Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

Mrs. Miller's Knowledge of Birds.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, the well known writer on birds, did not know one bird from another till she was past middle age. At that time a friend, who was an enthusiastic ornithologist, visited her, and to entertain her Mrs. Miller took her through Central and Prospect parks and made with her various excursions to the suburbs of New Jersey and Long Island. It was while endeavoring to prove a sympathetic companion to her bird loving friend that her own interest was suddenly awakened. Her ardor and knowledge grew constantly, and today she is an accepted authority on all matters concerning the feathered species. Mrs. Miller starts this spring on a trip to Utah, California and the Yellowstone park in pursuit of her favorite study.—New York Times.

Globular Lightning.

A curious thunderbolt fell at Berga, near Schlieben, in Germany, recently. It appeared to be a ball of fire and came down the chimney of a bedroom in which a man, his wife and three children were sleeping. On emerging from the fireplace it broke into two parts, each of which assumed a globular form. One of these globes ran along the rafters and disappeared, while the other traveled slowly toward the bed, on which it afterward jumped. Thence the man watched it roam around the room and finally disappear through the wall with a loud crash. None of the occupants was injured further than being temporarily deafened.—New York Recorder.

Bad Boys and a Turtle.

The boys have been keeping the fire department busy of late. Some boys caught a turtle and poured oil over it near the city's house for storing naphtha on Dwight street, then set the shell on fire. The turtle ran up to the door of the house, and in an instant the whole interior was in flames. An alarm was sounded, and the department worked over two hours before the flames were subdued.—Holyoke (Mass.) Cor. Springfield Republican.

Nine persons of royal blood—one emperor, three kings, one queen, two heirs apparent, one emperor's brother and the wife of one heir presumptive (the Countess of Flanders)—slept on French soil on a recent night.

ANTI-FERMENTINE

Is a HARMLESS preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Anti-fermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-fermentine.

"Jane, did you invite the gentleman to come in and take a chair?" "Yes, but it was the table he wanted, because you'd not paid for it."

JUST A LITTLE

pain neglected, may become

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

Just a little

SPRAIN

may make a cripple.

Just a little

BRUISE

may make serious inflammation.

Just a little

BURN

may make an ugly scar.

Just a little

COST

will get a bottle of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

A PROMPT and PERMANENT CURE.

Years of Comfort against Years of Pain for

JUST A LITTLE.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Agents and school children wishing to make money, write us for circulars of our State and City Maps; every school child should have one; sells at 20 cts. Also our new atlas; sells at sight; $1.50; just the books to sell these hard times. Owen & Co., Ainsworth blk, Portland, Or.

ELA'S POISON-IVY PILLS—A sure cure for poisoning from Ivy-vine or Oak. If not improved in 2 DAYS, return the bottle and get your money. Sold by all Druggists.

N. P. N. U. No. 505—S. F. N. U. No. 582

That New Salt Lake.

Howard J. Cone, who for the past year has been the agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad company at Salton, is at home in South Pasadena on a leave of absence for a few weeks. A reporter enjoyed a talk with him about the Salton sea, or lake, that has caused so much interest throughout the country.

Mr. Cone says a temperature of 118 and 120 degs. in the shade is quite a regular and common thing at Salton, but that the few white people about the station and salt works manage to stand it pretty well. They prespire profusely and drink enormously, all the water used at the station being brought from up the road by rail. They find that mixing oatmeal with the water is nourishing and that it prevents illness. Despite the great heat, sectionmen work out in the hot sun regularly, but, with the exception of the boss, they are Mexicans.

Mr. Cone brought up some excellent photographs of the lake, the station and the submerged salt works, from different points of view. He says the inflow and the evaporation of the water about counterbalance each other, and that therefore the level of the lake remains about the same, although the wind sometimes carries floating debris back and forth in a way to lead to the belief that the water is rising or falling. He believes it likely that the basin will continue to fill up from the Colorado river to a level with the gulf, and that it will be a permanent body of water, with the Colorado flowing through it to the gulf.

The salt deposits are entirely under water, and that industry is ruined. The warehouse and a small portion of the Southern Pacific's track running beyond the salt beds are still above the level of the lake, but the main track is still 1,000 feet or more from its banks.—Pasadena (Cal.) Star.

The Waif of Wounded Knee.

On the through train which arrived over the Rock Island route was a party of editors from Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, Beatrice and Fairbury. They breakfasted at the Albany and were entertained by the governor and mayor.

In the party was a fifteen-months-old Indian baby, which was found upon the battlefield of Wounded Knee after the defeat of the Sioux by United States troops. It has been adopted by Mrs. Colby and was christened Zintke Lanuni, which means in the Sioux tongue the waif of the field of Wounded Knee. It was on the fourth day after the battle that the child was found beside its dead mother. Its feet and one side of its face were frozen.

It was given in care of an Indian woman to nurse and soon showed no trace of its exposure and suffering. Mrs. Colby obtained permission to adopt the child, but she was hidden by the Indians and it was only by dint of bribery that its whereabouts was discovered. The Indians were given orders on the post trader, and while they were making purchases she was smuggled out of camp and driven to the nearest railway station, and thence taken to Beatrice, Neb.

Mrs. Colby has legally adopted the child, and proposes to educate her and train her to a useful life.—Denver Republican

Saving Rent in the City.

"To Let" signs on flats and houses all over the city are coming down with the returning rush from mountain and seashore. The number of returning families who are hiring new dwelling places calls attention to a way of saving summer rents which is increasing in popularity each year as the summer vacations lengthen. Families which expect to be out of the city from two to three months now surrender their leases on May 1, put their furniture in storage, go to a boarding house for the four or six weeks before the country pilgrimage begins, then return in September or October and hire a new dwelling place. In this way they save at least four, and in some cases five months' rent, $125 to $200, toward their summer outing.

Real estate men will tell you that it is almost impossible to rent flats or houses in the summer at any price. I know one man who gave up an attractive flat on May 1 for an outing in the mountains who will find the same home swept and garnished for him at the landlord's expense on his return in October.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Collection Bag.

In some churches years ago the collection was taken in small, close meshed nets with short handles. The latest thing made for this use, the collection bag, is a modification of the old fashioned net. It is a cone shaped plush bag seven inches in diameter and seven inches deep. It is secured to a hoop to which is attached a handle two or three feet long, as may be desired. The collection bag sells for four dollars. It has been in use about one year.—New York Sun.

EVENTIDE.

At eventide, at eventide,
The day drops anchor in the west,
The far horizon, crimson dyed,
Bears not a cloud upon its breast.
With silvery chime of tinkling bells
The cows come slowly wending home,
Knee deep they wade, through grassy dells,
Their dripping dewlaps flecked with foam.

At eventide, at eventide,
The young moon shows his silver horn,
The noiseless bat comes forth to glide
Above the fields of rustling corn.
The owl bestirs him from his sleep,
And flits abroad with muffled wing,
While from the vale where shadows creep
The whippoorwill's soft numbers ring.

At eventide, at eventide,
The glittering fireflies, one by one,
Swing tiny lanterns far and wide,
To tell the beauteous day is done.
The daisy shuts her starry eye,
The tuneful woodbird seeks his nest,
While evening crooms her lullaby,
And rocks the weary world to rest.
—Helen Whitney Clark in Good Housekeeping.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said, when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:05 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers, she was inclined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently, Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and it was dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, oh dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child, in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion. And the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, saying sotto voce to herself meanwhile:

"It's really the most ridiculous sight I ever saw. The child must be crazy. If it were only an old woman of my age (Mrs. Johnnie was rather fond of calling herself an old woman, although she only owned to being twenty-eight)—if it were only an old woman of my age now, there might be some excuse. But for a child like that with the complexion of a peach, why—why—it's perfectly preposterous!"

Mrs. Johnnie settled herself comfortably in the seat, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young girl at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted, it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her abominably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said, indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends—she and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh, Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan.

"But I shan't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along; my country dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—all except my new pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the mornings, now and then.

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack, though? He sent me this dress to wear on the way up, and this diamond," pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's eyes pronounced to be very bad paste. "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches so and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just at present matters were taking too serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You haven't answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course, you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this way. Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of goodby. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish"—

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no—not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known a—a—Jack?"

The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down on one of the yachts. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written ever so often."

Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love him and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me. Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car, half full of men, was certainly no place for a scene. And Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings.

"Hurry up, my child!" she exclaimed, giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along!"

"But I thought this train"—

"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions."

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently:

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again, Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors, and though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—the particulars of what occurred in that little room, but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop, and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now, her hair hung simply down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

When she had finished he was silent for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools"—

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him suddenly.

"Don't call her that, dear," she added, as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10."—Acton Davies in New York Evening Sun.

The Bradlaugh Library.

Mr. Bradlaugh's daughter has published the priced catalogue of her late father's library, in the form of a substantial pamphlet. With a view to make it not merely a descriptive list of books but a memento of their original possessor, two photographic portraits are added, together with a fac similie signature. The books number in all 7,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets and blue books. They comprise, as his daughter says, only a few rare bindings and comparatively few costly first editions, but such as they were he valued them.

"Twice," she adds, "within recent years he thought he should be obliged to sell them to meet legal expenses. The first time it was to pay government costs during his parliamentary struggle; the second occasion was after the Peters and Kelly case. Each time the sale was happily averted, but the anticipation of the possibility brought extra lines to his face and bitterness to his heart. Last December, when he was feeling ill and in want of a rest and change, which he had no money to procure, I asked him: 'Why not sell two or three of the more valuable books? If you could get health with the money they would fetch, it would be well worth the exchange.'

"'Ah! my daughter,' he answered, with a sad half smile, 'when I have to part with my books'— I was anxious about him and ventured to press him further, but he only shook his head, saying, 'It is of no use arguing the matter.'"—London News.

Electricity and Ice Cream Poisoning.

A new experience of the danger of electricity has to be recorded. Dr. George S. Hull recently conducted some experiments with ice cream freezers, and he finds that galvanic action takes place, which results in the introduction of poisonous salts of copper and zinc into the cream. It appears that the freezer and the paddle are generally made of dissimilar metals, and the cream, especially if mixed with fruits or other acids or even saline substances, forms an electrotyte, which naturally completes the necessary conditions for galvanic action.

With galvanic action there is, of course, chemical action, resulting in the formation of salts of zinc and copper, which become mixed with the cream. Dr. Hull has probably discovered the cause of many mysterious cases of poisoning which have followed the consumption of ice cream. The remedy, however, seems very simple; if the freezer and the mixer were made of the same metal, no galvanic action could take place.—Iron.

To Keep Apples or Pears.

To keep apples, select the best fruit and wipe perfectly dry with a fine cloth, then take a jar of suitable size, the inside of which is thoroughly coated with cement, and having placed a layer of fine sand, perfectly dry, at the bottom, place thereon a layer of the fruit (pears may be kept in this way also), being careful to not allow of the fruit touching; add another layer of sand, then fruit, and so on until the jar is filled. Over the upper layer of fruit spread a thick strata of sand, and press this lightly down with the hands. In this manner choice fruit may be kept for almost any length of time, if the jar be placed in a situation free from moisture.

Another way is to take fine sawdust (preferably that made by a circular saw from well seasoned hard wood) and place a thick layer of this on the bottom of a barrel. Then place a layer of apples, not close together nor near the staves of the barrel. Put the sawdust liberally over and around, and proceed until a bushel and a half or less are packed in each barrel. Keep in a cool, dry place.—Detroit Free Press.

The Longest Telegraphic Circuit.

Operator Dan Spencer, of the Buena Vista office of the Mexican Central railway, in this city, was called by the El Paso office, saying that the oldtime telegraph operators, who were having a reunion in Washington, would like to hear from their brethren and friends beyond the Rio Grande. El Paso signaled Spencer to call Kansas City, which he did, and Kansas City in turn told him to call Washington, who was evidently waiting, as the reply came instantly, when Spencer sent the following message:

"T. T. Eckert and the Old Timers. The railway operators and trainmen in the land of the Montezumas send warmest greetings."

The circuit was made by way of El Paso, Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo and New York to Washington from this city, forming the longest overland circuit in the history of the telegraph.—Mexico Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Waiter's Apology.

Hungry Guest (impatiently)—You have forgotten several things.

Waiter—Verry sorry, sah, but you know it's a good while since I took your order, sah.—Good News.

THE NURSE'S DELIGHT.

Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being an anodyne, will relieve soreness of the limbs or stiffness of the joints and enable a patient to sleep quietly and naturally.

Just such a remedy are ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Placed on the chest or on the back, if necessary cut into strips and placed over the muscles of the limbs, they work marvels in the way of soothing and quieting restlessness. Being perfectly simple and harmless in their composition, they can be used freely, and many a sufferer has thanked them for a night of quiet rest, grateful both to him and those who care for him.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not weaken the bowels.

It has been so dry that the song of the grasshopper sounds like somebody frying meat across the way.

Joe Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Life Was a Burden

Because of the intense pains in my stomach and side, and also on account of gallstones. After eating I would be in great distress. My father had me give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. There was an improvement at once and I have continued taking it, until I am now well. I have gained in flesh and can eat heartily without distress. I now enjoy life and I owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla," MRS. MARY SHUTE, Cazenovia, N. Y. Get HOOD'S

Hood's Pills assist digestion and cure headache. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

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"August Flower"

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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.

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—of the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of the bodily functions, renewed appetite, flesh and nightly repose attend the use of this thorough and standard renovant. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Client—You tell me to sue the railroad company for $25,000 damages. Isn't that exorbitant? Lawyer—Oh, no; I shall want $20,000 of it for my fee.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to, if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites Consumption. The seeds are sown and it has fastened its hold upon you, before you know that it is near.

It won't do to trifle and delay, when the remedy is at hand. Every disorder that can be reached through the blood yields to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Severe Coughs, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, Asthma, Scrofula in every form, and even the Scrofulous affection of the lungs that's called Consumption, in all its earlier stages, it is a positive and complete cure.

It is the *only* blood-cleanser, strength restorer, and flesh-builder so effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. All medicine dealers have it.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

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FRAZER AXLE GREASE

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FRANK WOOLSEY, Agent, Portland, Or.

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ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, causes 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. Boscko, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

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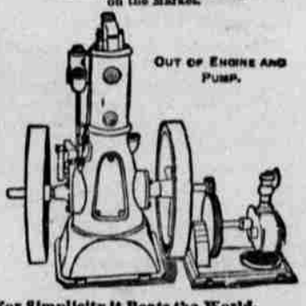

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