Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

No other leavening agent will make such light, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you, it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Men's Underwear in England.

An amount of luxury is now put into summer flannels which not so long ago would have been deemed fabulous. The greatest advances have been made in the intermixture of silk with the wool, either in toto or used for the colored striping upon the white woolen ground. The beauty of these goods has permitted the nightshirt to regain much of the ground taken from it by the extraordinary popularity which pajama suits have enjoyed of late years.

Swell dressers, or rather undressers, have quite abandoned the linen nightshirt in favor of either silk or flannel, at the present moment, giving the preference to such as I have named above. In underwear there is not much change except in that patterns and fabrics are very quiet. Little silk is being shown, because there are so few Americans here to buy it. Englishmen going in much more for light gray "natural wools."

The English system of making drawers is somewhat more elaborate than ours, inasmuch as they go in for a sort of abdominal supporting waistband or "belt," as it is called, buttoning with as many as eight buttons in front, and lacing through eyelet holes behind. The idea of a tight abdominal bandage comes, like pajamas, sashes and twenty other specialties, from England's hot exotic possessions. Returning colonists bring a good idea home with them and it speedily becomes the rage for hot weather wear.—London Cor. Clothier and Furnisher.

Celluloid Toothpicks.

The latest toothpicks look precisely like quill picks, but are made of sheets of celluloid sharpened at one end and then rolled up into a cylinder. Hotel keepers have their advertisements printed on them before they are rolled into quills.—New York Sun.

It does not seem possible to emphasize too strongly the importance, which indeed amounts to a necessity, of freeing the body of some of its waste products by physical exercise performed daily

Photographers have begun to use storage battery plants, which operate a ruby colored incandescent light in the darkroom, and the effect on their health has been very beneficial

Best Shirt FOR THE **MONEY ON EARTH.** SEND ONE dollar for finest Shirt made. Post prepaid on all orders. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. B. STEINBACH & CO.,

LARGEST CLOTHING STORE IN PORTLAND, OREGON

Cor. First and Morrison Streets.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Hagerty, Martinsville, N.J.

-How is- -Your Blood?-

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was advised to use S.S.S. Other blood medicine had failed to do me any good. Wm. C. BEATY, Yorkville, S.C.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of blotter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, Missoula, I. T.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazel Warren, Pa.

TELEPHONE LINES.

The Sunset Company to Stretch Its Wires Over New Areas—They Want Money to Do It.

The Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company has voted to issue bonds to the amount of $750,000 to extend service throughout the State. One line through the San Joaquin Valley has just been completed as far as Fresno and Tulare, while down the coast a line extends as far as Soledad. There is also a southern division running from San Luis Obispo to San Bernardino, taking in Los Angeles, San Diego, and all the thriving Southern towns. At present men are working on the gap between Soledad and San Luis Obispo, which will ere long be covered by telephone and telegraph wires. Once the connection is made between these two points San Franciscans can talk to Los Angeles and beyond.

The Northern line goes as far as Vina, taking in Sacramento and the principal towns of Northern California by branch lines. Between Vina and Albany, Or., there is a gap to be covered.

The Sunset wires in Washington cover a large area between Snohomish and the Oregon border, where they make connections with the Oregon Telephone Company's wires. To supplement these latter lines communication between Portland and Spokane will be established, and then the Northwest will be a network of speaking wires.

The Trout Caught the Diamond.

This is the way the latest fish story is told hereabouts: Joseph S. Frey and William Bercaw were trout fishing up in Monroe county on Saturday. While forcing his way through a thick clump of bushes overhanging the stream Bercaw saw a good sized trout dart out from a bank of the creek and pass directly beneath him. Working his way to a secluded nook a few feet above, the anxious angler cast his fly with such skill that in a few seconds he caught and safely landed a speckled beauty about ten inches in length. He made a second effort, but could get no more trout there.

Well, the fishermen continued on their way until their sport had ended and they seated themselves to clean their fish, of which, of course, they had a fine lot. On opening one of the trout the fish was found to contain a diamond shirt stud. This caused Bercaw to look for his diamond, when it was found to be missing. Then it flashed to the fisherman's mind how fortunate he had been—that in passing through the brush his diamond had been forced from his shirt front; the trout he had seen dart in front of him had swallowed the jewel, and then he had succeeded in capturing the fish.

To a reporter who inquired of Mr. Bercaw concerning the truthfulness of the story, the latter declared it to be a fact in every particular.—Easton (Pa.) Express.

Forty Years a Recluse.

F. F. Lobb, brother of D. S. Lardner, residing at Pisco lake in the Adirondacks, is expected to live but a short time. He has been a hunter and trapper for over forty years and now has consumption, although he did not go there for health and was not aware of any predisposition to pulmonary troubles.

Mr. Lobb was ambitious as a musician, but lost his hearing, spoiling his musical future, and in his disappointment he went forty miles into the woods, built him a cabin by Pisco lake and took up the life of a hunter and trapper. He was there twenty-five years before Mr. Lardner knew where he was. Since that time Mr. Lardner has visited him, and he was here several years ago and spent several months, and was here again more recently. His recluse life was remunerative and his furs were sold at the settlements.

During the progress of affairs at the lake, which has now become a popular resort, Mr. Lobb built him a comfortable home, and when O. B. Ives was at the lake he formed a very pleasant acquaintance with him.—New Britain (Conn.) Herald.

Two Moons in the Washington Sky.

About 1 o'clock one morning recently a beautiful spectacle was presented in the northwestern sky. The moon was about 20 degs. above the horizon, and the air was so surcharged with moisture that a halo, with an apparent diameter of eighty feet, was formed. In some parts this halo was rather indistinct, but on the right hand of the moon, as one looked toward the south, the halo at one point gradually increased in brilliancy until there was a perfect mirage of the moon. The phenomenon continued for several minutes and then faded away. An observer thought that the best designation of it would be "moon dog," as it resembled the phenomenon which is produced sometimes by the atmosphere and the sun, with the exception that the sun has annually four "dogs."—Washington Post.

Beauty and Its Lack of Brains.

The trained Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains and of course have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome, while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse dealer, who outside of his trade knew nothing.—Million.

RECREANT THOUGHTS.

Free as a captive bird, when free
Seeketh its former nest,
So do my thoughts, dear one, to thee
Fly back again to rest.
Even as the bird finds nest bereft
Of all that once it dear,
They find thy heart both little left
To comfort or to cheer.
They fly to thee from storms that beat,
They have no place to rest,
And cry to thee, oh, death were sweet,
If shelter'd on thy breast.
—Libbie C. Barr in Arkansaw Traveler

THE STONEBREAKER.

There was once in Japan—at a time so remote that savants hardly dare speak of it—a poor little stonebreaker who was employed upon the highways.

He worked upon the highways, while it was daylight, all the time, during all seasons, under the rain, the snow or the sun. He was always half dead with fatigue, three-quarters dead from hunger, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"Oh, how I would thank heaven," said he, "if I could one day be but rich enough to sleep the whole morning through and eat and drink my fill. It is said there exist people, blessed by fortune, who thus live in ease and comfort. Stretched upon thick mats before my door, my back covered with soft vestments of silk, I would make a siesta to be broken every quarter of an hour by a servitor who should recall to me that I had nothing to do and that I could sleep without remorse."

An angel passing heard these words and smiled—"Thy prayer be granted, poor man," said he.

And suddenly the stonebreaker, enveloped in sumptuous vestments of silk, found himself stretched upon some thick mats, before the door of a splendid dwelling. He was no longer hungry or thirsty, no longer tired, and all this appeared to him as agreeable as it was surprising.

He tasted during a half hour unknown happiness, when the mikado chanced to pass. The mikado! That was no small matter—no! The mikado is the emperor of Japan and the emperor of Japan was, at that time, above all, the most powerful of the emperors of the orient.

Preceded by couriers the mikado was traveling for pleasure, surrounded by cavaliers all decorated and bedizened, like the grand Turk of Turkey, followed by famous warriors, escorted by musicians, accompanied by women the most beautiful in the world, who dozed in their silver howdahs perched upon white elephants.

The mikado reposed upon cider down in a palanquin of fine gold studded with precious stones. His prime minister had the unparalleled honor of holding above his head a great tinkling parasol all fringed with little bells.

The enriched stonebreaker followed with an envious eye the imperial cortege.

"I haven't gained much," he said to himself. "I am not much happier for the few paltry pleasures I am enabled to give myself. Oh, that I were the mikado! I would travel in grand state, lolling in a golden palanquin blazing with precious stones, attended by my prime minister holding a great glittering parasol over me, while my second minister should cool my face with a fan made of peacock's feathers. Ah! that I could be the mikado!"

"Your wish is granted," said the angel.

And immediately he saw himself stretched in the palanquin of fine gold, starred with precious stones, and surrounded by his ministers, his warriors, his women and his slaves, who said to him in Japanese:

"Mikado, thou art superior to the sun—thou art eternal—thou art invincible. All that the spirit of man can conceive thou canst execute. Justice itself is subordinate to thy will, and God, trembling, awaits thy counsels."

And the stonebreaker said to himself, "Ah! happy day! now these are people who know my value."

The sun, which had been very fierce for some days, had parched the country. The route was dusty and his glare fatigued the eyes of the newmade mikado.

Addressing his minister who carried the tinkling parasol, he said:

"Make known to the sun that he troubles me. His familiarities displease me. Say to him that the grand emperor of Japan commands him to retire. Go!"

The prime minister confided to a chamberlain the honor of carrying the tinkling parasol and went away.

He returned presently with the greatest consternation written in his face.

"Great emperor! Sovereign of the gods and of man! It is past comprehension. The sun pretends not to hear and continues to shine on the road."

"Let him be punished."

"Certainly! His insolence merits it—but how shall I get at him to administer the punishment?"

"I am the equal of the gods—is it not so?"

"Assuredly, great midado—the equal, to say the least."

"You told me but a moment since that nothing was impossible to me. You have lied to me—you have disobeyed me or you have badly executed my orders. I give you five minutes in which to put out the sun, or ten in which to commit hari-kari. Go!"

The prime minister went away, but did not return.

The imperial stonebreaker was purple with rage.

"Upon my word! This is a fine position—this of emperor, when one is obliged to submit to the familiarities, the caprices, the brutalities of a moving planet. It is no use to deny it, the sun is more powerful than I. I would like to be the sun."

"You are the sun," said the angel.

And the little stonebreaker shone in the high heavens, all radiant, all flaming. He took pleasure in scorching the trees, in drying up the rivers and the springs, and in covering with sweat the august visages of emperors, no less than the dusty noses of the stonebreakers, his colleagues of the morning.

But a cloud came between the earth and him, and the cloud said:

"Halt there! my dear. No one can pass."

"By the moon! This is a little too much. A cloud, a poor little cloud, without form, calls me 'my dear' and bars the way! Clouds are more powerful than I. I will be a cloud or I shall burst with jealousy."

"Do not burst for so little," said the angel, always in attendance, "be a cloud, since you wish it." And the new cloud rested proudly, in his turn, between the earth and the resplendent sun.

Never in the memory of God had there fallen such showers. The transformed stonebreaker took pleasure in pouring rain and hail upon the earth in a fashion so terrible that trees fell down, finding only mud in which to fasten their roots. Under his aquatic rule of several hours streams became rivers, rivers became torrents, seas merged into one another and formidable waterspouts were everywhere.

A rock, meanwhile, held up his head in the storm. In face of all he remained impassive. Upon his flanks of granite the waves dashed, covering with froth the waterspouts breaking at his feet, and the thunder made him laugh each time that it tickled his sides.

"I am at my wits' ends!" said the cloud. "This rock ignores my power. He resists me, and I envy him."

Said the angel, "Take his place, and let us see if you will at last be satisfied."

The transformed cloud at length felt at ease. Impervious, inaccessible, impassive, under the burning caresses of the sun and under the fury of the thunder, he believed himself master of the world.

But lo, at his feet a little soft hammering drew his attention. He leaned over and saw a poor creature, covered with rags—thin and pale as he himself had been in the time of his greatest misery—who, with a mallet in his hand, chipped the granite into pieces to repair the neighboring roadway.

"What is this? cried the superb rock. "A poor wretch, miserable among the most miserable, mutilates me and I cannot defend myself! I am profoundly humiliated. I am reduced to envying the state of this creature."

"Take his place," said the angel smiling.

And the insatiable personage became that which he was before—a poor little breaker of stones.

As in the past he worked upon the roads while there was light all the time, in all seasons, under the rain, the snow or the sun.

He was always half dead from hunger, and three-quarters dead from fatigue—all of which did not hinder him from being perfectly contented with his lot.—Translated from the French of Ernest L'Epine by Laura Lyon White for Short Stories.

The Troublesome Spider.

Many years ago, when the writer used the level with an engineering party there were frequent difficulties with the instrument. Curved lines like arcs of circles would appear in rapid sequence across the field of vision, which would be nearly eclipsed at times. These difficulties would arise at irregular and generally inconvenient intervals. The instrument was carefully examined without revealing any cause.

The writer, distrustful of his own eyesight, visited an eminent oculist, receiving some vague advice and paying a realistic fee. It was afterward discovered that a minute spider had ensconced himself in the cover of the eyeglass of the telescope of the level.—Cor. Engineering

'Twas Not a Mosquito.

A Maine man in attendance at a camp meeting and in the attitude of prayer was greatly annoyed by what seemed an especially persistent mosquito. First it perched upon his neck, and his impulse was to fetch it a whack, but a sense of decorum restrained him and he gently dislodged it with his hand. Next he felt a tickling sensation on one of his ears, and up went the other hand. It was not long before the pest was again fooling around the back of his neck. This time the annoyance was too much for him, and, with his eyes still closed, he made a grab for it. What he caught was a feather from the hat of a young woman who was devoutly kneeling behind him.—New York Sun.

Electricity in Dentistry.

Electricity is going to play a very important part in the future of dentistry. Now the fully equipped practitioner has an electric motor in a corner and with it his engine is run. Then we use little electric lights in connection with the mouth mirror, and at night we use it with a reflector. Electricity is also used as a galvano cautery to burn out dead tissue and diseased bone instead of cutting them away. This renders the work almost painless, and as you can see is a very important adjunct.—Interview in Philadelphia Record.

He Lied About Lincoln.

Gail Hamilton somewhere tells this story a[bout] a friend of Mr. Lincoln who, in the first convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln for the presidency, had both worked and spoken with great effect for him. Afterward, in thanking him for [his] enthusiasm, Mr. Lincoln said to him: "But, I am afraid, colonel, that when you spoke for me you prevaricated just a little."

"Prevaricated, Mr. Lincoln?" said the other; "prevaricated? Why, I lied like the devil!"—New York Evening Sun.

A Japanese Use of the Ballot.

Suffrage in Japan has been put to a novel use. A village was harrassed by a midnight robber whom no one could detect, so the ingenious inhabitant proposed that each villager should write the name of the thief he suspected on a slip of paper and put it in a ballot box. On the counting taken there were fifteen for [one] and the rest were blanks. The thief was so astonished at the proceeding that he actually confessed his identity.—Times.

Sunflower.

[A writer] tells an amusing anecdote of Moore's words, "The sunflower turned when he set[s]" [and] "turned when he rose," intent on [the] beauty of this the [sun]flower is the are [in the] flow[er].

High[er]

A depu[ty] for furnishing [the] use of his successful [in] Cape mail furnishes [the] above the [ordinary] is equivalent three-fourths speed is [required].—Times.

Who Owns the Most Lace?

The man who has charge of the lace department in one of the principal retail houses over on State street has been rolling in lace, metaphorically, until he has at the end of his fingers and on the tip of his tongue every fact in connection with that delicate fabric. For instance, he says, what every women wants to know first, of course, that a woman living in the city of Mexico has the most valuable collection of lace in the country, the same being $800,000. The women folks of the Vanderbilt family consider theirs worth $500,000.

The latter collection contains rare laces from Belgium, Germany and Austria. The former, of rare bits from every celebrated maker and of fragments once owned by every royal family in Europe. The Astor family estimate their laces to be worth $300,000. Mrs. A. T. Stewart estimated hers at $200,000. Mrs. Vice President Morton considers hers worth $100,000. Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts and Mrs. ex-Secretary Whitney have costly and rare collections in lace. In Chicago there are no very large collections, but many are very rare.—Chicago Tribune.

Never Name Their Town.

When you hear a man say, "I'm going to the city," you may know that he lives here in Oakland. When he says that he has been "down to the bay," you can bet on his rural residence. When he calls it "San Francisco" he is a globe trotter from foreign parts, used to such polysyllables as Seringapatam and Pondicherry. But when you hear a temperary chap, with a yellow grip and a plaid overcoat, talk about "'Frisco," you are safe in locating his nativity and lifelong residence in Boston. The San Franciscan himself never mentions the name of his town if he can avoid it.

ATHLETES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Pastime Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of *The Sporting Times*, writes:

"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. I always found it to my advantage to use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pains, the result of slight colds, I always used ALLCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS."

"Did Chester carry off the honors of the class?" "I suppose so, as he is now wheeling a rolling chair at the World's Fair."

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

It is the circus clown who realizes in the most practical manner what it is to have a large circle of admirers.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"My trouble began with inflammatory rheumatism in my left leg above the knee. As a result of poulticing and running sore formed and I was in a terrible condition. In about 6 months my physician removed a piece of bone, I all the time suffering great pain. I could not stand on my leg and was obliged to walk with a crutch.

Mr. Bauer.

bought half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon after I began taking it the sore stopped discharging and healed up. I threw away my cane and crutch and can walk as well as ever. All my friends know how I used to suffer and I am so thankful to **Hood's Sarsaparilla** for my perfect cure." CHARLES W. HAUER, 8 W. Patrick Street, Frederick, Md.

Hood's Pills Cure sick Headache.

"Almost as Palatable as Milk"

This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

Scott's Emulsion

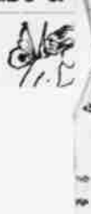
you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is *no after effect except good effect*. Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

A GAINFUL TRANSACTION

IF YOU LOOK IN Webster's Dictionary, you will find that the definition of a *Bargain* is a *gainful transaction*. Now that is what you are looking for. This week we offer you a genuine bargain and a very seasonable one: 8 cents per yard for Ginghams in popular colors in checks, stripes and plaids, 27 inches wide. It will cost about 3 cents per yard to make. So you see you are getting a good grade of Gingham delivered at your post office for 11 cents per yard.

OLDS & KING, Portland, Or.



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ILL FOR A DOSE.

he bowels each day is necessary for ...lth supply what one system lacks to ... They cure Headache, brighten the ... Complexion better than one ... mildly, neither gripe nor sicken ... To convince you of their merits we ... free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold ... Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

COMPLETELY UPROOTED.

How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicines which such palliatives afford not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and bilious remittent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters malarial complaint in every stage and of the most malignant type are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, biliousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.

Doctor—When did the baby begin to feel better? Nurse—As soon as I threw the med cine out of the window.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

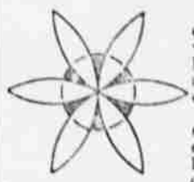
We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all *Private* diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 858 Market street, San Francisco.

Under the commissioner's rulings the pension bureau is not likely to be so much a chest of drawers as it was.

WHO DOESN'T KNOW

Fred T. Merrill, the Pioneer Harness Dealer of this coast? He is reliable. Write him—Portland, Or.

Use Enamaline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.



SIX POINTS, out of many, where Doctor Pierce's Pellets are better than other pills:

1. They're the smallest, and easiest to take—little, sugar-coated granules that every child takes readily.

2. They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.

3. Their effects *last*. There's no reaction afterwards. They regulate or cleanse the system, according to size of dose.

4. They're the cheapest, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

5. Put up in glass—are always fresh.

6. They cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER 25c.

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3 Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises and Soreness.

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3 Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

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