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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Asking Questions In Society.

This from an authority: "Don't ask questions; don't mention names; listen occasionally, and you will find yourself a society favorite." The first "don't" seems to have been most correctly placed. There is nothing which creates a pleasanter impression and which really leads to the most complete confidence than the tact which listens sympathetically to all a companion will say, but never probes deeper by an impulsive interrogation. One learns to trust such an acquaintance and feel in his company a peculiar sense of security that is very satisfying. Many of our small attempts to make an impressive recital are, we know, most vulnerable; one or two sharp queries would riddle them, and we learn, as a burned child learns to avoid the fire, just whom we may not and may impose them upon. The latter please us the letter.—New York Times.

Too Early to Go Home.

A Durham man went to his lodge meeting the other evening, fell asleep and slept all through the proceedings, not even the flights of oratory mousing him. When the meeting was over a friend stepped along and shook the man. "Come, Jim," said he, "wake up, it's time to go home." He woke up, rubbed his eyes and said: "What in time are you going home now for? Ain't you going to have any meeting?"—Bangor Commercial.

The Cause of Geysers.

Bunsen has explained the periodical eruption of geysers in such a satisfactory manner that doubt is no longer possible. A cavern filled with water lies deep in the earth under the geyser, and the water in this cavern is heated by the earth's internal heat far above 212 degrees, since there is a heavy hydrostatic pressure upon it arising from the weight of water in the passage or natural standpipe that leads from the subterranean chamber of the surface of the earth.

After a time the temperature of the water below rises, so that steam is given off in spite of the pressure, and the column in the exit tube is gradually forced upward. The release of pressure and the disturbance of the water then cause the contents of the subterranean chamber to flash into steam and expel the contents of the exit pipe violently. These eruptions may also be provoked by throwing stones or clods of turf into the basin of the geyser. The water in the cavern below is disturbed by this means.—Great Divide.

Newspapers and the Love of Books.

It is not any more true in England than it is in this country that the reading of newspapers is spoiling the taste for books. Never in any other generation were there as large editions of books of knowledge and thought printed and sold as there are in this one. The figures given in the reports of the British and American book trade are amazing, especially as regards books of the highest erudition, the deepest cogitation and the wisest counsel. As many as 50,000 copies of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" have already been sold in this country and England. The works of the great authors of the past, too, are more in demand than they ever were before. It is ignorance to say that good newspapers spoil the taste for books. They promote the love of the best books.—New York Sun.

Showing That Plants Can See.

Can plants see? Darwin gave it as his opinion that some of them can, and an Indian botanist relates some curious incidents which tend to verify the belief. Observing one morning that the tendrils of a convolvulus on his veranda had decidedly leaned toward his legs as he lay in an attitude of repose, he tried a series of experiments with a long pole, placing it in such a position that the leaves would have to turn away from the light in order to reach it. In every case he found that the tendrils set themselves visibly toward the pole and in a very few hours had twined themselves closely around it.—London Public Opinion.

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The Best Brand SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will last a lifetime. The new POCKET SLICKER is a perfect rain coat, and covers an entire vehicle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on 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 this coming wave of prosperity sweeps over the land. Send for catalogue. Address A. P. ARMSTRONG, Principal, Portland, Oregon.

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ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD PROMPTLY TO DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effects a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pranks of a Young Electrician.

Bert McMurty, the thirteen-year-old son of George G. McMurty, of the Apollo Iron and Steel company, is probably the youngest electrician in the country. The boy has made a study of electricity, and his father's residence is lighted by appliances manufactured by the lad. He is a daily visitor in the battery room in Alleghany city hall, and does not retire until the doors are closed for the night. Recently he rigged up a burglar alarm and placed wires under the matting in the hallway. Mr. McMurty returned about 10 o'clock and was startled by peculiar noises in different parts of the house. He investigated, but could not find the cause. About 1 o'clock in the morning he awakened his boy, who disclosed the plot and was permitted to return to bed.

One cold day recently young McMurty put some water in the alley backing his home on Lincoln avenue, Alleghany, making a toboggan slide. An ashman soon after attempted to go up the alley with his wagon, but failed in the attempt, and threatened to tell the boy's mother. The young fellow was prepared for him and promptly connected wires from his battery with the side doorknob and turned on fifteen volts. The servant, who was in the boy's confidence, opened the second story window and told the man to open the door and walk in. He tried to, but suffered a severe shock. He went to the front door, but the young electrician was ready for him and turned on fifty-two volts. This had the effect of throwing the man into the gutter. He drove away holding the lines in his left hand.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The British Navy Growing.

During the year 1891 there were launched from the shipbuilding yards in the kingdom for the navy nineteen vessels of nearly 108,000 tons, the cost when completed being £5,854,587, while the year before the vessels launched were only 61,260 tons, and worth £3,250,000. The principal vessels have, of course, been launched from the royal dockyards, from which eight vessels of 68,100 tons were floated, as compared with eight vessels of 22,520 tons in the previous year. The vessels launched for the navy in 1891 include three immense battle ships of 14,150 tons, having twin engines to give them a speed of 17½ knots.

They will each have four 67-ton guns, which can easily penetrate twenty-two inches of armor. These ships cost £850,000 each. There were also three first class cruisers of about 7,500 tons, to steam about twenty knots an hour. They will each have two 22-ton guns. These cruisers will cost £370,000 each. The other vessels were small, high speed cruisers, each costing about £189,000. They will travel twenty knots an hour, and are made to keep at sea for long periods on foreign stations.—Mechanical World.

Will Dive for Two Millions.

Captain F. Ryan, the government diver, expects to complete arrangements in a few days to go to Yokohama to raise $2,000,000 worth of gold bullion which sank in 265 feet of water in the harbor some years ago. Captain Ryan will get half of the treasure if he succeeds in raising it.

Captain Ryan says the bullion was lost overboard while being transferred from one vessel to another, and that several Japanese divers have attempted to raise it, and three or four of them lost their lives in the undertaking, and that a diver on a British man-of-man also lost his life in the attempt. He says that finally the Japanese government has requested its consul at San Francisco to make arrangements with an American diver, and promise half the treasure to any one who will recover it.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

A Dynamite Proof Train.

An interesting manufacturing process has just been witnessed by a special commission in the Alexandrowski works of the Societe Franco-Russe. Two imperial trains were to be constructed, the carriages of which were to be lined with steel plating. For this purpose sheets of very large size and in a single piece were required. The Alexandrowski Steel works devised a method of obtaining from an ingot sheets sixty feet long and four feet wide in one piece, and thus solved a very difficult manufacturing problem. M. Murizier, manager of the steel works, states that the sheets could not have been produced by any other establishment in Russia. The successful issue of the contract is largely owing to the possession of a triple cylinder engine of 2,000 horse power.—Mechanical World.

Very Large Mullet.

Captain J. E. Guthrie and his crew of fishermen, who are fishing for the Iola Fish company at the mouth of Tampa bay, caught 14,000 mullet at one haul Thursday, one of the largest catches ever made in this section, and probably in Florida. About 100 of the mullet caught were extra large, six of them measuring more than twenty-six inches long and weighing something over six pounds and three quarters. Captain Guthrie at the same time landed three fifteen-foot sharks on the beach and captured three more of equal size in the fish nets.—Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

A Startling Incident.

A native in Kala, India, had to all appearance died. As the body was being carried for cremation it suddenly sat bolt upright on the bier, demanded its clothes and asked to be told where it was being carried. The bearers, believing that an evil spirit had reanimated the body, dropped it and fled. The man thus left alone unwound himself and walked home. The ex-corpse has declined to have anything more to do with his relatives or their religion.—London Tit-Bits.

The Law Is On.

Now that the quail season is over and the danger from reckless hunters reduced to a minimum, farmers are venturing out from their houses to see how their live stock are.—Detroit Sun.

THE GLOOMY SIDE.

SOME POINTS ON THE WOMEN WHO DOTE ON THE GREWSOME.

Gloating Over the Things Which Cause Them Pain—Gathering Pansies, but Looking For Snakes—Episode of a Newspaper Woman's Street Car Ride.

The other day I was riding in a street car. There were 11 women and 3 men in the same quarters. We jogged along our way as people do out of whose life all interest had been taken by a hot day, as a rude nurse snatches playthings from helpless children. Whether "school kept or not" was a matter of not the slightest moment to any of us. Indeed I had reason to hope that I should never again be confronted with bulletins as to the rise and fall of that mythical educational bureau whence we all draw more or less of knowledge fraught with bitter experience. Its pupils are so stupid and its head preceptor so unrelenting that I have long been a-weary of its curriculum.

Opposite in the car sat a young woman whom I often meet and shall continue to meet, I suppose, until the sexton shovels a few feet of dust between our faces. If she were a man, she would be in the attitude of one who is "spoiling for a fight." What is mere combativeness in men takes the form of insolence in women and is harder to bear. This young person eyes my clothes. She gloats over my shabbiness. She knows exactly how many times a day my poor old gown is groomed. She is cognizant of the fact that my off shoe has sprung a leak, and as she tosses her head and smiles the smile that, passed from woman to woman, means more than a blow I seem to hear her say: "Ha, cumberer, are you here yet? Last time I met you I thought I stared you down, but such rubbish seems hard to kill! A trifle more ridicule, though, slightly veiled, like poison in a capsule, will lay you low, and I shall have the pleasure of turning my battery upon some other God forsaken crank who appears to have more brains than style!"

We were tumbling along in the old street car, a tired and dirty lot of us, bound for the depot. As we passed a certain undertaker's shop on the way we noticed that a big crowd had collected at its doors—a hushed crowd, with white faces and bated breath. A police patrol was drawn up to the curbstone and four brawny officers were lifting something out of the wagon and carrying it within the undertaker's open gate. The something that lay beneath the old tarpaulin was very still and outlined itself sharply beneath the sable folds of the pall that covered it. I turned away from the sight, for there is that within me that revolts from such sights as the butterfly does from the thistle or the swift running boat from a capful of head wind.

I knew well enough what the "something" was. Ten minutes before perhaps it had been a man, swinging like a sailor on the uplifted ladder where the painter pursues his craft, or a careless vagabond knocked down by a passing vehicle and straightway ushered into the audience chamber of the great and only King, or a merry hearted boy spurned by a flying wheel, or a tired old woman "lifted high as heaven" by the tender arms of death. I knew very well that the awful something was once a breathing, blundering mortal like myself and that a sudden calamity had transferred it into clay, how or in what terrible manner I did not care to see. But every woman in the car in which I rode jumped from her seat to watch the grewsome thing I turned away from.

"Oh, I wish the cover would fall off so that we could see!" cried one.

"Lift Willie up so that he can look!" exclaimed a careful (?) mother, making room as she spoke for the nursegirl to place the little boy in a better position.

No sooner did all these women gain a vantage point from where they could best behold the dreadful burden which the policemen bore without either tenderness or care into the waiting station of the morgue than they began to tremble and to cry.

"Oh, dear, how dreadful!" moaned they in unison, while their fascinated gaze was unaverted and their necks were craned to see it all.

And then because I am a philosopher in my own poor fashion and can no more help philosophizing than a spider can help spinning webs I said to myself: That is the way with all of us! We seek out our own discomforts and we cultivate them with our own tears. We gloat over the very things that bring us pain and take a front seat to witness our own tragedies. Given, the most of us, a chance to spend an afternoon among the tombs or to go fishing for goldfish out of a crystal pond, and we will trot along with the mourners every time. We are always in the attitude (most of us) of the Peterkin family at the seaside. They were continually looking off shore for whales, and they saw whales and nothing but whales from season's start to season's close! What we look for we find, what we sow we reap, what we dread we draw and what we expect comes to us.

Take two girls and send them out through the divine beauty of these June woods with a basket apiece. They are after violets, we will say, although the purple drapery of the dim spirit flower has been almost withdrawn from the woods already, like a curtain uplifted by an eager hand. One of the girls is afraid of snakes and declares the sight of one would kill her on the spot. How she looks for them! How eagerly she watches every tremor of the underbrush! How she starts at a floating timothy and shrieks when a clover jostles in the wind! And she sees snakes—plenty of 'em! She goes home with an empty basket and has to take a powder to quiet her nerves. The other girl keeps her mind on violets and never sees a serpent's trail. She goes home with a basketful of flowers and dreams that she is setting sail for paradise in a purple boat with the tender green of violet stems for its oars and a sail that smells of the wood flower's perfect soul.

—Amber in Chicago Herald.

A Magnificent Vessel.

In 268 B. C. Archimedes devised a marvelous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts had been brought from Britain, whereas our ships' masts are of iron, or obtained from New Zealand or from Vancouver island. Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of her banqueting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the Iliad. Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets and hot baths were provided for use or amusement.

THEY QUARRELED.

And of Course She Had to Send Back His Presents.

The room was in great confusion, and as her dearest friend came in she looked up and said:

"Percy and I have quarreled, and I am sending back all his letters and presents."

"I think," said her friend cynically, "that I have heard something of the kind before."

"Well, it's for good this time, for I'm only sending back part of his presents."

"Oh, then you are really in earnest—do you remember the time you were afraid he would not bring back the diamond pin in time for Milly's reception?"

"Indeed I do, but it came two full hours before I needed it, and with the loveliest bunch of orchids. He always sent me orchids after a quarrel," she added, with a sigh.

"But you aren't going to send back that lovely bracelet, are you?"

"Indeed I am; it's awfully out of style. Besides," she added vindictively, "I've worn it so long that every girl in our set knows it, and he can never offer it to the next one he is engaged to."

"Very true. Go over your letters carefully, dear. Dolly made an awful mistake once. She got some of Fred's letters mixed up with the ones she was returning to Harry."

"How perfectly awful!"

"Yes, especially as the quarrel had been about Fred, and she had only meant to frighten Harry by sending back his letters."

"Poor thing! She always was absent-minded."

"Yes. What are you looking for—this fan?"

"Pshaw! What made you remind me of it? I meant to forget it. It just matches my pink dress. His sister has one like it, and"—

"Oh, well, pack it in so that it will break."

"I will. Just hand me those flowers, will you? They are beginning to fade anyhow, and if I send them it will look as if I was anxious to send everything. I think I will keep this locket. It was the most expensive thing he ever sent me. I'll tell the poor fellow I kept it to remember him by."

"There. It will please him. Oh, did you ever hear what a mean trick Jessie played on Will?"

"No. Do tell me about it. It may help to raise my spirits."

"Well, she wouldn't send back his lovely diamond ring when they quarreled for fear he would give it to Helen. And don't you think, she waited until the very day of the wedding and sent it with her congratulations. He was just starting for the church when the messenger came. His trunk had gone, so he just slipped the ring into his vest pocket."

"You don't mean"—

"Yes, I do. He had given the wedding ring to his best man, but in the excitement of the moment he didn't see him holding it out to him and took the one out of his pocket."

"And what happened then?"

"Oh, nothing, only Helen had often seen Jessie wearing it, and Will had always denied that he was ever engaged to her."

"Humph! I had always wondered why he bought Helen that lovely diamond star while they were on their wedding trip."

"That was why. Well, are you through packing?"

"Yes, and the messenger boy is waiting. I must get them off at once, or I'll change my mind about letting that lovely silver belt buckle go."

They watched the boy out of sight with his precious burden. Then she sank wearily into a chair.

"Mercy! there's that diamond pin—I quite forget it," she cried. "Well, it's too late now. I'll just have to keep it. I do wonder if he will return that silk purse I had just knitted him," she went on. "Phil wanted it awfully, and as their initials are the same I can tell him it was for him all the time."

"So you can. Surely he'll not be mean enough to keep it."

"I should hope not. If there is one thing I do despise, it is meanness." And she proceeded to pin her collar with the diamond pin.—Chicago Tribune.

The Bride's Demeanor.

I was delighted to see that the bride paid her bridegroom the compliment of looking bright and happy and full of life and fun as she left the church with him. It was pleasant to see two such happy faces as his and hers. Even when walking to the altar Miss Lethbridge did not affect that absurd droop of the head that some brides think it necessary to adopt, as though they were following their own funeral.

In a recent instance this was so absurdly exaggerated as to be quite laughable. It is a bad compliment to the unfortunate victim, standing near the altar and watching his chosen wife approach with a walk like a policeman's and with every token of guilt and shame in her pose. It is quite time that such relics of the days of "sensibility" should disappear in favor of a more natural demeanor.

At the same time there is an opposite extreme to be avoided. I remember one bride, an actor's daughter, who simply raced her wretched father up the aisle, making him stumble over the pedestal of the font. The spectacle of the bridemaids tearing after them in a lively canter brought tears of delicious mirth to my eyes. One would suppose that the bride was afraid the gentleman would run away before she reached him. Maude declared that she saw a furtive smile pass across the gentleman's face when the panting procession came to a pause in front of him, composing themselves after their race.—London Queen.

How a Duel Was Spoiled.

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches. When the place for the shooting had been reached, the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a milestone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand. The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon—100 feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man, "I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor." "What is it?" asked the cripple. Pat answered, "I tould ye that ye might lean agin the milepost, and now I would like the privilege of leanin agin the next one." The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.—San Francisco Argonaut.

America's Debt of Gratitude.

The Christianized Hindoo, Karmarthar, told the Endeavor convention that we of America owed to be grateful to India, as Columbus discovered America while seeking for a passage to the Indies. Well, then, let us admit that we are grateful to India on this account. We are also grateful to Spain for supplying the money through which Columbus discovered America, and to Columbus himself for making the discovery, and to Italy as the birthplace of Columbus, and to the natives of Watling's Island who spared the life of Columbus after he discovered it, and to Columbus' parents, who gave the world such a child. We owe a debt of gratitude, as Mr. Karmarthar of India remarked, which cannot easily be paid at this time.—New York Sun.

A. F. Glover of Windsor Locks, Wis., claims to have discovered in the foundations of an old foundry a stone covered with hieroglyphics, supposed to be of Indian origin, though no one versed in Indian lore can decipher them.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding 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 miner, the freshly arrived incomer, the tiller of the virgin soil newly reblest of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrific specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It antihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, horrifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments breed and fostered by outdoor exercise, imparts genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening miasts and vapors laden with baleful dews; strengthens the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

A man who stutters said yesterday that he hopes the Veo-Ire idea will never be made the subject of any more sensaushine rumors.

TRAVELING RISKS.

With the increased facilities for travel and the great number of travelers, there has been naturally a great increase in the risk of accidents.

Every one, who for any reason is compelled to incur these risks, should keep by him a supply of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, for they are a wonderful specific in strains of the back or limbs, such as are almost inevitable in case of accident.

Any one starting on a long journey should have one as a part of his equipment. Commuters on suburban trains should keep them both at home and in the office.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have repeatedly proved their great value in time of need.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS remove all impurities.

"I passed your door last evening, Miss Gildersleeve," remarked young Mr. Gilley. "How kind of you!" replied the grateful girl.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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

RUPTURE is perfectly, permanently, positively cured by Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer. It's $500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all druggists, 50 cents.

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"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.

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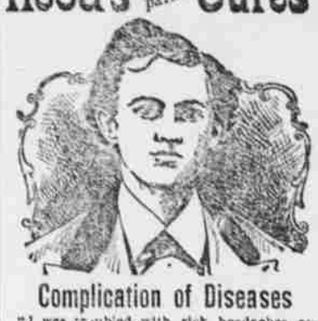

Complication of Diseases

"I was troubled with sick headaches and pains in my back and sides. I became partially deaf, and my nervous system was all run down. Finally, I was seized with heart disease and thought my days were numbered. I used

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

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