

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OLD CREOLE CUSTOMS.

New Orleans Society Still Honors the Traditions of the Old Regime.

The social customs of New Orleans differ widely from those of any other city of the union, derived as they largely are from the usages and precedents of the French and Spanish regime, many of which hold good to-day. The old French social law, which divided people into three classes—the aristocrat, the bourgeois, and the banaille—has to a great extent become a dead letter.

The middle class is to-day an unimportant factor in society here. One misses also that subdivision into cliques and sets which exists elsewhere. In a social sense New Orleans is virtually a dual city, the dividing line being Canal street, its principal thoroughfare. Above this dwell the Americans in whose now predominant is the population. Below it live the creoles, the descendants of haughty cavaliers and beauties who formed the courts of the French and Spanish governors of the provinces, and who still hold sacred the stately manners, the stringent customs, and the prejudices of their ancestors. They, however, have for the greater part suffered reverses of fortune. This prevents their active participation in society or the lavish mode of entertainment to which they were accustomed.

It has not deprived them, however, of a certain influence over the social tone of the city, and in no respect is this more readily manifest than in the universal observance of the chaperon system. This system is closely adhered to as well in American as in creole circles, and the penalty of its disregard is scandal and gossip, and perhaps, if the offense be sufficiently serious, social ostracism.

Young ladies do not attend the theatre with a gentleman without a chaperon, especially at night, unless they be nearly related or betrothed. Under no circumstances is it possible for a young girl to lunch or dine in a public restaurant unless a chaperon be present, and few New Orleans girls would enter such a place except to attend a lunch or dinner party to which a number of guests were bidden and where one or more chaperons were present.

As regards horse-back exercise, in which New Orleans girls indulge but rarely, the rule requiring a chaperon is much less rigidly enforced, but upon driving through the matronly protection there is virtually an absolute prohibition.

Social calls are for the most part confined to Sunday evening, when gentlemen present themselves as early as 7 o'clock, and are expected to withdraw not later than 11 o'clock, good breeding, of course, requiring the first caller to yield to his successor. Formal calls are paid only on Sunday or on the evening of the hostess' special reception days, and do not here much exceed half an hour.

In creole circles the mother of the young lady receiving the caller is invariably present, but among Americans the custom is observed only according to the degree of intimacy between the parties. Excursions, picnics, etc., form no part of the social entertainments of New Orleans, though occasionally parties are formed to visit the neighboring plantations when the case is being converted into sugar.

In such cases the host makes a point of providing at least one, and often several, chaperons. Invitations to balls, parties, or receptions are always worded to include the chaperon, and subscribers to the club, german, or cotillon, of which at least one is given during the season, are furnished with separate cards for the chaperons and partners.

In matters of courtship and marriage the creoles follow the French plan, and the maternal supervision ends only with signing of the nuptial registry. Among the American portion of the population the American custom prevails, and the moment an acquaintance merges himself into a suitor he is accorded greater freedom of communication.

How She Got Out.

A precocious North Side miss of 5 summers listened patiently while her father read aloud from the morning paper of the Cook county bootlegger being caged at Joliet. At the first pause she eagerly exclaimed: "O, papa, I was caged once. When I was visiting auntie in the country last summer I went into some bushes, and after awhile I found I was caught. The bushes were so thick that I couldn't get out. Was that the way with the bootleggers?"

"No, dear, they are in prison and are being punished by the law. Well, how did you finally get out?"

"Oh," she replied, with a toss of her curly head, "I had a little hat-let and I hatched myself out."—Chicago Tribune.

Thumb Rings.

I receive so many orders for out-of-the-way articles of jewelry that it takes a good deal to astonish me. But when a pretty young lady came in the other day and had a ring made to order for her thumb, I must confess I was surprised. She ordered a plain, broad, dull gold band, and I must say that when I saw it on her pretty little left thumb I changed my mind about the young woman's taste, for the ring was very becoming. Are thumb rings going to be fashionable? Who knows. In the days of ancient Greece and Rome they were generally worn, and in eastern countries are still in vogue. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see them become fashionable here.—Jeweler's Weekly.

In Cawdor Castle.

The housekeeper, a handsome, middle-aged woman, in cashmere gown and pretty cap, received us at the door with such an air of smiling hospitality that we felt at home at once. Cawdor Castle is almost the only one of the really old castles—that is, those that have not been thoroughly made over and modernized—that is still used as a family residence. We were first taken into the dining-room, where the table, not yet fully cleared, showed that luncheon was just over. It was a pleasant, low-ceiled room, completely hung with old needle-work tapestry. The only modern thing in it of about it was the carved wooden mantelpiece, which was put in by the present earl, and bears his crest and those of his four sisters, with the date of the room, 1510.

From thence we went to the kitchen, whose walls, many feet thick, were redolent with the odors of roasting mutton and venison as far back as the fourteenth century. The enormous fireplace that nearly fills one end is unaltered, and before it, or in it, the family cooking is done to this day. For the help of the cook there is some odd machinery, still in working order and in daily use, though as old as the chimney itself, by which the heat of the fire turns and regulates the spit. The upper end of the great room is hung out of solid rock, floor, walls, and ceiling being of the same mass of stone. Long tables extended down the middle throughout the whole length, and half a dozen maids, busy with pans, pots, and scrubbing-brushes, glanced at us curiously as we passed by. Familiarity breeds contempt and there is small doubt that they marveled under their caps at the interest or curiosity that brought so many questioning eyes into their old kitchen.

A short winding passage and a flight of steps led us into the dungeon. It is not a bad place as dungeons go, having more light, air, and space than most of them. Still, the sound of the heavy iron door swinging to, with a clang, upon its rusty hinges, must have been anything but agreeable to the poor captives upon whom it has so often closed. It was a hard thing to realize, with that kindly smiling face beside us, instead of a warder in coat-of-mail. In the middle of the dungeon, like the central column of a chapter-house, rose the trunk of a large Hawthorn-tree. "There is a curious story about this old tree, which is older than the castle itself," said the housekeeper, laying her hand upon it. "The founder of the house was looking for a place to build upon, when a saint, or an angel (it doesn't matter which), appeared to him, and told him he must build upon whatever spot a ass laden with gold should stop three times successively. Shortly afterward, an ass weighed down with treasures persisted in stopping three times in the shade of this Hawthorn-tree. And so, you see, we have our castle, which was built around it."

To establish at once the principle of believing whatever is told you wonderfully enhances the interest of travel. We had done this at the very outset of our pilgrimage, and of course believed this bit of medieval history implicitly. But we may perhaps be forgiven if we ventured to wonder whether the ass and his gold belonged to the founder or to his dearest enemy.—Julia C. R. Dorr in Atlantic.

Negroes Changing.

The negro is changing in appearance and losing some of the birthmarks peculiar to his African race. The new generation is showing the effects of a higher culture. Especially is this noticeable in the towns where contact with the whites shows its effect. The flat-nosed, kinky-headed negro is passing away and becoming an unknown race. All the colored children, no matter how dusky in hue, show the change. Among the females long hair of that peculiar woolly appearance hangs in long braids or curls down their backs. Aquiline noses and smaller mouths with thinner lips are the rule. For years, and in fact ever since their freedom, the negroes have endeavored to do away with the short and kinky hair bestowed upon them by their ancestors. Much of their spare change is invested in various hair tonics and invigorators, and a long attention and care bestowed upon it is shown in their descendants. The South Georgia negro is an evidence of evolution, the survival of the fittest.—Atlanta Constitution.

Do Figures Lie?

Let us see: Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale. One sold her chickens 2 for a dollar, getting for her 30 chickens \$15. The other sold hers 3 for a dollar, getting for her 30 chickens \$10. This made \$25 realized for the 60 chickens. The merchant called on to divide the money, said: "You sold your 30 chickens 2 for a dollar, and you sold your 30 chickens 3 for a dollar. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of 5 for \$2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes \$24 your chickens have brought. But as shown above, the woman actually had \$25 in pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right!"

Do figures lie?—Atlanta Constitution.

At Augusta, Ga., a tramp in the police station astonished the officers by reciting from memory several chapters from the Bible.

IT DINES OFF WOOL AND FUR.

An Old Housekeeper's Advice on Battling With Moths.

"Well," said the careless young person resignedly as she looked yesterday at her sealskin jacket and her other-trimmed suit, "I suppose the moths will play the mischief with all my winter things before next season."

"What makes you think that?" demanded the good housekeeper.

"They always do," replied the careless young person in tones that indicated that she felt a certain sad pride in being singled out by fate as a victim.

"That is nonsense—perfect nonsense," said the good housekeeper in most unsympathetic tones. "If you lived in a properly regulated house you wouldn't know what a moth looks like. I never have them in my house. How do you keep them out? By simply not giving them anything to live in or on. I don't make nests of woolen rags around on purpose for their accommodation. I don't have anything woolen around in summer except things in daily use. I take up the carpets of the rooms not in use or sometimes I put down matting all over the house and put away the carpets, or if they are down I keep some good moth powder and put it around in the less frequented corners."

"How do I keep them out of the carpets after they are taken up?"

"I don't know how I'd get them in unless I took particular pains to do. There is no sense in the world in anyone having anything moth-eaten. There are forty ways of preventing it, each easier than the last. To begin with, you can have a cedar chest or a cedar-lined closet if you live in your own house. It costs something in the beginning, but nothing so oppressive as people generally imagine, and here it is for the accommodation of your children's children."

"I am afraid they'll never arrive to get the good of my cedar chest," interrupted the young person pertly.

"If you have no chest," went on the good housekeeper, ignoring the young person's interruption, "you can have a trunk and put in 10 cents worth of camphor and defy all the moths in Christendom."

"I do not like my things smelling of camphor," objected the young person.

"I like my things smelling of camphor better than having no things to smell of anything," was the satirical response, "but you don't seem to have camphor." "If you'll just dip up your furs and winter woollens in cotton cloth, wrap them all up in one big sheet, you'll be perfectly safe—or you would be if you had some one with a grain of common sense to do up the bundle for you. It won't do to roll sheets around the middle and leave it open at both ends. The sheet must thoroughly envelop your things, with no loose corners or cracks. Moths won't go through cotton, and if they have no other way to get at your sealskin they'll go without it."

"I haven't any sheet," objected the young person, mischievously. She wanted to exhaust the resources as well as the patience of the good housekeeper, but that lady was equal to the occasion.

"Well," said the good housekeeper, as well as she could, "if you'll save the big sheets of wrapping paper that your new spring things are now coming home in you can do up all your winterones in a way that will baffle the most enterprising moth that ever wiggled."

"But I think they have already gotten in this jacket."

"They haven't gone far, if they have; all you need to do is to shake it and beat it out well and then sprinkle it well with powder before you put it away. The moth powders are generally good things."

"But they are poisonous, aren't they?"

"As harmless as arrowroot. They don't poison the moths, they suffocate them."

And the young person saw no way out of being obliged to take care of her things for once.—New York Graphic.

Ella's Sweet Simplicity.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has struck a new note lately. She informed a reporter of the *Republican*, in St. Louis, that she had been "kind"—her slippers, namely. How sweet, how charmingly innocent and naive! It almost makes one melt in tears of compassion, to think of the childlike, simple little poetess of "Poems of Passion" weeping for her lost slippers!

But that is not all; the climax is not reached yet, oh, no! After while Ella Wilcox comes in and the dear, innocent cries out (did she not clap her tiny hands in utter glee, Mr. *Republican*?). "Oh, Robert, I'm so glad to see you. You were not here to find my slippers and I cried!"

Ah, the sweet, trusting faith of gentle womanhood! How delightful this little *Rosie Mackenzie* innocent Mrs. Wilcox is to be sure!

Over there on the shelves is a little red-bound book: "Poems of Passion." Let us take it down. Ah, yes, here it is—just one passage among a good many like it. Listen: "For just one kiss that your lips have given In the lost and beautiful past to me, I would gladly barter my hopes of heaven And all the bliss of eternity."

"I know, in the way that sins are reckoned, This thought is a sin of the deepest dye. But I know, too, that an angel reckoned, Standing close to the throne on high, And you, down by the gates infernal, Should open your loving arms and smile, I would turn my back on things so dear To lie on your breast a little while!"

Have the people grown deaf of this style, Mrs. Cawdor's Wilcox? Dear me, it is too horrid if they have, isn't it? Are we to have the simple sweet, simpering *Rosie Mackenzie*, now, madam? Well, well, if so, we Americans as a people, pay handsomely to be humbugged, you know. Success, Mrs. Cawdor!—but forgive a brother or bumping if he occasionally inserts a pin where "Ouch"—just meant, madame, by way of a gentle reminder that a part may really be overdone, you know.—Alex. De Menil, in *St. Louis Magazine*.

There is such a demand for Maine spruce gum that those fears expressed that the trees are giving out. A correspondent suggests that they may be coaxed to give more if they are treated as the gum trees of the East are. The natives back the bark with their hatchets, and in due time the tree weeps gum.

She Made a Sale.

She was a pretty woman, and she bowed to me bewitchingly as she came in, says a writer in *Town Topics*. She held up one finger archly, and said impudently: "Now, sir, I want you to stop your writing and look at my book."

Then she, blushed charmingly, as if embarrassed at my look of amazement. I said: "My dear madam, I am busy to-day, and I beg you will excuse me."

She sat down beside me and made herself comfortable at once.

"Now, don't let me hear another word about that; you are going to buy a book, of course."

"But, my dear—"

"She took my head gently but firmly in hers."

"I know—you are a busy man—you write all day and are too tired to read—you hardly find time to look at the paper—you—"

"Yes, madame; that's precisely the case."

She chuckled me deliberately under the chin.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to refuse me a miserable little dollar for this beautiful book?"

I gasped feebly and glared at my office boy. He was evidently interested.

"You must be a successful book agent; you have the most fetching qualities I have ever seen."

Rash words!

She rose at one, and, sitting down upon the arm of my chair, three one arm around my neck, and bending down looked tenderly into my eyes.

"Now, you know, darling, you are going to do just what I say; you are going to buy—"

I heard my office boy chuckle, to himself. I protested. I said: "My dear madam, this is really—embarrassing—do you know—I am a married man—that I—"

She replied: "I have nothing to do with that. I am here for business."

I replied: "That statement is unnecessary; the fact is quite apparent. But I am really fond of my wife. You've got hold of the wrong man. You're seized a trifle hurt at this, but she did not take her arm from my neck. She remained in this compromising attitude apparently lost in thought. I broke into a cold sweat."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said suddenly, bringing her face dangerously near my own; "if you'll take a copy of that book I'll promise not to kiss you before I leave the office!"

I bought the book.

Archduchess Valerie, the youngest daughter of the Emperor of Austria, is to be betrothed to her cousin, the Archduke Francis, the eldest son of the Archduke Charles, who is the presumptive heir to the throne, as the Crown Prince has no son.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

Is the Line to Take

TO ALL POINTS EAST and SOUTH

It is the Dining Car Route. It runs Through Vestibuled Trains Every Day in the Year

TO ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(No change of cars) Composed of DINING CARS, unsurpassed, PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS

Of Latest Equipment, Tourist Sleeping Cars, Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both Free and Furnished for holders of First or Second-class Tickets, and

Elegant Day Coaches. A Continuous Line Connecting with All Lines, affording Direct and Uninterrupted Service.

Pullman Sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.

THROUGH TICKETS to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or

A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No 121, First St., Cor Washington, Portland, Oregon.

E. E. BE CH, Agt. N. P. R. Corvallis, Oregon.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Amk Page, Austin, Texas, and Joe Bone, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some men work 24 hours a day. You can do the work and live on home, wherever you are. Send for our little book for full particulars. It tells you how to get rich in 30 days. It tells you how to get rich in 30 days. It tells you how to get rich in 30 days. It tells you how to get rich in 30 days.



CURES Coughs, Colic, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Speedy and permanent. Genuine signed "T. Bittz."

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad and Oregon Development Co.'s

STEAMSHIP LINE.

235 Miles Shorter; 20 Hours Less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco, Cal.

TIME SCHEDULE (except Subdays.) Leaves Albany 1:00 p.m. Leaves Yaquina 6:45 a.m. Leaves Corvallis 1:15 p.m. Leave Corvallis 10:35 a.m. Arrive Yaquina 6:30 p.m. Arrive Albany 1:15 a.m. Oregon & California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis. The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co.'s line of steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

From Yaquina. Steamship "Willamette Valley," January 1st, 9th, 17th, and 27th. From San Francisco. Steamship "Willamette Valley," January 14th, 22nd, 30th and 31st.

This Company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connection with the trains of the Yaquina route at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and freight rates always the lowest. For information apply to D. W. Cummings, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis, or to C. C. HOGUE, Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pacific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or. W. B. WEBSTER, Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

Benton County ABSTRACT CO.

Complete Set of Abstracts of Benton County. Conveyancing & Perfecting Titles a Specialty. Money to Loan on Improved City and Country Property.

J. R. MARRLEY & CO., - Proprietors, MAIN ST., CORVALLIS.

PIONEER BAKERY!

AND RESTAURANT,

August Schloeman, Prop., Meals at all hours.

Fresh Bread Every Morning Delivered Free before Breakfast.

I BAKE DAILY

The following varieties: American Home Made, German Milk Bread, French and Rye Bread, also fresh cakes, pies, buns, etc. Wedding & Fancy cakes A Specialty. Special attention paid to orders from abroad. 5-2 m 3

FREE READING ROOM!

Main St., Op. Cameron's Store. A quiet room. Good Books. Current Papers and Periodicals. The public invited. Strangers especially welcome. Per Order of W. C. T. U. Furnished rooms (up stairs) to rent.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

DO NOT CRIBE, SICKEN OR CONSTIPATE. SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, and all troubles arising from Indigestion or Constipation. Improves the Circulation by Purifying the Blood. The pills can be nicely adjusted to suit the case and can never be too large a dose. Easy to take as so much sugar. 48 pills put up in a strong vial which can be carried in your pocket. A Great Remedy for Travelers and Business Men. None genuine without "Green" Trade Mark. Sold everywhere. 25c a bottle. Sample Box and Brochure for 2c. In stamps. DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC PURIFIES THE BLOOD, REGULATES THE LIVER AND IMPROVES THE DIGESTION. IT IS A HEALTH AND VIGOROUS STRENGTHENER OF THE WEAK. THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

F. M. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CORVALLIS, OR.

EAST AND SOUTH

VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC ROUTE Shasta Line.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

SOUTH. Lv Portland 7:00 p.m. Lv San Francisco 9:00 p.m. Lv Albany 10:23 p.m. Lv Albany 6:32 a.m. Ar San Francisco 10:15 a.m. Ar Portland 6:32 a.m. Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Taigant, Shedd, Halcy, Harborsburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

Roseburg Mail Daily. Lv Portland 8:00 a.m. Lv Roseburg 6:30 a.m. Lv Albany 12:30 p.m. Lv Albany 12:00 p.m. Ar Roseburg 8:40 a.m. Ar Portland 4:30 p.m. Albany Local Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE: Portland 8:00 a.m. Albany 9:00 p.m. Ar: Albany 8:00 a.m. Portland 9:00 a.m. Lebanon Branch. 2:30 p.m. Lv Albany 9:25 p.m. 3:25 p.m. Ar Lebanon 8:40 a.m. 7:30 a.m. Lv Albany 4:26 p.m. 8:22 a.m. Ar Lebanon 3:40 p.m.

-Pullman Buffet Sleepers-

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. For accommodation of second-class passengers, attached to Express Trains.

West Side Division. BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS. Mail Train, Daily Except Sunday.

Portland LEAVE. Corvallis ARRIVE. Portland 7:00 a.m. Corvallis 12:10 p.m. Corvallis 12:55 p.m. Portland 5:00 p.m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad. Express Train, Daily Except Sunday.

Portland LEAVE. McMinnville ARRIVE. Portland 4:40 a.m. McMinnville 7:25 p.m. McMinnville 5:40 a.m. Portland 8:20 a.m.

THROUGH TICKETS to all points SOUTH AND EAST.

For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on company's agent at Corvallis. E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & P. Agent. R. KOEHLER, Manager.

UNION PACIFIC RY.

"Columbia River Route." Train for East leave Portland at 9:00 p. m. d. i. y.

TICKETS to and from principal points in United States, Canada, and Europe. ELEGANT NEW DINING CARS. PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS.

Free colonist sleeping cars run through of Express trains from Portland to OMAHA, COUNCIL BLUFFS, and KANSAS CITY. Free of Charge and without Change.

Close connections at Portland for San Francisco and Puget Sound points. For further particulars inquire of any Agent of the Company. T. W. LEE, G. F. and P. Agent. C. S. MILLER, Portland, Oregon. Traffic Manager.

A. C. EWART, Architect and Superintendent.

Is prepared to draw Plans and Specifications, for all kinds of brick, wood and stone buildings. Office over the Benton County Bank. 5-9f.

J. M. APPLEWHITE, M. D. H. S. PERRY, M. D.

Residence North 5th Street. Telephone 212. Office at 2nd Street, doors north of Opera House.

Appelwhite & Pernot, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Corvallis, Oregon. Offices over J. D. Clark's hardware store, and at R. Graham's drug store. Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 5, and 7 to 8:30 p. m.

THE PORTLAND SAVINGS BANK OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

Paid up capital \$260,000 Surplus and profits 60,000 Interest allowed on savings deposit as follows: On ordinary savings books 4 per cent per annum On term savings books 6 per cent per annum On certificates of deposit: For three months 4 per cent per annum For six months 5 per cent per annum For twelve months 6 per cent per annum FRANK DEKUM, President. D. P. THOMPSON, Vice President. H. C. STRATTON, Cashier.

STALLIONS. 100 IMPORTED

and Registered Clyde, Shire, Percheron & Norman Stallions. For Sale from \$400 to \$900 each.

This is the time to buy in order to have them perfectly acclimated for next season, and we want you in order to make sure of new importations. The freight on a horse to Portland, Oregon is only \$50.

Every animal fully Warranted. Terms Easy. Send for Catalogue. Dr. Valerius & Co., Waterbury, Wis.

MEMORY

and a general practice in all the courts. Also agent for all the first-class insurance companies.