words "Emerald Isle," as applied
to Ireland, were first used by Dr. Dren-
nan in a poem entitled "Erin."



FAIR SAILING through life for the person
who keeps in health. With a torpid liver
and the impure blood that follows it, you
are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments.
That "used-up" feeling is the first warning
that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery. As an appetizing,
restorative tonic, to repel disease and build
up the needed heat and strength, there's
nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ
into healthful action, purifies and enriches
the blood, braces up the whole system, and
restores health and vigor.

WONDERFUL NERVE.

A Man Who Looked on Calmly While the
Surgeons Cut Off His Foot.

Thomas E. Byrnes, a molder, had a
portion of his right foot crushed by being
run over by a Lake Roland car yester-
day morning, which necessitated the
amputation of about one-half of the foot.
During the amputation Byrnes gave one
of the most stolid exhibitions of nerve
and impassiveness to pain ever witness-
ed. Drs. R. F. Blake and Geer made
preparations to put their patient under
the influence of chloroform for this pur-
pose, but when Byrnes was informed of
what they were about to do he amazed
them by telling them to go ahead with the
cutting, but that he didn't want a nar-
cotic. The physicians feared he
couldn't stand it, robust as he is, and
plainly told him so, but Byrnes was
firm and said he would get through it
all right.

Then the surgeons proceeded as gen-
tly as possible. The pain must have been
terrible. Just imagine taking a knife
and sinking it down into the flesh, sever-
ing bones and joints! "It's enough to
make one shudder," said a bystander, a
surgeon, too, accustomed to the horrors
of a surgical hospital. But Byrnes never
even winced. He sat in the chair with
folded arms, braced himself against the
back of the seat and watched the move-
ments of the knife. There was no moan,
no rolling of the eyes, no twitching—
absolutely no indication of the terrible
pain except the pallor of his face. The
operation over, Byrnes thanked the sur-
geons, who seemed to be far more con-
cerned and anxious that the job come
to an end than the heroic patient.—Bal-
timore American.

DUCKED IN SACKS.

But the Sultan's Affection Made the Opera-
tion a Mild One.

Odd stories are coming from Constan-
tinople in connection with the recent
earthquake. One has been told of Gus-
tuf Block, physician to the sultan. The
earthquake damaged the part of the
palace in which he lives, and suddenly
two favorite wives of the sultan were
precipitated through the ceiling into
the doctor's room. All three fled from
the building before it collapsed and
found the sultan himself in the court-
yard.

The stern practice of Islam left the
sultan no choice but to tie up his two
wives in sacks and plunge them into the
Bosphorus, they having been gazed upon
by a profane ghaour. Fortunately the
sultan cherished affection for both of
them, and having consulted the grand
mufi he saw his way to have them pun-
ished symbolically. They were put into
sacks which were properly sewed up
and duly taken to sequestered spots on
the banks of the Bosphorus, and in the
presence of a number of praying imams
gently dipped into the soft, blue waters,
after which the women were deemed to
be purified. They were then removed to
a new home and restored to their con-
jugal rights.—London Truth.

Wonderful Fecundity of Flowers.

A single seed of the common sweet
pea of the Emily Henderson variety has
been known to produce a stalk yielding
2,000 flowers per month during the
flowering season, which generally lasts
from June 15 to Oct. 1. A record of the
flowers cut from a row of these peas 60
feet in length, plants or vines standing
at a distance of nine inches apart, shows
that the first flowers were plucked on
June 11 and the last on Oct. 20. Even
though badly matted—which made close
cutting almost impossible and allowed
many thousands to go to seed—the 60
foot row exhibits the following remark-
able record: Flowers removed during
June, 20,000; July, 17,500; August,
26,000; September, 6,400; October (up
to the evening of the 19th), 3,500;
total, 73,400. As noted, a large num-
ber went to seed, besides the buds that
were smothered out on account of the
vines being so badly matted. There is
scarcely a doubt but that the row would
have yielded above 100,000 flowers dur-
ing the season had conditions been more
favorable.—St. Louis Republic.

Packing Ice In Snow.

When I first began to put up ice, we
were told to pound it up to pack be-
tween the cakes. That was very good.
Then we were told to pour water over
it and freeze it all solid. This I did
once, but never shall again. It made
hard work in getting it out. No shape
or size to it. When cut perfectly square,
all of one size, it will pack so closely
that it needs no chinking, but that is
seldom done. The last few years I have
packed in snow. When a layer is in,
throw on snow, take a broom and sweep
the cracks full, leaving some on the sur-
face for the next layer. When done,
cover the whole with sawdust so thick
that it will not melt. Every block will
come out just as it went in, with no
trouble to loosen it. Some pack sawdust
between the cakes. This I do not like.
It freezes to the ice and is hard to get
off without cutting. Lay the cakes so
the space between them will be large at
the top; then cram in snow, and you
will be more than pleased with the re-
sult.—Country Gentleman.

Neatness and Health.

Cleanliness is the safeguard of health.
People who are not clean catch all man-
ner of unpleasant things. The history of
plagues is the history of unsanitary
conditions. When the cholera shows its
hideous claws, the authorities begin at
once to clean up the foul neighborhoods.
Mortality is trail, but its preservation is
neatness.—New York World.

FLOOD OF THE NILE.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF ALL THE
YEAR AT CAIRO.

Impressive Ceremonies at the Cutting of
the Bank to Allow the Water to Flow
Into the Canal—The Ancient Nilometer
on the Island of Roda.

The tourist who only comes to Egypt to
shun "winter and foul weather" knows
nothing of the majestic glories of the
Nile flood. The ancient Nilometer at the
south end of the island of Roda, just
above Cairo, is one of the most interest-
ing sights of the place. The water enters
from the river by a culvert into a well
about 18 feet square, with a graduated
stone pillar in the center. On each
side of the well is a recess about 6 feet
wide and 3 feet deep, surmounted by a
pointed arch, over which is carved in
relief a Kufic inscription, and a similar
inscription is carried all around the
well, consisting of verses of the Koran.
A staircase goes down the well, from
the steps of which the initiated may
read the height of the water on the pil-
lar, but they are few in number, and the
hereditary sheikh of the Nilometer,
whose duty it is to keep the record, is
a person of some importance. The Nil-
ometer dates from A. D. 861, and I be-
lieve in the archives of Cairo may be
found the daily record for 1,000 years.

I need hardly tell you that when our
English engineers took the river in hand
we established a number of gauges at
Wadi-Halia, Assuan, Cairo and many
other points on more scientific principles
than the venerable Nilometer of the
Roda island.

After the river has begun to rise its
height is daily chanted through the
Cairo streets until it reaches 16 cubits
on the gauge. At this point the Khalif
el Masri, the old canal that flows through
the heart of Cairo, is opened—up to this
point it is dry, and full or empty it is
little more than a sanitary abomination
at present, but in former days it oc-
cupied an important place, and when the
Nile water was high enough to flow
down its bed it was looked on that the
flood had fairly set in, and that the kin-
dly fruits of the earth might be duly ex-
pected.

The head of this canal is on the right
bank of the river, just south of Cairo.
The water enters a channel some 30 feet
wide, with a high wall on its left and a
sloping bank on its right or southern
flank. The water then flows under the
pointed arch of an old stone bridge. The
bed of the canal is cleared so that it
would flow in at a gauge of about 14 1/2
cubits, but an earthen bank is thrown
across it about four feet higher.

There is no more interesting ceremony
in Egypt than the annual cutting of the
khalif, as the opening ceremony is
called. It takes place between Aug. 5
and 15. Days before preparations are
made for the festival. Tents with innum-
erable lamps are placed along the wall
on the one side. Frames for all manner
of fireworks are erected on the sand bank
on the other side. All the notables are
there in full uniform or in canonicals.
The khedive himself or his representa-
tive, the Sheikh ul Islam, the highest
dignitary of the Mohammedan faith;
the Sheikh el Bekri; the Sheikh ul Sadat,
all the learned scribes of the great uni-
versity of the Azhar, the cabinet minis-
ters and under secretaries, the sirdar of
the army and his staff, the judges and
the financiers.

The Egyptian troops are turned out,
salutes are fired, and about 8 o'clock in
the warm summer night the classes all
assemble under the gayly lighted tents,
the masses crowd round the frames for
the fireworks, the street is lined with
harlem carriages full of closely veiled
figures, though it is not much that they
can see from their broughams. Out in
the river just opposite the canal's mouth
is moored an old hulk of a certain sea-
going outline, which has been towed up
from Bulak during the day and is an
emblem of the time when the great re-
public of Venice sent an envoy to wit-
ness the ceremony. This boat is full of
lamps, and fireworks too. As the night
deepens the excitement increases. The
populace on the bridge and opposite
bank are shouting, yelling and dancing
wildly round the fireworks.

On the other side are the gay uniforms
and lighted tents, from which we can
look over the wall down on the dark wa-
ter, where you see brown figures plung-
ing in and, waist deep, digging with
their hoars at the embankment that
blocks the canal's mouth. Long before
midnight the fireworks have gone out
and left the splendid stars to themselves;
the grandees have all gone to bed, but
the people keep up the revelry, and in
the morning, by 7:30, every one has
come back. Then but little of the bank
is left uncut, and a few more strokes of
the big hoes will do it, and the brown
skins and brown water reflect the bright
sunlight from above. Then the Sheikh ul
Islam solemnly thanks the Almighty,
Allah the all powerful, the all merciful.
He employs his blessing on the flood,
and at a signal the bank is cut, the wa-
ters rush in, and with them a crowd of
swimmers. A bag of silver piasters is
scattered among them, and the ceremony
is at an end.—Nature.

Always on Time.

Washington had many admirable traits
worthy of imitation, and one of them
was rigid punctuality. This was well
illustrated by an incident during his
visit to Boston 100 years ago. Having
appointed 8 o'clock in the morning as
the hour at which he should set out for
Salem, he mounted his horse just as the
Old South clock was striking that hour.
The company of cavalry which was to
escort him did not arrive till after his
departure and did not overtake him till
he had reached Charles river bridge.
—Exchange.

Concealment No Longer Necessary.

Mrs. Olden—Why, my dear, you look
ten years older since you were married.
Mrs. Young—And I am. You know
I have been only 23 for the past ten
years.—Detroit Free Press.

Brummel and Byron.
Byron, while walking along Piccadilly
one bright summer morning, encoun-
tered Ben Brummel, who was return-
ing from his tailor's.
"How are you, Brummel?" said the
poet.
"Pretty well, thank you," returned
the beau. "I've been reading 'Don
Juan.'"
"Yes," said Byron, with a smile.
"There is some clever rhyme in it."
"So?" observed Byron, with affected
surprise.
"And some pretty good versification."
"Ah?" returned the poet.
"Why don't you try your hand at poe-
try, Byron?" asked Brummel.
The two never spoke to each other
again.

Followed Orders.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson.
"What a stupid fellow that jeweler is!"
"How so?" inquired his friend.
"Why, I told him the other day that
I wanted engraved on the engagement
ring the letters 'from A. to Z.'—from
Arthur to Zenobia, you know—and the
idiot went to work and put in the whole
alphabet!"—Elmira Telegram.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Make great endings sometimes. Ailments
that we are apt to consider trivial often grow
through neglect into atrocious maladies, dan-
gerous to themselves and productive of others.
It is the disregard of the earlier indications of
ill health which leads to the establishment of
all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. More-
over, there are certain disorders incident to the
season, such as malaria and rheumatism,
against which it is always desirable to fortify
the system after exposure to the conditions
which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma
are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters. After you have incurred risk from
these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hos-
tetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward
should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia,
liver complaint, kidney and bladder troubles,
nervousness and debility it is the most deserv-
ingly popular of remedies and preventives. A
wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Tom—Are you going to the seashore this sum-
mer, Dick? Dick—Well, I don't know; it will
be cheaper to sit on my porch and see the
bloomer girls go by.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications, as they cannot reach
the diseased portion of the ear. There is
only one way to cure Deafness, and that is
by constitutional remedies. Deafness is
caused by an inflamed condition of the
mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube.
When this tube gets inflamed you have a
rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and
when it is entirely closed Deafness is the
result, and unless the inflammation can be
taken out and this tube restored to its nor-
mal condition, hearing will be destroyed
forever; nine cases out of ten are caused
by catarrh, which is nothing but an in-
flamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for
any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh)
that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh
Cure. Send for circulars, free.
J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"Don't put in yeh time perdudin' advice,"
said Uncle Eben. "De mahket foh it am mighty
po'. Ef er man teks it foh nuffin, he am 'ble
ter sck like he done yoh a favor."

Pilo's Cure for Consumption relieves the
most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buck-
miller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1891.

TRY GERBER for breakfast.

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils
and other eruptions which disfigure the
face and cause pain and annoyance. By
purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla
completely cures these troubles and clears
the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes
that tired, drowsy feeling so general at
this season and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the only true blood purifier prominently
in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure habitual constipa-
tion. Price, 25c.

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Elastic Stockings
Trusses . . .
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Having Piles known by medicine like hemorrhoids, cause
intense itching when warm. This form of Piles, bleed-
ing or protruding Piles yield at once to
DR. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY,
which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, al-
leviates itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price per
Bottle 50c. or 10c. per Box. Dr. So-San-Ko, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ENGINE OILS.
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ENGINE OILS.
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SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Solely by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

There is no pain that Pain-Killer will
not stop. Colic, cramps, toothache, ear-
ache, sprains, cuts, burns, bites and
stings, all yield to its magic. A record
of more than fifty years proves that

One thing is certain PAIN-KILLER kills pain

Keep Pain-Killer constantly on hand—you
can never know when it will be needed.
The quantity has been doubled, but the price is still 25 cents.
Imitations and substitutes may be offered you—look out.
The genuine bottle bears the name—Perry Davis & Son.

SHEEP-DIP LITTLE'S POWDER DIP—THE BEST MADE!

Mixes with cold water. Reliable and safe.
JAMES LADLOW & CO., Portland, Or. Gen. Ag'ts for Oregon, Washing-
ton, Idaho, Dakota & Montana.

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Preserves all kinds of Fruit without cooking, and retains their
natural flavor.

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(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES)
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ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need
MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.
Three doses only. Try it.

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Never mind with less ribbon. Take no other kind. Before purchasing examine and test.
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If you use the Petaluma
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Make money while
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time by old processes.
Catalogue sent
free, and describes every
article needed for the
poultry business.

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mechanically the best
wheel. Prettiest model.
We are Pacific Coast
Agents. Bicycle cat-
alogue, mailed free, gives
full description, prices, etc. AGENTS WANTED.
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IMPROVED
LIVER PILLS
A MILD PHYSIC.

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.
A movement of the bowels each day necessary for
health. These pills supply what the system lacks to
make it regular. They cure Headache, Brighten the
eyes, and clear the complexion better than cosmetics.
They neither grip nor sicken. To convince you, we
make money for you a full box for the first order.
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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually
outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free
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Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use
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