

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SO MANY THINGS I DO FORGET.

So many things I do forget,
And faint would I remember
Bright things, glad things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December,
But the home where my childhood learned its
songs,
And the trees where my father sat them,
And the brook and the bank where the pines
belong,
I never can forget them.

So many things I do forget,
And faint would I remember,
Bright things, wise things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December,
But the friends of childhood's long ago,
By the mountain shadowed river—
With a fadeless light their names shall glow
Forever and forever.

So many things I do forget,
And faint would I remember,
Bright things, sweet things, my footsteps met
Before they touched November,
But the blue of my angel mother's eyes
And the tears of love that wet them,
And the kisses of one beyond the skies,
I never shall forget them.

So many things I have forgot,
Nor wish I to remember,
Sad things, hard things, I tell them not
To April or December,
But the ivies of the mountain wood,
And the scarlet plums behind them,
Would I forget them if I could,
Forgetting who could find them.

So many things we do forget,
And faint we would remember,
Ere feet that danced the minuet
Have walked to slow December,
But the songs that sleep lips have sung
Our memories silhouette them,
We sing them over. We are young
And never can forget them.
—Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

MAN IN THE MOON.

It was the last day of the late great
frost, and, unimpaired of my 60 odd
years, I undertook to skate 20 miles or
so along the frozen Lea. When I re-
turned home, I was tired—so tired that
scarcely was I seated in my armchair
when I found myself nodding, and un-
doubtedly I should have fallen asleep
had not an exceedingly strange circum-
stance happened.

To be brief, then, I was lifted from
my chair in my home in north London,
whirled through space for a couple of
hours and then deposited gently but
firmly on the moon.

Scarcely had I recovered my breath
when an aged man of venerable aspect,
whom I at once recognized as the man
in the moon, approached me and in-
quired my business. I explained that I
was an involuntary trespasser on his
hospitality, and then, thinking as I was
there I might as well learn something
about the history of our satellite and its
inhabitants—supposing there were any
—I proceeded as respectfully as might
be to question the old fellow.

"Yes; you are right," he exclaimed
in answer to my query as he placed the
load of fagots he was carrying on a
projecting mass of granite and rested
his back against the cone of an extinct
volcano. "I have seen a lot of changes
in my time. How old am I? Well, I
don't know exactly, but it is some mil-
lions of years ago since my first birth-
day.

"Why, bless my heart, when I was a
lad, this old dried up moon was as bright
and fresh as your earth is now.

"Seas sparkled in the sunlight, brooks
gleamed and flashed through the valleys
and forests clothed with verdure the
mountains now dead and silent. Aye,
these were glorious times. The birds
sang in the woods from early dawn to
nightfall, the fishes leaped and plashed
and leaped and plashed again in every
eddy and pool of our prehistoric rivers.
Great mammals, some uncouth and
some beautiful, but mostly the latter,
roamed at will amid the glades of our
mighty forests. Then, after a million
years or so, man came."

"Man?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, man," he reiterated rather
testily. "Man, of course. Do you think
your earth alone has been the home of
man? I tell you he lived and flourished
here while the earth was yet formless
and void, a vast white hot mass of semi-
fluid granite. At first he was weak for
lack of knowledge, and fought—often
unsuccessfully—with the wild beasts of
the forests for food and drink and rai-
ment. Then as he grew older he grew
wiser and carved for himself weapons
of flint and wood, just as the earth man
did a million or two years afterward.
Our lunar men were very clever, too—
very clever. Not so large or so strong
as terrestrial man, perhaps, but quicker
to learn. Why, it did not take us more
than 200,000 years to perfect our civiliza-
tion."

"And what happened then?" was my
next query.

"Ah, there you have asked a question
hard to answer," quoth the old man
sadly. "All I know is that one year
there came a blight over all things. It
was not exactly a plague. It was rather
a want of vitality in the atmosphere
that reacted with terrible effect on all
animate nature. Man, being the most
highly organized of all things living,
was the first to feel its baneful effects,
and he dwindled and pined and finally
perished, and the places that had been
wont to know him knew him no more
forever.

"Then as the sunny atmosphere grew
more and more attenuated the mam-
mals first and afterward every form of
animal life grew cold and dead. The
lowest forms of plant life lingered for a
few thousand years longer, until the
last drop of water had evaporated into
space, in fact, and then they, too, van-
ished, and the moon was left as you see
it today, a dead world, without heat,

atmosphere or moisture."

"A sad fate surely, but you must
have become resigned," I said soothing-
ly, for the old man was sighing heavily
and gazing fixedly into space as though
he saw again the lost visions of long
livers he had been describing.

"No, I am not resigned," and he
shook his head slowly from side to side.
"Both myself and my sister look for-
ward to better times to come."

"Your sister?" I exclaimed wonder-
ingly. "I was not aware of—"

"That I had a sister?" he interrupted.
"Oh, yes, I have, but I forgot! Of course
you have never seen her. She lives on

the side of the moon opposite to the
earth, amid mountains and valleys, up-
on whose bold outlines no earthly eye
has ever gazed. It is by far the best side
of the moon, too, but she is getting
rather tired of living there and talks
about changing places with me. I ex-
pect you would be rather surprised down
below there if some fine day—or night,
rather—you found a woman in the moon
instead of a man. Ha, ha, ha!" and he
forgotful of his recent fit of the blues the
old chap gave vent to a hearty guffaw.

"We should indeed," I replied,
laughing in my turn, "although I fancy,
unless your sister's appearance differs in a
marked degree from your own, that we
should scarcely be able to distinguish
the difference. You must admit your-
self that one must possess good eye-
sight to tell a man from a woman 240,-
000 miles away."

"Oh, but," answered the old man,
with a touch of family pride, "she is a
fine woman! Not bent and bowed with
age like me. Indeed she is really 6,000,-
000 years younger than am I. Then, of
course, she dresses in—"

"The habiliments suitable to her
sex," I ventured to say.

"Precisely, and, like all the women
here, is fond of dress. Why, when I last
visited her, some 25,000 years ago, al-
most her first question was, 'How do the
women dress now on the earth?' Of
course there wasn't much to tell her be-
cause—well, the women of that day
didn't trouble themselves much about
dress, but I am thinking of paying her
another visit soon, and then I shall have
a different budget of news for her."

"But tell me," I interrupted, for I
was not much interested in the old fel-
low's sister, "something about the earth.
You must have seen almost as great
changes in the earth as in the moon."

"Almost," was the answer, "but not
quite. My world is cold and dead. Yours
is still alive, as was mine once, but
your turn will come some day, and then
we shall both go circling through space,
cold, silent and lifeless. But that," he
continued, "will be many millions of
years from now, almost as many mil-
lions as it is since I first set
eyes on your planet. Then, as I said be-
fore, it was a mere mass of molten mat-
ter—a vast white hot ball whirling
round the sun and carrying me with it.
I remember as though it were yesterday
the first beginning of earthly life. At
first the seas covered everything, and
beautiful specimens of marine flora
floated everywhere upon the surface of
the water, while in its translucent
depths fishes of strange form and glo-
rious coloring disported themselves.
Then the dry land began to appear, and
by slow degrees the great forests that
shrouded as with a mantle all the earth
not covered by the waters. For millions
of years what you are pleased to call
the lower animals were the only deni-
zens of their somber depths, and even
after man came it was hundreds of
thousands of years before he even par-
tially dominated the face of nature."

"But was there not," I asked, "an
ice age?"

"A what?" he exclaimed, with a puz-
zled expression of countenance.

"An ice age," I repeated. "A period
of time when the ice, which, as you are
aware, is always present at the poles,
spread northward and southward until
it enveloped almost the entire globe."

"Oh, yes," responded mine host,
with the air of a man trying to recall
some long forgotten and altogether trivial
incident. "I believe something of the
kind did happen, and not more than
100,000 or 150,000 years ago either.
But it only lasted about 20,000 years,
and I had quite forgotten all about it
until you mentioned it."

This concluded the interview, for
although I would have liked to have
pursued my inquiries further the old
chap suddenly snatched up his bundle,
bent his back and resumed his orthodox
position, at the same time indicating by a
gesture that he was not inclined for
any further conversation. "We are right
over Greenwich observatory," he ex-
plained in answer to my look of sur-
prise, "and I don't want the astron-
omers there to see me without my bun-
dle and talking to a stranger too. It isn't
respectable."—London Amusing Jour-
nal.

A Memorial to Her Pet.

Lowell has on one of her rondides a
large urn, which is kept constantly filled
with fresh flowers at the expense of
a wealthy lady who resides in the vicini-
ty as a memorial to her pet poodle,
which was killed by the cars at that
point.—Boston Herald.

Sweet In Comparison.

"Doesn't the rag peddler annoy you
with his horn?"
"Not half as much as the piano ped-
dler next door."—Detroit Free Press.

STAGE GLINTS.

Katherine Germaine is to star as Fran-
cesco in "The Fencing Master."

Stuart Robson will produce an adap-
tation of "Mme. Mongodin" in New
York.

Gustave Frohman has engaged Miss
Maude Banks for the part of Bess Ley-
den in "The Witch."

"Leonardo," the comic opera by Gil-
bert Burgess, music by T. Pearall
Thorne, is not a striking work.

"The Weavers," Hauptmann's play,
will be produced at the Irving Place
theater, New York, on Nov. 21.

W. H. Elwood has been engaged by
Fanny Davenport to play an important
part in her company this season.

John E. Keller has been engaged to
play the part of the villain in "The
Heart of Maryland" for ten weeks.

Lady Sholto Douglas, the variety ac-
tress, who married the youngest son of
the Marquis of Queensberry, wants to
return to the stage.

A march song entitled "Claire" is
rapidly becoming popular. Words and
music were supplied by Clara Belle Sa-
viers of Cincinnati.

Sadie Martinot has gone to Boston.
She has received an offer from Charles
Thayer to send her out in a new play
for a New England tour.

There is a possibility that A. M.
Palmer will produce Sydney Rosenfeld's
new play, "A House of Cards," at the
Park theater in Brooklyn.

Fay Templeton has recovered from
her recent illness, and is rehearsing
daily the title role in "Excelsior, Jr.,"
which E. E. Rice is to produce.

R. A. Barnett, author of "1492" and
"Excelsior, Jr.," is at work on a fairy
extravaganza, entitled "The Strange
Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk."
A. B. Sloane of Baltimore will compose
the music.

DENOMINATIONAL NAMES.

The abbot takes his name from the
Syriac word abba, meaning "father."

The Monothelists were so called be-
cause of their belief in one God and but
one.

The Franciscans, or Gray Friars, took
their name from St. Francis, the found-
er of the order.

The Church of England was so called
because its jurisdiction did not extend
outside of that kingdom.

The Plymouth Brethren, a sect found-
ed in 1830, was named from the city
where their organization was effected.

The Covenanters were so called be-
cause they formed a solemn league and
covenant against the designs of Charles I.

The Bernardines were so named from
St. Bernard, who founded the famous
hospice in the Alpine pass which bears
his name, about 962.

The Arminians took their name from
their leader, Arminius, born in 1566,
died in 1609. Their doctrines are still
held by several Methodist bodies.

The Pantheists takes his name from
two Greek words, practically signifying
God everywhere. The Pantheist sees in
everything a manifestation of deity.

The Sacramentarians were so called
because one of their chief doctrines was
the denial of the real presence of the
body of Christ in the consecrated bread.

The Dominicans, or Black Friars,
were organized by St. Dominic to oppose
the teaching and doctrines of the Albi-
genses. They were called Black Friars
on account of the color of their habits.

The Lutherans took their name from
Martin Luther, who was born in 1483
and died in 1546. At first the name was
used as a term of ridicule, but was
adopted by those to whom it was applied
and soon became a serious designation.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Persian and ribbed velvet ribbons are
among the novelties used for dress trim-
mings.

Wool braid with a corded edge is used
in place of velvet for the bottom of
dresses.

"Chiffon brilliant" is a new substi-
tute for chiffon. It comes in all colors
and is very glossy.

The new capes for winter are made of
velvet, not so full as they were former-
ly, and cut long enough to extend well
over the hips, while additional warmth
is given by a large fur collar.

Black satin petticoats, warmly lined
with flannel and gored somewhat after
the style of an umbrella, so that they
button on to the lower edge of the cor-
set, are indispensable additions to a
stout woman's outfit.

Galloons, in many widths and vary-
ing prices, are used for trimming, and
braiding on cloth gowns for morning
wear is in vogue again. Basques and
vests are braided all over in a pattern
or with a simple coil on the edge.

The latest evening dresses are literal
copies of the Marie Antoinette gown,
with very full skirts gathered on to a
low cut waist pointed in front and
round in the back. The sleeves are two
short puffs hanging like ruffles from the
shoulder, and the hip pads are not omit-
ted.—New York Sun.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We carry our worst enemies within
us.—Spurgeon.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of
slaves.—Garrison.

The greatest truths are the simplest,
and so are the greatest men.—Hare.

Nothing is useless to the man of sense;
he turns everything to account.—La
Fontaine.

They are the weakest, however strong,
who have no faith in themselves or
their powers.—Boyer.

Show me the man who would go to
heaven alone, and I will show you one
who will never be admitted there.—Felt-
ham.

NERVOUSNESS.

THE CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM IT.

Brain Workers, People Who Worry
and People Who Endure Long
Continued Physical Strain.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

It is generally agreed that a man's
physical condition is dependent, to a
great degree, upon the nature of his
employment. Men whose occupations
necessitate the constant use of the brain,
without any opportunity for physical
exercise, are generally nervous, while
men employed at manual labor requiring
no exercise of the brain function, are
almost universally possessed of sound
nervous systems, not easily dis-
turbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this prin-
ciple is found in the case of Professor
George E. Coleman, who is a profes-
sional pianist, and who was, until
within recent years, a druggist. Pro-
fessor Coleman lives at 1330 Buchanan
street, San Francisco. He is well
known here as a pianist, having played
in some of the most popular music
halls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a
man of strong frame, and he has been
an easy prey to the severe nervous ten-
sion of his work at the piano. He has
had to play continuously for several
hours during every evening for five
years, and his nervous system finally
gave way under the strain. He was
forced to retire from regular work at
the piano, but that did not have the
effect of improving his condition. Upon
the contrary, he steadily grew worse.
His nerves had been shattered, and in
addition he discovered that one of
his lungs had been affected by his
having been exposed to counter
draughts in poorly ventilated halls. His
condition soon became such that he
was confined to his home, and finally
gave himself over to the care of a
physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as
a druggist had given him an ac-
quaintance with diseases and their
remedies, so he had a full knowledge
of just what was necessary on his part
to affect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treat-
ment by a physician," said Mr. Cole-
man, "I could notice no improvement
in my condition. If anything, I think
I was considerably worse. The action
of my lungs had become so weak that
I was afraid to walk any distance un-
assisted for fear of falling, through
loss of respiration. My nervousness
had advanced to an alarming stage. I
was not able to contain myself for even
a short time, but had always to be
fumbling with something or moving
nervously about the room. It was
while I was in this condition that I no-
ticed in a paper an article on Will-
iams' Pink Pills. I determined to try
them, even though they killed me. Well,
they didn't kill me, but I'm not
going to tell you that they cured me
immediately, my case was much too
serious for that. But I had not taken
a full box before I felt a great relief.
My respiration was more certain, I was
gradually gaining control of my nerves,
and my condition was generally im-
proved. I kept right on taking the
pills and getting well. Now I had
taken just three boxes of them when I
considered myself a cured man. And I
was right, for although I quit taking
the pills, I did not relapse into my for-
mer condition, but grew stronger daily.
"It was truly a marvelous cure, and
I will say that I think Williams' Pills
possess remarkable curative properties,
and I would recommend them to the
use of the thousands of people of this
city who are nervous wrecks, or who
are suffering from diseases of the
lungs."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People are now given to the public as
an unfailing blood builder and nerve
restorer, curing all forms of weakness
arising from a watery condition of the
blood or shattered nerves. The pills
are sold by all dealers, or will be sent
post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a
box, or six boxes for \$2.50)—they
are never sold in bulk or by the 100)
by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine
Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"No, she can't keep a secret. The other day I
confided to her that I was going to marry her
uncle, and the silly thing went and told him."

A HEARTY WELCOME.

To returning peace by day and tranquility at
night is extended by the rheumatic patient
who owes these blessings to Hostetter's stom-
ach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine
remedy for pain and purifier of the blood an
instant beyond the point when the disease
manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia,
liver complaint, indigestion and irregularity of
the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

The Wife—Isn't that your eye doctor? The
husband—I thought so until he sent in his bill.
He's a skin specialist.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward
for any case of Catarrh that cannot be
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe
him perfectly honorable in all business
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out any obligation made by his firm.

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ledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and mu-
cous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per
bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimon-
ials Free.

I could not get along without Pisco's
Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—
Mrs. E. C. MONTGOMERY, Needham, Mass.,
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WITTS.—All Wits stopped free by Dr. Kline's
Great Nerve Restorer. No fit after the first
day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$5.00
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PISCO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

PRACTICAL LOGIC.

To reason from cause to effect is very
good logic in its way, but to practice on
physical conditions in seeking the cause
first, is a very slow process indeed. All
ailments seem to give an expression in
pain, and especially in rheumatism where
it takes hold deeply. This is an effect,
whatever the cause may be, and pain
would become intolerable, if one waited to
find out the cause. Hence sufferers are
bent on curing the pain promptly, and
for this reason know, or soon find out that
St. Jacobs Oil is surely the best remedy.
People seldom have reason to hunt further,
for once this ailment is cured by it, I stays
cured, and thus puts an end to argument
and pain at once.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla
Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great
Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St.
Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St.
Louis, East and South. Rock-baltast track;
fine scenery; new equipment; Great North-
ern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family
Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write
C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland,
Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A.,
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Both the method and results when
Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant
and refreshing to the taste, and acts
gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,
Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-
tem effectually, dispels colds, head-
aches and fevers and cures habitual
constipation. Syrup of Figs is the
only remedy of its kind ever pro-
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ceptable to the stomach, prompt in
its action and truly beneficial in its
effects, prepared only from the most
healthy and agreeable substances, its
many excellent qualities commend it
to all and have made it the most
popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c
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wishes to try it. Do not accept any
substitute.

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DR. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, a simple, safe,
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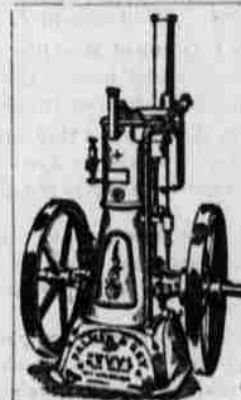
Erysipelas

Has been my affliction from childhood.
It was caused by impure blood, and every
spring I was sure to
have a long spell,
and my general
health would go
way. Doctors did
me but little good,
and I became de-
spondent. Last
spring erysipelas
settled in my eyes
and I became total-
ly blind for several
weeks. Hood's Sar-
aparilla was recommended, and after tak-
ing one bottle my sight gradually returned,
my blood became purified and I was re-
stored to good health. With Hood's Sar-
aparilla one is well armed to meet any
foe.—Miss LULU LUX, 144 Market Street,
Memphis, Tenn. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier promi-
nently in the public eye. \$1; six for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, bilious-
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A Mild Purgative. One Pill for a Dose.
A purgative of the bowels each day is 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
will mail sample free, or full box for \$1. Sold every-
where. DR. ROSSMAN MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of
the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established
in 1780) has led to the placing on the market
many misleading and unscrupulous imitations
of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter
Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manu-
facturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and
Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are
used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that
they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or
limbs, use an
Allcock's Porous Plaster
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imi-
tations is as good as the genuine.

Spray Pumps and Sprays **BUELL LAMBERSON**
205 Third St., near Taylor
PORTLAND - OREGON

WEINHARD'S WELL-KNOWN BEER
—(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES)—
Second to none—TRY IT—
No matter where from. PORTLAND, OR.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK
ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need
MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.
Three doses only. Try it.