

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

Her Apology.
A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain speaking was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loudly enough for every one present to hear:
"Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room.

Once in the hall, she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel the enormity of her unintentional rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize.

Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and with the tears still upon her cheeks:
"Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so homely!"—Youth's Companion.

A Monster Wildcat.
A fifteen-year-old boy, while riding horseback over the prairie in the Sybil (Wyoming) country, the other day, suddenly came upon a monster wildcat that was crouching among the bushes along the route. Instead of trying to get away from it, the young lad got off his horse and proceeded to pelt the animal with rocks and finally succeeded in killing it.

Olds & King,
PORTLAND,
OREGON.

any agent on receipt of 17 CENTS and 1 CENTS extra for postage. We are agents for the STANDARD PATENT P. & P. KID GLOVES and the ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. We mail it free of charge.

THE BEST TROUSERS
Are KING'S PERFECT-FITTING TROUSERS at \$6.50 per pair. Few tailors can equal them in fit and finish.

THE "WHITE" HAT
The most durable colors and the most stylish shapes. Strictly a \$4 hat. Send your size and order for one.

A. B. Steinbach & Co.,
Cor. First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES?
ITCHING PILES known by medicine like hemorrhoids, cause intense itching and burning. DR. ROSS'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on the cause, affords a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or send to Dr. Ross, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Delay
If you wish a succession of flowers or vegetables through the year. Plant now. For ONE DOLLAR we will send you the following Collections of Well-Grown Plants, postage paid. **\$1**

THE Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas.
101 distinct varieties. A large packet of seeds of each \$1.00, or a packet of all mixed, 10c. Supplementary list of remarkable specialties now ready. Please send for one.

SILVER CUPS
For children and for grown folks. Fine family souvenirs. Largest stock of all kinds of solid silver and plate at lowest prices. Letters promptly responded to.

A. FELDENHEIMER,
Cor. First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

"August Flower"
"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEething.
For sale by all druggists and health stores.

TAKE PFUNDER'S
OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.
CURES
KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT AND SKIN DISEASES.
PURE, HEALTHY, COSTLY, BLOOD.

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Tim's father had worked in the mine nearly all his life, and the boy had grown down into the darkness and among the mysteries of the mine. A lot of apple core enough to walk without assistance, and by the time he was twelve years old he was familiar with all parts of it.

At the age of thirteen he was anxious to earn something to assist his father in supporting the family, and after much pleading his father permitted him to become a driver.

Tim was assigned to drive old Ned, a docile mule, which had spent the most of his daylight life underground. Ned was a knowing animal and took kindly to his new master. Tim always had a car for his four-footed friend. A lot of apple core some other dainty morsel was Ned's daily reward from Tim. In time the two became so friendly that there was no friction between them, and the miners playfully called them "T. & N." Tim got hold of some brass tacks one day and drove them into Ned's harness in such a way as to make these characters appear in bright letters.

As Tim clattered along that morning on his way to the mouth of the mine the sun was just rising. It was early in October and the surrounding hills were resplendent in their fall attire. Now and then a red leaf dropped from among its fellows and fluttered to the ground in the fall atmosphere. The sun was out in all its splendor that morning, the first time for several days.

A VISION.
Last night, in the sweetest dream, I saw my mother's face glow with warmest love. As we met with fond embrace. O brightest, holiest hour! Where lay thy mystic power?

A wind sighed 'mong the leaves. The clouds hid all the light; My dream was o'er. My heart still grieves For her who came last night.

This morn on a grassy mound, The summer sun shines bright; The lily lowly bends. Robed in her garments white. The rose its petals casts; Too sweet, too bright to last.

Sweet saint, serene and bright! To me the bliss was given To lure her from her home of light. But ere the morning light was bright she wandered back to Heaven.—Arkansas Traveler

The Monkey at the Wedding.
The popularity of familiar sights in unfamiliar places was fastened at a wedding in one of the small interior villages of western New York. It was a noon-hour wedding at the show residence of the place, and the reception following the ceremony was in progress when down the road came a man with hand organ and monkey. Attracted by the peepers straggling about the lawn and piazzas, the fellow stopped and began his melodies with monkey accompaniment.

Everybody was interested, and soon from indoors the guests began to wander out, drawn by the spirit of the multitude, which was evidently centrifugal. The bridal party was suddenly deserted, and at last succumbed to the general movement and followed the others, the bride even yielding to her feminine curiosity and coming out with the rest on the piazza.

The monkey uttered all previous performance in his line. He climbed, he ran up and down vine trellises, and capped the climax and uncapped himself at the top of a tall flagpole in the center of the lawn. Meantime the orchestra inside, playing to empty rooms, put aside its instruments and assisted by its silent presence the monkey's antics.

Most of the guests were city people. A large party was from New York. Probably not five out of the entire company would have crossed a street at home to watch a monkey's antics. In these altered circumstances, however, the same thing amused them for half an hour, and when the swarthy impresario took up with his company of one, the line of march it was with pockets fairly heavy with the silver showered upon him.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The All-Uhah-bi.
There is so much that is similar to Christianity in this religion that I am tempted to hazard this suggestion, that the All-Uhah-bi are a branch of decayed Christians; so many branches occur in this district—the Nestorians, the Chaldeans and the old Assyrian churches; it is not there too difficult to imagine how the ignorant and nomadic mountaineers would substitute the name of All for that of Christ, to prevent themselves being persecuted by the followers of All or the Mohammedans of the Shiah sect, who ruled in these parts.

In the lapse of ages, in mountain fastnesses, without education and priest hood, they would naturally get hopelessly and lamentably mixed. The very name of Nazarene is suggestive of Nazareth; the pass over, the baptism, and the curious fellow ship between them all tend to substantiate the theory. Many of the tribes, or wandering tribes, who come from a distance to pasture their flocks in the summer months, belong to this sect, of which Sarma Reg and his sons are said to be shining lights.

The orthodox Mohammedans attribute to this sect many secret and horrible crimes; they are said to be communists. Later on, at a village called Likatchev, we met a Seld who had been converted to Christianity by American missionaries, although he renounced thereby the chief position in his village and leader of the sect, which he had inherited from his father, and exposed himself to dire persecutions.

An Odd Phrase.
One of the odd phrases which everybody uses—a still odder one than "everybody and then"—is the phrase "quite a few," by which we mean rather a good many. Quite the other way, you look into the sentence you find that it means exactly the opposite of what you seek to express by it; that is, it means anything at all. But no one will have any right to quarrel with the sentence if it once firmly roots itself in idiom. Perhaps it isn't intrinsically any funnier than "a good many." Language is a queer, so-as-you-please thing, especially the English language; and that is the beauty and strength of it.—Boston Transcript.

Market Value of Autographs.
A complete collection of autographs of the "signers" of the Declaration of Independence is a fortune. There are only three in existence. One of these belongs to Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York. The costliness of the autographs is in the ratio of the obscurity of the signers. One of the least distinguished signers was Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina. Only three examples of his writing are known, and interesting business notes, and for one of them Dr. Emmet paid over \$5,000.—Chicago Open Court.

How Thunderstorms Travel.
The rate of travel of thunderstorms has been studied by Herr Schorrock from the record of 197 such storms in Russia in 1898. The velocity is found to have varied from thirteen to fifty miles an hour, with a mean of 25.5 miles an hour in the hot season, and increasing to thirty-two miles an hour in the cold season. It was least in the early morning, increasing to a maximum between 9 and 10 p. m. The storms traveled most quickly from southwest, west and northwest.—Exchange.

Probably the most remarkable railroad in the world is that running from Glasgow to London, Scotland. It is only twenty-five miles in length, but cost \$20,000,000. It begins at an elevation of 1,400 feet and has its terminus at 12,000 feet. It has fifteen double viaducts, seven teen tunnels, and crosses itself nine times.

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Tim did not notice the beauties of nature as he hurried along, not that he was not a lover of the beautiful, but his thoughts were on a subject which more directly concerned his welfare.

His father had been killed in a mine accident a few months before, and Tim felt the responsibility of the support of his mother and sister resting on his young shoulders. He desired to attend school and acquire an education which would fit him for higher duties in life, but at that moment the outlook was decidedly gloomy for a young friend. He could not see how he could accomplish that which he desired, as the support of the family depended almost solely on his labor.

When he reached the mouth of the mine, Ned was backed into the cage and Tim followed and put up the bars. While waiting to shove back the lever and lower the cage to the bottom of the shaft a hundred feet below, he heard some one inquire as to the stage of the water in the river, which flowed swiftly by 200 yards away. Tim glanced hastily riverward at the instant the cage started downward and saw that the water was as high as the top of the banks of the stream and was filled with floating driftwood. Heavy fall rains had set in a week before, and in consequence of the great rainfall the stream was extremely high.

Without a thought of serious danger, however, Tim dropped foot after foot toward the center of the earth, with Ned breathing softly on his neck as the two stood crowded into the cage.

"Be quiet, Ned," commanded Tim, as the animal manifested some uneasiness at the sound of water dripping faster than usual from the sides of the shaft. "You are not getting skittish in your old days, I trust," patted Ned on the nose. The animal placed his head affectionately on Tim's shoulder and became quiet.

When the cage stopped at the bottom the bars were lowered and Ned followed Tim out. Tim had lighted a little tin lantern oil lamp, which he carried at the front of his cap, before entering the cage. When he emerged from the cage he saw the lamps of many miners flashing about here and there, like fireflies before a storm in summer, as the men prepared to go to the various departments of the mine. He had witnessed similar scenes in the past, and paid no attention to them, but hitherto Ned to the train of empty cars that stood waiting, and with a merry crack of his whip and a cheerful "G'long, Ned," went rattling away over the steel rail track.

Half a dozen miners had clambered into the cars with their lamps and were waiting the tools which they had taken out of the mine the night before to get re-pointed. Tim was perched up on the head of the forward car, and he had to frequently duck his head to avoid colliding with well known overhanging obstructions.

After going a short distance between the cars and the main echoes bounding back into the car next to him, and observed that his occupants, two old miners, were discussing something of a serious nature. Thomas Jenkins, the one nearest Tim, had removed his lamp from his cap and was gently tapping the side of it against the toe of his shoe in order to expose more of the wick so that the light would burn brighter.

As the blaze flared up Tim could see the faces of the two men, and was alarmed at their seriousness. He caught the word "water" as he strained his ears to hear what they were saying. The rumble of the cars and the many echoes bounding back from the walls and the roof of the mine drowned the remainder of the conversation.

Tim had heard enough, however, to make him uneasy. The part of the mine in which he worked was almost directly under the bed of the river. There were many feet of apparently solid rock between the water and the coal vein, but sometimes it was feared that with a high stage of water in the river and its consequent heavy pressure, an opening fissure might let the water into the mine and drown all the miners, besides ruining the property.

The owners of the mine, in order to guard against such a catastrophe as much as possible, had years before walled up the entrance to that part of the mine, leaving only room enough for the cars to pass through. A stout oak door was then hung so that it closed from the inside, which made that part of the mine almost tight and separate from the other parts of the mine. It was so arranged that the greater the pressure against the door the tighter it fitted. A large well was then drilled into that department from the surface, which was carefully cased, so that the air might escape in case the water ever broke in without breaking down the protecting wall. This proved to be a wise precaution.

As Tim with his train rumbled past this door he involuntarily glanced at it to see that it was in good working order. He had been subdued with the fear of impending danger, and Ned, too, glanced from side to side as he hurried along. He also occasionally snorted his disapproval.

All the forenoon the empty cars were drawn in and the loaded ones taken out with the regularity of clockwork. Tim and Ned were working so long that each knew exactly what to do and where to go. The river rumbled and roared. Inch by inch the water climbed the banks and carried away the newly fallen leaves or whirled them off into little eddies, but Tim knew nothing of what was going on outside. The owners of the mine watched the rapidly rising waters with apprehension. The river was higher than it had been for some time and they feared for the safety of the men hard at work beneath the raging waters. A consultation was held and it was resolved to call out all the miners and laborers at 12 o'clock. At 11 o'clock an order was sent down for every man in the mine to come out at noon and bring their tools with them. The order was obeyed with alacrity. A few minutes to 12 the tools were piled into empty cars and the men filed from the river division and toward the bottom of the shaft to be hoisted into the bright sunshine and safety.

Tim was the last, and was about to go with the train partly loaded with tools, when he thought of his dinner pail, which he had left behind. He jumped down and ran back fifty yards to get it. When he returned Ned was pawing the ground impatiently. The lights of the departing miners danced about in the distance as Tim sprang to his place behind Ned.

Suddenly there was a deafening roar. Everything seemed to tremble for a second. Ned reared and plunged forward. Just then a large flat stone fell from the roof, filling the cars with broken stones and knocking Tim to the ground, where he was held fast by something across his lower limbs. His lights was dashed out by the fall. At the same instant Ned tore loose from his fastenings and plunged away in the awful darkness.

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An Ancient Work on Angling.
The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the Halieutica of Oppian, a Greek poet, who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 188, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to the ancients. We also learn from Athenaeus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.—American Angler.

A FINE PLACE FOR BOYS.
Holt's Oak Grove School is unquestionably one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. It is located near Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of Ira G. Holt, Ph.D., ex-State Superintendent,