

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BECAME A THIEF WHILE INSANE.

Surprising Disclosures Follow the Return of a Convict's Reason.

Three years of imprisonment have lifted the cloud from the mind of a man supposed to be a common horse thief, but who is now revealed as Dr. Herbert Spencer, formerly a prosperous London physician. As a climax to his strange adventure the board of pardons will be at once petitioned for his release from the eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia. On Sept. 25, 1891, three horses were stolen from the stable of G. W. Youngman in this city. The thief was easily tracked and was captured at Mount Pleasant, Pa. In effecting his capture an officer was shot in the hip and another was wounded in the arm. The horse thief had a gunshot wound from the side, and one arm was nearly torn from the socket. He was brought back to Williamsport and locked in the county jail. While in prison he made half a dozen attempts to end his life. He was tried in December, 1891, under the name of Herbert Spencer Darwin, was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for 4½ years. Before sentence was pronounced it was pretty conclusively shown that at the time of his trial the man was insane. He has spent over two years in prison, and until the first of the present year he showed no change in his character or actions.

Then came a sudden and startling development. The condemned thief, who had shown so many signs of insanity and whose bungling attempt to steal three horses was easily overthrown, showed signs of returning reason. Quickly these signs multiplied, and now the prisoner, seemingly a perfectly rational man, announces his identity. He is not Herbert Spencer Darwin, but Dr. Herbert Spencer. He came to this country in 1890 with \$6,000 in cash. He intended to locate in the United States. Soon after his arrival his mind became blank, and he recalls nothing that has happened the meanwhile. Through the penitentiary officials he learned where he had been tried and convicted. Sufficient proof has been gathered, it is asserted, to establish the truthfulness of Dr. Spencer's claims that he was insane when he stole the horses and nearly ever since. Friends will use every effort possible to have the unfortunate prisoner set free.—Williamsport (Pa.) Dispatch.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

The English Boniface Is Making Preparations to Entertain Many of Us This Year.

Already the indications are that more Americans are coming to Europe this year than ever before. The proprietors of the principal hotels in London are rejoicing over the fact that they have received more applications for apartments during the season from all parts of the United States than at so early a date in any previous year. If their expectations are unfulfilled, it will be a dismal time for the English boniface, for the wrong side of the ledger last year, and America is the sole hope for many of them. One thing only it was feared might check the exodus, and that danger is probably over. Most of the steamship lines made some advance in first class fares last season in anticipation of World's fair travel. It proved to be the most unprofitable year for a long time. The recent conference of managers of the principal lines discussed the point unofficially, but the managers were almost unanimous in opposing a further advance.

The agents recognize that the bulk of American summer travel comprises clergymen, schoolteachers and others having moderate salaries and long vacations. A heavier tax would keep them at home. It is further argued that these classes rather profit than suffer by the hard times, so it is expected that travel this year will be unusually large.—London Letter.

Fertile Interests.

It is quite an interesting thing to learn that some of our best known proverbs and mottoes were originally used in connection with sundials. Before the days of watches and clocks, when dials and sun marks were among the rude means of reckoning time, it was a prevailing custom to inscribe them.

Among the maxims traceable to this source are, "Make hay while the sun shines," "The longest day must end" and "All things do wax and wane."

Sundials spoke the truth, as may be inferred from a historic one which was placed on St. Paul's cross, in London, and which proclaimed, "I number none but sunny hours." This no one will doubt who has had occasion to consult a dial on an overcast day.

A famous dial in Sussex, England, bore four famous mottoes applicable to the flight of time and the brevity of life. They were as follows: "After darkness, light." "Alas! how swift!" "I warn whilst I move" and "So passes life."

Another old sundial spoke petulantly about the same subject in the words, "Sirrah, be gone about your business."

A WAR ECHO.

EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DESERVES HIS PENSION.

And the Lone Limb Is Not the Only Reason for Receiving a Government Reward Either.

From Journal, Lewiston, Me.]

Samuel R. Jordan has just given the Journal an account of his life, which, in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Maine Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat, yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends would testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. All. Parlin, a resident of Madison, Me., and he incidentally mentioned he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered in consequence of his army life, and had been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

WANTS TO BE CUT UP.

There's Money Inside Him, He Thinks, Besides a Strange Disease.

A poorly dressed old man walked into the reception office at Bellevue hospital the other afternoon and surprised the clerk by hauling a thick roll of greenbacks out of one of his pockets. He followed this up by taking more bills out of the lining of his hat.

"It's all mine," he said gleefully, "and I know where I can get more."

He said he was Bernard Bergen, 69 years old, a peddler; that he had been all over the world, and that he had money to burn.

"I'll tell you how it is," he went on. "I decided last night to become a martyr to medical science. I have discovered that I have a strange disease which has never been heard of before. When the doctors cut me up, they'll learn something."

A doctor pronounced the old peddler crazy and committed him to the insane pavilion. In his pockets were found \$270 in bills and a handful of small change. He refused to tell where he got the money.

"When they cut me up," he added, "you'll find a lot more."

He said he had no friends, and that all people wanted was to get away his money.—New York Press.

To Save the Speculators.

The bishop of London has ordered his clergy to make a special effort during Lent on behalf of the worldlings of the Stock Exchange and Lombard street, who certainly need a spiritual awakening as much as the poor east end. The bishop's scheme includes midday services at various ancient city churches, and as business is very slack they have been so far well attended.

The stock produce brokers regard the scheme as a remarkably funny joke and consider it their duty to help it along. On Thursday during a dull interval on the Stock Exchange somebody suggested a special mission on behalf of the souls of the bucket shop keepers, whereat there was much enthusiasm.—London Cable.

Wanted to Help.

Mrs. Van Mission—What are you reading, my pet?

Little Daughter—I'm reading a long article 'bout how to roast a turkey. "What for?" "I thought nex' time you went slummin' I'd ask to go with you, and 'em who was distributin' tracts I'd tell 'em how to roast a turkey."—Good News.

WINTER AT THE MILL.

The winding lane is filled with snow; The cold air wears a frown; As far as hazy dreamland seems The warm o'erflowing town. And everything is white and chill When it is winter at the mill.

The mill wheel with its merry whirr, And whishes it were spring; No cheery neighbor seeks the door; No traveler wanders past; The path is lost across the mill. When it is winter at the mill.

The miller reads his almanac And wishes it were spring; When logs come tumbling down the stream, And larks and veeries sing; The whole wide world is blank and still When it is winter at the mill.

The miller's wife, so discontent, Sits by the casement low, And knits and watches the gray smoke From village chimneys blow. There is no gossip on the mill. When it is winter at the mill.

But to the miller's little maid Time tastes on rosy wing; The fairies she could never find In any haunts of spring. Fill all the freit chimney nook Through magic of a story book.—Susan H. Swett in Youth's Companion.

EXILED.

Gilbert de Saumur had just returned to Paris after 10 years' sojourn in America. He had left his country ruined and almost hopeless, a victim to his passion for gambling. He was quite young when he had left France, but he had squandered away a large fortune and so had courageously decided to go into exile and try his luck in a new way—namely, by work! He had started away with £20 in his pocket and had now returned after 10 years' slavery almost a rich man again.

He was once more on the boulevards, once more gazing at the brilliantly lighted shops and at the gay crowd of fashionable loungers who were strolling along apparently without a care in the world. At last, feeling a little tired, he sat down at one of the tables outside a cafe, idly wondering whether any of his former friends would recognize him again now.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning round discovered an old acquaintance of his.

"De Saumur, is it possible? Why, old fellow, how many years is it since we met, or rather since we parted?"

"Ten years, Rouval—just 10 years since I started off with my £20 to try my luck over the sea."

"And what sort of luck have you had, old fellow?"

"Very fair—better than I expected. I've come back anyhow with enough of the 'needful' to go along all right now. How have you been getting on all these years?"

"Well, I've had some changes, like every one else. I'm married now and am getting on all right—at least I should if I could only leave the confounded cards alone."

"Take care, Rouval, if you go in for that still, I ought to have been a warning to some of you. Why don't you give that sort of thing up once and for all?"

"That's easier said than done. What is a fellow to do at the club, and then if once you've won from a man you cannot refuse to let him have his chance, and so you go on. I say, you'll come home with me? I want to hear all about your doings and introduce you to my wife."

"I should like to come very much"—"Well, it's settled then. Now tell me something about your life over yonder. How did you ever get a start?"

"Well, I had a bad time at first, I confess. The motto of the country there is 'Every man for himself.' If one cannot hold one's own in the fierce competition that is waged, then there is nothing to do but give in and disappear. On the contrary, if you've got some grip in you and can hold on and have got just enough money in your pocket to keep you from starving till you get your foot on the ladder, why, there's a chance for you."

"I stood off at nothing, as I did not know a soul in the whole country. As I knew a good deal about horses, I offered my services as coachman to a New York physician and had the honor of driving him about all day to visit his patients."

"De Saumur, is it possible?"

"It was, Rouval; that was precisely how I commenced. When I had got used to the life over there and saw how things went on over there, and I certainly had good luck, for everything I touched succeeded. As soon as I had scraped a little money together I put it into some shares in a railway company, and so I went on until I had made what I considered enough to come back with."

"It's been pretty rough on you, Gilbert."

"It has, and I don't mind owning it now. The hardest thing of all was to keep myself from gambling away the money as I made it. It was easy enough to rough it as regards other things, both luxuries and the necessities of life, but it was confoundingly hard to keep away from the gaming tables, which exist there just as much as here. Thank heaven, I did resist though, or I shouldn't be here now."

"Ah, my dear fellow, you won't be long here in Paris before you'll give in to your old habits. What can a man do at the club? But come along. We must start now. I want to introduce you to my wife."

The two men got up and sauntered along the boulevards to the Avenue d'Opera, where Jacques Rouval lived. After dinner Rouval took his new found friend into his smoking den, there to indulge in a cigar.

"Do you care to have a look in at the club?" he asked him a little later on.

who had noticed his friend's uneasiness and who from experience guessed the cause, suggested himself that they should just have a round or two at cards to see how much he had forgotten in 10 years."

"But I thought you had quite given up playing for ever and ever?" objected his friend.

"Yes, as a regular habit I have, but it is quite another thing to have a game quietly here like this."

Rouval was only too delighted and pulled the card table out with alacrity. De Saumur played at first carelessly. He had only proposed it out of consideration to his friend, and he felt rather bored. Rouval kept winning and appeared so contented with himself and had such a triumphant manner that De Saumur found himself getting interested and excited in spite of himself. The more he lost the more persistent he became. It was as though the old passion of former days which for 10 years had been kept in control by his strong will had completely got the mastery of him. At first the stakes had been insignificant, but as he continued to lose he became more and more desperate, until at last the amount was getting so serious that Rouval did not wish to continue.

"But as I have been the loser so far," said De Saumur, "you cannot refuse to go on surely!"

"It is not for my own sake, but I don't like it, Gilbert. You are here at my house, and you are playing desperate stakes."

"Well, that's my own lookout. It's your turn to cut."

Day was beginning to break, and the two men were still seated at the card table. They had played all night, and now their eyes were fiery with excitement, and their hands trembled as they handled the cards.

At last Gilbert de Saumur exclaimed, "There, I cannot go on any more!"

Rouval looked at him anxiously, thinking that he was ill, but he continued:

"No, I've come to an end, that's all. I cannot go on, because you have won nearly every cent I possess. I'll give you a check on my banker for it, and that settles it."

A dead silence followed these words. What was to be done? The play had been strictly fair, and Rouval had won it fairly.

"My dear fellow," said Rouval as De Saumur finished writing out the check, "I cannot take it all. Keep something for yourself."

"I have £40 left," replied De Saumur coldly. "That will be enough to get back where I came from. Work is better for me than fortune. I have proved that twice. I thought now I was cured, but it appears I was mistaken. I suppose now I shall never see Paris again. Goodbye, Rouval."

And he got up, and opening the door took his hat from the peg in the hall and went down stairs, followed by Rouval, who accompanied him to the hall door, who when he had closed it after his friend, went back to his smoking den and paced up and down the room until it was broad daylight.

"Very odd," was the verdict at the club the next evening. "Not quite the thing to take everything the poor fellow had worked 10 years for and to send him back to perpetual exile."—Million.

"DESPERATION."

The New Game of Cards Which Is Interesting Eastern Society

"Desperation" is a game of cards that is best described as a continuity of sequences, regardless of suit. It is played with three full packs of 52 cards each, and the most convenient number of players is 12, but eight or ten persons will find it a very delightful way to spend an evening. In a party of ladies and gentlemen the better way is for the one six to challenge the other six and then, sitting in couples at the table, alternating the play.

The first duty is to select a banker, who should also act as umpire for the evening. The banker or dealer should then shuffle the three packs of cards together very thoroughly and count two "nests," of 30 cards each, the one to be known as "ladies' nest," the other as "gentlemen's nest," placing them at opposite ends of the table. Each player then receives a hand of six cards, dealt one at a time. These hands are placed face down directly in front of each player.

The play is from the banker to the left, and each player turns up a card, and the play continues until an ace is turned. The privilege of turning the top card of center nests is taken by the first player of each side. When an ace is turned up, it is placed in the center of the table, and the fun begins. The purpose of the game is to exhaust the center nests, and the game is won by the side exhausting their nest first. The sequences in the center of the table are ace high to deuce, while the side sequences or partner's hand are high or low. So that each partner plays on the center sequences, his or his partner's sequences and his own, in effect playing seven hands in a 12 hand game.

The fun of the game is caused by the penalty connected therewith, which is: No player is permitted by word, look, sign, motion or suggestion to indicate to the person playing any play or misplay possible on penalty of forfeiting the chance of a sequence pass to the next player at table, which would naturally be an opponent.

There is a great amount of sport in this game for a social evening, and it is very popular in the eastern cities. It can be made "progressive" if desired on the same principles as euchre.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Judge: What, you plead extenuating circumstances? Why, your crime was simply terrible! After robbing the poor family of what little money they had managed to accumulate by almost starving themselves, you murdered them all—father, mother and eight children, pouring kerosene on them and setting them on fire. Then you burned their house and killed eight of the officers who tried to arrest you. And what, may I ask, then, are your extenuating circumstances?

Prisoner—Your honor, it was my first offense of the kind!—Boston Traveller.

The Difference.

The Impetuous—It is just as easy to love a girl with money as to love one without it.

The Heir—But it isn't so easy to get her.—London Budget.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., is one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast.

"Are you a ball crank, Miss B. ekinstrete?" "I was afflicted with a mild attack of spheromatism last summer," answered the Boston matron, "but this year I have taken but little interest."

LIKE A SIEVE.

The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these, in consequence of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood purifier, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their filtering function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infect it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also remedied or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also specially beneficial to the weak and nervous.

Dr. Pulser—The action of winking is not without its use; people will to keep the eye ball moist. Soda water eier—Not much they know it! The people who come in here will keep their throats moist.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure! F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by his firm.

WEST & TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARD, KIRKMAN & MARY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South Sea-coast tracks; fine scenery; new equipment. Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption. —Dr. FRANK MOSS, 215 W. 22d St., N. Y., Oct. 29, 1894.

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TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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If it is poor and thin and lacking in the number and quality of those red corpuscles, you are in danger of sickness from disease germs and the enervating effect of warm weather. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparil!

The great blood purifier which has proved its merit by a record of cures unequalled in medical history. With pure, rich blood you will be well and strong. Do not neglect this important matter but take Hood's Sarsaparil now.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists, 5c.

Used Ely's Cream I claim for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Frazer, Lochester, N. Y.

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm opens and cleanses the nasal passages, relieves pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the sense of taste and smell. The balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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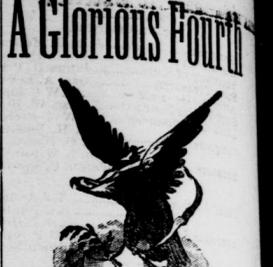
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Preserves all kinds of Fruit without cooking, and retains their natural flavor.

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Costs no more than inferior package soda—never spoils the flour, keeps soft, and is universally acknowledged purest in the world. Made only by CHURCH & CO., New York. Sold by grocers everywhere. Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.



A Glorious Fourth

3--GALA-DAYS-3 July 3, 4, 5, '95

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Gorgeous Pyrotechnic Display AT NIGHT

Speed Association Races in the Afternoon for Purses Aggregating \$29,000. Races From June 20 to July 6. REDUCED RATES ON ALL THE LINES See small bills for Programme.

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