

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

# Washburn Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## UNGRATEFUL.

The Officer Wouldn't Admit It, and He Had to Move On.

At 10 o'clock at night he crossed Griswold street to speak to a patrolman who was trying the doors of various places and seeing that all was safe.

"Were you on this beat three weeks ago at this month?" he asked after a long look at the officer.

"Possibly so, but I can't remember," was the reply.

"I think you were. I think you are the man I'm looking for. Three years ago this month I was in this town, hungry and dead broke. I came along this street at midnight looking for a place to sleep. Yes, sir, and there's the very doorway, right over there, into which I skulked in hopes to get a few hours' rest."

"Well?" queried the officer.

"Well, I got in there to find the place already occupied. You were sleeping as peacefully as a yearling babe. I hated to wake you up, but after a little I did so. Do you remember what you said to me?"

"Look a-here, old man, what sort of a guff are you giving me?" indignantly demanded the officer.

"No guff at all, sir," was the reply. "You said you were tired and sleepy, and asked me as a particular favor to take your club and walk your beat for an hour or so, and—"

"Never! Never! You must be drunk!"

"Haven't drank a drop in seven months, sir. As a special favor to you I took your club and went out and—"

"Nothing of the sort happened! Who are you, sir?"

"Name's Perkins—Emanuel Perkins, and I just arrived from Tawas. I took your club and went out and patrolled your beat, and pretty soon a great big duffer came along and—"

"That's enough, sir!" exclaimed the officer. "Now you go on or I'll give you a ride to the cooler!"

"I don't see why you should. I patrolled your beat for two hours that night, and let you sleep, and when you woke up you said—"

"You are an old liar, sir!"

"I didn't let you asleep in that hallway, eh?"

"No, sir—never!"

"And you didn't ask me to patrol your beat?"

"No—of course not! Move right on or I'll run you in."

## GREAT MEN'S READING.

Titian read his prayer book and the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid.

Hogart was fond of joke books and farces and enjoyed them immoderately.

"Papa" Haydn liked stories, and he said, "The more love there is in them the better."

Carlyle had a very large library, relating principally to German and French literature and history.

Cardinal Richelieu once said that Titian, the Latin erotic poet, was the most natural of all the ancients.

Pope studied the poems of Matthew Gregory Lewis very carefully and confessed that from them he learned versification.

Byron was a Bible reader in his youth, and his life retained and used many passages from the Scriptures in his poems.

Charles Sumner was a classical scholar of rare attainments. Up to the close of his life he preserved a habit of classical reading.

Sir Joshua Reynolds greatly enjoyed the old English plays. He said they contained more real merit than all other English literature combined.

Cervantes was a constant reader of the romances of chivalry, and these acquired that familiarity with them that enabled him to travesty them in "Don Quixote."

Napoleon was fond of any and all works on legal subjects and military science. He said a man should read along every line and gather hints for his own benefit from any source.

Frederick the Great was a devoted student of philosophy and poetry. Macaulay draws a curious picture of him during the darkest days of the seven years' war, with a dose of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a lot of bad poetry in the other.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE FASHION PLATE.

Wide brimmed hats made of lace braid are preferred for dressy wear.

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## THE WORLD'S SILVER

SOME LITTLE UNDERSTOOD POINTS CONCERNING THE WHITE METAL.

Once Gold Was Less Valuable Than Silver.

It is everywhere present, even in the sea. America has most of the big mines. Production.

Let us devote a little attention to silver today—not "the silver question" with its complications as to ratios and values and economic conditions, but the metal itself. Everybody is talking upon the "question," nearly everybody has views upon it, and you and I, reader, may hold such utterly diverse opinions concerning it that if we were to discuss it we might fall out and fight. But there is the fact that it is a row over control of the metal itself. It is an interesting element, and always has been. It is doubly so just now, both because

of the annual production of silver, until the slump caused by the repeal of the Sherman law, was nearly 180,000,000 ounces, of which the United States produced 64,900,000 ounces, or more than one-third, and of the total production, according to one of the best authorities, about two-thirds are used in the arts, lost or shipped to Asia. However, as another authority, equally unimpeachable, states that in 1892 only 35,000,000 ounces out of a total of 180,000,000 ounces produced were used in the arts, it is impossible here to make any definite statement upon this point. It is stated, however, and may be safely accepted perhaps, since I can nowhere find it contradicted, that one-fourth of all the silver used in this way is made up into spoons and forks. Another quarter is used by silversmiths for other manufacturing purposes, another quarter is absorbed in the making of

quantities in but comparatively few places, it is present in varying quantities everywhere, including the ocean. Relatively the quantity thus held in solution is small, but whosoever should attain to possession of such a mass of silver as exists in the world's seas, no matter how low the current price, would be quite justified in leaving all work for others to do, since according to the wise men this silver amounts to some 10,000,000,000 tons or 20,000,000,000,000 pounds. At \$1 an ounce—the 16 to 1 value—this amount of silver would be worth \$20,000,000,000,000. At 50 cents an ounce it would be worth \$10,000,000,000,000—quite enough to keep the wolf from the door during one short human lifetime. This vast sum is many times greater than the total amount of silver coins in the world.

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## FOSSILIZED TREES.

IMMENSE FORESTS THAT HAVE TURNED TO STONE.

An Insight Into the Mighty Operations of Nature—One of the Many Wonders of the Great Yellowstone National Park Fossil Forest Ridge.

The Yellowstone National park is called the wonderland of America, and since the destruction of the New Zealand geyser area it is perhaps entitled to be called the wonderland of the world, for within its limits the most curious of nature's workings may be observed. Its hundreds of hot springs and geysers, its precipitous canyons and rushing cataclysms, its snow-capped mountain peaks and mirrored lakes make it of surpassing interest. The lover of natural scenery may linger long over its beauties and its wonders.

From the geological point of view it is also of great interest. For trees may be found rocks that range in age from the most ancient of which we have any knowledge to those in process of formation at the present moment. The superheated waters of the hot springs and geysers flow into a large amount of rock-making material in places known locally as petrifying pools, and in this way building up a mass of great magnitude. These springs and geysers are constantly breaking out in new places, often on the borders or in the forests of living trees. The trees may be killed at once by the hot water, and on becoming withered and dry begin soon to take up the petrifying solution by which they are bathed, and thus to pass into the fossil state.

Conditions similar to these, or at least favorable to the preservation of fossil forests, appear to have existed from remote time, for there is evidence to show that the fossil forests were preserved before the most active of the hot spring phenomena were inaugurated. These fossil forests are located in the northwestern corner of the Yellowstone National park, at a place known locally as Amethyst Mountain, or Fossil Forest Ridge. This is really a mountain some ten miles long and rising nearly or quite 2,000 feet above the general level of the valley. If it were possible to cut a section down through this mountain, as a slice is cut from a loaf of bread, it would be found a succession of at least 15 fossil forests, one above another— that is to say, at some remote day, geologically speaking, there grew a great forest, which was covered up by the ejected material from a great volcano, legally declared to be extinct, that is known to have existed in the north. The trees were entombed in an upright position, and under the action of silica-charged waters were fossilized. The action of the volcano ceased, and quiet was restored for a sufficient length of time for a second forest to be formed on top of the first. Then came a second outbreak from the volcano, and this forest was buried and fossilized like the first, and so, in turn, have the dozen or more forests flourished and been engulfed.

Then came the final quiet, the rumber of the volcano ceased, and its fires were extinguished. But immediately the action of the elements began, and the wearing forces of rain and frost, acting through long ages, have carved out this mountain, in the heart of which may be read the story of its origin. This denudation appears to have been unaccompanied by any great seismic disturbances so often characteristic of mountain building, and consequently when the softer material is worn away from under the trunks they stand upright in the exact positions in which they grew originally.

The fossil forest to be visited is in the vicinity of Yancy's, a stage station on the main route from the Mammoth Hot Springs to Cooke City, Mont. It is about a mile west of the junction of the Lamar river and the Yellowstone, and on the middle slope of a low hill. As one approaches the locality, several trunks are observed standing like the stumps of living trees, and even a nearer approach barely suffices to reveal their true nature, as they are covered with lichens and blackened and discolored by rot and rain. They are, however, vertically the fossil trees, standing upright on the steep hillside, in the same positions in which they grew. The largest trunk is 13 1/2 feet in circumference and about 15 feet in height. It is considerably weathered and must have been much larger when living, for the bark is no longer discernible. The trunks—and there are dozens of them—slightly smaller, and have been weathered down until, in most cases, only a few inches can be seen above the surface. So perfectly are they preserved that each stump shows in the annual rings as distinct as in a freshly cut living tree, and over each tiny ring, with its fine and delicate markings, is also typically perfect.

The next forest is some 10 or 12 miles distant, along the Lamar river, on the west side of which faces the Fossil Forest. In some places perpendicular cliffs many feet in height may be seen. These cliffs have worn away, leaving exposed huge trees, which may be observed from a distance of a mile or more from the valley, standing out in bold relief, as it has been aptly said, "like the pillars of some ancient temple." A closer view shows the most amazing thing to be seen, 6 feet in diameter, and often 20 or 30 feet high, with their great roots running off into the solid rock. A great niche in the face of the wall marks the place from which one of these trunks has fallen. Some of the remaining ones appear ready to fall, while others project but little beyond the face—showing that the mountain is filled with the remains of these trees.—Epoch.

Market Quotations.

"Sir," said the indignant alderman, "are you not aware that were I to vote for your measure I would be exposed to the condemnation of all the good citizens in my ward? And that sort of thing," he added, lowering his voice, "comes pretty high, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Modern Daughter.

"I wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter," said the old-fashioned young man.

"All right," said the old gentleman. "If I can get her permission to give you my permission, go ahead."—Indianapolis Journal.

The man who does not overcome enmity by occupying himself soon tries to fly from it by intertempérance. The idle man is almost necessarily vicious.

Some one says that, although it is said to be family relics sold at auction, the most painful thing under the hammer is generally one's thumb nail.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,200 feet in the water can be heard only 456 feet in the air.

Boston's Horrible Awakening.

"Table board" in Commonwealth avenue. Is this the beginning of the end?—Boston Herald.

## THEATER CURTAINS.

Costly Draperies That Are Used in Some of the London Theaters.

Few have any idea of the money spent by the managers of London theaters in procuring the curtains which hide the stage from public view, nor marked a well known theatrical furnisher to a reporter. Take, for instance, the glorious curtain at Sir Henry Irving's theater, the Lyceum. That curtain, if it cost a penny, cost at least 1,000 guineas. I am told that 1,000 yards of beautiful blood red plush were used to make it complete, and for it Sir Henry Irving is indebted to the Baroness Burdett-Connors, whose name is generally made him a present of the curtain as a tribute to his artistic genius.

A very expensive curtain is that used at the Prince of Wales' theater, Coventry street, now occupied by Mr. Arthur Roberts. Its cost was about 2,000. It is made of boiler plate, is entirely fire-proof and weighs no less than six tons. It is drawn from the stage to the auditorium or vice versa, as the case may be, from the bottom of the curtain respectively rest against and upon a solid wall of brick-work. I believe this, as well as the invention of Mr. C. J. Phipps, the theatrical architect.

Perhaps the most beautiful theater curtain in London—where the finest curtains in the world are to be seen—are those at the Lyceum, to which I have referred, the Palace Theater of Varieties, and the Savoy. The Palace curtain is a real work of art, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte must have had a very small fortune upon its make. It is a beautiful dream of gold and various other colored silks, and something like 600 square yards of silk were used in its manufacture. I am told that the director of the Paris Opera was almost thunderstruck when, during Mr. Carte's production of "Ivanhoe," he saw the curtain for the first time.

The Savoy curtain must have cost £200 if a penny, its material being of the finest gold plush. Another expensive curtain was that bought by Mr. Charles Wyndham for the Criterion. It cost over £120, being made by Meryle of "Ivanhoe," he saw the curtain for the first time.

Most of the other London houses, and probably all the country theaters, content themselves with the old fashioned curtain of canvas, sometimes with a scene and sometimes with imitation curtains painted upon it. The cost of these varies of course, and may run from £20 to £200, according to the amount of work put into them and the artist engaged to paint the scene.

Followed Tolstoi's Example.

Prince Dimitri Khilkov, a Russian nobleman, has followed Tolstoi's advice and divided his estates among his peasants, having reserved only seven acres for himself, which he cultivates to support his family.

IN THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD

Brain and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Wasting of the nervous system, headache and other ailments, are daily occurrences, as the system when exhausted against such untoward events with Hostetter's Stomach Balm, the most helpful medicine of the week, worn out and worn in. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and malaria.

Outside of a smart woman is one who spreads newspapers on her parlor shelves, with stopping to read every poem and story in them.

\$20,000 ORDER FOR TYPEWRITERS

The Western Union Telegraph Company has placed an order for 2,000 Blickensderfer typewriters, for use in their offices throughout the United States. This is perhaps the largest order ever placed for typewriters, and is certainly a strong testimony to the superior merits of the Blickensderfer Machine. We understand this machine embodies the latest patented improvements (and weighing but 6 pounds it is easily carried), and equals any high priced machine in quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. The Blickensderfer is ready for sale in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Agents are wanted in every county in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

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FOR CURES SCROFULA, BLOOD POISON, AND THE BLOOD CURES CANCER, ECZEMA, TETTER.

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IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS

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