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Where the best food is required, the Royal Baking Powder only can be used.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—*C. Gorju, late Chef, Delmonico's, N. Y.*

An Electrical Detective.

A clever piece of detective work, which must appeal with sad and crushing suggestiveness to the crook fraternity, has been done in Toledo. A barber for some time missed cigars from the case in his shop. At first only a few cigars were taken, but presently the thieves became bolder and took whole boxes. A watch was set and detectives were employed, but all in vain. At last the barber struck on the idea of having an automatic detecter fixed in the shop, and he called in an electrician. A camera was arranged so as to cover the cigar case, and a flashlight apparatus and the camera were connected by wires with the sliding door of the cigar case, so that when the door was opened the wires would be brought together. The circuit thus formed would produce a flash and secure instantaneously a picture of the thieves. For twelve days the cigars were unmolested, but on the morning of the unlucky thirteenth the thieves were prompted to try their hand again.

The plate was taken from the camera and developed, and on it was seen a unique and interesting picture, containing the likenesses of two juveniles who were in the act of stealing the cigars. Every detail in the shop was distinctly seen, the clock showing the time at which the youngsters' little operations were interfered with, and the mixture of cunning and caution on the face of the boy who was evidently taking the active part in securing the booty was intensely amusing. The boys were at once recognized, were arrested, tried and sent to a reformatory, and the judge commended from the bench the ingenuity of the means of detection employed. —New York Telegram.

The Antiquity of the Arabian Horse.

How far back do the pedigrees run and what is the origin of the Arabian horse? These questions it is impossible to answer definitely. The Bedouins themselves believe that Allah created the equine genus on their soil. "The root or spring of the horse is," they say, "in the land of the Arab." This pious belief is shared by a few generous souls in England and America, a small but devoted band, who gallantly defend the cause of the Arabian horse against his only rival, the modern English thoroughbred. Chief among these faithful was the late Major R. D. Upton, who visited the desert himself and who has recorded his experience and his views.

Major Upton concluded that the horse was found in Arabia "not later than about 100 years after the deluge, if indeed he did not find his way there immediately after the exodus from the ark, which is by no means improbable," and this probability the author then proceeds seriously to consider. According to Major Upton and a few kindred spirits all other breeds are mongrels, and the only way to procure horseflesh in its best and purest form is to go back to the fountain head—to the horse of the desert.

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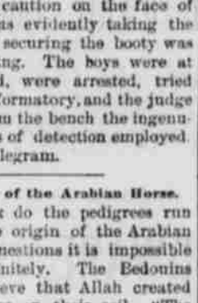

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Doctors disagree. They have to. There are differences of opinion among the best; there will be so long as knowledge is incomplete.

But there is one subject on which all physicians are completely in accord, and that is the value of cod-liver oil in consumption and scrofula, and many other conditions in which the loss of fat is involved. And cod-liver oil has its greatest usefulness in Scott's Emulsion.

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RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"Ah!" says Millicent, laughing hysterically, "the burglar evidently did not think them, as you do, priceless. No doubt he is already pricing them—is arranging how to break them up and sell them—breaking up—my—lovely—necklet—my beautiful"— Here, being still very weak, she gives up her mournful description, and subsides into a storm of tears.

"There, there, darling! Oh, don't cry like that! Think of your weak state. But what an audacious thing! Bless me, what will your uncle say? Now, my dearest love, I implore you to control yourself. Remember how that unmitigated villain nearly deprived you of your life only a few short hours ago. In this very chamber, Dr. Thesby. Oh! to think of it! It must have almost happened on this very spot!" Here she grows tragic, and speaks in a deep bass tone that she believes befits the occasion. "Oh! Millicent, darling, you will break my heart—your old auntie's heart—if you keep on sobbing like that. Dear! dear! dear! to think that those sapphires—heirlooms, doctor—and the finest in England—indeed, in Europe, I might safely say—are now being melted down—that is, broken up, or whatever it is those terrible men do to them—while we are sitting inactive here! Can nothing be done? Oh! doctor—Dr. Thesby! What is the matter with her now?—has that wretch succeeded in killing her after all?"

Millicent, in fact, driven to despair by this prolonged lament, has gone into violent hysterics.

"No, ma'm, he hasn't," says the doctor, with severe meaning, who had tried to stem the flow of Mrs. Brand's eloquence, eagerly but ineffectually, during the past five minutes.

CHAPTER X.

It is about five in the afternoon when Nadine rushes up the stairs, horrified by what she has just heard in the hall, and flings herself into her friend's arms.

"Such a thing to happen to you!" she cries, in her little rapid fashion. "The miscreant!—the assassin! Oh, Millicent, when Brown" (the butler) "stopped me in the hall to tell me the dreadful news I nearly fainted. Only the idea of seeing you face to face to make sure of your escape sustained me, and gave me strength to get here."

Indeed, she is as pale as a ghost, and her eyes are full of tears. Sweet eyes, as full of love as tears.

"Well, now you have seen me," with a laugh, and a gentle shake administered to the trembling Nadine, "cheer up a bit, and let the blood flow into those wan cheeks. Talking about blood flowing. I'm glad mine was not let loose last night."

"Oh! don't—don't!" says Nadine, shuddering violently.

"Well, there, there. I have unnerved you, and I ought to be ashamed of myself. But the fact is, I am unnerved myself, only my nervousness has the effect of raising a sense of ridicule within me. I cannot keep from jesting on last night's adventure, though I dare say to-morrow I shall be prostrated. It is a strange excitement, better not indulged. Well! it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. You cannot compel me, tyrant that you are! to stammer over my German to-day."

An arrangement had been entered into between them some weeks ago, when Millicent had been brought out, and was supposed to have left her childhood and the schoolroom behind her. Nadine, for many reasons, would not consent to be her companion. One was because she could not well leave her mother; another because of her engagement to Paul Annerley; another (was it so very important?) because she could not give up the tuition of Mr. Duran's littlecdaughter. So Millicent had squared matters by declaring to her auntie that though she considered she knew as much music as would carry her on through life, her knowledge of German was still singularly deficient, and auntie, delighted at this trait of intellectual diligence in her niece, had at once requested Miss Roche to continue her three visits a week to Park lane as heretofore.

"Tell me about it," says Nadine breathlessly, her big blue eyes enlarged with fear and curiosity. She has seated herself on a dainty prie dieu, and is leaning forward with clasped hands in an attitude highly suggestive of prayer, and therefore highly suited to the chair.

Millicent, nothing loath, makes her a present of the entire scene from beginning to end.

"He might have been a much worse burglar, all things considered, and there was quite a touch of chivalry—a suspicion of Claude Duval—in the fact of his making me a present of my own locket," she says, still unable to refrain from turning the whole thing into ridicule. "To go to the very root of the matter, it must be confessed that I am the proud possessor of his heart. He left me that at least."

"The coward!" says Nadine, clasping her pretty hands, "to attack alone one poor woman! But, Millicent, from what you tell me, I—I don't think the burglar could have been quite a common man. Was he tall—handsome?"

"Handsome! Why, I couldn't see a feature in his face. You don't suppose that that sort of person comes around with an open, ingenuous countenance, ready for all men's inspection? If so, you are mistaken. My burglar came with a mask that prevented me from seeing the chiseled features that I feel convinced lay beneath it. Altogether he was not of the common, every day lot that one meets. He was a departure from the regular lines. He was strange to me! Strange! And yet"—

Suddenly the half mocking, wholly gay air she has used hitherto drops from her, and she turns upon Nadine a startled glance. She leans toward her, and laying her hand upon her shoulders, subjects her to an exhaustive scrutiny.

"I must speak. I must tell you," she says at last. "It has weighed upon me ever since, and—and—the others would consider it in the light of a nightmare, or else say the idea arose from a feeling of nervous horror; but it did not."

"What is it, Millicent? You forget I do not understand," says Nadine, a little awed by the solemnity of the other's glance.

"Just this: that that terrible burglar, from the time he entered my room to the time he left it, seemed strangely familiar. I cannot account for it. His voice I never heard before. He was dressed in the clothes of a common workman, and I know no workman. His face, indeed, was hidden"——

She stops abruptly as though oppressed by some hidden thought.

"Yes, it was hidden," she says at last. "Yet I am pursued by a hideous fear that if I could have removed that mask the features would have been familiar to me!"

She sinks back in her chair, looking pale and exhausted.

"It is mere nervousness," says Nadine tenderly. "A chimera arising from an overwrought sensibility. Do not think of him again, darling. Rest, and time will cure you of that foolish phantasy."

"Nothing will cure me of the certainty that a face well known to me lay behind that humble mask," returns Millicent with a shudder.

She rallies a little after a while, and a swift smile curves her lips.

"We are a doomed family," she says gayly. "A prey to burglars. First my aunt, Lady Valworth's, diamonds disappear, not to be restored by all the detective power in England, and now, my sapphires! Poor Uncle Timothy! he gave much of his life to a contemplation of those stones, and now a vulgar criminal is the possessor of them. It is very cruel of me to laugh, is it not? Especially as I am the only one that can see a comical side of the affair. Yes, I am sorry that I am not more sorry because of their disappearance."

"Has Mr. Boyle yet heard of their being stolen?"

"Not yet. He was to have been here this morning, but"——

"He was here this morning, darling," says Mrs. Brand, who has just entered the room and heard the drift of the conversation, "but you were then so weak that of course I could not see him. He heard nothing, as I told Brown to be silent about our sensation to any caller—so he merely left word that he hoped your headache would be better soon (I suggested headache to Brown as a general and safe sort of not at home), and that he would call again to-morrow morning."

"Wonderfully attentive for him," says Millicent, smoothing down the laces of her loose gown.

"Dear fellow! He is always all he ought to be! So like his good father," says Mrs. Brand effusively.

"Inspector Dunn has just been here," goes on Mrs. Brand presently. "He seems a clever man, and holds out great hopes of being able to capture the robber and restore to you your sapphires. I ran up at once to tell you. He seems to think it will be difficult to get rid of the sapphires, even should the robber go to Antwerp or some of those foreign places. All the shipping ports are being closely watched. He really gave me great hope. Your uncle Timothy has been here on and off all day, but I would not let him see you, he was so excited. Of course he feels the loss of the jewels. He thought a great deal of them. That is hardly to be wondered at, my dear Nadine, considering their size and their purity. I assure you, people have been known to go out of their minds for far less cause. Are you going now, my dear? Well, I suppose it is getting late. Such a comfort it has been to me to know you were with Milli cent while I was trying to explain things to those stupid De Lacies. They would have it that my poor child had had her skull crushed in, and that the burglar had been discovered hiding behind the drawing room curtains—such nonsense, you know! Well, good night, then, dear child. Be sure you come as early as you can on Thursday; Millicent is always so much better when she has had an hour with you."

Having kissed Nadine, of whom indeed she is extremely fond, Mrs. Brand ushers her down the staircase and through the hall.

CHAPTER XI.

"The thing is how to discover him. Those fellows nowadays are so difficult to unearth, and our detective system is so painfully inefficient."

"I don't want him," says Millicent, who is looking very pretty and fragile in her invalid gown of white cashmere and lace. "I only want my sapphires. I was saying to auntie only this morning what a very remarkable thing it is, that both Lady Valworth—your mother—and I should have been made a prey of burglars."

"Odd! The same thought struck me only this morning," says Granit, showing all his white teeth as he smiles. ("What a bite he could give," thinks his fiancee, watching him.) 'Quite a coincidence, eh? But it must be acknowledged your loss is even greater than hers. Those sapphires were thrivalld, and will fetch a high price anywhere."

"Your loss, too, Granit," says Mrs. Brand. "Your future wife"—with a smile at Millicent—"will lose a little of her prestige now she has ceased to be the possessor of these famous jewels."

"My future wife," says Granit gracefully, "will not need the addition of any jewels to make her the most beautiful woman in England."

"Ye gods!" cries Miss Grey, springing suddenly to her feet and rushing across the room to a mirror. "Am I that? The most beautiful woman in England! Am I that now, my good Granit? Or is it the fact of being your wife that will make me so?"

"Now, of course. And then, too, I hope."

"Wrong now, at all events, my friend," after an exhaustive examination of her pretty form in the mirror. "I know some one at this very moment who is unspeakably better worth looking at than I am."

"Lady Landing!"

"No! I prefer myself to her. I was thinking of my little friend—my youthful instructress—Nadine Roche. By the bye, what a singular thing that you have never seen her."

"Quite as singular that she has never seen me."

"She did—once."

Boyle turns straight round and looks at her. He had been teasing the parrot up to this. Though he does not speak, something in his face compels her to answer him as though he had done so.

"Yes—once, really; so you are not as unknown to fame as you imagine."

"She told you so?"

"She confessed as much. But, as you seem modest about it, perhaps it will comfort you to learn that what she did see was only the back of your head, and a bit of your nose. You know, if you will wear your nose so long you cannot expect it to altogether escape observation."

Granit laughs.

"So that was all she saw? She can have no idea then what a good looking fellow I am," he says, with a mischievous shrug.

"Not the slightest. Your persistent refusal to oblige all your admirers by sitting to a photographer has put it out of my power to give Nadine some faint idea of your charms."

"Just as well; she might have been overpowered by them," returns Granit, who has gone back to his task of reducing the parrot to a state of frenzy.

"Not that I believe in photographs," goes on Millicent. "There is Letty Lumsden, she looks like a Venus on cardboard—like a dairymaid in the flesh."

"To say nothing of Mrs. Denby, who looks like a saint in the flesh, and like a Bacchante, as portrayed by Dessemains. I'm rather glad I'm out of it. I rejoice to think my face is still my own. Photos"—with a curious little laugh—"are dangerous."

"If every one thought that the detectives would be oftener at fault than they are," says Mrs. Brand. "Photographs have been the means of bringing many criminals to justice."

"As I have said—they are dangerous," replies her nephew.

"I wish we had some picture of the wretch who has robbed Millicent."

"But you see you haven't."

"You take it very easily—yet you must regret the jewels, Granit," says Mrs. Brand, fretfully, who is of opinion that nothing now should be thought of but the irreparable loss her niece has sustained, and who regards the present frivolity as being distinctly in bad taste, considering all things. Indeed, she would have considered it hardly out of place if some one had pulled down the blinds and put muffling on the knocker.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When the Planets Will Be Brightest.

At what time in 1891 will the principal planets be in their brightest phase of the year?

Venus is now at about that stage. She is the morning star, however. That is to say, she rises and sets before the sun. At about 5 o'clock in the morning she will be in view in the southeast, and will be visible from that time until day dawns. Two months hence Saturn will be at his brightest stage. He will rise at that time in the east just as the sun sets. Jupiter will be at his best early in September, appearing in the southeast after sundown.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Frost Carnival.

Something new in the line of entertainments is upon the tapis at York Beach, Me.—a frost carnival. The hall is to be decorated to represent the Arctic regions, with grottoes, snow caves and icicles. The audience are expected to appear in costumes suited to the apparent condition of things—toboggan, Esquimo, or snow and frost covered suits. The children are in training for appearance as snow fairies, frost sprites, etc., and a sleigh bell chorus and drill with 164 sleigh bells is on the programme.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Laying on the Rod.

In the mayor's court, at Anthony, Fla., a few days ago, a lad, for violation of an ordinance, was find $2. The court granted the boy's mother the privilege of paying the fine or whipping the boy in open court. She accepted the latter, and the mayor had to check her to prevent an unmerciful whipping. — Exchange.

The Japanese census shows that the population a year ago was 40,072,020—20,245,336 males and 19,825,684 females, 7,840,872 inhabited houses, 3,825 nobles, 1,993,637 shizuku, or members of the old military class, 38,074,558 "common people" and 7,445,119 married couples.

Rev. Dr. Edward A. Foggs, the venerable rector of Old Christ church (Episcopal) of Philadelphia, has tendered his resignation, to take effect on Oct. 1, 1891, that being the day on which he will terminate his thirty years' rectorship of the parish.

The Duchess of Northumberland has just been buried in Westminster Abbey as a Percy, the only family in England retaining the prescriptive right to the honor of interment there.

AN ENEMY BAFFLED.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

A running account at a store soon gets ahead of a man's pocket in a go-as-you-please race.

Sudden changes of the weather often cause pulmonary, bronchial and asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay the irritation which induces coughing, giving immediate relief.

A Providential Arrangement.—"Man proposes." "Yes, but he needs encouragement."

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The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the eminent English divine, writes:

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The Chinese prefix "Ah" is a term of endearment. This explains the origin of "Ah there" as a salutation.

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Told by General Lew Wallace, is one scrap from the voluminous and superb programme of eminent writers and interesting articles with which THE YOUTH'S COMPANION announces it proposes to please 1,500,000 families by the versatility and the lustrousness of its general articles, the high character of all its stories, the brightness of its illustrations. Then it comes every week, and one gets a great deal for $1.75 a year. The price rent at once will entitle you to the paper to January, 1894. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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THE SPECIAL OFFER.

{Cut out the one you wish and give the other to a neighbor who will appreciate the favor.}

ACCEPTANCE BLANK (A).

To the OREGONIAN, Portland, Or.:

I accept your special offer. Please ship, as per instructions below, one-half the set (freight prepaid) in your.....style of binding; also a copy of your regular order blank, and I will sign same, agreeing to pay $5.00 upon arrival of the books, and the balance at the rate of 10 cents a day, payable monthly.

Name.....
Occupation.....
Postoffice..... State.....
Ship to..... R. R. Station.
Dated.....

One half of the set (14 volumes) in any style of binding you may select will be forwarded to you (charges prepaid) immediately upon receipt of "Acceptance Blank (A)" properly filled out with directions for delivery, etc. We also present you with our novel invention, the Dime Registering Calendar Savings Bank, in which you are to drop a dime each day and at the end of each month deliver its contents ($3.00) to us or to some bank in your city. When the first half of the set is paid for we will send the remaining fourteen volumes to be paid in the same manner. Or we will ship you the entire set immediately upon receipt of "Acceptance Blank (B)" properly filled out.

All styles of binding have double-hinged, flexible backs, sewed precisely like the Oxford Teacher's Bible, so that they are very durable and convenient. Price per volume (charges prepaid to any railroad station in the United States):

Levant cloth (ordinary calendered book paper)..... $1.75
Olive cloth (super-sized and calendered book paper)..... 2.25
Half Seal Morocco (super-sized and calendered-toned book paper, extra weight)..... 2.75
Full Sheep, library binding (super-sized and calendered-toned book paper, extra weight)..... 3.00

If you would avail yourself of this offer, you must take a year's subscription for the WEEKLY, the DAILY, or the SUNDAY OREGONIAN, to be sent either to yourself or some friend; but the price of such subscription need not be paid until the last payment on the Encyclopædia has been made.

ACCEPTANCE BLANK (B).

To the OREGONIAN, Portland, Or.:

I accept your special offer. Please ship, as per instructions below, one complete set, 28 volumes, in your.....style of binding (freight prepaid); also a copy of your regular order blank, and I will sign same, agreeing to pay $5.00 upon arrival of the books, and the balance at the rate of $5.00 per month.

Name.....
Occupation.....
Postoffice..... State.....
Ship to..... R. R. Station.
Dated.....