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



SO MANY THINGS I DO FORGET.

Bo many things I do forget, And fain would I remember Bright things, giad things, my footsteps met Before they touched December, But the home where my childhood learned its

songs, And the trees where my father set them, and the brook and the bank where the pine belongs,

I never can forget them.

So many things I do forget, And fain would I remember, Bright things, wise things, my footsteps met Before they touched December, But the friends of childhood's long ago,

By the mountain shadowed river-With a fadeless light their names shall glow Forever and forever.

So many things I do forget, And fain would I remember, Bright things, sweet things, my footsteps met Before they crossed November, But the blue of my angel mother's eyes And the tears of love that wet them. And the kisses of one beyond the skies, I never shall forget them.

So many things I have forgot, Nor wish I to remember, Sad things, hard things, I tell them not To April or December, But the ivies of the mountain wood, And the scarlet plums behind them, Would I forget them if I could, Forgetting who could find them.

So many things we do forget, And fain we would remember, Ere feet that danced the minuet Have walked to slow December, But the songs that silent lips have sung Our memories silhouette them. We sing them over. We are young And never can forget them. -Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

MAN IN THE MOON.

It was the last day of the late great frost, and, unmindful of my 50 odd years, I undertook to skate 20 miles or so along the frozen Lea. When I returned home, I was tired-so tired that scarcely was I seated in my armchair here, is fond of dress. Why, when I last when I found myself nodding, and undoubtedly I should have fallen asleer had not an exceedingly strange circumstance happened.

To be brief, then, I was lifted from my chair in my home in north London, whirled through space for a couple of hours and then deposited gently but firmly on the moon.

Scarcely had I recovered my breath when an aged man of venerable aspect, whom I at once recognized as the man in the moon, approached me and inquired my business. I explained that 1 was an involuntary trespasser on his hospitality, and then, thinking as I was there I might as well learn something about the history of our satellite and its inhabitants-supposing there were any -I proceeded as respectfully as might be to question the old fellow.

"Yes; you are right," he exclaimed in answer to my query as he placed the load of fagots he was carrying on a projecting mass of granite and rested of years ago since my first birth

atmosphere or moisture." "A sad fate surely, but you must have become resigned," I said soothingly, for the old man was sighing heavily and gazing fixedly into space as though he saw again the lost visions of lone

livers he had been describing. "No, I am not resigned," and he shook his head slowly from side to side. "Both myself and my sister look forward to better times to come. "Your sister?" I exclaimed wonder

ingly. "I was not aware"-That I had a sister?" he interrupted.

"Oh, yes, I have, but I forgot! Of course you have never seen her. She lives on

the side of the moon opposite to the earth, amid mountains and valleys, upon whose bold outlines no earthly eye has ever gazed. It is by far the best side of the moon, too, but she is getting rather tired of living there and talks about changing places with me. I expect you would be rather surprised down below there if some fine day-or night, rather-you found a woman in the moon instead of a man. Ha, ha, ha!" and forgetful of his recent fit of the blues the old chap gave vent to a hearty guffaw.

"We should indeed," I replied, laughing in my turn, "although I fancy, unless your sister's appearance differs in a marked degree from your own, that we should scarcely be able to distinguish the difference. You must admit yourself that one must possess good eyesight to tell a man from a woman 240,-600 miles away."

"'Oh, but," answered the old man, with a touch of family pride, "she is a fine woman! Not bent and bowed with age like me. Indeed she is really 6,000, 000 years younger than am I. Then, of course, she dresses in-in"

"The habiliments suitable to her sex, " I ventured to say.

"Precisely, and, like all the women visited her, some 25,000 years ago, almost her first question was, 'How do the women dress now on the earth?' Of course there wasn't much to tell her because-well, the women of that day didn't trouble themselves much about dress, but I am thinking of paying her another visit soon, and then I shall have a different budget of news for her."

"But tell me," I interrupted, for I was not much interested in the old fellow's sister, "something about the earth. You must have seen almost as great changes in the earth as in the moon."

"Almost," was the answer, "but not quite. My world is cold and dead. Yours is still alive, as was mine once, but your turn will come some day, and then we shall both go circling through space, cold, silent and lifeless. But that," he continued, "will be many millons of years from now, almost as many millions as it is since I first set eyes on your planet. Then, as I said behis back against the cone of an extinct fore, it was a mere mass of molten matvolcano. "I have seen a lot of changes ter-a vast white hot ball whirling in my time. How old am I? Well, I round the sun and carrying me with it. don't know exactly, but it is some mil- I remember as though it were yesterday the first beginning of earthly life. At first the seas covered everything, and beautiful specimens of marine flora floated everywhere upon the surface of the water, while in its translucent depths fishes of strange form and glorious coloring disported themselves. and forests clothed with verdure the Then the dry land began to appear, and by slow degrees the great forests that shrouded as with a mantle all the earth not covered by the waters. For millions of years what you are pleased to call the lower animals were the only denizens of their somber depths, and even after man came it was hundreds of thousands of years before he even par-

STAGE GLINTS.

Katherine Germaine is to star as Francesco in "The Fencing Master."

Stuart Robson will produce an adaptation of "Mme. Mongodin" in New York.

Gustave Frohman has engaged Miss Maude Banks for the part of Bess Leyden in "The Witch."

"Leonardo," the comic opera by Gilbert Burgess, music by T. Pearsall Thorne, is not a striking work.

"The Weavers," Hauptmann's play, will be produced at the Irving Place theater, New York, on Nov. 21.

W. H. Elwood has been engaged by Fanny Davenport to play an important part in her company this season.

John E. Kellerd has been engaged to play the part of the villain in "The Heart of Maryland" for ten weeks.

Lady Sholto Douglas, the variety actress, who married the youngest son of the Marquis of Queensberry, wants to return to the stage.

A march song entitled "Claire" is rapidly becoming popular. Words and music were supplied by Clara Belle Saviers of Cincinnati.

Sadie Martinot has gone to Boston. She has received an offer from Charles Thayer to send her out in a new play for a New England tour,

There is a possibility that A. M. Palmer will produce Sydney Rosenfeld's new play, "A House of Cards," at the Park theater in Brooklyn.

Fay Templeton has recovered from her recent illness, and is rehearsing daily the title role in "Excelsior, Jr., which E. E. Rice is to produce.

R. A. Barnet, author of "1492" and "Excelsior, Jr.," is at work on a fairy extravaganza, entitled "The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk. A. B. Sloane of Baltimore will compose the music.

DENOMINATIONAL NAMES.

The abbot takes his name from the Syriac word abba, meaning "father." The Monotheists were so called be-

cause of their belief in one God and but ODE.

The Franciscans, or Gray Friars, took their name from St. Francis, the founder of the order.

The Church of England was so called because its jurisdiction did not extend ontside of that kingdom.

The Plymouth Brethren, a sect foundwhere their organization was effected.

The Covenanters were so called because they formed a solemn league and covenant against the designs of Charles L

The Bernardines were so named from St. Bernard, who founded the famous hospice in the Alpine pass which bears his name, about 962.

The Arminians took their name from their leader, Arminius, born in 1566, died in 1609. Their doctrines are still held by several Methodist bodies.

The Pantheist takes his name from two Greek words, practically signifying God everywhere. The Pantheist sees in everything a manifestation of deity.

The Sacramentarians were so called the denial of, the real presence of the body of Christ in the consecrated bread. The Dominicans, or Black Friars, were organized by St. Dominic to oppose the teaching and doctrines of the Albion account of the color of their habits.

The Lutherans took their name from

NERVOUSNESS.

THE CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM IT.

Workers, People Who Worry and People Who Endure Long Continued Physical Strain.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

It is generally agreed that a man's physical condition is dependent, to a great degree, upon the nature of his employment. Men whose occupations necessitate the constant use of the brain. without any opportunity for physical exercise, are generally nervous, while men employed at manual labor requiring no exercise of the brain function, are almost universally possessed of sound nervous systems, not easily disturbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this principle is found in the case of Professor George E. Coleman, who is a professional pianist, and who was, until within recent years, a druggist. Professor Coleman lives at 1830 Buchanan street, San Francisco. He is well known here as a pianist, having played in some of the most popular music halls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man of strong frame, and he has been an easy prey to the severe nervous tension of his work at the piano. . He has had to play continuously for several hours during every evening for five years, and his nervous system finally gave way under the strain. He was forced to retire from regular work at the piano, but that did not have the effect of improving his condition. Upon the contrary, he steadily grew worse. His nerves had been shattered, and in addition he discovered that one of his lungs had been affected by his having been exposed to counter draughts in poorly ventilated halls. His condition soon became such that he was confined to his home, and finally gave himself over to the care of a physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as a druggist had given him an acquaintance with diseases and their remedies, so he had a full knowledge of just what was necessary on his part to affect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treatment by a physician," said Mr. Coleman, "I could notice no improvement in my condition. If anything, I think I was considerably worse. The action of my lungs had become so weak that ed in 1830, was named from the city I was afraid to walk any distance unassisted for fear of falling, through loss of respiration. My nervousness had advanced to an alarming stage. I was not able to contain myself for even a short time, but had always to be fumbling with something or moving nervously about the room. It was while I was in this condition that I noticed in a paper an article on Will-iams' Pink Pills. I determined to try them, even though they killed me. Well, they didn't kill me, but I'm not going to tell you that they cured me immediately, my case was much too serious for that. But I had not taken a full box before I felt a great relief. My respiration was more certain, I was gradually gaining control of my nerves, because one of their chief doctrines was and my condition was generally improved. I kept right on taking the pills and getting well. Now I had taken just three boxes of them when I considered myself a cured man. And I was right, for although I quit taking genses. They were called Black Friars the pills, I did not relapse into my for-

mer condition, but grew stronger daily. "It was truly a marvelous cure, and

PRACTICAL LOGIC.

To reason from cause to effect is very good logic in its way. but to practice on physical conditions in seeking the cause first, is a very slow process indeed. All ailments seem to give an expression in pain, and especially in rheumatism where it takes hold deeply. This is an effect, whatever the cause may be, and pain would become intolerable, if one waited to find out the cause. Hence sufferers are Ind out the cause. Hence sufferers are bent on curing the pain prompily, and for this reason know, or soon find out that St. Jacobs Oil is surely the best remedy. People seldom have reason to hunt further, for once this ailment is cured by it, i stays cured, and thus puts an end to argument and pain at once and pain at once.

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TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



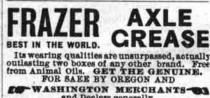
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-tem effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and ac-ceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its

many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-gists. Any reliable druggist who

may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Erysipelas

Has been my affliction from childhood. It was caused by impure blood, and every spring I was sure to

have a long spell,

and my general health would give

way. Doctors did

me but little good,

and I became de-

spondent. Last

spring erysipelas

settled in my eyes

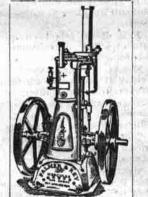
and I became total-



ly blind for several weeks. Hood's Sarsaparilla was re ommended, and after tak-ing one bottle my sight gradually returned, my blood became purified and I was re-stored to good health. With Hood's Sar-saparilla one is well armed to meet any foe."--MIRS LULU LEE, 144 Market Street, Memphis, Tenn. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier promi-nently in the public eye. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure all liverills, bilious-ness, headaches, 25c.

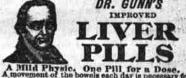
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day. "Why, bless my heart, when I was a lad, this old dried up moon was as bright and fresh as your earth is now.

"Seas sparkled in the sunlight, brooks gleamed and flashed through the valleys mountains now dead and silent. Aye, these were glorious times. The birds sang in the woods from early dawn to nightfall, the fishes leaped and plashed and leaped and plashed again in every eddy and pool of our prehistoric rivers. Great mammals, some uncouth and some beautiful, but mostly the latter, roamed at will amid the glades of our mighty forests. Then, after a million years or so, man came."

"Man?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, man," he reiterated rather testily. "Man, of course. Do you think your earth alone has been the home of man? I tell you he lived and flourished here while the earth was yet formless and void, a vast white hot mass of semifluid granite. At first he was weak for lack of knowledge, and fought-often unsuccessfully-with the wild beasts of the forests for food and drink and raiment. Then as he grew older he grew wiser and carved for himself weapons of flint and wood, just as the earth man did a million or two years afterward. Our lunar men were very clever, toovery clever. Not so large or so strong as terrestrial man, perhaps, but quicker to learn. Why, it did not take us more than 200,000 years to perfect our civilization.'

"And what happened then?" was my next query.

"Ah, there you have asked a question hard to answer," quoth the old man "All I know is that one year sadly. there came a blight over all things. It was not exactly a plague. It was rather a want of vitality in the atmosphere that reacted with terrible effect on all animate nature. Man, being the most highly organized of all things living, was the first to feel its baneful effects. and he dwindled and pined and finally perished, and the places that had been wont to know him knew him no more forever.

"Then as the sunny atmosphere grew more and more attenuated the mammals first and afterward every form of animal life grew cold and dead. The lowest forms of plant life lingered for a few thousand years longer, until the last drop of water had evaporated into space, in fact, and then they, too, vanished, and the moon was left as you see it today, a dead world, without heat,

tially dominated the face of nature. "But was there not," I asked, "an ice age?"

"A what?" he exclaimed, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"An ice age," I repeated. "A period of time when the ice, which, as you are aware, is always present at the poles, spread northward and southward until it enveloped almost the entire globe."

"Oh, yes," responded mine host, with the air of a man trying to recall some long forgotten and altogether triv-ial incident. "I believe something of the kind did happen, and not more than 100,000 or 150,000 years ago either. But it only lasted about 20,000 years, and I had quite forgotten all about it until you mentioned it."

This concluded the interview, for although I would have liked to have pursued my inquiries further the old chap suddenly snatched up his bundle, bent his back and resumed his orthodox position, at the same time indicating by a gesture that he was not inclined for any further conversation. "We are right over Greenwich observatory," he explained in answer to my look of surprise, "and I don't want the astronomers there to see me without my bundle and talking to a stranger too. It isn't respectable."-London Amusing Journal.

A Memorial to Her Pet.

Lowell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity as a memorial to her pet poodle, which was killed by the cars at that point.-Boston Herald.

Sweet In Comparison.

"Doesn't the rag peddler annoy you with his horn?'

"Not half as much as the piano ped-Aler next door. "-Detroit Free Press.

Martin Luther, who was born in 1483 I will say that I think Williams' Pills and died in 1546. At first the name was possess remarkable curative properties, used as a term of ridicule, but was adopted by those to whom it was applied and soon became a serious designation. city who are nervous wrecks, or who -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Persian and ribbed velvet ribbons are among the novelties used for dress trimmings

Wool braid with a corded edge is used in place of velveteen for the bottom of dresses.

"Chiffon brilliant" is a new substitute for chiffon. It comes in all colors and is very glossy.

The new capes for winter are made of velvet, not so full as they were formerly, and cut long enough to extend well over the hips, while additional warmth is given by a large for collar.

Black satin petticoats, warmly lined with flannel and gored somewhat after the stlye of an umbrella, so that they button on to the lower edge of the corset, are indispensable additions to a stout woman's outfit.

Galloons, in many widths and varying prices, are used for trimming, and braiding on cloth gowns for morning wear is in vogue again. Basques and vests are braided all over in a pattern or with a simple coil on the edge.

The latest evening dresses are literal copies of the Marie Antoinette gown, with very full skirts gathered on to a low cut waist pointed in front and round in the back. The sleeves are two short puffs hanging like ruffles from the shoulder, and the hip pads are not omitted. - New York Sun.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We carry our worst enemies within us.-Spurgeon.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves. - Garrick.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.-Hare.

Nothing is useless to the man of sense; he turns everything to account.-La Fontaine.

They are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.-Bovee.

Show me the man who would go to heaven alone, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there. -Feltham.

and I would recommend them to the use of the thousands of people of this are suffering from diseases of the lungs.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50-they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"No, she can't keep a secret. The other day 1 confided to her that I was going to marry her ancle, and the silly thing went and told him."

A HEARTY WELCOME

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The Wife-Isn't that your eye doctor? The Hu-band-I thought so until he sent in his bill. He's a skin specialist.

HOW'S THIS!

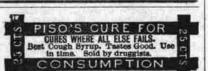
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