

Health Officers Speak.

City, State and National Authorities report the Royal Baking Powder in every way Superior to all others.

STATE CHEMIST, CALIFORNIA: The Royal fulfils all the requirements. Our tests show it has greater leavening power than any other.

STATE CHEMIST, WASHINGTON: There is no question but the ROYAL is the strongest, purest and most wholesome baking powder in the market.

U. S. GOV'T FOOD REPORT: ROYAL BAKING POWDER is shown a pure cream of tartar powder, highest of all in leavening strength.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL TESTS: ROYAL BAKING POWDER is commended as of highest excellence, and shown to be greatest of all in leavening strength.

SAN FRANCISCO BOARD OF HEALTH: We cordially approve and recommend the ROYAL BAKING POWDER. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, of the highest strength and character.

BOARD OF HEALTH, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: Finding in analysis that it is entirely free from any adulteration, we heartily recommend the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for its great strength, purity and wholesomeness.

BOARD OF HEALTH, TACOMA, WASHINGTON: In our judgment the ROYAL is the best and strongest baking powder before the public.

BOARD OF HEALTH, SPOKANE: Certainly there is no baking powder known to us equal to the ROYAL.

DR. BINSWANGER, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON: It is also my opinion that there exists no purer, better or stronger baking powder than the ROYAL. I cordially recommend it.

Do not permit the slanderous stories of interested parties to influence you in using any other than The Best, The Royal.

PORTLAND'S SMALLEST HOUSE.

Three Rooms Crowded Into Space Not Large For One.

For upward of 10 years Portland has had within its corporate limits one of the smallest dwelling houses in this broad land of ours. At first glance it might be mistaken for a playhouse, as it stands alone in the center of the block on Northrup street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth.

The place has a history, and many of Portland's residents have made themselves familiar with it by personal inquiry and investigation. About 10 years ago, so the story goes, a seafaring man happened in the northwest portion of the city before streets had been opened and graded, and struck by the beauty of the surroundings, determined to build himself an abode in which to pass his declining years.

The builder endeavored to make his home as much like ships' quarters as possible, and in this he succeeded admirably. The house contains three rooms—kitchen, dining room and bedroom—and occupies a patch of ground about 10 by 12 feet. It stands about 9 feet in height. The kitchen is just large enough to accommodate a cook stove and table, and the dining room is sufficient large to allow two persons to move about. The parlor and bedroom combined contains a couch, two chairs and a table and resembles the stateroom of an ocean steamer. The bed, or berth, is located three or four feet above the floor on a chest of drawers and is hidden from view by handsome lace draperies.

By lowering a panel on the opposite side of the room a bright array of china-ware is exposed to view, and the panel itself may be used as a table or writing shelf.—Portland Telegram.

Dinner Service Worth \$100,000.

The silver dinner service which Mrs. J. W. Mackay has with her in Europe is worth \$100,000. Her maintenance of this pure silver and then paid another \$115,000 for the work done upon it. The above is, I believe, reckoned as being the most costly silver set now in use in the world.—St. Louis Republic.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

Cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritability, nervousness, and drowsiness, his sleep disturbed and does not rest, fresh him as it should; the will power is weakened, morbid fears haunt him and may result in confirmed hypochondria, or melancholia and, finally, in softening of the brain, epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor ataxia and even in dread insanity.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but concise language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of postage with ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated institution have made the treatment of the diseases above hinted at their specialty. Thousands have consulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent cures.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Had Not a Nickel to Pay His Fare, but a Conductor Trusted Him.

"Dead broke" is a relative term. Some men are "dead broke" on \$10. Some don't call it "dead broke" until they reach a nickel. It's pretty "dead broke" when you haven't even the one nickel for car fare, want to get from Twenty-third to Fulton street, are in a hurry, don't want to walk for a fortune and know there's money waiting for you at the other end if you can get there.

This was the case with a young man one day last week, and this is how he got there. Boarding a Broadway car at Twenty-third street among a crowd of others, he walked forward and took his stand beside the conductor. It was some time before the conductor reached him, when he fumbled for change, as though he knew he had it in vest and trousers pockets, finally remarking that since he couldn't find it he supposed he'd "have to get off." The conductor gave it in the light, and he politely made way for the young man, who by this time had reached Thirtieth street.

Walking down a few blocks, he boarded the third car following, and this time the conductor called for his fare. Again he affected the searching pose, and the conductor waited patiently while the car spun along until at last the young man anxiously declared that he must have lost his pocketbook. The conductor dinged the bell, deciding that the best thing to do was to stop off and look for it.

Eighty street was now reached, and again at Fifth street a fresh car was boarded. Another search after change was gone through and another kindly suggestion from a conductor looked for, but this time he said: "Ain't got no money? How far are you going? Fulton? Oh, no; you'd better get off." And he got off after three elaborate bits of acting just 20 blocks below his original point.

"I guess I'll try the truth now," he thought to himself, and this time he stood on the car, gave his name and didn't make a first dive into his pockets. He had got sick of it, and it wasn't paying either.

"Look here, conductor," he said, "I'm dead broke. Haven't a nickel. Will have lots when I get to Fulton street. Will you give me your number and trust me to ride down?"

"Hid you do," said the conductor, and that conductor hasn't regretted it. He's got more than the fare since, and the young man who began on the lies has learned a first rate lesson on the old fashioned policy of honesty.—New York Herald.

Fertilizing With Sugar.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the land most suited to the cultivation of melons. Sandy, light soil, very highly fertilized with phosphate and with salt, will produce an abundant crop of large, fine melons, but there are many planters who affirm that they should be planted on a good quality of soil which is fertilized with quantities of sugar, producing a most satisfactory result, the melons being of unusual size and sweetness. That was done in days when expense was no object.—South Carolina Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Kaiser's Happy Thought.

According to a German contemporary, the placing of the motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," by the Emperor William upon the portrait he sent to the Minister of Finance, after an accidental incident. The emperor only learned of his birthday on the very day when Friedrich completed his eightieth year. Meeting the emperor on that at some court ceremony, the emperor exclaimed: "What, you never even told me I must hear it by accident!" Then raising his finger in mock warning, he added: "That may not be punished," and the same day the portrait was sent with an inscription.

Foretold the War of 1870.

It has been stated on what is said to be good authority that a representative of the Prussian government asked of a French astrologer the proper time to pick a quarrel with France. After carefully consulting horoscopes of high officials, he answered that any hour in the afternoon as near as possible midway between the 9th and 14th of July, 1870.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

LONDON MUSIC HALLS.

Closing the Empire Arouses a Storm of Discussion.

THE PURISTS AND THEIR CRITICS.

Many Well Known Men Join in the Extraordinary Controversy Started by Mrs. Chant—Sala on the "Paul Prying Prigs from the Provinces."

London has not been stirred for many a day as it is just now. Trouble began several weeks ago when Mrs. Ormiston Chant, in her "pretty evening dress," visited the Empire theatre. She was so attractive that two men spoke to her, but the look with which she responded to this insult was so freezingly withering that they instantly apologized, and one added, "You are not what I took you for."

The following day Mrs. Chant, accompanied by two or three friends, went before the London license committee and related her experience. As a result the committee refused to renew the Empire theatre license unless the promoters or foyer, where drinks are served as well as at the small bars, was closed.

There are scores of music halls in London like the Empire in arrangement, the only difference being in grade. The Empire is the finest theater of the kind in the world. Its decorations are solidly rich and artistic, its seating and other appointments comfortable and spacious, and its stage attractions the best that money can procure. The Empire hall is always an important feature, but it is no more widely known than any other hall. Legs are no new discovery, and since the appearance of the tin de sicles bicyclist even the average citizen takes them for granted, though they are not in evidence.

But there is something worse in the Empire theater than the drinking, the stage performance and the luxury. Fallen men looked around and came to the very edge of the beetling basalt bluff. Then there was a sight as of a sculptured image of a horse pinned in midair, and a man, wild-eyed, such as a madman on one—A cry indescribable—that filled the valley.

Men looked away, and when they looked back the black statue was gone. Then, faithful to the leader, over the bluff into the foaming white water went another horse.

And then 10, 50, 500, the whole 5,000! Not one of all the herd was left to the invading victors, and the stream was literally choked with the dead.—Joachim Miller.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

Ancient Beliefs That Trees Were the Ancestors of the Human Race.

The descent of the human race from some particular species of tree is one of the oldest myths that can be found running through the folk stories of every nation. In Virgil we find mention of the race of "men who took their birth from trunks of trees," and among some of the early commentators on that statement we even find speculations as to the particular species of tree from which the race sprung. The very earliest Egyptian records mention a legend of the "tree of life," and many of the leading investigators, both ancient and modern, have expressed the opinion that from Egypt came the Biblical story of the tree of knowledge of good and evil which was the original garden made by the All Wise for our first parents.

Professor Thistleton (see his "Folk Lore of Plants") believes that the Scriptural narrative cited is a survival of the belief in the tree descent of man, and that the abiding faith of mankind in the tradition again crops out in Revelation, where the "tree of life" plays an important part as that of the famous tree mentioned in the first book of the Bible. The natives of Madagascar have a tradition which is believed and perpetuated among them to the effect that the first man was born alive from a tree, and that he immediately set out making himself "a helpmeet," fashioning her from a knotted limb by the aid of a mussel shell carving knife.

The "History of Sumatra" tells us that the people of the Philippine islands also have the tree descent legend among them, and King, in his "Life Among the Bushmen of Australia," says that the people there habitually have a tradition which is believed and perpetuated among them to the effect that the first man was born alive from a tree, and that he immediately set out making himself "a helpmeet," fashioning her from a knotted limb by the aid of a mussel shell carving knife.

Those who fairly won their honors at the fair were disposed to treat this fraud as any other fraud should be treated, and the Chicago Police Company of Chicago, having received the highest award, say they are convinced their claims and those of all other holders of rights in the fair will be fully vindicated by the public.

Scrofula in the Neck.

It is a dangerous, disagreeable and tenacious, but Hood's Sarsaparilla as a thorough blood purifier, cures this and all other forms of scrofula. "I had a bunch on the side of my neck as large as a hen's egg. I was advised to have it cut out, but would not consent. A friend suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am glad to say I did, and soon the bunch disappeared."

Entirely Disappeared. I can truly praise Hood's Sarsaparilla for I know it is an excellent medicine. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla highly in the past, and shall continue to do so.—Mrs. E. M. DILLON, Red Cloud, Neb., Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist in eating, prevent constipation.

CURE THAT TAKES THE BEST. COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

BOUGHT FREEDOM WITH DEATH.

Nez Perce Heroes Followed Their Leader Over the Cliff.

The hardly little Nez Perce hero is quite well known in a way, but few people know what remarkable courage and sagacity he has. When the Indian war swept the Nez Perce country, the Indians gathered about 5,000 horses into a valley that fronted on the steep bluffs of the Columbia river, and there, with the great white mountains at their back, prepared to make their last desperate stand.

In the battle that followed they were defeated, and the small fraction of them that remained killed put to flight. The horses, shut in by the steep mountains on one side and the steep river bluff on the other, had to be left behind. When the battle was over, the leaders of the volunteers (for only a part were regulars) made a rush for the horses, but they could not lay hands on one of them or approach them.

And now for the first time it was no longer the Nez Perce hero who was the hero. The boy was unarmed, entirely naked and as red as copper.

The boy had no bridle, but wove his hands into the mane, and thus guided his black horse as will at the head of the herd.

The volunteers dropped on their knees here and there around the edge of the circle and began to fire at the boy. At last a bullet struck him. His body flew high into the air and then fell and rolled in the dust.

The horse now divided as they came by. Their nostrils were distended at the smell of blood, and their eyes ablaze at the sight of their young leader in the dust.

On the second round, after the boy fell, the black leader seemed to run sideways, his eyes fastened to his little dead master until they looked frightful from under the black mane.

He plunged on around and came to the very edge of the beetling basalt bluff. Then there was a sight as of a sculptured image of a horse pinned in midair, and a man, wild-eyed, such as a madman on one—A cry indescribable—that filled the valley.

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WILD COSSACK RIDERS.

Two Americans Saw Them Break a Winter Camp in Turkestan.

Messrs. Allen and Sachleben, who went around the world on bicycles, give the following account of one of their experiences in Turkestan.

One of the chief incidents of our pleasant sojourn was afforded by Governor Ivanoff. We were invited to head the procession of the Cossacks on their annual departure for their summer encampment in the mountains. After the usual religious exercises, they set out from the city parade ground. Being unavoidably detained for a few moments, we did not come up until some time after the column had started. As we dashed by to the front with the American and Russian flags fluttering side by side, we were greeted by a cheer after cheer from the ranks, and even the governor and his party doffed their caps in acknowledgment.

At the camp we were favored with a special exhibition of horsemanship. By a single twist of the reins the steeds would fall to the ground, and their riders crouch down behind them as a bulwark in battle. Then, dashing forward at full speed, they would spring to the ground and leap back again into the saddle, or hanging by their legs would reach over and pick up a handkerchief, cap or a soldier's suppers, and then would rise and repeat the feat.

All these movements we photographed with our camera.

Of the endurance of these Cossacks and their Kirghiz horses we had a practical test. Overtaking a Cossack courier in the early part of a day's journey, he became widely admired for his speed and see the tomsah, adding in explanation that we were the American gentlemen who had ridden all the way from America. Our speed was not slow, and frequently the poor fellow would have to resort to the whip or shout, "Slowly, gentlemen. My horse is tired. The town is not far away. It is not necessary to hurry so."

The fact is that in all our experience we found no horse of even the famed Kirghiz or Turcoman breed that could travel with the same ease and rapidly as ourselves even over the most ordinary road.—Century.

BRAND THE CLAIM AS FALSE.

World's Fair Officials Expose a Pretender to an Award.

WILD FIRMS.

The devastation and suffering caused by the flames of the wild prairie and forest fires in the West last summer has a horrible detail in the loss of life and destruction of property. Men, women and children by scores choked by smoke and roasted alive; black homes destroyed and hundreds maimed and crippled. It is painful to contemplate, but still important and charitable to make it known that St. Jacobs Oil, used according to directions, is one of the best cures for burns and scalds, and should be kept on hand. There is no household that should be without the great remedy for pain, for there are none without the need of it. Little things like slight cuts and wounds it heals and cures like magic and helps the house work on.

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NINE HE COMES.

"One I love, and two I love, Three I love," she's saying, And around the maiden's lips Tender smiles are playing.

"Four I love with all my heart, Five and six and seven— Surely to me long his heart Compensated himself for given."

"Here I find another heart, Eight both lovers I know it, And still another. I am come— I did just here below!"

Softly told the shadows lie Over all the grasses, And the light wind whistles low As through the trees it passes.

In the sky the cloud flees free, Pursued by the sun ray kisses, For they were the best of friends, With love's delicious kisses.

But there cometh through the mead The maiden's little young lover, Comes—and then the apple seed Many truths discover.

—Lottie Bell Willis.

AN AD TO MILKING.

The Collegian's Advice to His Father Which Resulted Disastrously.

A college student in one of our western states returned home after his course was finished to find that his father, a clergyman with a small salary, was taking out his anger by running a small farm. One of the adjuncts of the farm was a cow, a pretty good animal, which however, had a strong aversion to being milked.

Here was an opportunity for a display of the lately acquired knowledge of the juvenile collegian.

"The father," said he, "Professor G. says if one will place a weight upon a cow's back it will make her give down the milk."

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