

Quality

It is the high quality of Royal Baking Powder that has established its great and world-wide reputation.

Every housewife knows she can rely upon it; that it makes the bread and biscuit more delicious and wholesome—always the finest that can be baked.

It is economy and every way better to use the Royal, whose work is always certain, never experimental.

There are many imitation baking powders, made from alum. They may cost less per pound, but their use is at the cost of health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

A Romance of Real Life.
The duchess of Arcos was Virginia Woolbury Lowery, of Washington, D. C. A distinguished ancestor, Daniel Woolbury of New England, once held the position of secretary of the treasury, under Jackson, and was afterwards justice of the supreme court. Montgomery Blair, a cabinet official during the administration of Lincoln, was of the same family.

The romantic courtship of the duke and duchess of Arcos began over 20 years ago. At that time he was young Count Brunetti, of the Spanish legation in Washington, an under secretary, whose admiration for the beautiful Miss Lowery resulted in an engagement, to which the parents objected on account of the youth of their daughter, and the fact that Count Brunetti was appointed to a remote South American post, where months were required to send a communication.

The engagement was of 20 years' duration, and Count Brunetti in that time inherited estates and a title in Spain. When he returned to Washington he found Miss Lowery even more beautiful in her maturity than when he had left her. Mrs. Lowery, who was an invalid, died shortly before the wedding of her daughter, which occurred in August, 1895, at the summer home of the family in New London, Conn., and was quietly celebrated.—Harper's Bazaar.

The Irony of Fate.
"Do you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"
"Yes."
"Fate's awful funny sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his one ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch lions with a lasso."—Tri Hits.

Schilling's Best

money-back tea and baking powder at

Your Grocer's

PORTLAND DIRECTORY.

Portland and Wines Works.
PORTLAND WINE & IRON WORKS, WINE and Iron Dealers, office calling, etc. 214 Alder.

Machinery and Supplies.
CANTON & CO., ENGINEERS, BOILERS, MA CHINERY SUPPLIES, 65-67 Franklin, Portland, Me.

MACHINERY. ALL KINDS
TATUM & BOWEN,
23 to 35 First Street, PORTLAND, ME.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, planes, belts and windmills. The new steel I X L windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

EDWARD HUGHES, MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES, 108-110 Franklin St., Portland, Me.

Wholesale Druggists and Photographic Supplies.
BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO. 104 AND 106 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon.

Rupture
Treated and cured without operation. C. N. WOODMAN & CO., 108 Second St., Portland, Me.

IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION
EICKFORD, Washington, D. C. Will fill out free of charge. EICKFORD, 1010 14th St., Wash., D. C.

"THE DEWEY"
The world's greatest remedy for all ailments. Sold by all druggists.

YOU'LL BE WELL
When your blood gets to the present condition—when it is rich and fresh—your health is restored to the normal state of the body.

Moore's Revealed Remedy
purifies the blood, gives it health and richness. It cures backache, nervousness, tired feeling, bearing down pains, etc. It never fails. 25c per bottle at your druggist.

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Sorrow and pain are left without,
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Sorrow and pain are left without,
And I am safe and glad,
Safe in the haven of your heart,
Contented just to know,
That you are mine, and I am yours,
Whatever may come or go.

What have you taught me, O my love,
In that brief happy year,
That earth below and Heaven above
Are sometimes very near,
That when your arms can clasp me close,
Your lips to mine be given,
I care no more of earthly bliss,
I ask no other heaven.
—Waverley Magazine.

Paid in Full.

66 **H**ARRY, dear, don't go!"
"I must, dear; beggars can't be choosers," I answered, bitterly. "After all, dearest girl, it will be only for a few months."
"A year, I'm afraid, Harry, from what father says."
"Well, since he has found me, this work I mustn't shirk it. Good-by, my own girl."

What misery does poverty entail on loving hearts! Gladly Fleming and I had loved one another for years—ever since, indeed, we were children together. I had spent the few hundreds my father left me in completing my engineering education in Germany. Then I came home, confident of finding work. But nothing came my way in spite of every endeavor. At last Mr. Fleming's interest procured me a place as assistant engineer in building a new lighthouse on the rugged and rocky coast of the west coast of Ireland. It was not the work I wanted. It would bring little credit, however well done. The pay was poor, and the prospects of the hardships and loneliness were not calculated to raise one's spirits. There would be but one other skilled engineer on the spot—an Irishman, I understood, named Callan.

I parted with Callan on Tuesday. Friday morning found me on the small sailing craft which was the only means of communication between Skryn and the mainland. Soon we landed, and I waded ashore and walked up the steep path to the top of the cliff.
As I reached the summit a man met me, and, holding out his hand, said: "Good morning! You're Mr. Brydon, I suppose?"
"I thought the voice unpleasant, but glancing up into the man's face, decided that it was even worse than the voice."
He was not so ill-looking—at least, as far as features went—as the man who had discovered the peculiar repulsion he inspired me with was due to his eyes. These were extraordinarily dark and piercing, but across the iris of one was a remarkable pale yellow mark, which, combined with a very slight squint, gave him an absolutely unamiable appearance.

Callan walked back with me. A very few steps brought us to the huts. They were the regular home-made article of wood and ash. There was one for each of us, and a little way off another, a good deal larger, for the workmen. There were six of these—rough Connemara men.
From where we stood on the summit of the grass-clad knoll for the island there was no more than a long view toward the regular home-made article of wood and ash. There was one for each of us, and a little way off another, a good deal larger, for the workmen. There were six of these—rough Connemara men.

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