

The U. S. Government Tests Show the Absolute Superiority of Royal Baking Powder.

(Data from the latest Official U. S. Government Report on Baking Powders, Department of Agriculture, Bulletin 13, page 599.)

ROYAL is placed first of the cream of tartar powders; actual strength, 160.6 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder.

Every other powder tested exhibited a much lower strength than the Royal, the average being 33 per cent. less.

Every other powder likewise showed the presence of alum or sulphuric acid.

The claim that this report shows any other powder of superior strength or purity has been denounced as a falsehood by the Government officers who made the tests.

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

REMARKABLE SOMNAMBULISM.

A Girl's Self Prepared Flight Led to the Suspicion of a Terrible Crime.

That was a dreadful crime reported from Toledo 10 days or so ago about an outrage perpetrated upon a girl by two tramps. The valley papers have been printing various comments and speculations about it, and now the Elk City correspondent of the Corvallis Times offers as authentic a version of the affair which is no less wonderful than the first story, and if true, as it seems to be, establishes one of the most remarkable instances of somnambulism or sleep walking ever recorded. The account is as follows:

"Miss Cora Mays, the 16-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sam Mays, resides with her family on the south side of the Yaquina river, six miles east of Toledo. Between 1 and 2 o'clock Friday night during her sleep, she arose from her bed and walked out on the back porch. There she secured an old oilcloth coat, and after wrapping it around her picked up a piece of rope and started for the river, 100 yards distant. At the boat landing she entered a boat, rowed herself up the river about 400 yards and landed on the opposite bank. After setting the boat adrift, she climbed a steep bank on the railroad track, where, with the rope, she tied her lower limbs together, passed the rope around her body twice over her shoulder, and then tied her hands behind her body. Then she hobbled up the railroad track for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile and suddenly fell. She was awakened by the fall, and although nearly paralyzed by cold and fright started to retrace her steps.

"Her cries of distress soon alarmed the occupants of a house near by, who came to her rescue and found her still tied, nervous, chilled and in the saddest of very sad plight. She was taken home at once, and then her family learned for the first time that she had been absent from the house and of course accepted her condition as the evidence that she had been the victim of an abduction. This was the news that first reached the community, and enraged men scoured the vicinity for the supposed guilty parties. Two tramps were arrested at Summit on suspicion, and after staring destruction in the face for several hours were finally released after establishing an alibi.

"A good sleep restored the young girl to her normal condition, and thus what appeared at first a shocking crime was only the queer escapade of a somnambulist or sleep walker."—Portland Oregonian.

Midwinter Surf Bathing.

Sea bathing in late January! It is 11 o'clock in the morning, and here are bathers just out of the surf. The temperature of the water was 70 degrees—just right for a salt water plunge and much warmer than the ocean will average at the New England coast resorts in summer. The air was only slightly warmer than the sea. The mercury at noon registered 78 degrees. There was a good sea running, and the surf combed over toward the sands most gracefully and invitingly. It would break over the head and shoulders of a grown person standing up to the waist in the water. The color of the sea here appears to be paler than that of the ocean farther north, and at high noon today, with a cloudless sky overhead and the rays of the sun glinting on the crests of the waves, few have ever seen a more strikingly beautiful combination of sea, land and sky.—Ormond (Fla.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

California's Fair.

To see all the showstunts at the California Midwinter fair will cost the visitor just \$10.10, inclusive of the general admission. The fair is only slightly warmer than that of the Midway, where a gate fee is charged, and a dozen or so concessionaire features where the visitor may squander his wealth. But, as was the case at Chicago, the visitor will have much more to see for 50 cents a day than he can attend to.—San Francisco Examiner.

In Black and White.

Rev. Sam Jones once preached to the colored people at Dyersburg, Ky. After the sermon a good old sister came to him and said: "Brother Jones, God bless you! You is the preacher for me. I understand every word you say. You preaches just like a nigger. You has a white skin but, thank God, you has a black heart."—Ram's Horn.

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THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Story of a Night of Tribulation and Unexpected Reception.

"One night late," said the retired burglar, "I went into a house in a village in western Connecticut, entering by a cellar window, as I usually did when I was late, so as not to disturb the folks. I looked around the cellar and located the stairs, and started up. About three-quarters of the way up there made a sharp turn to the left. I had my jimmy in my right hand and my lamp in my left, so as to be all ready, expecting to set my lamp down on the top step and gently pry the door open; and I was going along comfortably enough, when, just as I was stepping up at the turn, a rope stretched across caught me under the chin and toppled me over down stairs. There was only the stone wall of the cellar on one side and no rail on the other, so there was nothing to grab to, and I just tumbled down the stairs. As I bumped along, something scattered along the steps, over me and under me all the way down; and when I finally got to the cellar bottom, that thing was lying across my chest. It was the coat shovel, which had evidently been stood up against the rope, and which I had jarred loose.

"But the worst thing of all was that my lamp was broken. I lost my jimmy on the way down, but I hung on to the lamp; but now the light was out and the glass was broken and the slide was jammed around in front, and I could not turn it. I felt around till I found my jimmy, and then I waited to see if I had woke anybody up. I didn't hear anybody so I started again, and this time I felt my way carefully up the stairs to the door. I found it unlocked and had got it open about an inch, I should think, when I heard a little bit of a scraping on the other side, and the next instant the dreadful racket that anybody ever heard—the falling of a dishpan, that must have been hanging on the other side of the door knob or the key and at the same time what I imagine must have been the potato-masher—I don't know, because I didn't look for it—dropped from the top of the door upon my head.

"This door to the cellar opened from a little square hall or entry-way that had, as I learned by feeling, a door to the left, to the kitchen, and one to the right, I guessed, into the front hall. I waited again, but no sound from the upstairs, so I turned to the right and opened that door, and stumbled, the first thing, against a chair close by, in the hall and almost broke my shins. I felt along and found a row of chairs standing close together from that door clean to the front door. I sat down in one of them and nursed my shin and waited. Still no sound, and I tried again, and got along all right this time and turned off to the left and into the parlor, without falling over anything, and I began to feel encouraged. But in the dining room there was nothing but plated spoons and forks, which I of course could tell just as well as though I had an electric light. If they had any silver they had carried it upstairs, as some people do at night. I turned back into the hall and groped my way through that row of chairs to the foot of the stairs. To make sure of the first step in the dark I stepped high and stepped into a pan of water on the bottom step. That made me mad but I didn't make any noise, and I stepped out of it and started on up. At about the third step my leg struck a string that was strung across these stairs, and set a bell ringing that was hanging on it; and kicking that string started down on me from above, loosened I suppose by another string tied to the one I had kicked, a shower of tin plates; and I had got my leg tangled up in some way in the string across the stairs, and as I struggled to get free the bell kept on ringing and the pie-plates rattled, and presently I fell over a wash-bowl that had been set on the stairs a step or two up, and brought that down on me.

"As I was floundering around in this tinware and strings and bells and things, I heard children's voices upstairs, and a minute later I heard steps in the hall above, and could see in the blackness up there the white of a night-gown at the head of the stairs. Then something came slamming against the balusters, hitting me as it rattled down, and finally landing with a great bang on the floor among the chairs in the hall. The minute he threw it, whoever it was, he ran, and I began to think it was about time for me to go too. I had freed myself from the bell-cord by this time, and I got on the stairs into the hall again, and there this time, I stepped on a base-ball bat—that was what had come banging down at me from above—that rolled out from under me and up-set me once more among those chairs.

"I got up and opened the front door—it wasn't locked—and got out on the piazza. Before I had got to the top front step I heard a horn blowing from an upstairs window on the side of the house, and an instant later a shot from a revolver and a big bell ringing. There was a late moon just rising and a little light just now, and as I went away I looked and saw three children all in white, all leaning out of one window on the second story. On one side there was a boy of about fourteen, as I should guess by that light, firing a pistol. He was the boy, no doubt, that had thrown the base-ball bat. On the other side was his younger brother with a good pair of lungs blowing a fish horn about as long as a bean pole, and in the middle was their little sister swinging a big bell with both hands; and take 'em all together they were making a great deal of noise.

"I didn't stop to inquire about it, but it was just as simple as rolling off a log. The children's parents had to go away somewhere over night—sickness or something—and had left the children alone. The young folks had forgot to lock their doors; but there wasn't really any necessity for locking 'em with such a burglar system as that."—N. Y. Sun.

THE DEATH OF THE OLDEST CAT IN CONNECTICUT.

The death of the oldest cat in Connecticut at the age of 24 years and 7 months is recorded at Hartford. The cat was named Dick, and was a handsome fellow, Maltese and white, bright and intelligent above the average of his race, and had plenty of admirers outside of his home associates.

BUSY WOMAN'S GARDEN.

A List of Some of the Beautiful Flowers It Should Contain.

The busy woman wants for her summer garden such flowers as will give the largest amount of bloom throughout the season with the least possible amount of care.

One of the best annuals is the phlox. It is of the very easiest culture. It begins to bloom early in the season. If prevented from developing seed it blooms all summer. It comes in a great variety of colors and shades, from pure white to deep crimson. The two finest varieties are the white and the bright rose. Grow these colors in a bed by themselves, and you will be more pleased with the result than you will if you have half a dozen other colors in it.

The petunia is another easily grown plant. It blooms with wonderful freedom, and keeps at it until frost comes. If you go over the bed once a month and cut off the ends of the old branches, the supply of flowers will be sent out, on which a great many flowers will be produced. The colors range through all shades of rose and violet to pure white. Many varieties are blotched and marked in peculiar and striking ways. Some of the newer sorts are beautifully fringed and very large.

The calliopsis is a charming flower. It gives a great profusion of most showy, brilliant blossoms, some of a rich golden yellow with a maroon blotch at the base of each petal, others all maroon. It is excellent for cutting, because of its long stems.

Every garden should have a bed of nasturtiums. If you want many flowers from this plant, do not give it a very rich soil. If you do, there will be a luxuriant growth of branches and foliage, but few blossoms. The dwarf varieties are best. This is an excellent plant to cut from. Its colors range from palest yellow to dark crimson and maroon.

Balsams are beautiful plants. Their flowers are like miniature roses in form, and they are produced in great numbers all along the branches. The foliage is also profuse, and a great deal of it must be cut away in order to give the flowers a chance to display their beauty.

Of course sweet-peas should be included in this list. So should the old morning-glory, which I consider our best flowering vine for general cultivation. It is of rapid growth, of the easiest culture, and what can be more beautiful than a great mass of it covered with its pink, white and crimson, and blue "glories"? It is a plant whose popular name is a most appropriate one.—Harper's Bazar.

PSYCHOLOGISTS SAY THEY CANNOT BE REMEMBERED.

If an ordinary person who has at some time in his career experienced the miseries of toothache were asked if he remembers the pain in question, there is very little doubt as to what his response would be. Unquestionably he would say he remembered it. But this incautious admission might lead at once to controversial difficulties, for it appears that psychologists are in doubt as to whether any one can under any circumstances remember a toothache or any other pain.

It seems desirable to follow this statement at once with the assurance that it is not a joke. Psychologists, as a rule, are not humorists, and they have no thought of being funny when they assert that pains and other sensations cannot be remembered. Those of them who hold this view are strictly in earnest, and mean exactly what the words imply in their soberest sense. They are perfectly aware that we commonly speak of remembering pains, and suppose that we do remember them. But they contend that in such a case we remember not the pain itself, but the ideas that were associated with the pain. We remember, for example, that we are unable to work because we had a toothache; that we applied remedies to it unsuccessfully; that finally we went to a dentist and had the tooth extracted, and at once gained relief. All this we remember very vividly, as every one admits. But, it is said, we do not retain in our minds the slightest trace of the pain itself as a memory, or of the sensation of relief that came when the pain ceased.

To the person not accustomed to looking sharply into the darker corners of his own mind this will no doubt seem a very unnecessary splitting of hairs. But the psychologists do not so regard it. They are discussing the matter pro and con with a good deal of vigor, this being indeed, one of the controversies that go to make up the current history of that world apart in which the philosophers live.

Another note point of perennial interest to the philosophers is the question as to what pain and pleasure really are, psychologically speaking. There is opportunity for whole dictionaries full of controversy on that question.

BIKING UP A HILL.

In the first place, for general riding it is safe to say that one should never try to keep the same speed in going up a hill that he has been setting himself on a level road. Yet this is the natural tendency of all riders. The bicycle should be allowed to slow down, and the pressure on each pedal should be made the moment that it turns beyond the highest point of its arc. The push should be strong for the moment and should then be withdrawn before the pedal has turned so far down that the pressure on it is partially wasted.

In other words, the principle is the same as in rowing, where the stroke should be made most powerful at the moment when the oar is at right angles with the body, and therefore in the position where the oarsman's strength counts for the most. If the bicycle is allowed to run slowly, and this pressure is alternately made on one pedal and then on the other, you will find it moves along slowly, to be sure, but steadily, and that you are at the top of the hill before you realize it, and without having even quickened your pulse to any great extent. A very steep hill may, of course, be made somewhat easier by taking it diagonally across from one side to the other if the road is wide and smooth enough—that is, by zigzagging up the hill.—From Harper's Young People.

MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.

There is a natural and very strong desire in the spring and early summer to get rid of underwear and overwear. But the fresh air may thoroughly refresh. Get the worst colds of the whole year are taken, and especially at open windows, where the drafts are strong and a chill the surest. It is there where lungbugs sets in. It is just the condition and circumstance to make such an attack sure. It is just the time also when St. Jacobs Oil should be handy for immediate use. It is a time, too, when it makes its surest cures. For lungbug it is a certain remedy.

A NERVOUS WOMAN DANCER.

She Does Her Act Inside a Cage Containing Restless Lions.

While New York is enjoying exhibitions of the prowess of Herr Sandow, the crowning point of which is the holding of a parlor grand piano on his chest, with four men fiddling on top of the piano, Paris is enjoying the performance of a "serpentine dancer," Mile. Sandowa, who does her dancing inside a cage containing ferocious-looking lions. The lions are made to do some performing on their own account, when, to quote from the foreign contemporary, suddenly all the lights are put out except the limelight from the wings, thrown directly on the cage, and Mile. Sandowa appears in her voluminous draperies, which she handles most adroitly and gracefully.

The lions seemed very ill at ease, however, during the constant changing of light, and once the lioness made a savage spring at the intrepid danseuse, who, for the moment, was pushed up against the bars. The dance was stopped until the savage animal was induced to go back to her place and then immediately resumed with the utmost sang froid. This at the end of the nineteenth century!

People speak with horror of the gladiatorial contests in Roman arenas, and yet it is to be doubted if they were any more brutal than this. The ancient Romans at least selected men to face such dangers. If one scratches deep enough, it is to be feared that he will find as much of the barbarian under the dress coat as under the toga.

A TERRIBLE VISITANT.

Pain is always a terrible visitant, and often dominates itself with one for life. This infection is preventable, in cases of rheumatism, by a timely resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks the encroachments of this obnoxious and dangerous malady at the outset. The cure "diagnoses" is not advisedly, for rheumatism is always liable to attack the vital organs and terminate life. No testimony is more conclusive and convincing than that of physicians who testify to the excellent effect of the Bitters in this disease. Persons laboring a wetting fever or acute rheumatism and who are exposed to draughts, should use the Bitters as a preventive of ill effects. Malaria, dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility are also among the ailments to which this popular medicine is adapted. For the infirm, the nervous and stiffness of the aged it is highly beneficial.

"Jenks has married a man who plays poker. Isn't it dread (full)?" said a Harlem woman to her friend. "It is dread (full) to be a man who thinks he can play poker, but can't," was the reply.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

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The reason for this condition is found in the deficient quality of the blood. During the winter, owing to various causes, the blood becomes loaded with impurities and loses its richness and vitality. Consequently, as soon as the bracing effect of cold air is lost, there is languor and lack of energy. The cure will be found in purifying and enriching the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the greatest and best blood purifier. It overcomes that tired feeling because it makes pure, rich blood. It gives strength to nerves and muscles because it endows the blood with new powers of nourishment. It creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and thus builds up the whole system and prepares it to meet the change to warmer weather.

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