ROYAL BAKING POWDER

SHOULD be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal Baking Powder, through the action of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired.

Absolutely Pure.

It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Coinage of Money in France.

For several hundred years and down to a comparatively recent date, money was coined at from twenty-five to thirty different cities in France that had inherited the privilege. Now all French money is coined at the Paris mint and bears, instead of the effigy of some distinguished person, a head representing the republic, or liberty in the more general sense.

Few French gold pieces are however in circulation, except those bearing the head of Napoleon III, and silver pieces of the same coinage are almost as common. French silver coins wear admirably and pieces of the reigns of Charles X, Louis XVIII and Napoleon I are very common.—Chicago Tribune.

In an Almshouse Thirty Years.

A woman died recently in an almshouse in Maine at the age of one hundred years. She had been an inmate of the institution for thirty years, and during that period she had been, it is said, laid out as dead three times, but on each occasion she came to life in time to put a stop to the funeral arrangements. Only a few days before her death an undertaker was called to prepare her remains for burial, but when he arrived she was sitting up in bed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Air Plows.

A V shaped contrivance, to be placed on the front of engines of fast express trains, is the latest scheme to get more speed, by overcoming much of the natural resistance of the air to the front of the locomotive. The plow extends from a few inches above the track to the top of the smokestack, the sharp edge of course in front. "Shoveling fog" is a common expression among railroad men, but plowing wind is a new thing in railroad agriculture.—English Mechanic.

Marching While Asleep.

It is a well authenticated fact that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore many of the soldiers fell asleep and yet continued to march along with their comrades.—Northwestern Magazine.

TRY US. TRY US.

OUR BUSINESS IS selling Groceries at wholesale prices direct to the consumer. All we want to say is this: If you really want to buy your GROCERIES as they should be bought, send for our price list. Same will be mailed free of charge on application.

COOPER & LEVY, Seattle, Wash.

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.—Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same **guarantee** as those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or refund money and pay expense of coming, railroad fare and hotel bills, if we fail to cure. If you have taken **mercury, iodide potash,** and still have aches and pains, **Mucous Patches** in mouth, **Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers** on any part of the body, **Hair or Eyebrows falling out,** it is this **Syphilitic BLOOD POISON** that we **guarantee** to cure. We solicit the most **obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure.** This disease has always **baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000** capital behind our unconditional guarantee. **Absolute proofs** sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO., 1235 to 1331 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.**

Better Times Are near at hand, with greater activity in business than has ever been known, because of the prolonged depression in all lines. Those who attend the **PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE** now, will be prepared for good positions when this coming wave of prosperity sweeps over the land. Send for catalogue. Address A. P. ARMSTRONG, Principal, Portland, Oregon.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.

Wants a Companion This Year.

The "Hermit of the Sonnblick," Peter Lechner, who last year passed the winter months in the observatory on the summit of that lonely peak, now declares that he will not stay there another winter unless he has a companion with him. He would, he says, prefer a wife, if he could find one. Otherwise he will be content with a male companion, who could take turns with him in his constant task of reading the scientific instruments. This decision on the part of the "Hermit of the Sonnblick" really threatens the further existence of the highest observatory in Europe. For the Austrian Meteorological institute lacks the funds to support a companion for Lechner, and the small sum, about £100 a year, that is wanted for the purpose is not forthcoming from private sources.

It is believed that the real explanation of the discontent of Herr Lechner is that he is annoyed at being forgotten by the public, who have neither sent him Christmas presents nor published laudatory paragraphs about him in the newspapers of late. Three years back he said he wanted a wife, and hundreds of offers at once poured in from all quarters, including several rich and many good looking women, but he then laughed at the idea, and continued to prefer the state of single blessedness. It would be a distinct loss to meteorological and physical science if the Sonnblick observatory were to be closed, but some means will probably be found of reconciling Herr Peter to his lonely but lofty labors for another winter.—Vienna Cor. London Standard.

Tithes and the Price of Grain.

The difference between the method of paying the clergy of the Church of England, who receive the tithe as their living, and the clergy of the Church of Scotland, who enjoy what are known in the north as tiends, will be very apparent in this year. On both sides of the Tweed grain prices are higher for the year, but in England the clergy will receive little immediate benefit from the rise, because by the seven years' average it is spread over so long a time that the most that can be hoped for from the good prices of 1891 is to stop the fall which has been going on every year without a break since 1878, a longer period of successive annual declines in the value of the tithe than has ever before occurred.

But in Scotland the tiend is calculated on the grain prices of each year, so that the parish ministers who have endured the discomforts which low prices brought with them when grain was cheap will now have directly the advantages of higher prices when grain has risen. In England both the rise and the fall are retarded by the seven years' average. In Scotland the full effects of either the one or the other are directly experienced in every year.—London Graphic.

Human Beings in the Mammoth Age.

Near Brunn, the capital of Moravia, important discoveries of prehistoric remains have been made which are likely to attract the attention of palæontologists all over the globe. As a canal was being dug 4½ skulls were brought to light of dolicho-cephalous (long headed) character and of an exceedingly low stage of development. The same place contained bones and teeth of mammoth rhinoceros and reindeer.

Close to the skulls lay more than 500 fossil snails, several calcinous stones, with holes in the middle, a rude figure cut out of a mammoth's tooth, with a hole running through the middle. This discovery is the first of the kind in Austria and is highly important from being a proof that there were human beings in the mammoth period.—Vienna Cor. London Standard.

Not Out of Style.

Have you an old gown? Probably you have a great many. Perhaps you regard all your costumes belonging to that stage known as "old." Now, you know that age, while it makes an old woman, does not make an old dress. The only thing that really makes an old dress is having it get out of style, and then, be it ever so recently bought and ever so lately finished, it is old, because it isn't in the style. Now, the pretty little round waists which you wore last year, and which looked very nice, are old because they are too short in the back. But you can remedy all this if you desire by piecing down the length with a deep and abundant fringe. Chenille or silk or tasseled fringe may be sewed on and let hang in perfectly straight lines around the hips, producing the fashionable effect of the long basque so much desired.—St. Louis Republic.

American Women in Paris.

An exchange for women's work has been opened by the ladies of the American colony in Paris on the plan of the exchange in this country. American pies, cake and other specialties are provided, a circulating library has been organized, and once each week musical matinees are given by the best artists under the patronage of the ladies who are interested in the enterprise.—Paris Letter.

A Woman's Way of Doing Good.

A lady living at Birmingham, in every case of conviction in the local police court for cruelty to animals, cuts out the newspaper report and incloses with it a postal order for half a crown and posts it to the constable who prosecuted. Several officers have been the happy recipients of this reward, but no one has the least idea from whom the money comes.—London Tit-Bits.

THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the conductor, most surely!
Why millions of millions before
Have made this same journey securely
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And ah, what a welcome is there!
Relief! then, now out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair!

Aye, midnights and many a potion
Of trouble and sorrow have we,
As we journey from ocean to ocean,
From sea onto ultimate sea.
To that deep sea of seas, and all silence
Of passion, concern, and of care,
That vast sea of Eden-set islands,
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever my fellow,
Go forward, friend, led or alone;
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow
Or ten, in the night and unknown,
Leap off like a thief, try to hide you
From angels all waiting you there!
Go forward, whatever betide you,
Don't stop at that station Despair!

—Joaquin Miller in St. Paul Globe.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

"Now, No. 18, finish your ironing, for I want you in the storeroom."

No 18 did not answer me, but bent her head assentingly. As she did so I noticed a tear fall from her eyes.

I was interested in this prisoner, for she was far above the usual class of criminals, for I was at the time of which I write second wardress of one of the county prisons. I had noticed her superiority to her fellow inmates. I confess that I had made her lot easier in a good many ways, so on this particular occasion I needed her help to assort clothes in the storeroom. When she had finished her ironing we were soon engaged at the easier task.

We were by ourselves, and had not been five minutes in the room when suddenly my charge burst into a fit of sobbing and to my surprise threw herself into my arms.

"Come, this will never do, what is the matter?" I said quietly. "Suppose the governor were to come in, what should I do? You would get me into serious trouble."

She, however, continued to clasp me around the neck, giving vent to heart-breaking sobs.

"You really must be quiet and tell me the reason of this," I said, with a little asperity.

"I will be quiet, madam," she said, with great effort; "I am very miserable and unhappy."

"Of course," I answered as cheerfully as I could, "all are miserable who come here, except the hardened ones, but you will soon be home again. One short month and you will be with your friends."

"But my child, madam, my dear little boy," she sobbed, "he is ill, and if I do not see him ere then he may die. All his cry is for his mother and I cannot, oh, I cannot get to him. What shall I do? My heart almost breaks to soothe his pains and troubles. What shall I do?" And she laid her head on my shoulder, with a faint, despairing cry which wrung my heart, for I had two bonnie children at home and my heart went out to her.

"How do you know this?" I inquired, when her grief had subsided.

The lame woman who came in yesterday told me at exercise, and that "my boy's only cry was for his mother."

"Well," I replied, "your friends will take care of him, and a month will soon pass; take courage." And I kissed her, for I was a woman, if a wardress, and apt to harden my heart at times.

"But none can take his mother's place," was all that she could say, then, clasping me suddenly to her, she whispered eagerly, "But, if you choose, you could help me."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"In this way," she said; "I want to be at home in three or four days."

"Nonsense," I replied, "you are losing your wits, get on with your work."

She obeyed, but continued: "I know I can get out if you will aid me a little, and no one shall be the wiser. I want you to post me a letter only, and before long I shall be with my dear boy," clasping her hands and looking intensely at me.

"Now you must put such matters entirely from you. Supposing," I said, to humor her, "I do as you suggest and it was found out, the consequences would be I should lose my pension, which is only a few years off, and I have two children to think of and am a widow."

She was quiet at this for a time and did her work in a random way; then suddenly:

"What amount of money do you calculate would bring in interest equivalent to your pension?"

"A thousand pounds," I said, smiling, and believing that it would put such thoughts away from her mind.

She dropped the clothing she held and seized my hands firmly. "If you were to receive £1,000 would you help me? Swear it by the love you bear your children and as you hope for their welfare."

"Oh, yes, I'll promise that," I replied, to humor her, for I thought she must be a little distracted with grief.

"Remember, that is a solemn promise," she said and just upon it the bell rang to close work, and the prisoners began to troop to their cells.

At the end of another hour my duty would be over for the night, and after seeing all the inmates of the cells I should transfer my keys to the night wardress in charge and go home. When I came to No. 18's cell I found her calmer and putting her arms around me she embraced and kissed me, whispering "Good night, dear madam, remember, and God will bless you." I passed out and left her for the night, hoping that she had forgotton her idea of the letter.

As I lived outside I soon put on my hat and cloak, which covered my prison uniform, and left for the night, and was soon at home with my children.

Judge of my astonishment, after taking off my cloak, when I put my hand into my dress pocket, to find an unstamped letter, which No. 18 had evidently slipped there before I left her cell.

It was addressed to a city fifteen miles away, and my first thought was to destroy it and I held it in my hand over the fire, but my heart gave a leap as I thought of her child, and, looking across the room, saw my own dear boy with his curly head bent over his slate, and my hand stayed. I will not burn it, I thought. I will wait until morning and think what I must do for the right, so I laid it on the mantelpiece.

After we had had tea I left my little girl of twelve to clear away things while I went out to buy eatables for the next day. I was away about an hour, and on returning my daughter greeted me with—

"Mamma, I bought a stamp and posted your letter just in time. Another minute and it would have been too late!"

"What letter, darling, was that?"

"The one you put on the mantelpiece," she answered laughingly; "and you owe me a penny for the stamp, remember!"

I sank into a seat, overcome by the thought that the letter was gone, for good or evil, and at the hands of my child.

I had a restless night, and on going to my duty next morning found my charge cheerful.

"I know you have helped me. I know it. I have been dreaming of my boy, and he said he was better and would soon see me."

"Silence," I replied; "I cannot hear any more of this. I shall get into trouble."

"No, no, you will not, and I shall bless you all my life. But I will say no more," at which I left her.

Next morning before going on duty I received by post a small wooden box. On opening it I found a bundle of bank notes and a letter, the notes being in fifties to the value of £1,000, at the sight of which my knees shook under me, the perspiration rolled from my forehead and I nearly fainted. Here was a predicament, but I soon revived and proceeded to read the letter.

"DEAR MADAM—My wife informs me that you have consented to help her, and I have received a letter from her, which you have doubtless posted, for which aid, at her desire, I inclose you what you need, with many thanks. Burn this and do not use the notes for some time, for fear of suspicion, at any rate, not until you hear from me again. Tell my wife one word. Yes. I ask this as a favor."

I dropped the letter in the fire, and then, like a guilty thing I hid the notes under a loose board in the attic floor. When I commenced duty and saw the anxious mother she looked at me with eager eyes, and as my lips framed the word "Yes," the tears rolled down her cheeks. "My dear boy, then, is better; I will trouble no more." I left her, thinking she might, as her boy was better, now give up her thought of escape and settle down quietly; consequently my mind became easier.

Another day passed and I left her once more. All that night it was very foggy, and next morning I was to my consternation informed that No. 18 had escaped during the night, having loosened the bars of her window, and being a slender woman had squeezed through on to the sloping roof of a building, down which she had crept, thence down a ladder which had been left by the painters, and being then in the open yard of the prison she had taken the ladder to the wall, on gaining the top of which some help had been afforded from the outside, possibly by a rope ladder. There all trace was lost.

Of course I was examined, with others, before the governor, but nothing could be elicited, at which I was much relieved and thankful, and I never enjoyed getting home more than I did that night.

Matters went on as usual and I had not touched my notes; in fact, I seemed to care nothing for them, when one morning about six weeks later, I received a bulky package, addressed in a lady's hand, bearing the Canadian postmark. I broke the seals quickly and found to my intense surprise, bank notes again to the value of £1,000. The letter inclosed explained everything:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—You will no doubt have wondered many times, with others, what had become of No. 18. I am now in Canada with my husband and dear little boy, who is now, thanks to your aid and God's blessing, quite well.

"You no doubt know how I escaped. My husband was to wait for me outside, which I knew would be the same night on the day you gave me his message. Yes. I expect you thought I had given up my idea. I descended by a rope ladder which my husband had thrown to the top of the wall, and behind a fast trotter was soon in a trusted friend's house, clasped in my child's arms.

"May you never be separated from your children. I must tell you in confidence that my husband is the third son of a nobleman, and was unfortunately led into difficulties and got into the toils of a lot of sharpers and forgers, and they used him as a tool for passing forged notes. I unknowingly got one of those notes, and tendering it, was arrested and suffered imprisonment for it, as you know, and thus did not involve my husband. I was aware that when my time in prison was over that we should leave the country, as my husband had confessed all to his father with a desire to mend, and he promised to start us to Canada with £5,000. Then my boy fell ill and you know the rest.

"The first notes you received from my husband, I may at once say, are all forgeries. Pray forgive me my ruse, but it was the only way I could see out of the difficulty. I heartily hope you have not used any, but awaited this letter.

"Burn them, every one without fail, and if I might advise you, as possibly you may have some compunction to use even the good notes for yourself, invest them for your children, and may it be a blessing to them. Goodby, my friend; my little son sends his love and a kiss to the kind lady who let his mamma come to see him when he wanted her so badly."

Did I do right or wrong?—New York World.

In Charge of One Family Forty Years.

The postoffice at South Deerfield, N. H., has been in charge of one family for over forty years. F. J. White was appointed postmaster by President Pierce and held the office for thirty-five years.

At the time of his death his son, Charles E., was appointed and held the position until 1888, when another son, W. R. White was appointed, which position he held until the first of the present year.—Exeter Letter.

Supporting the Principle.

Last June a young man was arrested in Natick, Mass., because he would not pay his poll tax, amounting to two dollars, and he has been kept in jail ever since at an expense to the taxpayers of $1.75 per week. The town is losing money on the transaction, but it is vindicating an eternal principle with great success.—New York Tribune.

Government Control of Telephones.

At the end of next year the Telephone Company of Austria will cease to exist, the government assuming control of all the telephone lines in the kingdom.—New York Journal.

Mrs. Gladstone is said to be hardly inferior to her husband in energy and industry. She has always been interested in charitable and church work and in politics, and has at the same time maintained close watch upon her household affairs and her children.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1894 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in this brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained, without cost, of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

If those who are searching after a "sure cure for drunkenness" would quit drinking while they are looking for it, they would find it.

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only reliable plasters ever produced. Fragrant, clean, inexpensive and never failing, they fully meet all the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand. For the relief and cure of weak back, weak muscles, lameness, stiff or enlarged joints, pains in the chest, small of the back and around the hips, strains, stitches and all local pains, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unequaled.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS avert disease.

Love is that sort of thing which makes a man's bank account of $200 seem abundantly large to go to housekeeping on.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., prepares boys for University or business. Graduates admitted to the State and Stanford Universities without examination. Next term begins January 2, 1894. Send for catalogue. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master.

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It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and the only *guaranteed* remedy for "female complaints" and weaknesses. In bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective today as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing so good.

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