

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Sin of Fretting.

There is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech, so common that unless it rises above its usual monotony we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement or something or other which probably every one in the room, or in the car, or the street corner, it may be, knew before, and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply as astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above; and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—Helen Hunt.

The Horse as a Fighter.

Said an ex-cowboy: "I never saw either cows or buffaloes attack a horse so as to amount to anything, but I want to rise right up and testify to the wonderful fighting powers of the horse. He is built for more ways and kinds of fighting than any other product of nature. He can bite, and he can kick out behind, and he can strike with his fore legs. When he is in action, he fights all over. If you want to see fun, you should see wolves attack bunch of horses on the plains. The horses get together with their heads forming the hub of a wheel and their bodies forming the spokes. Then they fight the wolves with their hind legs. They fill the air with wolves, and every wolf lands dead, wounded or ill. Horses avoid a fight as a rule, but will go out of their way to kill a snake. They jump on the snakes, clubbing their hoofs and using them like a mallet. The only other fights they seek are with unmounted men, whom they frequently attack, or else with one another, and in the latter case they resemble a buzzsaw in action, all parts going at once."—New York Sun.

A Chance for the Inventor.

With the vast increase of population in our cities and larger towns, and the increase of railroad trains, steam engines and electric cars, has come a vast increase of noise in our streets. We think the man or woman who can invent and patent something easily placed over the ears of the sick and those who want to sleep, and which shall temporarily shut out noise, may obtain a fortune and the thanks of multitudes who now suffer.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Unique Business.

Berlin has a shorthand writer with a unique specialty. He attends all funerals of prominent persons and takes down verbatim the addresses of the officiating clergymen. Then he prepares highly ornamented copies of the addresses and sells them to the friends of the eulogized dead.

A Universal Debt.

There is not a man living who does not owe the world something.—Galveston News.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drugists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

N. P. N. U. No. 626—S. F. N. U. No. 708

FOREVER AND A DAY.

Urge me not, I pray.
All the air is golden;
Every thorny spray
In the sunlight blushes,
And my thoughts are holden
By the warbling thrushes.
Urge me not today.

Oh, when winds of May
Shake the boughs with laughter
Till they toss and sway,
Till a kiss and a sever,
Speak not of hereafter,
Breathe not of forever—
Give me but today.

—J. E. Wetherill in Travellers' Record.

WHAT A LETTER DID.

How a Southern Congressman Innocently Made a Lifelong Enemy.

"Speaking of stenographers," said a gentleman well known in Washington, who for a number of years represented a Louisiana district in Congress, "I once had a secretary, an unusually careful and competent fellow, too, whose slight slip in a typewritten letter to a constituent of mine cost me that gentleman's friendship, a friendship valued much more highly than I can express."

"This is the way it came about: At a time when I was well nigh submerged with committee duties I received a letter from the head of one of the most influential and widely respected families of the state. His residence had just burned down, he wrote me, the loss coming at a moment when it affected his financial matters to no inconsiderable extent. Could he not presume upon our many years of friendship to the extent of asking a loan of \$250, until the insurance companies should settle his claim? I was deeply moved to learn of his misfortune, and immediately dictated, along with a number of other letters, the following lines to him:

"My Dear Sir—I am greatly pained to hear of the calamity which has come upon you. I regret I have not \$250 in available funds at present; will send check in a day or two."

"Promptly enough the check went, but with equal promptness it was returned to me, with no word of explanation. I own I was surprised, but concluded he must have received his insurance money, and the circumstance was gradually forgotten. But it was very forcibly recalled to my mind when next I paid a visit to my home, for he did not call upon me, as he had always been wont to do. On the contrary, he shunned a meeting with me.

"Imagine my dismay upon finding that the letter I had sent him, in the most kindly spirit possible, contained these words: 'I regret I have got \$250 in available funds; will send check in a day or two.' In vain I explained, apologized, implored. To his dying day he never forgave what he termed my studied and unwarranted affront.

"That is what the touch of a finger upon a wrong key did for me, and for years I have never mailed a letter, long or short, without first subjecting it to the most rigid scrutiny. I tell you, sir, it pays to be watchful in this respect."—Washington Star.

The Last Straw.

Henry Van Meter, who died in Bangor about 25 years ago at the advanced age of 110, was a genuine old Virginia darky who drifted down east in some mysterious way in the early part of this century.

He imagined himself charged with inspiration from various spirits and was in reality unbalanced in his mind for the greater part of the time, on account of the superstitious beliefs which possessed him.

At one time he was summoned to court as witness in a certain case, and the counsel on each side badgered him with questions until his wits became so entangled that his answers grew quite wild and preposterous. Noticing the distress and confusion of the poor old witness, the judge, who was a most kind hearted man, hushed the lawyers and put a simple question to the bewildered darky, with the intention of bringing him back to the starting point.

This third assailant, for so Van Meter regarded the kindly judge's interposition, proved the last straw to the old darky.

"Now, look a-heah, yo' ole gray haired gemman up on de bench dar," he broke out, shaking a trembling forefinger at the judge, "don' yo' interfere wid dis yer bus'ness at all. Dis chile's got jes' as much as he can do to take care ob dese two fellers down heab, an dat's de truf!"—Youth's Companion.

A Dog Is a Crowd.

It is really cruel to take a dog, and particularly a small one, into a crowd. No one possessing any imagination would ever do it. Can you fancy what the feelings of a little animal must be when it finds itself in a perfect forest of legs, each leg provided with a foot shot in hard leather and liable to come down on one of its poor little paws? Its small brain must be in a ferment of apprehension all the time, and if it could command any language it would probably be of a powerful kind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A New Port.

Heyst, the new port to be built on the North sea at the mouth of the canal that is to make Bruges once more a seaport, will be large enough to hold 12 or 15 of the largest transatlantic steamers. The breakwater will stretch more than two miles out to sea. The port will cost \$5,400,000, and \$2,400,000 more will be spent on the canal.

ACTOR AND SONG WRITER.

John Woodard, the Veteran Who Wrote "Joe Bowers" and "The Days of '49."

John Woodard, the old time actor who wrote two world famous songs, "Joe Bowers" and "The Days of Forty-nine," is still alive and acting at the advanced age of 70 years. He has had a very interesting career, and is full of fascinating reminiscences. He is a native of Grant county, Ky., and at the age of 17 started out to seek his fortune. He went down the Licking and Ohio rivers on a flatboat to Louisville, where he met an actor, James Becon, who persuaded him to adopt the stage as his career. For three years Woodard roved about the country with different companies, and finally reached St. Louis. Every one who knew him declared that he would soon die of consumption, and Woodard concluded to fool them.

In speaking of the physical endurance which is required of bakers as a class, Mr. Louis Coppola, of 969 Harvard street, San Francisco, took occasion to say that many of them break down under the severe strain of their work. The most vital point of endurance is the back. The men have to bend over the long troughs in which the dough is mixed. The work is comparatively light until the dough begins to thicken, but then it becomes a continuous process of lifting and throwing the heavy mass in a trough containing three hundred or four hundred pounds of dough. It necessitates the employment of almost Herculean strength to properly mix the dough.

"I gave way under the strain of such work," said Mr. Coppola.

"It affected my kidneys, just as it does those of many others who follow the trade. I began to experience pains in the small of my back. At first they were periodical, but they afterwards became more frequent and finally it became so that I suffered from them not only while I was working but when I was at leisure. They would seize upon me while I slept and cause me hours of painful wakefulness. I soon saw that I was being unfitted for my work, so I began taking medicine for the relief of the complaint. It was all to no avail, however, until I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did not take the pills in the confidence that they would in any way relieve me of my suffering, but I bought them simply to see if the many reports of their marvelous power were true. I was soon convinced, for before I had taken very many of them the pains in the regions of my kidneys began to be lessened, and before I had taken a full box I had been entirely relieved. I knew no more wakeful nights, no more painful exertions while at work. In fact, I was a new man, and I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"My sister, Mrs. A. Duncan, has been a sufferer from female weaknesses for some time. She had gone about in a sort of moping, listless way, with no energy for any kind of exertion. When she saw the great good which had been done me by Williams' Pills she determined to take some herself. The result has been very favorable. She has gained strength, is as lively as a young girl, and in fact says she feels as though she were ten years younger than she really is."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

OUR DAILY BREAD

THE GREAT LABOR REQUIRED TO FEED THE MULTITUDE.

The Baker's Task is Hard One—He Soon Breaks Down and Has to Desert His Occupation—A Well-Known Baker Talks With a Reporter.

Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

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TRY IN TIME.

The president of an accident insurance company, strictly in the line of advertising his business, has been telling a wonderful story, which he locates in Brooklyn, where numerous trolley accidents occur. He says: "Some time ago a large policy holder in my company was run over by a trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just 15 minutes to 12 o'clock. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his yearly indemnity without controversy or litigation."—New Orleans Picayune.

Superior American Pens.

American gold pens have the reputation in our own and foreign markets of being the best pens in the world.—Chicago Times-Herald.

CONFINEMENT AND HARD WORK

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary work tends to weary after office hours to take a load off the body, especially when it is taken in the open air.

Father Pamphilus was deeply disappointed, and Joseph pleased him very much by volunteering to go in his stead. Thus it was that Father Joseph Damien, the heroic priest, came to visit Hawaii. After laboring for several years in the Pacific islands Father Damien one day heard his bishop lamenting that he could not send a missionary to the lepers on the volcanic island of Molokai. Father Damien at once volunteered to devote his life to the work. For 16 years he labored among the outcasts, dressing their wounds, improving their moral, spiritual and physical condition, and burying them when they died. Finally he contracted the leathsome disease, and died April 15, 1889.

Father Pamphilus will aid in carrying on the work his martyred brother began. He will have a much easier task, however, for Father Conrardy, Damien's assistant; Father Wendelin Moeller and a number of brave nuns are now ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of the Molokai lepers. Father Pamphilus is 58 years of age, and a Belgian. He is a graduate of the University of Louvain, and has served there as professor of theology for many years. The settlement at Molokai has been in existence since 1863, when the awful spread of leprosy throughout the Hawaiian group compelled the government to banish all the victims of the disease to the island. No provision was made for their accommodation, and they were huddled together in miserable huts, regardless of age, sex or the commonest decency. Their condition was wonderfully improved by Father Damien.

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Onion Juice as a Hair Restorer.

A London hairdresser states that there is only one really infallible hair producer, and that is onion juice.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

The avocations of men go on just as in winter as in summer, and those who labor hard with hands, body and muscles know this full well. The sport also are just as festive and are attended with many accidents. The chances of accident are about the same to all, but to the laboring man a mishap means very much. For instance, a sprain may cripple badly and mean loss of time, place and money were it not that we all know how readily St. Jacobs Oil will cure a sprain, and prevent all these misgivings. So let us enjoy ourselves without fear.

"Did I understand you to say that you were a pupil?" "Dat's what." "Manual, oral, or graphic?"

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 normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous membranes.

We will send One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75¢.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakota, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-ballast track; new scenery; new equipment. Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Diners; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write A. C. Dennis, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Fattison &