

# Why not, indeed?

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

**"Our Baby."**  
She was a tiny little girl, with dirty, sun-tanned hair, a blue calico dress and bare feet. She carried in her arms a baby half as large as herself, and the baby was so heavy that it sagged down in the middle, giving the infant the appearance of being held by the feet and nose—the neck. There was some excitement around the corner of the next block on Wash street, and the children were hurrying forward like mad from all directions. The little girl tried to run, but the baby was too heavy, and her breath gave out. Said I, in a spirit of badinage:  
"Drop the baby, sis, and go see what the trouble is."  
She stopped and stared at me.  
"Isay, put the baby down on the sidewalk and run."  
"You must take me for a fool, mister." "Why?"  
"Cos this is our baby."  
"Well, suppose it is. I'll stay here and watch it for you."  
"No, yer won't, mister. Yer might carry it off."  
"What if I did? Ain't you tired carrying it around and making your back ache?"  
"Naw, I ain't. Say, mister, this is the only little baby we've got, and if yer only knowed how she can crawl and laugh yer wouldn't want me to do no such thing. This baby ain't got no no 'cept 'n' me, and me and me couldn't do 'bout her. She sets up in a high chair at the table and crows and kicks while me and pa eats, and at night I rock her to sleep like ma used to do. When ma died the baby didn't know no better, but just laugher and hollered, and I cried so I couldn't keep her still. Put her down on the sidewalk! Fool-killer! I'll git you, mister, if you stay around here long!"—St. Louis Republic.

**In the House of Commons.**  
"My dear sir," observed the great man to me as he lit another cigarette, "you must understand that nothing is as useful to be here. Times are changed, so are manners; so is the shape of people's hats. Look at that fellow, Milkpot, who is passing us now—observe that monstrous he has on his head, a Mexican sombrero. It for the pumps or the mountains—who would have dreamed of entering the house of commons wearing such a thing in Lord Palmerston's time? Look at the brim, sir! It spreads over the terrace like an awning! Milkpot might hold a tea party under it. That shows what is going on."  
"We don't even dress like gentlemen any more. A man may do anything now and no one will think the worse of him. It used to be understood that divisions should not be sprung upon us in the dinner hour, or at other unseemly times, and consequently we could go away comfortably and dine without fear of coming back and finding the ship sold. But now we are obliged to be here all through a sitting—we dare not leave the place, even for ten minutes."  
"Well, we cannot always be stuck on the treasury bench, like so many enchanted apes, and if we go into the library some body is sure to be after us with a question, or a deputation, or a request which is utterly irregular, not to say disgusting. So you see it has become necessary to provide each of us with a room. A lot of servants and clerks have been turned out of this part of the house, and here we are in their places. Come in, and I will show you mine."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Dogs are not the only animals emotionally affected by music. Cats sometimes show great fondness for playing and singing, though music does not appear to affect them to the point of howling.

A man falls on the icy pavement and breaks his leg; he carries a quart of milk in a tin pail without a cover; he does not lose a drop of it.

**How to Come to a Stop.**  
When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recipe how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

**THE TRAIN STOPS.**  
CINCINNATI, O.—Recently while in the act of alighting from my train, I was suddenly struck by a car, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely injured ankle.

**THE MANAGER STOPS.**  
Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into a car, and my own kindred remedies, but to no avail.

**A POINT TO STOP AT.**  
Reading a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days.

W. W. FERRIS, JR.  
Pres. & Genl. Man. O. & M. R. K.

**The Pain Stops.**

**"German Syrup"**  
My niece, Emeline Hawley, was taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

N. P. N. U. No. 502—S. F. N. U. No. 579

## A PARADOX OF ACTING.

EXPERIENCES OF A RESOURCEFUL MANAGER WITH A PLAY.

Looking for a Star Who Would Be Willing to Make Love to a Mummy—Marrying an Actress to Secure Her Services. Mummy Replaced by Dummy.

"The paradox of acting!" said the manager, thoughtfully, "I should say I'd seen something of what you'd call the paradox of acting. Why, I should say I have. It's some under my observation once it's come under it a hundred times, and in one case—look here, when did you last see 'A Dead Mash'?"

"Why, 'A Dead Mash' has been the greatest success I ever handled, and I'm only taking it off the road this year because—see here, perhaps the name of Miss Doty Devoe, the leading lady, has never been brought to your attention? If you've heard of Miss Devoe you have heard of her as a charming, vivacious, piquant and original, in fact the most talented actress now on the farce-comedy boards. Exactly."

"About a year before 'A Dead Mash' was rehearsed the play was in my hands waiting for a star. There was nobody I cared about giving it to. You recollect the time. A young girl falls in love with a mummy in the second scene. It was his duty, now, the responsibility of finding the right woman for it weighed on me."

"One day I learned that a little girl, name and professional antecedents unknown to fame, had caught the town in Boston in a topical act in a rank comic opera. I went on to see her. House crowded, company gay, opera inappreciated! But the little girl! It was just the most perfectly irresistible thing you ever imagined. She had a topical song, 'Teach the Baby to Talk'—the one bright thing in the opera—and by a stroke of genius she gave her a parrot as well as a baby."

"You understand the idea. The parrot clipped in with the things she was trying to teach the baby, and the effect was out of sight. Of course it didn't take me a moment to see that, though the parrot was live enough, it was one of the dumb breed, and that the speaking was done from the flies. But it was billed as a trained bird, and the audience took it all in and was in ecstasies."

"I made up my mind on the spot I had found my star, and before I left town Miss Doty Devoe had engaged with me for the ensuing season, and the parrot was being sent round to the papers. I filed up my company for 'A Dead Mash,' fixed August for rehearsals and arranged to meet Miss McPherson—real name—and her aunt's week or two beforehand, so as to get things quickly in shape between us."

"My dear sir, such was the personal charm and ingenuously of the young lady that it took me and the author a week to discover that she was not the girl who had been billed as a trained bird, and that she couldn't act at all—not a little bit! She was simply incompetent."

"If a man could go over Niagara falls and retain consciousness he would, I know how I felt. I talked to little Doty as kindly as I could and tried to give her an idea or two, but it was no use. She was heartbroken—there it stopped."

"Finally, in desperation, I telegraphed all over the country to try to run up another star, I pressed her again about the topical song, and she whimpered out that she liked parrots and had always just loved babies, and she didn't like mummies, and that was all there was to it."

## HE WOULD NOT LEAVE THE COLONY.

A Prisoner Who Climbed a Coconut Tree and Defied a Regiment.

It is the custom in the British army that whenever a regiment is transferred from one colony to another prisoners who may be in the jail are handed over to the outgoing corps and continue their sentences at the new station. In one case on last a prisoner made up his mind that he would not leave the colony.

Private Johnson was one of the smartest men in the corps, and furthermore he was an excellent groom and almost a "cordon bleu." He had one sad failing. He was a thief. His pecuniations had, however, been generally small, and he had escaped serious punishment. One night a large store in the town was broken into and a considerable amount of money stolen. It was conclusively proved that Johnson was the thief, and he was sent to jail. When the regiment was leaving the colony, Johnson, with some other soldier prisoners, was to be handed over according to custom. When, however, his cell was visited, it was empty, and there was not a sign of Johnson anywhere.

A search was made in every direction, and at last a prisoner made up his mind to climb a coconut tree which grew in the middle of the prison yard, and there comfortably seated among the tuft of leaves was Johnson. The warden at first tried to get the man down by quiet persuasion, and then he threatened, then stormed and swore. Johnson laughed contentedly at every mood, but did not move. The fact was reported to the colonial secretary, who recommended that the first sergeant be called out and the man washed down. The chief of the fire department hardly thought it was consonant with his dignity to wash a prisoner out of a coconut tree and reported that there was not pressure of water enough to get a stream to the top of the tree. This was probably true, for the tree was tall one.

The case was again referred to the colonial secretary, who took it before the governor. His excellency was having luncheon with some of the departing officers and their friends and was having a good time. He was vexed that at such a time he should be troubled with official work, as he had to glance over the document he added the following instructions: "Cut the fellow down. I mean the tree."

"I could only be done by the engineering department, and orders were sent out to find the chief engineer. While all this was going on, time was slipping away. Almost all the troops were on board the troopship, and as these vessels wait for no one the escort which had been sent to bring Johnson down to the ship had to hurry off, not to be late itself. Johnson believed a farewell, and despite the strong language of the warden he still refused to move. Before the engineering department had come to a conclusion as to how to cut down the tree and lower it gradually, the troopship had up anchor and was steaming off the harbor."

Then Johnson climbed down the tree and finished his sentence on the island, to which he had taken a fancy. His conviction had carried with it his "discharge" from the island, and he did not move. He was soon in easy circumstances. He had undoubtedly hidden his stolen property, and after his release dug it up and started in business. When Johnson was last seen, he was flourishing and had a large coconut grove around his cottage.

**Business Enterprise.**  
"Talk about business enterprise," said Frank L. Perley, a circus man. "Away back in 1885 we had a young fellow with us who was getting \$15 and his board. The night Jumbo was killed in St. Thomas this boy developed in an amazing way all sympathizing with poor old Jumbo and wondering how we could replace him. The youngster was thinking of something else. You know the tail of an elephant has at the very tip a bunch of thick hair very much like a brush. This hair got under the fence and had pulled every hair out of Jumbo's tail. His business at the circus was to sell balloons to children. Well, there every day he would go to the tent and the next afternoon he was selling them for \$1 apiece as relics of the great giant. He sold 75 of them and practically found \$75. The other one he kept for himself and still wears it as his mascot."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Ruth Said Her Verse.**  
Little Ruth can read very nicely, and her mother is so proud of her that she shall become familiar with the Bible, so that when she is obliged to leave home to be gone five months she told Ruth she would bring her home a muff if she would say a Bible verse every night before she went to bed. Ruth promised that she would. Mamma came home at the end of the five months. Before presenting the muff she said: "How about the verses, Ruth?" "That's mamma's nice girl. You must have learned a good many in five months, dear." "Why, I always said the very same one." "The same one all the time! What was that?" "Jesus wept," said Ruth. It wasn't just what mother expected, but Ruth got the muff.—Boston Globe.

**Billiard Room in Houses.**  
Houses will soon be all top. Men will go up stairs to play billiards when they will not go down. Up stairs there is greater freedom of conversation. Fathers have discovered that if there is a well equipped billiard room near the roof, with good air, an unrestricted outlook, adequate privacy and satisfactory means of refreshment, their sons, after business hours, are much more apt to come home and bring their friends with them to play until dinner than to go to their clubs.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## The Victoria Cross.

The question is often asked, How many officers are entitled to wear the Victoria Cross? I am able to answer the question. The mere statement of number reveals at once the exclusive character of this reward for valor.

No less, however, than thirty-nine general officers are entitled to wear it—an indication of the fact that promotion to exalted military rank in England has in a great many cases been the reward of his role merit. Thirty colonels and lieutenant colonels are entitled to wear the decoration, twenty-two majors, eleven captains, eight lieutenants and five quartermasters possess the same privilege.

Fifty-nine of the medals, however, are held by noncommissioned officers and privates, thirty-four being in possession of privates, five of lance corporals, three of corporals, seven of sergeants, six of color sergeants, two of quartermaster sergeants and two sergeant majors. One clergyman possesses the medal, the Rev. J. W. Adams, who was formerly attached to the Bengal ecclesiastical establishment.—Manchester Examiner.

**HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL.**  
Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal. A first-class home school for boys. Beautiful surroundings. Superior instruction. The best of care. Its graduates for 1886 are admitted to the State University of Stanford University without examination. Number of pupils limited. Fall term commences August 1. Send for catalogue and mention this paper. Ira Hoitt, Principal, Master, ex-State Superintendent Public Instruction.

Mr. Olden (growing romantically)—Ah, how I wish I had lived in the knightly days of old! Miss Youngblood (growing weary)—Didn't you?

**DECIDEDLY SHAKY.**  
A trembling hand, an uncertain step, dizziness, a head-ache, a feeling of coming from one place or posture to another, usually mental annoyance at unexpected noises, are among the symptoms of an exhausted nervous system. These seem trifling, but the health of men and women in this condition is "decidedly shaky," liable to be overthrown disastrously by causes which the vigorous might defy. To fortify the nervous system, a course of treatment consisting of this is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which restores the habit of body to a permanently regular basis, thus renewing that body equilibrium, which is followed by a gain of strength and nerve tranquility. For kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, and as a preventive of the first attack or subsequent return of malarial disorders, this medicine is without a peer. Three daily take a teaspoonful.

Whibles—Was his death a case of accident or suicide?—A Kentucky barroom. He called for spring water in a Kentucky barroom.

**ERUPTION OF THE SKIN CURED.**  
Ed Venney, Brockville, Ontario, Canada, says: "I have used BRANDETH'S PILLS for the past fifteen years, and think them the best cathartic and anti-bilious remedy known. For some five years I suffered with an eruption of the skin that gave me great pain and annoyance. I tried different blood remedies, but, although gaining strength, the itching was unrelieved. I finally concluded to take the course of BRANDETH'S PILLS. I took six each night for four nights, then five, four, three, two, lessening each time by one, and then for one month took one every night, with the happy result that now my skin is perfectly clear and has never since."

It is an effort in behalf of a retributive justice that is urging the attempt to freeze out the ice combine in Washington.

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We positively cure rupture, piles and all other diseases without pain or detention from business by a course of BRANDETH'S PILLS. For particulars apply to Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, the only constitutional cure on the market. It takes internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood, and mucus surfaces of the system. It cures one hundred cases for any case of cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Great Discoverer cures every one of them. It prevents them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms of indigestion, loss of appetite, dizziness, depression, and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In building up strength and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discoverer." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings light, health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, all Scrofulous, Skin, and Scap Diseases, it is the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

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