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OLD INDIAN PIPES.

Some Meant Platonic Love Between Man and Woman.

It needs scarcely be told that in the pipes of long ago each feather appended to the stem represented an enemy slain. If one doubted the record of the war eagle feathers, the warrior then showed the scalps of the enemy, which were kept as a sort of sacred proof of his word. Such pipes were used only on occasions of peace and war. Speaking roughly, the best pipes of the eastern tribes were in moulded clay, the best of the western tribes in slate pipe stone taken from the famous quarry west of the Mississippi. Before the great buffalo and antelope hunts, when herds of game were driven into a pound, or an enclosed area of snares, it was customary for the Indians to whiff the incense of propitiation to the spirits of the animals about to be slain, explaining that only the desire for food compelled the Indians to kill, and that the hunt was the will of the Master of Life or "Master of the Roaring Winds," who would compensate the animals in the next world. The pipes used for this ceremony usually show the figure of a man in conference with the figure of an animal. Others show the figures of Indians with locked hands. This typifies a vow of friendship to be terminated only by death. It was usually between men, but sometimes between a man and a woman, in which case the Platonic bond not only precluded but forbade the very possibility of marriage. After that who shall say that the stolid Indian has no vein of sentiment in his nature?

One of the most curious pipes that I have seen I bought from a Cree on a reservation east of the refugee Sioux. It is in the shape of a war hatchet, of a metal which I do not know, although I suspect it is galena mixed with clay, the edge being sharp enough, but the back of the axe being a bowl and the handle a pipe stem. The odd lines in Indian carvings and woven work are not without meaning. Fighting Mistah could read a legend where he saw nothing but bizarre markings. There were the circular lines, hollow down, meaning clouds; the cross, meaning the coming of the priest; the tree, a type of peace with its branches overshadowing the nations; the wavy line, signifying water; the arrow, war. The ordinary Indian can read a tribal song or chronicle from obscure drawings on the face of a rock, or crazy-colored work on a scraped buffalo skin.

Pet Sea Lion Stirs a Hotel.

Chicago, July 21.—"Gimme a revolver! Gimme a shotgun!" shouted Tom, a window washer, as he dashed up to Clerk McHenry in the fashionable Victoria hotel this afternoon, his eyes looking like china nest eggs. "There is a horrid looking insect in the bath tub in 999—a tiger or a sea serpent or something." Clerk McHenry, aroused, led a procession composed of excited guests and hotel attaches to the room. From behind the bathroom door came a sound of splashing and grunting. As the timid group stood there, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moeller of Santa Barbara, Cal., the occupants of the room, brushed by and the woman flew to the bathroom. The amazed spectators saw Mrs. Moeller lift a weird looking creature with long whiskers and shining body from the tub and begin to pet it. "Isn't he pretty?" she said. "We have got a carload of them. We're going east. There are 50 big ones and this little baby." "That's all right," commented Mr. McHenry, "but what is it?" "A sea lion, of course," answered Mrs. Moeller, and the investigators faded.

An Old-Time Desperado.

A dispatch from Durant, I. T., under date of July 18 says "Wild Bill" Miller, a noted desperado of the south-west, who is known under a dozen aliases, who has a record of killing many men, and for whom dead or alive rewards aggregating \$78,000 have been standing for years, has at last met his Waterloo. Information was received here from Wilburton that he had been killed by a sheriff's posse which had been chasing him for weeks, following his wanton killing of a deputy sheriff in Jacksboro, Tex.

Details of the killing of the desperado are meager, but it is understood the deputies surprised him in a hut in a wild stretch of country, that a running-battle followed, and that he died with his boots on.

Oregon Suburban Auto Co.

Automobile car leaves Willamette Hotel for Independence, week days, at 7 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Returning leaves Independence at 8:30 and 5 p. m. Sundays leaves Salem at 8 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Leaves Independence at 9:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Connects at Independence with motor for Monmouth, Dallas and all points on the West Side. Special for evening parties. 6-17-4f M. P. BALDWIN, Mgr.

THE WEST COMES TO THE FRONT

Hay Fed Cattle From the Big Horn Show up Well in Chicago

Corn belt cattle feeders are visibly perturbed over the prospect, or rather certainty, of keen competition from what has heretofore been known as the range country, says the Breeder's Gazette.

For six weeks past they have been experiencing this competition on the Chicago market. It was their first taste for it this year, and when they saw fat steers that had never tasted grain, outselling their product that had been on corn six months or so, their surprise was audible.

Cattle men venture the prediction that within half a decade the supply of cattle coming from beyond the Missouri river will be marketed all the year round instead of glutting the stockyards between the latter part of August and the end of the gathering and shipping season.

An eastward movement of hayfed range cattle was a novelty to the trade. It emanated largely from the Big Hole basin in Montana and furnished the Chicago market during May with about 12,000 steers that aroused enthusiasm among buyers.

They made their debut early in May in superb form, selling at \$5.80 at the outset, the price gradually dropping to \$2.95 as quality deteriorated and the market declined. Their weight averaged close around 1350 pounds and they invariably outsold cattle that had been on corn five or six months.

All through their season they outdressed most of the corn fed cattle by two and three per cent, a fact that, coupled with immunity from shrink, assured deserved popularity for them in dressed beef making circles. None of the Big Hole basin cattle dressed less than 59 1/2 per cent, while the bulk of them were credited with 60 to 62 per cent on the dressing sheets. At the same time corn fed steers were dressing but 59 to 60 per cent.

"These hay fed cattle are going to get a warm reception hereafter," said James Brown, head cattle buyer for Armour. "By hay fed I mean native hay, not alfalfa. There is some quality about native hay that gives them the finish necessary to make good beef. They dress well, shrink little, and owing to good keeping and handling qualities the meat takes well with the trade.

"They have been a revelation to buyers this year." Heretofore Montana's hay fed cattle have gone to the Pacific coast, but development of the industry made it imperative that the eastern outlet should be sought. In former years Alaska absorbed a considerable number of these cattle, but Alberta is now producing hay fed beef and is able to take care of the Yukon trade.

Our own Pacific northwest has furnished Montana a market for some of its product, but this year California, Oregon and Washington have had abundant humidity, an excess of feed and plenty of fat cattle, consequently Montana feeders had no alternative but to turn their faces toward Chicago. To this they were averse, as their treatment on Pacific coast markets had not always been satisfactory in the past.

Success scored by hay feeders this season will doubtless prove an incentive to increasing the output next year. Good service was furnished by railroads bringing this stock to market, but between Anaconda and Chicago a shrink of 100 pounds per head is inevitable.

This fact makes such cattle popular with killers, as they are empty when they reach the scales. Railroads are evidently anxious to encourage hay feeding, as it will distribute the livestock movement over their lines throughout the year instead of congesting it during a few weeks in the fall when rolling stock is at a premium and hard to secure.

In the Big Hole basin country feeding is in small hands as a rule. Doves number 100 to 500 head. The cattle are usually started on feed about Thanksgiving day. Stockers are bought in Oregon or Washington, the average price this year being \$30 per head for 3-year-olds. During the feeding season the average gain is about 250 pounds per head, not a bad increase for a five months' feeding period without grain. The elevation of the country is about 7500 feet, which makes it an ideal hay producing ground.

What is known as wild hay is used exclusively in the Big Hole basin,

and this year it has netted \$7 to \$8 per ton by feeding. Owing to its bulk and distance from shipping points this hay would have no commercial value if not possessed of these fattening qualities. Many of the cattle marketed this year were driven 50 miles from feed lots to shipping points.

Japan's Chief Scout.

The chief scout in the mikado's army in Manchuria is a Canadian, Lieutenant Tom Casey Callaghan, who won his military title in the Boer war, says the Chicago Chronicle. Previous to that time he had roughed it on northwestern ranches, becoming an expert horseman, rifle shot and hunter of big game. On one occasion in South Africa he was shot through the body and was given up for dead. At the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and Russia he enlisted as a scout in the intelligence department of the Japanese army, where he rose rapidly in his difficult and dangerous work, until he is now commander-in-chief of a regiment of 200 scouts, the flower of the Japanese intelligence department. Lieutenant Callaghan has with him always maps of the theater of war and an interpreter to convey his orders to the regiment.

A Pleasant Way to Travel.

The above is the usual verdict of the traveler using the Missouri Pacific railway between the Pacific coast and the east, and we believe that the service and accommodations given merit this statement. From Denver, Colorado Springs and Denver there are two through trains daily to Kansas City and St. Louis, carrying Pullman's latest standard electric-lighted sleeping cars, chair cars and up-to-date dining cars. The same excellent service is operated from Kansas City and St. Louis to Memphis, Little Rock and Hot Springs. If you are going east or south, write for particulars and full information.

W. C. M'BRIDE, Gen. Agt., 124 Third St., Portland, Ore.

Always Admired Patti.

Mme. Patti (Baroness Cederstrom) has received from President Loubet the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in recognition of her charitable work in Paris. In signing the decree conferring the decoration President Loubet is said to have uttered a remark so un-diplomatic as to make every Frenchman blush. "I do this," he is reported to have said, "with as much pleasure as I experienced long ago, when I had no gray hairs, and when I heard Mme. Adeline Patti sing in 'Lucia' and in 'La Sonnambula'."

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

Represented His State.

A man who had imbibed just a little more than he could master was on a Sheffield car coming down town about midnight recently. The conductor called off the names of the streets in a perfunctory manner. At Colorado avenue a man arose and walked out on the back platform. At Indiana two men arose. The intoxicated individual noticed this and misconstrued it all. Finally the conductor called: "Kansas!"

The man with the "load" struggled to his feet. "Here," he called, "I'm from Kansas. Hooray for Kansas!" Then he settled back into his seat and dozed away, evidently believing he had done his duty.—Kansas City Times.

A Case of Second Sight.

A Scotch minister and his friend, who were coming home from a wedding began to consider the state into which their potations at the wedding feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady, and the good wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead of the friend for a short distance and then asked:

"How is it? Am I walking straight?" "Oh, ay," answered Sandy, thickly, "ye're a' recht—but who's that who's with you?"—Harper's Weekly.

More Than Enough.

Jackson—I don't see why you should be dissatisfied. You got \$50,000 with your wife. Wasn't that enough? Johnson—Oh, the money was enough, but the wife was too much.—Translated from Tales from Fliegende Blätter.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Famous Opera Revived. The once popular opera "Princess Ida," by Sullivan, which had not been given for twenty years, was brought out again in London lately. There are others of these delightful operas that might well be revived. There has been nothing written lately that can take their place.

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The Lewis Phono-Metric Institute and School for Stammerers of Detroit, Michigan. Established eleven years. Have cured thousands. Gold Medal awarded World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Recommended by physicians, educators, clergymen and graduates everywhere. This Institute has a Western branch at Portland, Ore. A very large class of pupils in attendance—men and women, girls and boys—all ages, but mostly. Many have been cured in three weeks, but five to six weeks is the time usually required. Will discuss in Portland on October 15th. Will accept pupils until September 1st. POSITIVE ABSOLUTE CURE GUARANTEED. Write at once for particulars and terms. If you mention this paper and send 5 cents in stamps, to cover postage, I will send you our course book, 200 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering." Free of charge. Address WILLIAM E. LEWIS, Western Representative, Associate Principal, 8 W. Cor. 19th and Duwight Streets, PORTLAND, OREGON. Note—No pupils accepted at Portland after Sept. 1st.

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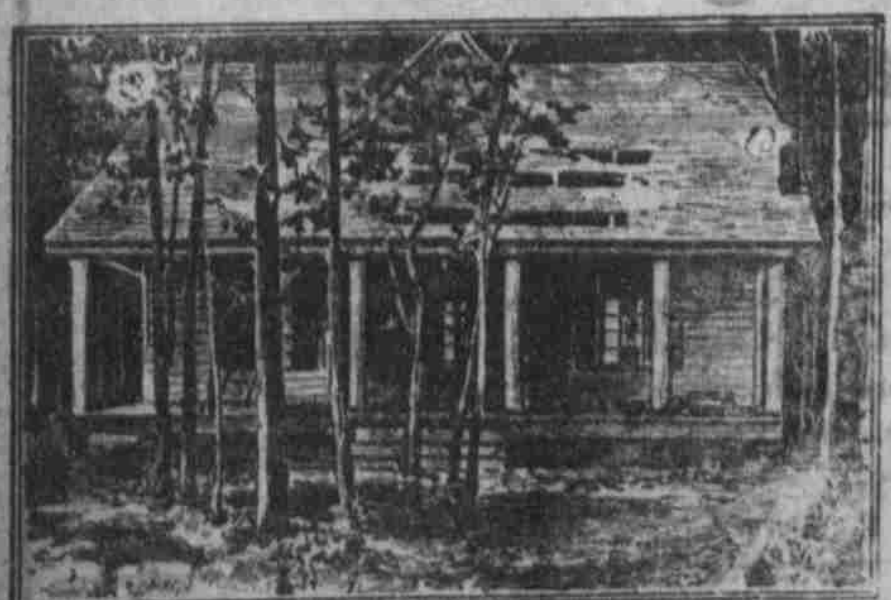
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In the past has been very satisfactory, but we realize that there are men, women and children at our very door, who could and should have a bank account, who have never deposited one cent in a bank. We are now after this class especially, and will not be satisfied until we have interested them. We want you to call and investigate our methods and be convinced that it is to your advantage to open an account with us.

SALEM STATE BANK

L. K. PAGE, President
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Mrs. Roosevelt's Summer Home in Virginia. Mrs. Roosevelt's summer home in Albemarle county, Virginia, was a part of the beautiful Springfield farm, owned by W. N. Wilmer, of New York. The Springfield farm consists of about 500 acres altogether, but Mrs. Roosevelt's purchase comprises only about 15 acres, and a small house. This dwelling, by Mrs. Roosevelt's order, has had a rock chimney added to it, and a porch has been built around the dwelling. Mrs. Roosevelt bought the property so that when she wishes a week or so of rest she can go to the little retreat among the Virginia mountains, which is so accessible to Washington.