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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1891.

VOL. III. NO. 44

WE HAVE GOT 'EM! WE'VE GOT A DOZEN OF 'EM!

AND WE WIN THE FIGHT AND CONTINUE TO SELL THEM AT THE OLD PRICE!

We mean White Sewing Machines---the Best Machine on wheels. They took the agency away from us because we Cut the Price 50 per cent. and was satisfied with a profit of

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Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.

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(Office over Braly's Bank.)

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Have associated themselves together, and will be known in the future as Drs. Goucher & Smith. Professional calls attended to day or night. Office: Two doors east of drug store. Residence within a short distance from the Office.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware Clocks and Spectacles. McMINNVILLE, OR.

The People's Market.

Carries the Best Line of Choice Meats in the City. Game and Fish in Season. Poultry, hides, etc., bought for the highest market price and cash paid for same. Your attention is called to the fact that we always serve the best meats to be found. Your patronage is solicited.

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Harness and Saddles.

ELSIA WRIGHT.

Carries the Largest Assortment of Harness and Saddles and also the

LARGEST STOCK IN YAMHILL COUNTY.

Harness of all kinds Made to Order. Repairing Neatly Done.

Robes, Whips and all the Necessaries are Kept in Stock in Endless Variety.

Call and See Stock. Store on Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

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Livery, Feed and Sale!

Everything New
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Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers

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Situated at the Southwest corner of the Fair Grounds. All sizes of

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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

The Finest Line of Confectionery in the City.

All kinds of Produce taken at the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE,

Call and examine my Stock and get Prices.

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TRUCK AND DRAY CO.,

CARLIN & COULTER, Proprietors

Goods of all descriptions moved and careful handling guaranteed. Collections will be made monthly. Hauling of all kinds done cheap.

NEW LUMBER YARD.

Located on Martin's addition, where the show Ground was this and last year.

It would be to the interest of all persons wanting Lumber to call at the new Yard before purchasing elsewhere.

All bills filled on short notice.

D. L. McCABE,
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House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter

The Only Sign Writer in the County.

Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most Artistic Style.

Designs furnished for Decorations.

Remember Paper Hanging and Inside Furnishing a Specialty.

Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed.

Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a smooth, soft, clear velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sun burn and freckles and blackheads will never come when you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, old or young ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew and as nourishing as dew to the flower. PRICE $1 00, at all druggists and hair dressers or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post St., San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful."

Sample Bottle mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady agents wanted.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

FACE BLEACH,

Cures the worst cases of freckles, sunburn, sallowness, moth-patches, pimples and all skin blemishes. PRICE, $1.50. Harmless and effective. No samples can be sent. Lady agents wanted.

The Druggist in this town who first orders a bill of my preparations will have his name added to this advertisement.

My preparations are for sale by wholesale druggists in Chicago and every city west of there.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

ONE DAY OF DUTY.

ENOUGH FOR THE MAN WHO WOULD BE STATION AGENT.

The Rates Together With the Laws on the Intricate System of Railroading Paralyzes his Ambition in Short Order. Heroism Required to Stay With it.

"No; no more railroading in mine," said the hungry reporter as he tilted his chair back and elevated his heels on the desk that the city editor called his when he was there. "There are some things in this world I'm not adapted for. That's one.

The rest of the "late watch" gathered around with exclamations of amazement and surprise and he continued:

"You see, I once applied to a division superintendent for a job and was assured my application would be considered the very first vacancy that occurred. Then I waited. The suspense was not specially trying to me, but I could see it was wearing on the friends with whom I was boarding considerably.

One day, however, the "caller," the man that rounds up the trainmen when they are wanted to go out on a special, came around with a note requesting me to call at the superintendent's office. Of course I complied with the request and was told they wanted me to act as assistant agent for a day or two at a place called Copaiba or something like that.

I wanted to know if I would have time to go and pack my grip, but they seemed to think such a delay would materially prejudice the prospects of the road, so I grabbed the pass and made for the train, which I managed to catch after a brief but exciting chase. Then my "grief" as the railroad men call it, began.

"This train don't stop at Copaiba, young feller," said the conductor as he pocketed my pass and proceeded calmly on his rounds. I would like to have asked him what I was expected to do about it, but his countenance was so stern and forbidding I did not dare.

We were rapidly nearing my destination and something had to be done, so I informed a brakeman of my predicament, and he very kindly volunteered to ask "Fatty Duff," the engineer to slow down a little at Copaiba and let me off. I presume he did so, yet if there was any reduction in the speed of the train it was too slight for my unpracticed eye to detect. The brakeman encouraged me, however, and as there appeared to be no other alternative, when we were nearly abreast of the platform I let go and dropped.

I did not light right away, but when I did land the concussion was something awful, and as I rolled over and over it seemed to me I must have gathered up about all the splinters there were in that platform in different portions of my anatomy. I was still gyrating when the last car whizzed by, but I heard the "hind man's" timely warning:

"Look out, young man, yo'ull tear your clothes!"

It was a rickety old station, the walls frescoed with mashed tomatoes. Empty chicken coops, fruit boxes, berry chests and watermelon rinds scattered about the platform exhaled a faded and depressing odor, and the only visible indications of life or death were the swarms of flies buzzing drowsily in the sunshine. I picked my way to the office and presented my credentials to the agent, a tall, lank man with a long neck, careworn features and a stiff hat that looked out of place in the midst of such rural surroundings. He was absorbed in a newspaper and it was some time before he noticed me. At length, however, he threw down the paper, read my letter and invited me to make myself at home. Then he unbosomed himself.

"I am sick and tired of this business. The work's enough to kill a mule; but it's the injustice and lack of appreciation that makes me hot. You can't pick up a paper without seeing a lot of rot about the heroism of locomotive engineers and the awful responsibility that makes train dispatchers humpshouldered before their time, but never a single, solitary word about station agents. Why, to read the papers a person would think an engineer went through life with his eye glued to the rail and a death grip on the reversing lever, and that the train dispatcher had to put in all of his spare time sopping his head with hair vigor to keep from turning gray in a single night. But look at the facts.

"Any track walker can tell you that an engineer is asleep more than half the time when out on the line, and the only way to call his attention to a slow flag or a stop signal is to heave a rock through the cab window, while as for the train dispatcher, we all know what he is— a petty tyrant with an eight hour trick whose most arduous duties consists in rawhiding us poor wretches out on the line, bull-dozing us into sending him a regular tribute of fruit, fresh eggs and butter. Heroism! Responsibility!! Well, if it aint enough to give a person a distaste for strong drink!" And he disappeared in the direction of a saloon about half a mile down the road.

When he returned he gave me an idea of my duties as assistant agent.

"You're familiar with the interstate tariffs and the transcontinental classification, I suppose?" he said.

I was obliged to confess my ignorance.

"That's bad," he replied. "You better sit right down and familiarize yourself with them. You'll find them all in those files. Besides the tariffs there's 724 supplements and 1,947 amendments in addition to 2,786 circulars that you should post up on. Then there's the special commodity rates and the modified rulings, as applied to the different tariffs and the new rulings—there's 489 of 'em—that have appeared since the last classification was issued. After you get all those down pat it would be well to devote a little time to the local classification and tariffs—learn the terminal points and get the routine instructions committed to memory. Hello! there's that freight coming at last. Tell 'em ther's nothing for them. I've got to go across the street and collect some bills—you can check out any freight they've got." And he again withdrew.

The conductor walked in and said: "Ask him if he's got anything for 23.

I put the question to the train dispatcher over the wire and he answered "No" very plainly and distinctly. After a while the train pulled out and I was looking for the "soup-ticket" to report them when the train dispatcher began calling the office.

I answered and he said, "get No. 23."

"They're gone."

"Stop 'em."

"I say they've gone."

"Fetch 'em back."

"They're gone, I s—"

"Shut that key and go and bring that train back for orders."

I closed the key and wandered aimlessly out on the platform in the vague hope of seeing the agent or that something might happen. To my surprise I saw that the freight had stopped at the other end of the yard about three-quarters of a mile away. I could still hear the dispatcher calling and knew by the vicious sound of the instrument that he was mad. Thoughts of collisions and the possibility of being responsible for a terrible accident flashed across my mind and I started for that train on a run. The distance was greater than I had imagined, and I was completely blown when I came up with it. The conductor was lying on his back under a car fixing something about the air brake. I managed to gasp out that the train dispatcher wanted him for orders.

"Tell him to go plumb to h—l" said the conductor and then calmly continued his labor. As there seemed nothing else to be done I started back to the station to deliver the message and had gone but a short distance when the engine passed me backing up to the office. It was going to fast for me to board it, so the conductor and engineer had been waiting ten minutes or more when I eventually reached the station.

"If it's all the same to you, pardner," said the conductor, with freezing politeness, "we'd just as soon get out of here. We've got families at the other end of the run and 'ud like to get there before they grow out of our remembrance."

I walked into the office and told the dispatcher I had stopped the train.

"Why don't you be all day about it?" he answered. "There is nothing for them—it's too late to help 'em any how."

I was alarmed for the conductor when I told him this. His jaw fell, and for fully a minute he gazed at me in round eyed horror, then rushed from the office and yelled to the edgineer: "Git a move on yerself! Git out of here before he has another fit."

After that it was comparatively quiet for a while. I made a feeble effort to understand something of the classifications but soon gave up the attempt as hopeless. One or two lots of freight and express came in and a couple of trains passed without accident. I was beginning to think that I was getting onto the business, when the agent returned. He looked more careworn than ever as he sank wearily into the one chair the office afforded.

"Well, how you makin' it?" he asked, and I stated that so far the progress seemed satisfactory.

Next he looked at the way bills and wanted to know if I had unloaded that cow yet.

"No," I answered, "not yet."

"Not yet!" he shrieked. "Great Scott, man, what do Sections 4,386, 87 of the Revised Statutes of the United States and Section 2, chapter 3 of the act of April 3, 1878 say?"

I was about to confess my ignorance, but he stopped me.

"Don't waste any more precious time get that critter unloaded before anyone sees her. She's been in the car over thirty-six hours and we're liable to $500 fine."

The cow was unloaded immediately. When I returned to the office he called my attention to a bill of 98 cents I had collected on a washing machine.

"You corrected that bill before you collected it, I hope?"

"Corrected it? No. What's the matter?"

Oh, a mere trifle, that comes under the interstate commerce law, and by overcharging 13 cents you've laid us liable for a fine of $5000 or two years in the penitentiary, or both, that's all. See what circular 2201 says: 'Agents who violate any of the provisions of the Interstate commerce law will themselves be personally liable to the penalties imposed thereby. Ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation.' That's soothing, ain't it? And here's a case of brandy you have forwarded to Iowa, a prohibition state. That's another misdemeanor, but, thank God, we can probably escape to the hills before the authorities get onto it.

He sprang from his chair and began pacing the floor muttering to himself: "Oh, no, there's no heroism required to run a station, no responsibility attached to the position. Fines are laid up for you, jails and penitentiaries yawn for you, but that's nothing; that's merely the every day routine."

He caught sight of the express books and stopped short.

"These quails," he faltered, looking at me imploringly, "you examined each bird as the law directs to see that it had not been caught by a net, pound, weir or trap. You know rule 86 says agents must acquaint themselves with and be governed by the game laws of their state.

I could not speak, but he read the answer in my downcast face. He extended his hand to me, while a look of sublime exaltation transfigured his homely countenance.

"As the agent," he said, and his voice had the terrible calmness of despair, "I am responsible for your crimes —I am forever undone, but I bear you no malice—it was fate—whatever happens, remember I forgive you—but," and he jammed his hat down over his ears and his eyes glared wildly, "they will never take me alive.

Then he strode out of the office and disappeared.

The sun sank below the western horizon and twilight and mosquitoes invaded the melancholy landscape.

Presently a freight train came along and halted for water. It so happened that an empty box-car stopped right opposite the office, and as I gazed into its hospitably open door, a great homesickness and yearning stole over me. For a moment I hesitated, but a scream of mortal anguish from the direction of the saloon decided me.

Softly closing the office door I crept into the untenanted car, and when the engineer had "taken up the slack" and pulled out of Copaiba my career as an assistant agent was at an end.

HE'S JOINED HIS COMMAND.

Old Commanche, the Only Survivor of the Custer Massacre Dies at Last.

There died at Fort Riley, last week, the most famous horse in the west in many respects. It was Commanche, the war horse that was the only thing on Custers's side that came out of the massacre in June, 1876, alive. Commanche had never been under saddle since, and had lived at ease until death by old age, the pet and care of the Seventh Cavalry. He was twenty-five years old, and was visited by sight-seers from far and near during the last years of his life. Professor Dyche of the state university at Lawrence, was summoned by telegraph and secured the skin and skeleton for mounting and will prepare them for exhibition at the world's fair.

It has been the lot of few horses to receive the attention and homage that fell to Commanche. His presence at Fort Riley was a constant reminder of the severest blow the Seventh ever received, and he had all the care that loving hands could give. Commanche was a large gray, being 15½ hands high, long of limb and with heavy mane and tail, says the Chicago *Herald*. Only an estimate could be made of his age, but it was put as twenty-five to twenty eight when he died.

The Indians tell an interesting story of the horse's famous action. Custer arrived at the banks of the Little Big Horn river, June 26, 1876, and saw spread out before him in the valley a camp of 9,000 Indians, under the leadership of Sitting Bull. The camp was fully three miles long, and Custer, following his usual tactics, decided to attack the enemy on both sides and in the middle, thus to disconcert and rout them easily. He ordered Major Reno to attack the east end of the camp with one division. Capt. Benteen the center with another, while he should take the west end. The result it familiar to all—how Reno reached his attacking point too soon, was repulsed and withdrew from the ground; how Custer proceeded to the west and instead of finding a small company of redskins was confronted by two divisions massed against him, all armed with the very latest and best government rifles and guns.

With Custer was Captain Miles Keogh, who rode Commanche. The horse had been in several battles and could stand fire like a post or run like a mustang. At first the soldiers seemed successful, but then the terrific fire told on their ranks. Captain Benteen and Custer were slowly driven before the great force of the enemy and waited for Reno to attack the rear, but he did not come.

Leaving Captain Keogh on a lower ridge; General Custer and his men ascended the crest of the knoll to which they were driven and there made his last stand. Keogh, seeing his men exposed to the terribe rain of bullets, gave the order to his men to kill the horses and take refuge behind their bodies. The order was obeyed, He still rode Commanche—and here there is a variance as to the manner in which the escape of the animal occurred. Some Indians say he broke away and ran, but the most popular version is that, his master being unable to consider the thought of taking the life of the beast who had served him so well, dismounted and, giving the animal a stinging blow with his sword, drove him away and turned his unprotected front to the foe.

Commanche dashed over the steppe regardless of all before him, and the Indians, being on foot, made way rather than meet death beneath his hoofs.

The circle around Custer and Keogh was complete and a few minutes after Commanche's escape every soldier in Custer's division was dead. Two days later Captain Charles King, who was coming to the scene of the massacre, having received word from Reno's scouts, met Commanche dragging his weary limbs over the trail on which he had traveled a few day before bearing his brave master. The soldiers took him along to the place of the final stand, and when it was found that not a man remained alive they determined that the horse should not be again ridden, but should be cared for in a way no horse had ever been before.

Until his death Commanche was the pet of the Seventh. He had the finest stall in the stables, the best oats and the choicest hay. Not a man dared to speak roughly to him. When he died one of the regiment would hardly have been more missed.

Commanche was one of the original mounts of the Seventh Cavalry when the regiment was organized at Fort Riley in 1866, and was in nearly every skirmish from that time until 1876. His first encounter was against the allied tribes of the central plains in 1868, when General Sherman commanded in person. He received his first wound in September of that year at the bloody battle of the Sand Hills. He had Spanish blood in his veins and was tractable and intelligent. During the past six months, while it was seen that he was failing, every military post in the country was notified of his condition, and every soldier who visits the exposition will want to see the mounted remains of the famous steed.

A Bath (Me.) bookkeeper stole $500 from his employers and lost it at the poker table. His theft was discovered, but instead of having the culprit arrested the firm gave him some good advice and a check for $50, with instructions to leave town. Instead of jumping at the chance to get away from the scene of his disgrace, the ungrateful man went back to the poker room and lost the $50 check. Then his old employers bought him a ticket for Portland, put him on the train and saw him off, after which they caused the poker dens to be raided.

The Japenese practice refined cruelty to delight their palates. They believe that the fish called the dai is most delicious when eaten alive. An expert Japenese carver can dexteriously remove five-sixths of the edible matter from its bones without touching a vital part. During this cruel operation the fish is kept alive by wet sea-weed, which, being placed over its gills, enables it to breathe.

DAIRYING IN THE WILLAMETTE.

Paper Read by C. H. Schmidt, of the Firm G. G. Wickson & Co., Albany, at the Farmers Institute at Harrisburg.

It is noteworthy that dairying in the Willamette valley is a new industry, an industry full of great promises, and destined to be one of the great pillars for future development of this favored state. Progress and development in every direction, development of mind and development of body is our watchword and we come here together to learn from one another. The modern dairy industry has recently traveled across the Rocky mountains, and young trees have been planted here and there nearly all over the Pacific coast, and a great number in California. Introduction of the modern dairy industry is a mark in civilization, and a great promoter of prosperity and welfare to any community.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have not failed on your travel to observe those nicely painted buildings and comfortable homes very often having a flock of gentle cows near by them. Those comfortable homes where gentleness reigns is what we wish to plant here in Oregon, especially in this beatiful Willamette valley and our sister valleys—we fully recognize the hard tak our pioneers of this state have had; we praise those brave, gray headed men who are with us yet, who had courage and pluck to overcome so many difficulties when this state first became settled. But in no way can we younger men show out better than by carrying forward the work of progress which our fathers and mothers have commenced. Progress must go on and on.

There is a law in nature which says that there cannot come something of nothing, and this law finds full application in agriculture. Our fields, formerly so fertile, are step by step failing, we are shipping the very bone and sinew of our splendid fields to Liverpool, and for a poor compensation. We are beginning to see that it is only a question of time when we must discontinue the present system of farming.

The dairy interest will soon have a large claim in the Willamette valley, because this valley unquestionably is better suited to skillful dairying than almost any spot of equal size in the United States.

A family can make a comfortable living on a 50 acre well appointed dairy farm most anywhere in the Willamette valley and pay off a bigger mortgage than the man raising wheat off 200 acres, but of course he must know his business. This is what we want to call your attention to, enterprising young men. We are all waiting on you, we are anxious to see this valley full of beautiful homes, full of educated people full of prosperity and charity. Fifty acres of good land will easily keep 25 cows, each cow producing 200 pounds of butter per year, you can raise all your feed and more too. Look at this bundle of cornstalks, wonderful are they not, 13 feet in length; just think for one moment they come from a 100 acre field here in the Willamette valley. Imagine a hundred acres in corn, with an average of over 15 tons to the acre. All these can be seen on Col. T. R. Cornelius' farm at Hillsboro, Washington county, this state. Col. Cornelius is a sturdy friend and promoter of the dairy interest in this valley; he is entitled to our warmest thanks for leading the way. Cornelius told me the other day that he raised enough to keep a cow on every acre. He has 800 tons of corn in his silo now. The quality of butter which can be produced is excellent. I have a roll of butter with me, which we are now sending around for everybody to taste. It is made by Mr. Warren Cranston who lives between Salem and Silverton. This quality of butter brings 75 cents per roll and is retailed at 80 and 85 cents a roll. We are here considering matters of the greatest interest; think of it for a moment, we bring to this coast from the eastern states butter for many thousands of dollars weekly; should we not produce it right here and have all this money distributed among farmers in this state? This question is also worth considering of our towns. Is it not the prosperity of the country—of the farmers—which builds up the towns and cities? Can we do it by the system we now follow? All enterprising men know we cannot. We cannot do it by grain growing alone. Our aim must be, as soon as possible to have a population of one million good citizens in the Willamette valley instead of 150,000. Look at our waste land, look at our summer fallow, it could as well raise a crop of corn and would be in better condition for grain afterwards. Every farmer who has 250 acres can sow as much grain as he does now and besides keep 50 cows and raise all the feed for them and get twice the income he gets now.

The dairy business has been looked upon as requiring more work than for instance wheat growing. This is true of the old system. But not of the modern way of going at dairying; we have new machinery which is the same in the dairy as the self-binder is in the grain field. We have our silo which stores the green corn as easily and safely as our warehouse does wheat. It is safe to say that the modern dairy industry requires less rough labor than any other kind of farming and is a sure way to prosperity and welfare, while grain farming, as practiced, is the sure way to poverty and destruction of our soil.

All desiring information should address C. H. SCHMIDT, Albany, Or.

"It is a great mistake," says an architect, "to suppose that men are becoming phsically smaller. When I was in Europe, in Munich, we gave a grand ball, and the city authorities decided to let the artists have the use of the mediæval armor stored in the museum there. There were only two suits of armor which could be worn by us. These were the suits of giants of that time. The rest, which belonged to the ordinary-sized; strong mediæval soldiers, were too small for us. Would not this tend to show that we are larger than our ancestors were?"

A Baltimore boy of ten years has acquired a morbid desire to inhale gasoline, and was found the other day by his mother unconscious, with a can of gasoline on the floor by his side. In order to inhale the ether he removes the stopper from the can and inserts his nose in the hole, remaining in this position until he becomes unconscious. It is the first case of the kind known to physicians in Baltimore.

The most important ship of the French navy, the Brennus, has been launched, after two years and a half of building, at a cost of 28,000,000 francs. Her heaviest guns, of which there are three, are of fifty-eight tons. These are mounted on a barbette, but with a roof to protect them from small ordnance, and there are also a great number of small arms.

The forest areas of Germany are returned as follows: Prussia 6,000,000 acres; Bavaria, 2,800,000 acres; Wurtemberg, 470,000 acres: Saxony, 416,000 acres, and Baden, 235,000 acres.

The Best Baking Powder

AND MOST ECONOMICAL,

Is that of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. It is prepared with greater care and accuracy, from finer and more expensive materials, competent chemists test every ingredient nothing is left to chance. No ammonia, alum or other adulterant taints this purest of human food products. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain. It is always uniform and reliable and retains its full strength until used. It is not only more economical because of its wonderful raising power, but by reason of its greater bulk, the cans being much larger than the ordinary kind; it will go farther and do better work. It never disappoints. Dr. Prices is the only baking powder that contains the whites of eggs.