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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A HUNTER PEDAGOGUE.

ONE EYE ON THE SCHOLARS, THE OTHER OUT FOR GAME.

There Was a Runway Where Wild Deer Scampered Near the School House, and the Teacher Constantly Watched Both It and the Mischievous Youth.

Nicholas Church, one of the oldest hunters in the Pocono mountains, said to the writer the other day: "Sixty-six years ago I went to school to Alexander Dunbar in a little log school house down in the Pocono valley, near where Tannersville now is. An odd character Dunbar was. He stood over six feet in his socks, he was lean as a crane and he could run like a deer. He always kept a loaded rifle standing by his chair in the school house. A few yards up the road there was a runway where deer crossed the creek. During school hours Dunbar always seemed to have one eye on the runway. He was crazy for hunting, and whenever he saw a deer dash across the road or heard a hound baying in the woods he appeared to forget all about his school for the time being. Without saying a word to any of the scholars he would grab his rifle, rush out of the house bareheaded and away he'd go after the deer, like an Indian. Sometimes we would see him coming back in less than an hour with a buck or a doe slung over his shoulder, and then again maybe we wouldn't see anything of him till the next morning. Dunbar always got a deer if he had to stay on the trail till dark. While he was off on one of his exciting hunts the children generally staid in the little house and had a great play spell. When it was time to go home, if Dunbar didn't make his appearance, we dismissed ourselves. After a while some of the parents found out how Dunbar was neglecting his school, and they hauled him over the coals for it. But they couldn't break Dunbar of his mania for chasing deer. Nothing could, and after that Dunbar told one of the big boys to take charge of the school when he dashed out with his gun.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"One day Dunbar had a terrible fight with a wounded buck on Pocono creek. He came within an ace of losing his life, but he was just as crazy to chase deer after that as he was before. I'll show you what kept Dunbar from being killed," continued Mr. Church, and he brought out an old bent and rusty rifle barrel that had once sent bullets flying after game from a flintlock. "Dunbar's gun was out of kilter," resumed the old hunter, "and I took this rifle to the school house for him to use. It belonged to my father, and Dunbar got a chance to use it before night. That afternoon he saw a buck trot down the runway, and he seized the rifle and gave chase. The buck was taking it easy, and the longlegged schoolmaster banged away at him near the creek. The buck plunged forward and plowed in the snow and Dunbar ran up to cut his throat. Just as Dunbar got to him the buck roused up and pitched at him savagely. He had been shot through the nose, and he was as full of fight as a wounded panther. There was no charge in the rifle, and Dunbar dropped his knife and went to beating the angry buck off with the gun. He soon broke stock and then he fought the buck with the barrel, bending it in the fight as you see it now. Every time the buck pitched at him Dunbar knocked a spike from his antlers, and when it was all over Dunbar had trimmed every spike from his horns. He finally stunned the buck long enough to cut his throat, and when he lugged the buck to the school house he was the raggedest schoolmaster I ever saw, for the game animal had torn his homespun suit into strips with his sharp hoofs. Dunbar declared that he enjoyed the fight and was ready for another of the same sort.

SCHOLARS LIKED DUNBAR.

"Every other Saturday there was no school, and Dunbar took the whole day for hunting. He got in the habit of coaxing a tame buck that belonged to my folks to follow him into the woods when he went after deer. The buck soon got so that he was tickled to go with the schoolmaster, and before long he formed the habit of wandering away from Dunbar, making friends with wild deer and leading them around where Dunbar could get shots at them. Dunbar thought the trick was very cunning, and so did we boys, but my father didn't think so. When he found out what Dunbar was doing with the buck he put a stop to the fun by fastening the buck in a pen whenever Dunbar had a holiday. While I think about it I'll tell you what an ingenious way Dunbar had to stop whispering in the school. He had a yarn ball, and every time he caught one of us whispering he threw the ball at the whisperer, hitting him or her. The scholar that was hit had to stand in the middle of the room with the ball and throw it at the first one he caught whispering, and so on all day. We liked the way Dunbar tried to keep a still school."—Cor. New York Tribune.

Use of Pigeons for Speculation.

In modern times the pigeons have been used for purposes of commerce and speculation as well as war. In 1770 a shrewd Italian had the winning numbers in the lotteries thus sent to him, and it is a well known fact that the London branch of the great Rothschild banking house was able, by means of carrier pigeons, to receive news of the victory at Waterloo three days in advance of the government, and to realize an enormous profit by buying up government stock, then very much depressed, and selling again when the rise came.—Denver Republican.

A Living Orchestrion.

There is said to be a musical freak in Columbus, Ind., who plays in a peculiar manner with his lungs any tune, with a distinctness and clearness that brings out every note as fully as it can be brought out on any piano or other musical instrument by the most accomplished performer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BABIES AND APES.

Some Simple Experiments Showing Surprising Resemblances.

An infant was crowing loudly and lustily somewhere at the back of the house. The sounds were inarticulate to outsiders; but Dr. Robinson, the baby's father, if he heard them, would doubtless be able to interpret them as the interesting remains of the Simian tongue. For Dr. Louis Robinson, whenever during the last two or three years he found a leisure hour in his busy life, has studied the ape in the babe. It was in order to obtain some detailed information on this subject from the author of "Darwinism in the Nursery" that our representative had called on Dr. Robinson at Lewisham:

"The article is intensely interesting," I said to the doctor, "but there is not enough of it. We all want to know more about your experiments with the young apes. What are the actual discoveries your experiments led to?"

"Simply this, that every new born child, unless it is sickly or otherwise imperfectly developed, has a most wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, and will support the whole weight of its body, during the first few hours after birth, for a period varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half. Now, everybody knows that in monkeys the power of grip is very fully developed; quadrumana can do anything with their hands and arms, and in cases of danger this power is a chief means of self preservation. I have now experimented on 150 babies; some of them an hour or two, some a few days old—and in two cases only have they failed to hang by their hands, even the tiniest supporting the weight of its body for ten seconds, most of them much longer, and in a few cases they have clung to a finger or a stick for two minutes and a half. And even in the two cases failure was due to other causes than the infants' lack of muscular strength. I ought to say that I never attempted to experiment on weak children, who might be injured by the exposure. A blanket was placed below the child, so that when it dropped it dropped on a soft, warm surface. Whenever it was possible the experiment was made and the photograph taken in the presence of the mother.

"On the face of one, aged sixty minutes, sat stoic indifference; two more looked energetic, though placid, as they stuck with their round little fists to a branch at the end of which appeared two hands, looking very gigantic in comparison to the very youthful performers. Some others were evidently expressing their feelings in the Simian tongue, for their mouths—tremendous sized mouths they seemed—were wide open. The miniature legs, absurdly small in proportion to the arms, were drawn up; the babes looked indeed like tailless infant apes.

"Observe the big toe," Dr. Robinson went on. "I have noticed over and over again that in the case of young infants it is turned outward, like a thumb, as in the case of monkeys, whose hind feet are an additional pair of hands. And whenever I have held a finger or a stick close to the infant's feet while it was hanging by its arms there has been an attempt at clutching the stick with the feet. This seems to me another instance of the survival of the ape's instincts in the human child.

"Another curious fact that struck me was that even when a child had been hanging by its hands for over a minute—this seems a short period, but just try to hang to a horizontal bar, supporting the weight of your body by your hands only, for a minute or two—it let go more because it wanted to change its position than because it was tired. Sometimes I gave it my finger to clutch as soon as it dropped on to the blanket, and I could feel by the energetic grip that the little animal was by no means exhausted."—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Bridget's Dilemma.

A newly arrived domestic was secured to do housework by an up town family in Lewiston. In the course of her duties she was told to iron some clothes and hang them upon the horse. A little later the maid appeared before her mistress with the clothes in her hands and a look of manifest perplexity on her face.

"Why didn't you hang the clothes upon the horse, Bridget?" inquired the latter.

"Sure, an I tried to, ma'am, but he kept movin, so he did, an they wouldn't stay."

Sure enough, knowing no other horse in her native land, she had gone to the stable and endeavored to hang them upon the restive Dobbin, with the result indicated. The above is a fact.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Five-year-old's Opinion.

In the opinion of five-year-old Grace, only a married woman with a family and the cares of a house on her hands could be called "a lady." She was talking to her aunt—a young lady—one day about a certain friend of the family who came up to Grace's standard of ladyhood. "And what do you think of me?" asked her aunt. Without the least intention of being impolite but with very decided ideas of her own, nevertheless, Grace replied: "Humph! you're not a lady; you're nothing but an old girl!"—New York Tribune.

A Severe Punishment.

Gilhooly—It must have been dreadful in old times when a criminal was branded with a redhot iron whenever he committed a crime.

Colonel Yerger—Yes, if that punishment was carried out now some of our public men would look like the envelope of a letter that had gone around the world.—Texas Siftings.

She Had Heard So.

What numbers of facts are still unrecorded in any book?

A teacher was hearing her class in natural history recite, and asked a bright looking little girl:

"What is a ruminating animal?"

"One that chews her cubs," was the innocent reply.—New Moon.

Cures for the Blues.

Do you ever have the blues? Of course you do, for there never yet lived a man or woman whose soul cast no shadow. These times of depression, from which we all of us suffer more or less, are nothing more than the shadows cast by our souls in the road along which we are walking heavenward. Sunshine rays produce shadows, and the fact that our souls go into eclipse now and then proves that there is sunshine just behind us. But what do you do when you get the blues? Do you cry or scold or mope? Is it hard to live in the same house with you while the shadow falls athwart your way? Do the children get out of the road when they see you coming? I have found one excellent cure for the blues which I mean to tell right here.

Go straight to work and do something for some one more miserable than yourself. Whatever your trouble may be, there is always some one to be found who has a harder lot to bear. The other day a young wife was deserted by her husband and taken to the hospital to face a terrible illness, without a friend to stand by her in her hour of need, and with not a cent to defray expenses or unlock the door of the future. Suppose you go hunt her up and offer a helping hand. Such betrayal and desertion discounts your puffs of vapor. A mother watched the coffin lid close the other day forever and forever, so far as mortal time counts, between her yearning eyes and the face of her only boy. What is your transient depression compared to the heart anguish of such a grief as hers? Don't you think it would help cure you of the blues if you sat down and wrote that mother a letter, or dropped in for an hour or two to keep her company? It seems such a selfish thing to be so exclusive in bearing trouble. A load shared is a load lightened, and the deepest gloom takes on a bright tint now and then if overshone with the sunshine of love.—Chicago Herald.

The Brotherless Girl.

The girl without a brother is especially to be pitied. She is the girl who is never certain of getting the pleasures of life unless she is very attractive. Of course she has no brother who she is certain will take her everywhere; she is apt to get a little bit vain, for she has no brother to tell her, as only a brother will, of her faults and mistakes. It is only the somewhat doubtful tact of a brother that announces, "I wouldn't walk up the street with you in that frock," and the girl whose brother says this to her may be certain that he is only expressing the opinion of other girls' brothers. He may not do it in the most gentle way, but he does tell the truth, and if you ask him why paying a visit to another girl is more desirable than to one you know, he will sit down and look at you, and then he will say:

"Well, you see, it is just this way. From the time you get there she is a nice girl who gives you a pleasant welcome and yet doesn't gush over you. She is entertaining, and yet she has a fashion of putting down nasty gossip or silly talk among whoever is there. She is a restful sort of girl, she is not always wanting to do something that tires you half to death and where the game isn't worth the candle, and when she says goodby to you you feel certain that she is pretty glad you came and that she will be glad to see you another time, but that she doesn't look upon you as the one and only man in the world." That is the kind of a description that the brotherless girl can't get. Then she doesn't hear of men that a fellow would rather not have his sister go with. Probably the wisest course for her to pursue is for her to choose as her most intimate friend a girl who has a wise brother; then she can reap the benefit of his counsel.—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Simple Conundrum.

The mathematical smart Alecks are always proposing some new and puzzling question with which to confound those whose bump of calculation is not well developed, but the most exasperating effort in this direction was sprung on a small company the other evening, when one of these human calculating machines inquired: "If five cats catch five rats in five days, how many cats will it take to catch 100 rats in 100 days?" Every answer was given, from 100 cats to 100,000 cats, until it happened to occur to some one that if five cats caught a rat a day there was nothing to prevent their continuing to do so till the end of time if their patience and the rats held out. But before this conclusion was reached over ten dollars had changed hands in bets on the subject, and three quarrels were started which have not yet been settled. Unfortunately, however, none of them involved the originator of the problem, who escaped before matters had gone so far.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A High Priced Stamp.

The highest priced postage stamp in existence is the famous Dundee stamp, worth $2,500, and not purchasable at that price. James Chalmers, of Dundee, was the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp in 1834. The stamp is in the possession of Sigmund Friedl, an extensive postage stamp merchant of Unter Dolberg, Vienna. It was exhibited at the Vienna Jubilee Stamp exhibition. The postage stamp museum, held on May 25, 1891, at Vienna, displayed this gem as the greatest attraction among 3,000,000 stamps and other objects exhibited there.—Yankee Blade.

How She Described Her Dresses.

A young lady, en route for the seaside, sent her box on by "goods," and on the consignment note she prepared actually condescended to describe her wearing apparel as "one box of rags," the charge for which would, of course, be much less than if the goods were correctly described.—London Tit-Bits.

A Treasured Hoof.

A very interesting relic has fallen into the possession of the well known Birmingham physician, Sir James Sawyer. It is one of the hoofs of the identical horse that Lord Cardigan rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. Lady Sawyer's father, who was a Lincolnshire rector, received this precious relic of the historic charge from Lord Cardigan, and it bears an inscription to this effect. The four hoofs are now disposed of as follows: The Prince of Wales, an honorary colonel of the Tenth Hussars, has one; another belongs to the officers of that famous regiment, and it is brought out at mess on state occasions; the Countess of Cardigan owns a third; and the last, which is the off hind hoof, graces the sideboard of Sir James Sawyer. It is beautifully mounted in silver, and is naturally highly prized by its owner.—London Tit-Bits.

A NEW STOCK FOOD.

Dried Brewers' Grains Are Being Utilized Just Now.

Brewers' grains, or the spent barley malt from breweries, has long been used as food for dairy cows. Yet not with very good satisfaction. It was very heavy, carrying too great an amount of useless water. Three-fourths was water and one-fourth food, making it heavy to handle for any distance or to ship. And coming wet and warm from the brewers' tubs it quickly lost its high food value by fermentation, souring and becoming unwholesome. The great problem has been to quickly and cheaply dry these grains before deterioration.

It was known if this could be done one of the very best of stock foods would be the result. This has now been done by a practical process, which makes it a commercial commodity, which has been shipped to Europe with profit. At $18 a ton, the price they are offered at, these dried brewers' grains are the cheapest and best of all dairy foods. Following are the comparative values of 100 pounds of the various fodders: Good clover hay, 79c; extra do., 89c; medium hay, 64c; extra do., 75c; corn meal, $1.11; coarse wheat bran, $1.01; wheat middlings, $1.01; brewers' grain, dried, $1.20; brewers' grain, kiln dried, $1.23. California could double discount any New York plant for drying brewers' grains. All we need is to move the breweries to San Joaquin plains, run the beer in the summer time, and run the fresh, hot grains on an endless apron, a short time in the sunshine. This would do the work quickly, cheaply and well.

How to Use Stable Manure.

The cultivators of this coast, on lands without irrigation, have not found much use for barn yard and stable manures, especially when fresh. They have found that its application generally diminished crops instead of increasing them. The heat of the manure and the openness of the soil caused by its coarseness, causes the loss of too much moisture. On quite sandy soils, even well rotten manure has not always given satisfaction. The indications are that manures should be spread late in autumn, and for grain and hay, after sowing. Spread it evenly and thinly, so that the rains will soak its strength into the soil. The coarse portions act as a mulching. In orchards the manure, if used, should be spread broad-cast over the whole surface in autumn. It is true, if there is much rain, much of its strength will wash away.

The Age of Trees.

I once counted the annual growths or rings of an Arkansas cypress, 64 inches in diameter, and found it had been growing 646 years, or was two hundred years of age when Columbus made his little voyage of discovery. Our Coast redwood runs—the larger specimens—from 2,000 to 6,000 years of age and over; and one of the largest has been seen growing directly over the sound log of another monster, while the great redwood of the Sierra is estimated to hang onto life from 6,000 to 20,000 years. Now who will tell us how long it has been since the squirrels sported in the branches of the great petrified forests of Sonoma county, Cal. There they lay just as the great earthquake shook them out of the ground. A man in want of a dry lot of wood would be quite liable to spoil a good ax on them.

Quite a Compliment.

Two New York society belles were discussing a ball at which both had been present.

"Oh, I had such a compliment paid me by Gus De Smith," said Miss Bondclipper, giggling histerically.

"Yes? What did he say?" asked Miss Murray Hill.

"I had on my new bangs and just a little face powder, and my new silk dress fitted just as if I was poured into it, a-n-d ma said she never saw me look so well a-n-d"——

"What did Gus De Smith say?" asked Miss Murray Hill impatiently.

"He whispered to me, 'Miss Bondclipper, you are fixed up so pretty tonight that I hardly recognized you.'"—Texas Siftings.

Midget's Good Reason.

Our Midget is a little over three years old. She was taken down to Coney island, and after an hour or two spent in seeing the sights it was ordained that her nurse should give her a dip in the salt waters of old ocean. In the bathhouse the object of her visit to the beach was made known to her, but when she reached the water's edge she flatly refused to be taken in.

"Nursey," said she, "I'm all over feared."

"But, Midget, you bathe in the water every day at home."

"Yes," said Midget, "that's in my little tub. This tub's too big, too big entirely."

And we brought her home without her sea bath.—Harper's Young People.

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Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smoothe, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sun burn and freckles, and black-heads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew and is as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price $1, at all druggists and hair dressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 193 Post street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face and figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful"

Sample Bottle mailed free to any lady on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady agents wanted.

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Face Bleach.

Cures the worst cases of Freckles, Sunburn, Sallowness, Moth-patches, Pimples and all skin blemishes. Price $1.50. Harmless and effective. No sample [illegible]. Lady agents wanted.

Druggist in this town who first orders a bill of my preparations will [illegible] name added to this advertisement. [illegible]parations are for sale by wholesale druggists in Chicago and every city west of it.

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Lv Portland	8:05 a. m.	Lv Roseburg	6:20 a. m
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Albany Local Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE:		ARRIVE:	
Portland	5:00 p. m.	Albany	9:00 p. m
Albany	5:00 a. m.	Portland	8:55 a. m

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2:36 p m	Lv...Albany	Ar	9:25 p m
3:25 p m	Ar...Lebanon	Lv	8:40 p m
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Leaves Albany	1:00 p. m	Leaves Yaquina	6:45 a. m
Leave Corvallis	1:40 p. m.	Leave Corvallis	10:35 "
Arrive Yaquina	5:30 p. m	Arrive Albany	11:10 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," Jan. 13th, 22d, 31st.

From San Francisco.

Steamship "Willamette Valley," Jan. 8th, 18th, 27th.

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. Cummins, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis, or to C. C. HOGUE, Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pacific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or.

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