

Make no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

The Parsees and the Dead Prince.

In connection with the expressions of sorrow evoked throughout all parts of the Indian empire by the sad death of the late Duke of Clarence one of the most remarkable perhaps was the meeting of Parsee residents of Bombay. The assembly was held on the other day in the beautiful Wadia Fire temple under the presidency of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well known Bombay millionaire and philanthropist. After prayers and references to the duty of loyalty to rulers as inculcated by the Zoroastrian theology and philosophy, the dustoor, or Parsee high priest, observed that the fire that was kept burning in the censer before the assembly was the emblem of the light of heaven, and before that fire they must all earnestly solicit and pray to the Almighty Ahura Mazda that he might grant a peaceful repose to the spirit of the royal prince to the eternal abode of paradise.

After invoking the archangels and angels to guard the prince's spirit from harm, the prayer specially composed by the dustoor for the occasion ended with beseeching the continuance of the safety and prosperity that the Zoroastrian community enjoy under the rule of her majesty the queen-empress. All of this touching, characteristic as it is of that loyal and generous spirit so conscientiously displayed by our Parsee friends in India's commercial metropolis.—Colonies and India.

Automatic Postal Call Box.

A very ingenious automatic machine has been established near the letter box at Charing Cross station for the collection of letters to be forwarded by the postoffice express service. It is in electrical connection with the postal telegraph office opposite the station. By dropping a penny into the slot and pulling out the slide, a brown colored envelope is delivered. This envelope contains another envelope and a card. The communication is intended to be written on the card, which is then inclosed in a white envelope, and this, with the penny for delivery, which have been fixed threepence per mile, is reenclosed in an outer envelope and deposited in the box behind the flap, which bears the printed instructions. The act of withdrawing the slide sends the call signal to the telegraph office, and a messenger is at once dispatched to collect the special letters.—Electrical Review.

A Hindoo's Purification.

A Fyzabad Hindoo who had been out-casted for the offense of eating cooked food in a railway train while there were persons of other castes in the same carriage with him has been restored to caste. The erring individual, although not a wealthy man, had sufficient means to pay the cost of purification. He was first weighed in pice, and was valued at 180 rupees and after that in wheat. After the weighing he was made to sit on a square stone and his body was covered with dirt, the face only excepted; he was then taken up by two men and thrown into the river, and after a good bath he came out and was received by the Brahmans, fully restored to caste fellowship. The Brahmans informed the purified individual that a great favor had been conferred on him in weighing him in copper instead of silver.—London Letter.

Odd Discovery in a Log.

A lumberman at Wrypitlock recently split open a hollow maple log and found among rotten leaves twenty-six mice, all dead. There were three species in the collection—the long tailed or kangaroo mouse, the white bellied wood mouse and the common short tailed field mouse. The chopper thinks they crowded up into the hollow in order to keep warm, and the hole through which they were having closed up, they starved to death. Mice won't eat mice, evidently, although civilized men have been known to feed on one another under similar conditions.—Lowiston Journal.

How a Convict Made His Escape.

News reaches here of the escape of a convict from a gang working a few miles south of here on the Santa Fe last Wednesday. The convicts were strung out along an embankment shoveling dirt. One of them, when none of the guards were looking, lay down in a hollow made by the spades. The gang near him threw dirt over him until he was completely covered. When camp was reached and the roll called the escape was discovered. He has not been captured.—Benham Cor. Galveston News.

A Woman's Will.

A Frenchwoman of considerable fortune, who had thousands of dollars was recently bequeathed to any compatriot or any companion of her choice, rather than any

Asleep for Over Four Months.

Cases of prolonged sleep are by no means so numerous that we can afford to pass over the mention of an example of this condition at present exercising the minds of German physicians. The patient is a miner by trade, his name being Johann Latus. He is an inmate of the hospital of Myslowitz, in Silesia, within whose walls, it is stated, he had been asleep for some 4½ months. It seemed impossible to rouse Latus, but a recent bulletin mentions that he has at last awoken. Naturally the case is referred to the records of catalepsy for its explanation, although it is pointed out that 4½ months is a very extended period even for cataleptic sleep.

In this case the limbs were rigid, which of course pointed to the existence of a cataleptic condition, but the body itself showed no sign of being in any unusual state. It remained still and placid; the chest rose and fell regularly, and the skin was of a natural color, the face being described as presenting a healthy appearance. In the recent reports it was stated that Latus had become less rigid as regards his body itself, while slight movements were noticed prior to his waking.

Curiously enough, while the hair of the head has grown largely, the beard has not exhibited any increase. Feeding was carried out by introducing milk, to the extent of two or three liters per day, into the stomach by means of a tube.—Illustrated London News.

One Way for a Star to Brighten.

Director Keeler, of the Allegheny observatory, was one of the first to receive the news of the recent discovery of the new star in Auriga, but on account of the cloudy weather and Pittsburgh smoke shutting out all observation he has not yet clearly seen the visitor among the heavenly bodies. In speaking of it he said: "The new star, I think, has been caused by collision. That is, however, only supposition. It is possible that it was formerly covered with a crust that in some disturbance was broken and flew off into space, leaving the molten interior visible to astronomers. Such occurrences are common. The outside of the body becomes chilled, and losing its brilliancy cannot be seen.

"If then the crust is broken by any disturbance the star can be seen and is heralded as a new body, when in reality it may have been occupying the same position for thousands of years."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Money in Minerals.

There is money in minerals, if you get hold of the right kind. The South African Diamond trust that recently forced up the price of its commodity by consolidating the various companies and by occasionally suspending operations to make a scarcity of the stones has cleared a pretty penny. During its last fiscal year it gathered up 2,195,112 carats of gems, on which was realized nearly \$16,440,000. While the surplus stock of stones has been disposed of, an immense quantity of "blue stuff"—the local matrix of the diamond—remains to be washed.—Exchange.

A Substitute for the Dynamo.

The oft discussed problem of a substitute for dynamos in electric lighting by providing a cheap, inodorous, inoffensive electric battery, capable of supplying sufficient light for domestic uses, is again claimed to be solved by M. Pondron, of Paris. By his new battery he claims the ability to employ a great surface of zinc in a cell of the desired moderate capacity, containing but a small quantity of liquid, and with the advantages of the ingredients of the solutions, as he states, being very cheap.—St. Louis Republic.

Ice on the Penobscot.

Ice harvesting operations on the Penobscot are over for the season, and it is estimated that about 900,000 tons have been housed. The ice is thinner than usual, ranging from ten to fourteen inches in thickness, but in excellence of quality this year's harvest was never surpassed. It is likely that all holdings will be disposed of at \$1.25 to \$1.75 per ton, and that will be paying business. The crop will furnish cargoes for about 300 sail of large schooners.—Maine Letter.

A Reliable Man.

Merchant—Your credentials are satisfactory. Have you a grandmother?
Youth—No, sir.
"Any dear old aunts?"
"No, sir."
"Or great-aunts?"
"No, sir."
"Or any other relatives?"
Youth—None, sir, during my lifetime.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

A Break in a Few Minutes and Then the Dance Proceeded.

The party was given at a farmhouse, and about 30 couples were present. I told the farmer when I first arrived that I should depend upon him to give me at least five minutes' notice before any shooting began, and he replied:

"I'll do it. I shall be watchin' out, and I think I can give yo' plenty of time to get out of range."

"There will be shooting of course?"
"Oh, certainly. The boys would feel that they had slighted me if there wasn't a row."

"What do the women folks do when the shooting begins?"
"Sit right down on the floor till it's all over. Don't be a bit uneasy. I'll give yo' plenty of warnin'."

There was only one fiddler, and he was also the caller. His calls puzzled me at first, but no one else appeared to mind it as he drewled:

"Right and left on the head, and Bill Taylor don't want to drop that revolver on the floor! Balance four and half promise, and Jim Henderson has a knife in his boot leg! Ladies change, and Luke Williams is aching to pick a furse with Tom Hebee! All balance to partners, and when the shootin' begins please remember that the fiddler never takes sides!"

We had been dancing about an hour, and everybody seemed to be thoroughly good natured and at peace with all mankind, when the farmer beckoned to me and whispered:

"I said I'd give yo' five minutes warnin', but I'm two minutes behind time! Break fer the barn!"

I broke, but was not over 30 feet from the door when the shooting began. It lasted about five minutes, and I cautiously returned to the house to hear the fiddler calling in the same old monotonous voice:

"Take partners for Virginia reel, and don't make such a furse over three men wounded! First lady and gent forward and back, and Bill Taylor has gone after a doctor! Forward again and sassa, and somebody attend to that gal in hysterics! Swing with the right—now with the left, and if this isn't the most successful dance of the season then you folks nesin't pay me a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

Had Enough of It.

"This is where you answer questions!" he said inquiringly as he looked in on the thin, little, solemn looking fellow.

"It is," replied the thin man. "Write out your question. Write only on one side of the paper and then send it in to me."

"But I'm in a hurry."
"Can't help it."
"It's an easy one."
"Well, go ahead."

"All right. Now, suppose a woman is in a big hall and she wants to get out."
"Without walking?"
"No, she's willing to walk."

"All right. Go on."
"Well, we'll say that there are a lot of other people in that hall who want to leave at the same time."

"Yes."
"And they come trooping along behind this woman, several hundred strong, all making for the same door."

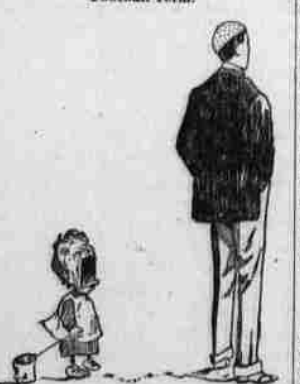
"Yes."
"And the door is quite a narrow one."
"Yes. Go on."

"Well, what will the woman do when she gets fairly and squarely in the doorway?"
"Stop."

"Quite right. But why?"
"The thin, solemn looking man got up and kicked the stranger out of the room and slammed the door after him."

"I'll teach 'em to come around trying to lure me into answering 'easy questions' that no one this side of paradise or the other place can answer," he muttered as he sat down again. "There is one point where all human investigation stops. We cannot go beyond it."—Chicago Post.

Football Term.



PASSING THE BAWL.
—Brooklyn Life.

Whose Baby?

"Sleep!" echoed the portly gentleman a question the man in the next seat he put to him. "Sleep! I sleep all night baby."

"Whose baby?" queried a nervous looking fellow, with a squint in his eyes. "Whose baby?" repeated in harsh, grating tones, alarmed every passenger. "I did not know he had been here year.—Life.

The Reign of

"Are you fond of Binx?"
"No," replied them. Near by borrow money.

My

My out...

The Bluebird.

You may expect the bluebird any time after the sun passes the winter solstice. In his musical engagements it is not a matter of dates, but opportunity. It is never a matter of importance. Who ever heard a bluebird's song out of season? It may be cold and snowy tomorrow, but his wings tremble in the nervous ecstasy of the present, and he sings of the bit of spring that now is. When the storm comes then he is silent. He may flee before its breath, or, if it is late in the season, he will fold his wing, unstring his lute and uncomplainingly wait till the vernal sun and wind shall come again. But let the merest slit of sunlight gash the cloud, and he warbles forth his greetings. He has been accused of trying to force the season. But it is not that. He is such a lover of the very promise of nature that he is as happy in hope as in fruition.

I found a group shivering against a March snowstorm, late, as the sun was sinking, and stopped to watch them, pitying their distress. Suddenly there was some commotion, which I attributed to my presence and scrutiny—a low conversational chatter, a quivering of wings, a few flitting changes of position and then a gurgle of spring melody among the snowdrops. Astonished, I turned to where the sun should be, and there on the horizon's rim its half disk was burning like a beacon. Two minutes later it was out of sight, the air was gloomy, the snow fell on, but the morning was a bluebird day indeed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

They Trusted in the Lord.

The two gangs of negroes from the southwest who have been stranded in this city within the past few days have displayed traits that are pleasing, and that have stirred up popular sympathy for them. Though they fanned, when they got here, that they could not get to Liberia, in Africa, by a ferryboat or a horse car for ten cents; though they and their pickaninies were hungry, homeless and helpless in a strange city; though they did not know what to do or where to look for anything, it is interesting to learn that they did not whine or howl, or threaten to raise a rumpus, or to play havoc with most things, or even to let loose the dogs of war.

They stood out near the dock in the cold patiently; they held dialogue about the unknown; they were overjoyed when a policeman gave them advice; they blessed the good Lord when they got shinsbone soup for nothing; they grew merry and sang the old melodies of the plantation when they were offered a free place to sleep in, and they laughed, prayed, grew humorous and exhorted each other because things were going quite tolerable in a country for which they started out on their way to the happy land of Liberia.

All of which is somewhat refreshing as things go in this world.—New York Sun.

A Peculiar Commission.

One of our Springfield artists, whose reputation for lifelike portraits is established, had an old lady walk into his studio the other morning with a queer commission. She was a quaint, odd figure, clad in an old style bombazine with a few straggling trimmings of rusty crape, and she evidently was not familiar with city life. "Please, sir," she burst out when the artist had kindly asked her to be seated, "I'd like to have yo' fix up a life size picter o' my Josiah, just as soon's ye can. He died two years ago come Thanksgiving, an' I've been savin' up for his picter ever since. I guess you can do it; he never had no picter done but this one," drawing out a blurred daguerreotype of a plump faced five-year-old boy in petticoat and pantalets. "Josiah wuz forty-five when he died, an' a big an' strong an' handsome's a picter, with a long, black beard. I don't know if it'll be kinder easy to make it look real like him from this, but they say you're a master hand at the picter business an' I guess it'll suit."—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

The Editor Won.

In the queen's bench, London, Mr. St. John Bremon, editor of the society journal, readily, brought an action against the proprietor, Mr. Gilbert Smith, for dismissal without notice. Declaimed that he had a right to be plaintiff without notice, and justified himself because Mr. Smith had adversely criticised the conduct of the Prince of Wales in the baccarat, and advocated a conservative rule of home rule contrary to his views. The jury returned a verdict plaintiff. Damages, £400.—Dunthland) Courier.

Protection of Health.

Largely enough the greatest possibilities are taken in the construction of a house and in our municipal regulations to make the occupant secure in the possession of the least important things, namely, his property. Relatively little attention is given to the preservation of health. A house is valueless, if it is not healthy.

Expensive.

One has contrived a suppers which facilitate operation of the factory. The machine can be reproduced to be superior to any other.

"East, West, Home's Best." A pleasing weakness of human nature to assume that every good thing belongs in a peculiar to one's own country or to one's own special part of it. A Frenchman who had been spending a considerable time in Germany exclaimed immediately after crossing the frontier back into his own country: "There are birds singing in the trees. We are in France again!"

This story is matched by a true one of a New England woman who spent two years in Illinois, and returning to her beloved home wrote as follows to a friend in the east: "It is so nice to be back in the east and hear the locusts, katydids and brown thrushes once more."

All these creatures had made the summer air musical in the part of the country which she had been visiting, but during her banishment she had never heard them.—Youth's Companion.

Figures Never Lie.

Foggins, Sr.—My son, you know that of all things I hate falsehood, and you, sir, have had the face to tell me it was a quarter of 12 when you came home last night when I myself heard the clock strike 3 as you entered. What can you say for yourself?

Foggins, Jr.—Figures may lie, but I am truth itself, and if my memory fails me not I have always been taught, even by you, that 3 is a quarter of 12.

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ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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