Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Drink Your Soda Slowly.

Good soda should be sipped. Quickly drinking off the effervescence, which is merely foam, an interval of a minute or two should be allowed before the last half of the glass is taken. Clerks should know this, and give customers time without warning by looks or actions that they are expected to leave in the shortest possible order after bolting their soda and paying for it. A glass of soda so taken is a refreshing stimulus, better than food in a very hot noon, but tossed off as most people take it is a recipe for cramps or indigestion.

If it is poor soda, tasting of metal with the silver worn off, or standing in silver too long, flavored with sirups made from oranges or lemons whose musty taste is plain to all refined palates, the less one takes the better for life and health. Girls who serve the cheapsoda fountains at fancy stores well know this from experience, and the old hands rarely touch soda themselves. The girls behind the counters who depend on soda to keep up their strength through the close days injure their digestion by it, and perhaps owe more of their sudden indispositions to it than they imagine.—Shirley Dare in New York Herald.

Where Mr. Curtis Learned to Write.

Whatever my style of writing may be, it is the result of natural selection and not of special design. The first author who interested me deeply after "Robinson Crusoe" and the usual children's books of fifty or sixty years ago was Washington Irving. Then came Walter Scott and Charles Lamb, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth, then Bacon and Emerson, Burke and Carlyle, Thackeray and Hawthorne. But rhetoric or composition I have never studied. My long connection with the press has been of the utmost service to me as a writer. For many years I have been the chief editorial writer upon Harper's Weekly, a paper which takes part in political discussion, and the necessity of making myself intelligible to the rapid reader in a comparatively short space has been probably the best training I could have had. Fortunately I have no taste for what seems to me the frequent extravagance of newspaper writing, and therefore I have easily avoided it. Every young writer should remember that bigness is not greatness, nor fury force.—George William Curtis.

The Proper Function of a Newspaper.

In its ambition to be everything and to have everything the newspaper has traveled far beyond its legitimate bounds. The complaint of the magazines indicates the outgrowth on one side of those bounds; the more excited protests of an invaded privacy point to another overflow, and other burstings of limits are heard from in other directions. The original functions of a daily newspaper appear to have been forgotten. Keen competition among themselves has finally brought newspaper people to a condition of feverish anxiety in which everything within reach must be theirs. Everything printable is printed. Nothing is so small that it cannot be stooped to; nothing too remote and abstruse for searching after.—Noah Brooks in Forum.

Antiquity of the Fan.

The antiquity of the fan in the east, particularly in Asia, extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.—Washington Star.

His Strong Point.

She—Why, you couldn't even buy my dresses.

He—But I could borrow the money from your father.—Epoch.

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—IMPORTERS—

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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—AND—

General Commission Merchants.

—OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE—

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We pay special attention to the sale of GRAIN ON COMMISSION. Send us samples of Wheat, and we will advise you highest market price either in Portland, Tacoma or San Francisco.

Liberal Advances Made on Bills of Lading.

☞ Correspondence solicited. ☜

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The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the saddle. Beware of imitations. Insist upon having the "Fish Brand" if you want it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Better Times Are near at hand, with greater activity in business than has ever been known, because of the prolonged depression in all lines. Those who attend the PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE now, will be prepared for good positions when the coming wave of prosperity sweeps over the land. Send for catalogue. Address A. P. ARMSTRONG, Principal, Portland, Oregon.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES [illegible] DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, [illegible] Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pedestrianism in Germany.

A German friend of mine (he is somewhat of a humorist) was bantering me about the notorious aversion of Americans to walking, and he remarked that he had heard it said that the average American did not walk more than a mile a day. Of course I resented this gross libel, and I asserted that the average American thought nothing of starting out for a walk of five miles. I cited with a good deal of pride the habitual practice of Julian Hawthorne of taking a mere stroll of twenty or thirty miles whenever he has a few moments to devote to exercise. I spoke, too, of your townsman, Mr. Slason Thompson, editor of The America, who is in the habit of walking ten miles a day and running fifteen or twenty more.

My friend thereupon became personal, and ventured to intimate that I could not walk five miles. Of course I accepted the challenge implied, and, peacefully oblivious to the fact that I was, I actually walked for four consecutive hours before I learned (upon remonstrating with my humorous friend) that a German mile was equal to four and a half English miles, and that in order to accomplish the feat I had undertaken I should have to cover twenty-two and a half miles.

Germany would be a veritable paradise, methinks, for Julian Hawthorne and Slason Thompson. They would be elected to the reichstag at the first congressional election.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Information for the Boy.

The instruction that nursemaids are able to impart to the greedy young minds that are given into their charge is truly fearful and wonderful. As a Coney Island boat was passing the Bartholdi statue a 5-year-old youngster was moved to ask the Milesian lady who attended him:

"W'ot's that, Jane?"

"That's Liberty," quoth Jane.

"W'ot's Liberty?" he asked again.

"W'y, just Liberty. Don't you know w'ot Liberty is?"

"W'ot's Liberty?" he insisted.

"W'y, you goose," instructed his teacher, "Liberty is—w'y it's—Freedom. And now you know, don't you?"

And of course he did. Just wait until somebody asks him.

There was more of the same kind from the same source.

"W'ot's those, Jane?" he asked again, with significant finger at the life preservers overhead.

"Them's life preservers," said Jane.

"W'ot are they for?"

"They're for when you fall in the water and get drowned," she informed him, "and when you do they make you float."

"After you're drowned?" asked the boy.

"Oh, yes. I do wish you'd keep still and not ask so many questions, you bad boy."

But he didn't.—New York Evening Sun.

Sugar in Battery Work.

A correspondent writes to The Victorian Electrical Telegraphic Journal as follows: "I became aware of a wrinkle lately that I am confident will be a novelty to many of your readers, and also of use. One of our telegraph inspectors gave it to me. He came to my station and found that the battery was not up to his idea of what a battery should be. He took it down and renewed it. When it was put up again he asked me to favor him with a little sugar. I asked him what he wanted with sugar. He quietly laughed and said, 'Get some, and I will show you what it is for.'

"I got it, and he began to wash his hands in the usual way with soap and water, but after rubbing the soap he added the sugar, and immediately a good lather came. He washed his hands twice, and told me to do likewise. I did and to my pleasure my hands came out of the wash clean and soft. He told me always to do so when working with magnesia or copper solutions, and the nasty dry feeling that usually is experienced when working with a battery is quite done away with."

When to Water Plants.

The other day a gentleman saw a professional florist watering his plants in the hot sun, and in a surprised way inquired if that wouldn't injure the plants. "Why, no," was the answer. "Why not now?" "I supposed they had to be watered only at night," said the amateur. "Do you drink only at night?" asked the florist. "Are you only thirsty after the sun goes down? That idea helps our business, for under it the flowers of the ignorant would-be growers die, and we get the opportunity of selling more of our stock. I water my flowers when they are thirsty, just as a stock grower waters his stock."—Exchange.

One Woman's Courage.

A story is going the rounds of a little woman who was seated behind a gorgeously dressed beauty at a theater in the metropolis whose balloon sleeves completely hid the stage from the victim in the rear. She sat on first one foot, then the other, but in vain; no glimpse of the play could she get. After a whispered conversation with her husband came the tragedy. Without a word of warning that wee woman quietly rose, gently but firmly laid her hands upon the winged shoulders of her obtrusive neighbor and pressed her green and red ruffles as far down as they would go. People who saw the operation gasped at the transformation. The victim wisely accepted the situation and remained in subjugation until the "Prodigal Daughter" ignominiously returned to the fatted calf.—New York Recorder.

The thickest octavo volume in the world known is the latest edition of Whitaker's "Reference Catalogue of English Literature." This book weighs twelve pounds and is eleven inches in thickness.

The young man who has an idea that his father is an old fogy and don't know much makes a mistake that will some day cause him bitter regret.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Ring bangers and cannon and roll of drums
The shouting of men and the snorting of
Let cannon be cannon and earth strike dumb!
Oh, battle, in song, is a glorious thing!

Oh, glorious day riding down to the fight!
Oh, glorious battle in story and song!
Oh, godlike man to die for the right!
Oh, manlike God to revenge the wrong!

Yes, riding to battle, on battle day—
Why a soldier is something more than a king!
But after the battle? The riding away?
Ah, the riding away is another thing!
—Joaquin Miller in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"AB" BECAME A HERO.

Mr. Abithar Achish Higgins was in a very bad humor. A deep scowl had settled on his sunburned face, and as he sat on a stump by the bridle path he dug his heels into the stony soil and uttered maledictions on the world in general.

Abithar Achish Higgins was evidently waiting for some one who was not on time. Abithar Achish was the Scriptural name bestowed upon a tall, ungainly youth of twenty summers by a mother who was deeply religious, and was taken haphazard from the good book, just like all the names for the Higgins progeny. And Abithar Achish's mother always called him by his full name. But she was the only one who did. Everybody else called him Ab.

"Ab Higgins, yer a durn fool fer stayin here," said the youth to himself as his heels dug very viciously into the soil. "Why don't yer get outen hyar an see ther world? Yer fit fer sumthin better than livin an dyin in these mountings like yer par did, an never a knowin nothin. If yer git outen hyar yer kin make er fortun', an thet's sumthin yer can't make hyar no more'n yer kin keep outen ther clutches o' ther revenoos when yer make a little whisky. B'gosh, Ab, why don't yer start terday?"

Ab answered his own question by assuming a standing position and kicking huge chunks from the decayed stump that had served him as a seat.

"I reckon Meliss ain't comin," said Ab, after kicking at the stump for a time, "an I reckon I'll go home an tell mam as how I'm goin ter Saint Looey fer ter make a furtun'."

Ab turned slowly and began walking up the bridle path. He had taken scarce half a dozen steps, when a soft voice issued from the bushes and hailed him:

"Oh, Ab, what a silly thing yer gittin ter be!"

Ab stopped and a broad smile spread over his homely face as he turned and saw a girl step into the bridle path.

"I've been hidin in ther bushes fer a half'n hour," said the girl, "an I heerd what yer said about goin ter Saint Looey an makin yer fortun'. Air yer gittin too good fer Barker's Clearin?"

"Wot yer wanter teaze a feller fer, Meliss?" said Ab in a deprecating tone as he and the girl sat down in the shade and clasped hands lovingly.

Melissa Rankin was pretty, despite the ungainly bonnet that surrounded her face and homespun dress that illy fitted her form. Her father was "in jail" at Jefferson City for the crime of being caught in the act of illicit distilling, and she and her mother lived alone in a cabin that was perched upon the bank of the rushing mountain brook that furnished the power for the rude mill that was the pride of Barker's Clearing.

Ab and Melissa had been "sparkin" for two years, and it was evident to the whole clearing that there would be a wedding as soon as Ab was old enough to go to the county seat and blushingly assert that he was twenty-one.

The leaves of the scrub oaks were fast turning brown in the autumn winds and blowing hither and thither on the breezes. Melissa had noticed a change in her Ab of late. Not that he appeared less affectionate than of old, but that he seemed preoccupied and discontented with his surroundings. The change had begun soon after Mr. Goss had left Barker's Clearing. Goss was a young law student from St. Louis, and he spent the summer at the clearing fishing and hunting. During his stay Ab was his constant companion. As the two idled away many a summer afternoon in the shade on the mountain side Goss poured into the ears of the listening Abithar the myths and legends of ancient days, and told of the great world that lay beyond the rugged Ozarks that had heretofore seemed to Abithar to be the utmost bounds of the earth.

"Come to St. Louis, Ab, and I'll make a rich man of you," were Goss' parting words, as he left the clearing to return to his home in the city.

The words had been spoken in jest, but Abithar cherished them in his heart, and as the days passed he became more and more convinced that out in the world was wealth and fame for him as well as for others.

Ab and Melissa sat and talked as the afternoon waned. Melissa strived to persuade Ab that he would better remain where he was and not attempt to tattle with the great outside world.

"Stay right hyar, Ab," said Melissa. "W'y can't yer be content like yer pap wuz? He wuz born right hyar at Barker's Clearin, an at Barker's Clearin he died. Ye ain't no better'n yer pap, air ye?"

"What is there hyar fer a man to do, Meliss? Ef I stay hyar I'll never 'mount ter nothin, but ef I go out an see the world maybe I kin get rich. Maybe I can get ter be what Mr. Goss said wuz er hero—one o' them fellers like Apoller, or like ther man as flung hisself on them Ostrian spears ter save his country. I kain't do et ef I stay hyar. Ef I don't git out o' hyar I'll never be wuth shucks."

"But what'll become of me, Ab, ef yer go 'way?" asked Melissa in a tearful voice.

"When I get ter be one o' them rich heroes I'll come back arter yer, Meliss," said Ab, as he tightened his clasp about her waist and kissed her cheek.

"You'll fergit me when yer get out'en hyar, Ab," and the girl's sobs shook her slender frame.

"I won't nuther," said Ab stubbornly.

"Yes, yer will, Ab. I know yer too well. Zeke Bigler went to Saint Looey an he never cum back an married Liz Pollock, though he promised her he would. An you'll do jest like Zeke did."

"I won't do like Zeke did," said Ab. "I'll cum back an get her when I'm rich an I'll take yer to Saint Looey with me."

But Ab's eloquence failed to convince the girl. The sun sank slowly behind Bald Knob, and the evening shadows began to gather. A black and heavy cloud began to rise in the south, and muttering thunder reached the ears of the lovers. An autumn rain was coming, and the lovers kissed each other good night and separated.

Melissa walked slowly down the mountain side to her home on the banks of the rushing brook. Ab lived farther up the valley, and as he trudged homeward visions of the fame and fortune that awaited him in the great outside world flitted before him. Unconsciously the tall, ungainly boy straightened his stooping shoulders and brushed back the straggling hair that fell over his brow.

"I'll do it," said Ab aloud; "I'll do it, an when I get a fortun' I'll cum back an marry Melissa an' take her'n mam with me."

The raindrops began pattering on the fallen leaves as Ab entered his mother's cabin. The expression on the boy's face was not strange to his mother. She had often noticed it since Goss had left the clearing.

"Still thinkin o' goin ter Saint Looey, air ye?" she asked as her son entered.

"Yes, an I'm goin ter start next Monday, maam."

"Wall, ef yer set on goin I reckon yer'll go," was the mother's philosophic remark, and the Higgins family sat down to the frugal supper of corn pone and bacon.

The storm increased in fury, and when the Higgins family was ready to retire it was raging with unparalleled fury. The wind howled with demoniacal glee and the rain fell in sheets. Ab opened the door to look out, but a blinding flash of lightning frightened him and the driving rain forced him back.

"Dead run'll be a river fore mornin," muttered Ab, as he fastened the door.

Dead run was the stream that flowed past the Rankin cabin. Years before the run had overflowed its banks during a heavy storm and had carried death and destruction before it.

"I hope it won't storm this way fer long," murmured Ab, as he began to slowly disrobe. As he threw his patched jacket on the floor a sullen roar greeted his ear. The boy's face turned pale, for he knew only too well what that roar meant. Could he get to Melissa's home before the raging waters struck it?

There was no time to don the tattered jacket. Calling to his mother, the boy disappeared in the darkness. Down the path toward Melissa's cabin he rushed at full speed. The overhanging branches swept and scratched his face. The loose stones cut his bare feet, and the cruel roots grasped and hindered him in his flight. On, on he fled, and love and fear lent speed to his feet. Down the mountain side he stumbled and rolled. No fear of personal safety entered his mind. His only thought was for the safety of the girl he loved.

Would he reach her in time? On he ran. Another minute would find him at the cabin, but the flood was close behind him. Half staggering, half running, he fell against the cabin door and it yielded. Melissa and her mother were huddled near the fireplace, seemingly paralyzed with terror.

"Run fer yer life!" shrieked Ab, as he grasped Melissa in his strong arms and rushed out of the door.

Too late; the foaming flood seized him and forced him from his feet, but he never loosened his hold upon the girl. The muddy water flung him against trees and rocks as it hurled him downward. The sharp rocks cut his hands and face cruelly, the trees borne along by the flood beat and bruised his body and sought to tear Melissa from his grasp, but in vain.

The boy clung to his precious burden with the strength of despair. Down the valley the two were carried by the awful flood. On and on they were carried out into the lowlands. A friendly eddy carried them to one side, and Ab seized an overhanging limb and dragged himself and the fainting girl to safety.

Then Ab lapsed into insensibility. When morning dawned anxious searchers found Melissa striving to revive her lover. The cruel flood had dealt hard with the boy. One arm lay limp and helpless at his side. One leg had been crushed between two logs, and another had cut a cruel gash in his head.

Rough but kindly hands made the sufferer more comfortable, and in a brief time he opened his eyes. As Ab's face fell upon the face of the girl he had saved, a smile lit up his blood stained face and his uninjured hand crept slowly into hers.

"I ain't a-goin ter Saint Looey, Meliss," he whispered. "Don't cry that air way; I ain't hurt much. I saved yer, didn't I, Meliss? Yer'd a died ef it hadn't been fer me."

The effort was too much and he fell back speechless. Restoratives were again administered, and at last the boy revived sufficiently to say:

"I—I—can't never be a hero like Mr. G—Goss told erbout. I—I—can't go ter Saint Looey now, an I can't never be a hero like that feller ez fell onter them Ostrian spears. It wa'n't nateral ef I should be a hero. Kiss me, Meliss, I'm goin. Kiss me. M"—

Abithar's head dropped and his eyes closed. He never spoke again.

Poor boy. His name will not go down in history like that of Arnold Winkelried. But in his humble way he was as true a hero as the Swiss who opened the Austrian ranks at the forfeit of his life and saved his country.—Will M. Maupin in Omaha World-Herald.

Only One Thing to Do.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Oh, I've just had a quarrel with my wife."

"Well, forget and forgive."

"I never can forgive her. You see, I was in the wrong."

"Then, in that case, demand an apology."—Brooklyn Life.

No Gentleman.

Helen—I do think that man I stood in front of in the car must have been a perfect brute.

Nettie—Why, dear?

"I stood on his feet for 20 minutes, and he didn't have manners enough to offer me a seat."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Always Beautiful Though.

Miss Plaine—H'm! Beauty's only skin deep anyhow.

Miss Peeblingh—I know, but just think what thick skins some people have!—Detroit Tribune.

Like a Man.

Mrs. Hicks—Dick behaved like a man in church.

Hicks—Sat up straight, did he?

Mrs. Hicks—No, he went to sleep.—Truth.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in tropical travelling tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The native, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrific specific a preserver against the poisonous miasms which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It assimilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments brought and fostered by outdoor exercise, induces genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors laden with lurkiness; strengthens the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

A man who stutters said yesterday that he hopes the Vice-President will never be made the subject of any more assassinate rumors.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS remove all impurities.

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They're the smallest, easiest to take, cheapest, and best. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or money is returned.

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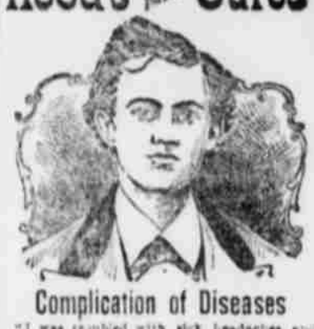

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and I am better in every way. I have gained in flesh and my former good appetite has returned." EDWARD PAYNES, Grafton, Cal.

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