

If You Want The Best.

ALTHOUGH you may have had good luck with a few failures in making cake and biscuit in the old-fashioned way with soda and sour milk, or soda and cream of tartar, you will have better luck and (following directions) no failures with the Royal Baking Powder.

The truth of this must be evident when you remember that in the leading hotels and restaurants, and in the homes of our city cousins, where the latest and best methods are invariably employed, and where the most beautiful and dainty food is always set out for the guests, the Royal Baking Powder is exclusively used for all quickly risen food.

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

A Question That Troubles Literary People.

A crucial question is, "Typewriter, or no typewriter?" At a "symposium" on this subject, George Spinnery, of the New York Times, said, "Typewriter copy is much the easier to edit." Ballard Smith, the managing editor of The World, agreed that "typewriter copy is the only good copy to have." Richard Watson Gilder, of The Century, replied, "I much prefer type-written copy. It is better for the eye and more pacifying to the nerves." Mr. Carrington, of Scribner's, although he admires the fine old Italian hand in vogue among the older authors, says that even a thoroughly legible hand and clear copy is not so welcome to the editor as a typewritten MS. The Dramatic Development society of New York demands that all manuscripts submitted by its members shall be typewritten by its own typewriter. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of St. Nicholas, is reported never to refuse a manuscript except such as is typewritten. Kipling, although a most rapid writer with the pen, has been recently introduced to the machine and has knocked off some of his most telling verses with its aid.

Still, one can scarcely imagine Hawthorne pounding out "The Scarlet Letter" on the typewriter, or Keats pouring out "Endymion" to the clicking accompaniment of the noisy machine. Emily A. Thackeray in New York Echo.

Olds & King,
PORTLAND,
OREGON.

any address on receipt of 17 CENTS and 10 CENTS extra for postage. We are agents for the STANDARD PATENT TYPEWRITER and the ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS. Send for our illustrated Catalogue. We mail it free of charge.

Commencement

Days are near. And we are ready with the largest, newest stock of BOYS' and YOUTHS' SUITS to be found in the Pacific Northwest. Mothers should send for our catalogue for measurement for their boys, schools and colleges should get our prices.

A. B. Steinbach & Co.,
Cor. First and Morrison Streets,
PORTLAND, OR.

We have the very largest stock at the lowest prices.

Letters from Mothers

Speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

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

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-five years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Got the Genuine! Sold Everywhere! FRANK WOOLSEY, Agent, Portland, Or.

Opium Habits Cured in 10 to 20 Days. DR. J. STEPHEN, London, Eng.

IN SARK.

Abrast and ahead of the sea in a creaky front of wind whence terror is shed. As a shadow of death from the wings of the darkness on waters that thunder. Abrast and ahead.

At its edge is a sepulcher hollowed and hewn for a lone man's bed. Propped open with rock and agape on the sky and sea surrender. But roofed and walled in from the wrath of them slept its dead.

Here might not a man drink rapture of rest, or delight alone wander. Being, a soul embodied, the days and nights that shed. With splendor and sound of the tempest around and above him and under. Abrast and ahead.

—A. C. Swinburne.

ON THE BRIDGE.

When I tell you, my only friend, to whom I so rarely write and whom I more rarely see, that my lonely life has not been without love for woman, you will perhaps laugh or doubt.

"What?" you will say, "that giant old specter in his attic, with his books, his tobacco and his three flower pots? He would not know that there is such a word as love did he not encounter it now and then in his reading?"

True, I have divided my days between the books in a rich man's counting room and those in my attic. True, again, I have never been more than merely passable to look at, even in my best days.

Yet I have loved a woman.

During the five years when my elder brother lay in the hospital across the river, where he died, it was my custom to visit him every Sunday. I enjoyed the afternoon walk to the suburbs, where the air has more of nature in it, especially that portion of the walk which lay upon the bridge. More life than was usual upon the bridge moved there on Sunday. Then the cars were crowded with people seeking the parks. Many crossed on foot, stopping to look idly down at the dark and sluggish water.

One afternoon, as I stood thus leaning over the parapet, the sound of a woman's gentle laugh caused me to turn and curiously inquire its source. The woman and a man were approaching. At the side of the woman walked soberly a handsome dog—a collie. There was that in their appearance and manner which plainly told me that here were husband and wife, of the middle class, intelligent but poor, out for a stroll. That they were quite devoted to each other was easily discoverable.

The man looked about thirty years of age, was tall, slender and with neither strong nor handsome, but amiable face. He was doubtless a clerk fit to be something better.

The woman was perhaps twenty-four. She was not quite beautiful, yet she was more than pretty. She was of good size and figure, and the short plush coat that she wore, and the manner in which she kept her hands thrust in the pockets thereof, gave to her a daintier air which the quiet and affectionate expression of her face softened.

She was a brunette, her eyes being large and distinctly dark brown, her face having that peculiar complexion which is most quickly affected by any change in health.

The color of her cheeks, the dark rim under her eyes, and other indefinite signs indicated some radical ailment. (In the quick glance that I had of that pair while the woman was smiling, a feeling of pity came over me. I have never detected the exact cause of that emotion. Perhaps in the woman's face I read the trace of past bodily and mental suffering; perhaps a subtle mark that death had already set there.

Neither the woman nor her husband noticed me as they passed. The dog regarded me cautiously with the corner of his eye. I probably noted the man's thought of the three again had I not seen them upon the bridge, under not the same circumstances on the next Sunday.

So these young and then happy people walked here every Sunday, I thought. This, perhaps, was an event looked forward to throughout the week. The husband, doubtless, was kept a prisoner and slave at his desk from morning until Saturday night, with respite only for eating and sleeping. Such cases are common, even with people who can think and who have some taste for luxury, and who are not devoid of love for the beautiful.

The sight of happiness which exists despite the cruelty of fate and man, and which is temporarily unconscious of its own liability to corruption and extinction, invariably fills me with sadness. And the sadness which arose at the contemplation of these two beings began in me a strange sympathy for and interest in them.

On Sundays thereafter I would go early to the bridge and wait until they passed, for it proved that this was their habitual Sunday walk. Sometimes they would pause and join those who gazed down at the black river. I would, now and again, remain standing, and I would look back from a distance. The bridge would then appear to me an abrupt ascent, rising to the dense city, and their two figures would stand out clearly against the background.

It became a matter of care to me to observe each Sunday whether the health of either had varied during the previous week. The husband, always pale and slight, showed little change, and that infrequently. But the fluctuations of the woman, as indicated by complexion, gait, expression and otherwise, were numerous and pronounced. Often she looked brighter and more robust than on the preceding Sunday. Her face would be then rounded out, and the dark crescents beneath her eyes would be less marked. Then I found myself elated.

But on the next Sunday the cheeks had receded slightly, the healthy luster of the eyes had given way to an ominous glow; the warning of death had returned. Then my heart would sink, and, sighing, I would murmur inaudibly: "This is one of the bad Sundays."

There came a time when every Sunday was a bad one.

What made me love this woman? Simply the unmistakable completeness and constancy of her devotion to her husband—the absorption of the woman in the wife. I had the strange ways of feeling ever made known to her by chance, and had she swerved from that devotion even to render me back love for love, then my own adoration for her would surely have departed.

Yes, I loved her—to fill one's life with thoughts of a woman, in fancy to see her face by day and night, if to have the will to die for her or to bear

pain for her—if these and many more things mean love.

My richest joy was to see her content with her husband, and the darkest work of my life was to anticipate the termination of their happiness.

So the Sundays passed. One afternoon I waited until almost dusk, yet the couple did not appear.

For seven Sundays in succession I did not meet them upon their wonted walk.

On the eighth Sunday I saw the dog first, then the man. The latter was looking over the railing. The woman was not with him. Apparently I sought with my eyes his face. Much grief and loneliness were depicted there.

Was he or I the greater mourner? I wonder.

I suppose two years passed after that day ere I again beheld the widow—whose name I do not and probably never shall know—upon the bridge. The dog was not with him this time. It was a fine, sunny afternoon in May. Grief was no longer in his face. By his side was a very pretty, animated, rosy little woman whom I had never seen before. They walked close to each other, and she looked with the utmost tenderness into his face. She evidently was not yet entirely accustomed to the wedding ring which I observed upon her finger.

I think that tears came to my eyes at this sight. Those great brown eyes, the plush sack, the lovely face that had borne the impress of sorrow and so speedily had felt death—these might never have existed so soon had they been forgotten by the one being in the world for whom that face had worn the aspect of a perfect love.

Yet one upon whom those eyes never rested has been remembered. And early the memory of her is mine to weep, since her whose right it was to cherish it, had allowed himself to be divorced from it in so brief a time.

The memory of her is with me always, fills my soul, beautifies my life, makes gross and radiant this existence which all who know me think cold, bleak empty, repellent.

For will I laugh then, my friend, when I tell you that love is not to me a thing unknown.

So runs a part of the last letter to my father that the old bookkeeper ever wrote.—R. N. S. in Philadelphia Press.

How Talmage Was Converted.

You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country many years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said, "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold, but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Physical Development as a Guide.

A paper on the scientific measurement of children was read before the Bromley (England) Naturalists' society. The author, Rev. E. A. Soames, said he found such measurements as he described, taken every term, a good guide as to whether his pupils could be pressed with work or not. If the increase in height and the weight far, according to the height, he does not fear to press them; but, on the other hand, the weight is low, or if the height increases and not the weight, or if the increase in height is too rapid, he thinks it a very fair excuse for laziness, and takes great care that too much work is not expected from them.

What a "Filled" Case Is.

To save the God and strengthen the case of watches, Joseph Fahey, a clever hand, born in French Switzerland nearly half a century ago, rolled out two plates of gold and pasting a plate of composition metal between made a "filled case." Since then he has brought the process to perfection, and his filled cases are now known to every jeweler on earth. They are not plated cases. They would, without the composition metal filling, be a double case thicker than heavy writing paper.—New York Truth.

All Curves to the Made Straight.

Some day railroads will have in them no dangerous and deadly curves. Over half the disastrous collisions and a large percentage of run-offs are caused by curves. Of course, it will sometimes be found difficult to straighten out a curve and keep a legitimate grade, but if the laws required all railroads to go straight in all cuts and passing a plate of composition metal between made a "filled case." Since then he has brought the process to perfection, and his filled cases are now known to every jeweler on earth. They are not plated cases. They would, without the composition metal filling, be a double case thicker than heavy writing paper.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Working for Their Board.

Two famous philosophers—Menelaus and Asclepiades—when pursuing their studies at Athens, were enabled to pay for their support and schooling by acting as millers after school hours, receiving the manifold sum of thirty cents (two drachmas) per night. Happily their fellow students, upon hearing this, raised a subscription sufficient to defray the expenses of these deserving young men.—Detroit Free Press.

Tarantulas Are Enemies.

Tarantulas are considered deadly foes to each other and are seldom found in company. When imprisoned together there is a fight, one succumbs, and is eaten by the victor. Nature has a service in making the tarantulas so hideous and formidable to this repulsive beast that no greater number of persons are sent. The sight of the great hairy spider crawling near by will cause a cold creeping sensation down the back of almost anyone.—Florence Companion.

Machine-Made Love.

Clarice—And so your engagement with Matilda is really off? Isabel—Yes. I got tired of machine-made love. Clarice—Machine-made love? What do you mean? Isabel—He wrote all his letters on a typewriter.—Exchange.

Competitive games, especially in intercollegiate, in which many elements combine to carry the excitement to the highest degree, are dangerous, not only in the final decisive struggle, but in the long preliminary training.

Important Things in Court.

A witness was testifying that he met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter called the waiter and said:—"One moment," exclaimed the counsel for the defense, "I object to what he said." Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said.

"Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory.

"Well," replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a breakfast and fried potatoes.'"

A FINE PLACE FOR BOYS.

Holt's Oak Grove School is unquestionably one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. It is located near Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of Ira G. Holt, Ph.D., ex-State Superintendent, with a first-class corps of seven teachers. The place is beautiful and healthy. The number of pupils is limited to fifty so that special individual attention may be given to each.

A farmer who wished to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition wrote as follows to the secretary:—"Enter me for a jackass."

SELF-PRAISE.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that Holt's OAK GROVE PLACERS are the only genuine and reliable placers made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to refer to the numerous testimonials of those who have used them.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Holt's OAK GROVE PLACERS, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

"Was the charity ball a success?" "Oh, my, yes. Our deficit was only \$40, and the charity society will have to pay it."

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effective cough remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

REPTILES AND PILES CURED.

Drizzle—How long did that new play of yours run? Finkel—Till it got in the next law.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh of the Bladder cured by Dr. J. C. HENRY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known J. C. Henry for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

W. W. FEARDOY, Pres. & Genl. Man. O. & M. E. R.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

CINCINNATI, O.—Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I slipped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely injured ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Success exceeding my expectations, and my car and my mind were most generously with me and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were purchased, and the oil was rubbed into my injured ankle at once in a relief from pain, which had well-nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days.

THE PAIN STOPS.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

This GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures all Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and cures you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For full particulars of this cure, see SHILOH'S CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50c. Injector free.

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BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons and all sorts and conditions of travelers, emigrants and new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventive and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in seasickness, nausea, indigestion, biliousness, liver and bowel troubles, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the malarial fever of the tropics to the malarial fever of the Mississippi to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this benignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

In the drama of life the ocean has the principal role.

Try GEMMA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for cleansing your system.

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comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by man's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weakness, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she is overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels acids and poisons, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy no sure and unfailing that can be given. If it does not benefit or cure, you have your money back.

OUR DESIGNS, metal and prices are unequalled. Write for prices to A. F. ELLENHEIMER, LEADERS, PORTLAND, JEWELLER, —CORNER— FIRST and MORRISON STREETS.

SCHOOL MEDALS.

Rolling Chairs, Reclining Chairs, Back Rests, Commodes.

W. A. SCHROCK, 21 N. Washington St., S. E.

DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS.

A MILD PHYSIC