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### New York Society in Wartime.

Out of the great excitement of the war grew a fantastic gaiety, a wild sort of Carmagnole frenzy. Society did strange things. Women would dance the german as a fashionable New York party with their hair hanging in long streamers down their backs, while the young men would seize those beautiful tresses for reins and drive the fair women with imitation whips. Everybody was half mad. And after the war was over these women, to whom philanthropy had become a business, found it hard to return to the common everyday work of life. So Mrs. S. M. K. Barlow, one of the best and noblest of human beings, suggested that we should help the south. We went to work again at the dramatic committee and invoked Mr. Wallace. Mr. Jerome lent us the theater, and we really did some very good works, producing plays which were not stumbled through, but had some resemblance to the real thing. The money we made we sent to the clergymen of the south, who wrote of individual cases of distress. It was our pleasure to save the lives of sick children who needed more delicate food than their poor mothers could otherwise have procured. We used to receive most touching letters. Thus was the first effort at reconstruction attempted and carried through successfully. We tried to follow Grant at Appomattox and to be worthy of the last words of Lincoln.—Mrs. M. E. Sherwood in Lippincott's.

### The American Navy.

There is little doubt that the American ship is much better built than the foreign vessel. This may be rightly attributed to the fact that the United States government is very rigid in its requirements. All contracts must be lived up to, and that the builder may be encouraged in his work premiums are paid where the official test develops greater horsepower and more speed, or where the requirements of the contract have been more than met. The government will not accept a vessel not up to the specifications. Builders know this and are accordingly prepared for it.

As an illustration in point take the case of the Vauxuis. The contract called for 3,000 horsepower, and she would have to develop a speed of 29 knots. In the official trial this vessel actually developed 4,540 horsepower and attained a speed of 31.64-100 knots from a measured 4-mile course, of course as a result of her builder a large premium. The case of the Blake, English built, whose contract called for 30,000 horsepower, fully compares with this showing. The best efforts of her engineers and builders could only bring out a little over 16,000, and under this tremendous strain her boilers went to pieces. The same statement is true, although in a worse degree, of the failure of her sister ship, the Blenheim.—Colonel A. G. Feather in Blue and Gray.

### An Old Custom.

The custom of fastening rags, shreds and such worthless votive offerings to bushes which grew near holy wells and springs which were noted for health giving properties, though now obsolete, once flourished in England and Scotland. Near to Newcastle, in the suburb of Benwell, a well which was once famous for such gifts still exists. The practice is not unknown to Ireland. In fact it survives in all countries where Roman Catholicism flourishes, which is not surprising when it is borne in mind that the British church had a special prayer for blessing cloths used for the cure of disease.

At Wierre Effroy in France, where the water of St. Godeleime's well is esteemed efficacious for ague, rheumatism, gout and all affections of the limbs, a heterogeneous collection of crutches, bandages, rolls of rag and other rejected adjuncts of medical treatment is to be seen hanging upon the surrounding shrubs. These are intended as thank offerings and testimonies of restoration.

Other springs, famous for curing ophthalmia, abound in the same district, and here, too, bandages, shades, guards and rags innumerable are exhibited. Whichever may be the cause for keeping up the practice, its origin was unquestionably veneration for the dead, or a desire to render homage to some supernatural power.—Antiquary.

### Invalids and Gambling.

Too many invalids are given to gambling for the purpose of amusement or pastime. Those who visit Florida, Colorado or California on account of climate, who leave home, friends and business on account of their health, who have anxious friends, or probably some relatives, who are hoping for all or some benefit from the change, cannot defeat the object of their trip in any more certain way than by a resort to gaming. No food, stimulant or rest can replace the lost nervous energy expended in this pastime. It tells on the cool and imperturbable as well as on the nervous and easily upset.

We have often seen pulmonary invalids coming west for climatic benefit who slept all morning with closed windows and tightly drawn blinds that, by the exclusion of sounds and light, they might make up during the day for the rest lost during the night—a night often in a close room with burning gas lamps, and, as is generally the case, so small that what fresh air it may contain would hardly suffice for one man. The deadly effects of these conditions, added to the nervous injury incident to gambling, are sufficient to wreck a previously well and hearty constitution. An invalid may be said to be about destroyed what little chance he may have by following gambling for pastime.—National Popular Review.

### Infected Hotels.

A well known physician recently published an account of the experience of a patient at a so called health resort. Here is a part of the story: "The patient in question was suffering only from overwork; his family history was clear, and there was no tuberculosis to be traced in his immediate kin or among his ancestors. He went to a health resort at a high altitude to recuperate. He boarded at a hotel in which numerous consumptives were coughing and expectorating; four months afterward he developed tuberculosis and now has a typical case of pulmonary phthisis. The unfortunate condition of these resorts is that there is, as a rule, no system of disinfection of the rooms, verandas, hallways, etc.

"The patients are allowed in most hotels to expectorate where they choose, without restriction. The result is that germs are scattered broadcast in the buildings and outside of the grounds. They become dry and are scattered in the air and inhaled by those exposed. Thus a health resort which in the beginning may have been very effective in combating consumption becomes after a time a veritable center of infection."

### Poor Business in a Theater.

When Charles Yale was experiencing wretched business during one week in the south, a brother manager asked if the people were treating him right.

"It's frightful," replied Mr. Yale. "Last night was the worst I ever heard of. I never imagined it could be so bad. All records for small receipts were smashed."

"How is it tonight?" "Fifteen dollars less than last night."—New York Evening Sun.

### An Affecting Scene.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling, you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love?

Mrs. Younghusband—Horse radish!—Exchange.

### J. STERLING MORTON.

#### Some Interesting Incidents of His Early Experiences in Nebraska.

J. Sterling Morton of Arbor Lodge, Otoe county, Neb., who is selected for commissioner of agriculture in President Cleveland's second cabinet, was a picturesque and familiar figure in Nebraska for many a year before he became known to the nation at large. He was editor of the first paper published in the territory, the Nebraska City News, when Jim Lane's "free state army" made that city their headquarters in 1858. He criticized Lane savagely, and his office was mobbed, which caused this correspondence:

General James H. Lane: DEAR SIR—When your men attacked me this morning, I was unarmed. Since then I have received two of "Salt's speaking trumpets" and propose to use them on any of your men that come within shooting distance of this office. J. S. Morton.

Lane at once replied: J. S. Morton, Editor—I suppose when my men read your article criticizing Lane's army they became so incensed that without consultation they at once conferred with you. I beg to say they have been "court martialed" and in due time will receive their just punishment, and in the future you may rest assured that you and your property will not be molested. JAMES H. LANE, General.

Mr. Morton published all this. It raised a great laugh in Washington and led to his being appointed secretary of the territory by President Buchanan. In the absence of the governor he acted as such, and thus got the title which has stuck to him ever since, though he failed of election in many subsequent campaigns. He was born April 22, 1832, in Adams, Jefferson county, N. Y., and was partially reared and educated in Michigan, but was graduated from Union college, New York. In 1854 he married Caroline Jay French, and the young couple soon after located in Nebraska City. In 1857 he pre-empted the farm now known as Arbor Lodge, and there their four sons were born. Mrs. Morton died in 1891. He has served two terms in the legislature and been three times the Democratic candidate for governor. In 1860 he was declared elected to congress, but before his term was quite out a contestant was declared entitled to the seat. He originated and secured the adoption of what is called Arbor day, a holiday for tree planting. He is an enthusiast on forest culture, also a radical tariff reformer and hard money man—in short, a Democrat after Mr. Cleveland's own heart.

### WYOMING'S RICHEST CITIZEN.

#### Governor Osborne Appoints Him to the United States Senate.

Asabel Collins Beckwith, whom Governor Osborne of Wyoming has appointed senator from that state, is a pioneer of the pioneers. He was in the Missouri river country with a party of trappers 45 years ago at the age of 15, over 30 years ago he drove an ox team across the plains of Wyoming and has been first settler, first merchant or first man to build a frame house in all sorts of places, from the Des Moines river to Promontory Point in Utah.

The result has been that he is rich, vigorous and popular. He has held only two offices. One was a membership in the national World's fair commission and the other a membership in the first town council of Cheyenne. He went there 27 years ago and identified himself with the com-



A. C. BECKWITH.

munity by building its first house and opening a grocery. When the railway came and went on, he went with it and was a rich man before he settled in Evanston, a thrifty town near the Utah line. In that section he is the big man. He owns the local bank, herds of cattle and tracts of range, coal mines and coal and timber lands. His hobby is horses, and he breeds trotters on the finest farm in the mountains. He brings Wilkes stock from Kentucky and makes money.

His religious denomination is Methodist, and he is a native of New York, has been married 19 years and has four children. Though his early education was defective, he is a man of wide reading and considerable culture and can make a good speech. Being the richest man in Wyoming, owner of one ranch of 38 sections, of which 14,000 acres are under cultivation, he will make a very pleasant addition to that "pleasantest of social clubs and greatest collection of millionaires in the world"—the United States senate.

### Habits of a Millionaire.

Phillip D. Armour, the millionaire packer and philanthropist of Chicago, rears many of the simple habits of his boyhood, which he passed on a farm in New England. He rises at 5, breakfasts at 8, and by 7 is at his desk, where he remains until 9 in the evening. His office methods are most democratic. The entire staff of clerks occupy one large room, with no railings or glass doors to hedge off those in authority, and Mr. Armour himself sits among them, at a plain, flat top desk, distinguished from the others only by the presence there of a small bunch of roses.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### The Romance of a Lock of Hair.

Thirty-seven years ago a Yankee fishing skipper of Vinal Haven, Me., named Solomon Marshall, was courting Deborah Sholes, of Upper Port La Tour, N. S. While at her home he had begged a lock of her beautiful golden brown hair. During the succeeding winter, which he spent at home, he received the news that the young lady of his heart had turned fickle and was allowing another the honor of her company to village merry makings.

In his despair he and a friend named Colby, who was afterward killed in the war of the rebellion, bored a three-quarter inch hole into a white birch tree then about five inches through, put the hair in and drove home after it a pine plug. The next summer he went back to Nova Scotia and married the fair Deborah, in triumph over his rival, and brought her to the States, where he afterward died. He never thought it necessary to reclaim the hair, and there it remained year after year, the tree waxing large and strong and covering over with its white wood and paper bark the precious token hid in its bosom.

Last winter Mr. Edwin Smith, who now owns the old Marshall farm, cut the tree for firewood. In splitting the wood the ax happened to lay the tree open exactly on a pine plug, with a lock of beautiful hair behind it. The outside end of the plug was covered by three inches of solid wood, which consisted of thirty-seven annual rings. The hair and plug are now in possession of Mrs. Margaret Turner, of Isle au Haut, Me., the sister of the heroine of this little romance, who is now Mrs. Saunders, of Lockport, N. S.—Boston Traveller.

### Made Proffered to the Old Man.

Some time ago Hamilton Gregg gave a chattel mortgage on an organ. This organ is the pride of the Gregg household and was the special pride of old man Gregg's fair young daughter, who was wont to charm Mrs. Gregg into fairyland by her sweet operations on the instrument which her father had been unamused enough to mortgage.

Two or three days ago the mortgage matured, but the money was not forthcoming. The holder, upon Gregg's failure to come to time, sent a bailiff for the organ.

But the bailiff didn't get it. Mrs. Gregg and daughter sent the bailiff about his business, telling him he shouldn't have the organ. He went his way quietly, but soon returned and took old man Gregg in charge for not turning over the collateral. He was taken to jail, old and palsied as he was, a sacrifice for Mrs. and Miss Gregg's love for music.

He is a carpenter by trade, and takes his incarceration philosophically. He says if the "old lady and her gal" wants the organ wms 'an him they can take it and go to Guinea.—Atlanta Constitution.

### A Cottage with a History.

An interesting London building has just been demolished by the ruthless hands of the speculative builder. The old thatched cottage fronting on the green at Shepherd's Bush has been destroyed. Tradition associated it quite erroneously with the name of the famous Jack Sheppard, but there is good ground for believing that it was the actual house in which lived Miles Syndercombe, the prime mover in a plot against the life of Oliver Cromwell.

The details of the conspiracy are obscure, and it was asserted at the time that it was the work of agents provocateurs, with the object of increasing the popularity of the protector, but in the famous pamphlet, "Killing no Murder," Syndercombe's guilt is assumed, for he is lauded as a martyr in the cause of liberty and compared to Brutus. Apart from its historical associations the cottage should have been preserved as being probably the last remaining thatched building within the limits of the county of London.—Galignani Messenger.

### Discharged.

A most remarkable incident has occurred at the City hospital. It is the custom there every afternoon at 3 o'clock for one of the clerks to visit the various wards and tell the patients who are able to go home that they are discharged. Several days ago the clerk entered Mr. Ward, and walking to the side of Henry Juelg's cot said: "You can go out today. Your name is on the discharge list." Juelg, who was suffering from heart disease, leaned upon his elbow, and turning to Dr. Wolf, who was standing near by, asked in an anxious tone, "Doctor, am I discharged?" "Why, no," was the answer, "you are not well enough." Before the physician could utter another word the patient dropped back—dead.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Ball of Twine Picked Up at Sea.

Captain Chadwick of the schooner Henry Souther of Thomaston, Me., lying at Woodall's wharfyard in Baltimore, possesses a ball of twine which has a history. One morning in September, on a voyage from Brunswick, Ga., to an eastern port, Captain Chadwick noticed a string flying out from the mizen mast of his vessel about the cross-tree. It extended as far as the eye could follow it above the water. A man was sent aloft to pull in the string, and after it was all gathered aboard it made a large ball of manilla twine. At the time the string was discovered the nearest land was 35 miles distant. As such twine was not used on the Souther, Captain Chadwick was puzzled to account for its presence. The only solution was that it had been used to fly a kite or a captive balloon, which had escaped, and that it had been blown across the Chadwick's mast. Mrs. Chadwick measured the cord, which is 1,000 feet long.—Hartford Times.

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