

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

In these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should glide me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turbot dove,
Court his chaste mate to acts of love,
Or on the bank feel the west wind
Breeze health and plenty; please my mind
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers
And then washed off by April showers.
Here hear my kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young
Or a lark build her nest.
Here give my weary spirit rest
And raise my low pitched thoughts above
Earth or what poor mortals love.
Thus free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts I would rejoice,
With my Bryan and a book,
Linger long days near Shawford brook.
There sit by him and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away
And angle on and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
—Isaac Walton.

GENERAL MILES' POKER STORY.

The Soldier Boys Had Over a Million Dollars in the Pool.
"I don't poker myself," said Major General Miles. "In fact, I am glad to say that the game has rather gone out of the army, but I think I can claim to have been a witness of the biggest game as to stakes that was ever played."
"Tell us about it, general," said Colonel Ochiltree. "I have some pretty good poker stories in stock myself."
"And so have I," said Henry Waterson. "For instance, Joe Blackburn's about the game played in the trenches at the battle of Shiloh, with a table made on the bodies of the comrades of the players."
"Well," said John W. Mackay, "as to stakes, I will enter a claim for some of the games played in the good old days in Nevada, when the boys had the Comstock lode to draw upon. But, general, let us have your story."
"It was in the spring of 1865, when Davis, Lee and the rest of you Confederates, Colonel Waterson, were in full retreat from Richmond toward Danville, and we were pressing you night and day, hardly stopping to eat or sleep. On the eve of the battle of Sailor's Creek—"
"I was there," said Colonel Ochiltree. "It was in that battle that I was wounded."
"That day," continued General Miles, "we overhauled and captured a Confederate wagon train and found, greatly to the delight of the boys, that several of the wagons were loaded with Confederate bonds and Confederate money in transit from the Confederate treasury department in Richmond to wherever the government did not care to deprive them of the spoils to which they were richly entitled. At night, when we knocked off work for supper after a few hours' rest and sleep, I had occasion to ride along the line and found, greatly to my amusement, a poker game going on around almost every campfire. Stopping to watch one of the games, this is what I heard:
"How much is the ante?"
"A thousand dollars."
"And how much to fill? Five thousand? Well, here goes. I raise it \$10,000."
"Good! I see you and go you \$10,000 better. Twenty-five thousand to draw cards!"
"Then cards were drawn, and presently a bet was made of \$50,000. Some one went \$100,000 better, but he was ruled down. Fifty thousand was the limit. However, there was \$300,000 in the pot when it was hauled down by the winner, who had three aces and a pair of jacks. I expressed my surprise at the size of the game and told the boys that they had better go slow or their funds would run out."
"Never fear, general," replied one of them. "We will keep within our means. You ought to have been here just now. Why, we had a jack pot of \$1,200,000."
"I think you will agree with me," continued General Miles, "that no bigger poker game than that was ever played."
—New York Mail and Express.

CROSSING THE ROCKIES.

It Is Not All Bugged Nature That Attracts the Traveler's Attention.
Crossing the Rocky mountains on the Northern Pacific railroad affords an opportunity for a thoughtful mind to canvass the possibilities of time and wonder what shook the earth on its crazy base. Covered with Christmas trees, snow and mules, the mountains rise about you like a thirsty crowd when some one says "beer." To climb these high places big engines coiled by the hand of man, so strong that they could pull anything with two ends to it, are put on ahead, and the train jogs up hill as if the grade was the other way. A man smoking a joint of fish pole got on the train at Helena, and when he wasn't setting fire to his fish pole he was telling us that he was the principal man around there and had information to let.

There was a fence so near the track we thought we could read a sign on it. "Go to Fleming & Lewaux for your condition powder," this man told us that that fence was 35 miles away and still going. Mountain that had been dug out to allow the train to pass by without running into the river we found was 75 miles away. The train stopped at a little town called Busted Knuckle. The largest building was a saloon. A sign read, "Beer, 5 cents a glass," and we found that about half the people that traveled got left at that town. The saloon, instead of being a half a block, as it looked, was in reality 12 miles in the country.

Near a station house a cow and a horse and a few pigs were surrounded by a fence; the cow was standing bow legged in order to eat grass without interfering with the fence, and the horse seemed crowded for room, while the pigs rooted around down stairs. This information tank led us to believe that the piece of ground contained 100 acres of land, more or less, according to the government survey. He got off at the next stop and took charge of a yoke of oxen.—Northwest Magazine.

New Eyebrows.
We learn from French sources that a London perfumer has found a new way of fixing up eyelashes and eyebrows. Instead of painting them in the usual vulgar old style, he puts the genuine article there, and professional and amateur beauties of the great city are flocking to him to be made just too lovely for anything. The operation is said to be extremely delicate, though by no means painful. He takes a hair from the head of the beauty, or if she does not like precisely the color of her own hair, he takes one of any other color that she likes, threads an extremely fine needle with the hair, runs it along inside the skin of the eyelid, sewing silkman's fashion, but leaving the loops sufficiently long to enable him to cut them afterward, so that they will form a range of beautiful fringe and look perfectly natural. For eyebrows he does the same thing, but the eyebrow operation is, of course, less delicate.

Arched eyebrows, bushy eyebrows, straight eyebrows, crooked eyebrows, all sort of eyebrows, in any color or shade or form, this wonderful perfumer makes for the ladies of London, and it is said that his success is something astonishing.

IN AN OLD BOOKSHOP.

The Men and Women Who Met in Hatchard's a Century Ago.

In a recent life of John Hatchard, an old London publisher, some interesting glimpses are given of the men and women who, a century ago, were in the habit of loitering away the morning in the dingy bookroom of the great publishing house in Piccadilly.

Scott and Crabbe, Byron, Lamb and Sydney Smith met there and gossiped over new books or fingered rare editions of old ones.

The Duke of Wellington was in the habit of riding up to the shop and leaving a list of books which he wished to buy, the exact limit of price always being carefully stated to a penny. On one occasion an auction of old books was in progress, and a pamphlet, the title of which attracted him, was started at 2 shillings. He beckoned to the shopman.

"Buy it for me carte blanche," he said and rode away.

A day or two later he called again, and the pamphlet was handed to him. It had cost nearly £25.

The duke, who was saving of money, changed countenance and then said quickly:

"You were right. I am enough of a soldier to submit to my own orders."

An old lady, soberly clad, but with merry, twinkling eyes, came often to the shop and was regarded with awe by the clerks and customers. It was Miss Hannah More, who had lately written certain weighty tragedies.

One day a little boy 6 years of age, followed by his nurse, entered and brought a note from Miss More to the publisher, asking him to credit her "young friend Tom" for whatever books he might choose on her account.

Two years later the same Tom brought another note, stating that he was to be credited to the amount of 2 guineas, and that as he already owned and had read all the great ones she would suggest prose works. Johnson's or Isaac Walton's "Lives."

Many years later there was a great field day at Hatchard's. The third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" were in the press, and subscriptions were pouring in from the royal family, cabinet ministers and bishops, down to poor clerks. The author came into the shop and was told how the book had stirred the whole country. The publisher had known him for many years, but a certain pleased flash of the eye startled his memory.

"Why, you are our little friend Tom!" he said.

Macaulay laughed and confessed to being the prodigy whose infantile wisdom had long been a tradition of the shop.—Household Words.

A ROUGH SHAVE.

The Natives of Jamaica Use Broken Bottles For Razors.

The natives of Jamaica have no need to buy soap, for the woods abound with plants whose leaves and buds supply very well the place of that indispensable article. Among these is the soap tree, so called, though it is more a bush than a tree. Its bulb, when rubbed on wet clothes, makes a beautiful lather, which smells much like common brown soap. The Jamaica negroes, some of them, who are great dandies in their way, make a soap out of a cocconut oil and homemade lye, and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This cocconut oil soap is used for shaving.

When a man wishes to shave, he starts out with his cocconut shell cup and his donkey tail brush and bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Jamaica, even in the mountains. At least 20 generations of thirty people have lived there and thrown away the empty bottles. The man carries no mirror, because he has none to carry. Not one negro cabin in a dozen has a cheap looking glass.

But nature supplies the mirror as well as the soap. The man goes to a convenient pool in the mountain stream where the water is still, and there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone and picks out a good sharp piece. Then he lathers his face profusely and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which works almost as well as a sharp razor.

The men rarely cut themselves in this operation. "At first," says a writer, "I trembled for them, but afterward I tried the method for myself, and soon became expert at it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Lord Chancellor and Great Seal.
It may not be generally known that during his term of office the lord high chancellor is not permitted to leave the kingdom. If he makes a holiday, he must choose a locality somewhere within the boundaries of the island. The reason for this restriction, Mr. Lucey explains in an article in The Strand Magazine, is that wherever the lord chancellor goes he must carry with him the great seal, and that is to be trusted out of the country. This precious mark of authority consists of a pair of dies made in silver. When necessity arises for fixing the great seal of England to any document, the dies are closed, melted wax is poured in, and, opened in due season, the great seal is found ready for attachment. The pair of dies now in use date from the accession of her majesty. On her death they will be cut into pieces and deposited with a long list of others in the Tower.—Westminster Gazette.

Bryant's Early Pecuniary Rewards.
It is amusing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labors, whatever may have been the fame they brought him. Two dollars a poem was the price that he named, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with the terms. A gentleman met him in New York many years after and said to him: "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems and gave \$20 for it." "More, by a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work."—Arthur Lawrence in Century.

Little Alice's Mistake.
It happened that little Alice's mamma had traveled in company with Mark Twain and one or two other celebrated writers. The child had heard the matter discussed, and she electrified the household by announcing:

"You traveled with Shakespeare, didn't you, mamma? I told the teacher today that you did!"—New York Mercury.

A Great Drought.
In the year B. C. 496 there was a drought extending all over Europe. All the crops failed, and whole districts were depopulated. At Rome thousands of people drowned themselves in the Tiber, and a pestilence ensued from the dead bodies in the river and on the banks.

Maryland, Massachusetts and Vermont are returned in the census reports as each having one acre in flax, New Jersey and Arkansas each having two.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 180th N. Y. V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

From the Ashabula, Ohio, Beacon.

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 180th regiment N. Y. V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service.

Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhoea from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O.; but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffman, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pill I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been a faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world should know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Driver of bus (to conductor, whom he has called up)—"Jim, 'th' ol' gent behind's just fell off. Conductor—All right, Bill; 'e's paid his fare.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME
The saddest of the year," not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sore and yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthily stimulating his kidneys, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

A section of Tom Paine's brain is on exhibition in London. The Pall Mall Gazette says it is quite black, and "looks like a chunk of iron pyrites."

TIME AND TIDE.
"Time and tide wait for no man," saith the adage—but there are many other things of the non-waiting kind which will not be put off and ought not to be. Half the misery of the world is caused by delay, and Rheumatism is one of those insidious ills which demands prompt attention, especially in mid-winter, when the cold accelerates its action and intensifies pain. If allowed to have its way, it will wait for no man in its rapid development of the chronic stage. When this is reached, then come troubles, not only its misery but in many ways where a helpless condition throws the sufferer out of work and money. But whether in its acute, chronic or inflammatory stage, don't wait. The tide of pain will go on and so will loss of time. At the same time all know that St. Jacobs Oil is made and sold for the express purpose of curing the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED, DORCHESTER, MASS., the well known manufacturers of Breakfast Cocoa and other Cocoa and Chocolate preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Company's preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels and wrappers on their goods consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at Dorchester, Mass.

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-ballast track; fine scenery; new equipment. Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write A. B. C. Denniston, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilo's Cure.—RALPH KRIZO, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

WITN.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. He fits after the first day's use. Nervousness cured. Fits and all other ills cured free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GREENE for breakfast.

From the Journal of Medicine Prof. W. E. Peake, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has written a book on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. E. PEAKE, P. O. Cedar St., New York

I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Fraser, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Relieves the Sore, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. A particle is applied into each nostril, and is available. Price, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 71 Warren Street, New York.

ABSOLUTELY PURE-DELICIOUS-NUTRITIOUS.
The Breakfast Cocoa
MADE BY
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
DORCHESTER, MASS.
COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.
NO CHEMICALS.
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATERIE
ON EVERY CAN.
•AVOID IMITATIONS•

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

Stop Naturally!
You Don't Have to Swear off!
make's the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.
GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.
Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.
THE STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL. PORTLAND, OREGON. NEW YORK.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

Seeds, Trees, Spray Pumps BUELL LAMBERSON 205 Third St., near Taylor PORTLAND - OREGON

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

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES
SAPOLIO

Aches

And pains of rheumatism can be cured by restoring the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Thousands of people tell of perfect cures by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25 cts.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/10 what it was. It has many branches and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and hoisting, steel, galvanized-iron, Completion, Windmills, Tilling and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Blast Furnaces, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. In application it will furnish you January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 11th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
A Mild Purgative. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks. They are gentle, and clear the complexion better than castor oil. They soothe the liver, and give a healthy glow to the face. They will cure Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Windmills, Tilling and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Blast Furnaces, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. In application it will furnish you January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 11th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle.

SURE CURE FOR PILES
Insert and bleed. Nothing or Provenient. Piles cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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