

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will until used, and make more wholesome food.

When Women Need Prizes.

Did you ever know the ardent admiration men have for white? If a man be in love with a woman, and has not yet told her, a white face, moist with soft, pretty material will make him tell her she is the most adorable woman on earth, and for the moment it is one of those precious illusions that form the charm of life.

Do women like these illusions? Yes! They make up for the many miserable moments of pretense; moments when she looks the world in the face with smiling lips and bright words. When among the gay she is seemingly the gayest, and all the while her eyes are full of unshed tears over things which she cannot alter.

When she grows tired of hiding her true feelings. In concealing her loves and her hatreds. In covering her sorrows, even her joys.

When she tells you she really does not care to go some place or get some particular thing, and all the time her whole being is aching to be gratified. When she looks back and regrets, looks forward and grieves. When she strives to think thought and struggle memory, and all the while her speech is filled with mirth and laughter.

When her existence is colorless, which she could alter but would not for some one's sake. In such moments as these it is that she appreciates these little illusions. While these are for the moment and then pass away, yet in passing leave a trace. So he not sparing in words that will lead to them. Do not keep your precious words locked as a miser does his coin; put them in circulation. Let them get worn, perhaps, in handling, but they will always be sure to bring happiness.

So when you see a woman with smiling lips and soft looking eyes, praise her! That's what she wants. She is starting for it and her eyes are mutely begging for it. And yet she hides it all and you are so stupid you will not see it.

Prize her even exceedingly. She will not believe you, perhaps. But she likes it and will bless you for it.—Music and Drama.

A Natural Query.

Briggs—Did you hear that Winger had married the president of a cooking school?

Griggs—No. Where does he get his meals?—Truth.

Her Name.

"Why do you call your new cook Miss Griggs?"

"Because she loves company."—Life.

In the Early Days

of cod liver oil its use was limited to easing those far advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the prevention and cure of consumption.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

Prepared by Scott, Borden & Co., New York, N.Y.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Have you been afflicted with Dropsy? It is a disease of the kidneys, and is caused by a general weakness of the system. It is a disease of the kidneys, and is caused by a general weakness of the system.

Hercules Gas Engine

(GAS OR GASOLINE) Made for Power or Pumping Purpose. The Cheapest Reliable Gas Engine on the Market.

OUT OF ENGINE AND PUMP.

For Simplicity It Beats the World. It calls itself from a Reservoir. No Carburetor to get out of order. No Batteries or Electric Spark.

It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other engine.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS 461 Cass Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PORTLAND, OREGON N. P. N. U. No. 818—S. F. N. U. No. 690

MOONSHINE.

Through curtains, moonlight bathes the room. The night-dress of the lace draws forms grotesque and weird upon surrounding gloom. Which vivid fancy into color warms. Here on the wall a sharp and dark profile Which momentarily grows plain to view. And, as I live, its sweet eyes seem to smile And beam on me as if they knew I knew. From either side, in dinner light I trace The heavenly drapery round the haloed face. It is the dear child who has left me here To dream of her with many a bitter tear. It may be trickery of the moonlight moon. But even this converse is a precious boon.—J. W. Schwartz in New York World.

THE VOICE OF AN ECHO

Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose holed tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a September night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, buttressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the flood of ghostly light, and if the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view, they were amply repaid. From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them hidden by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their object. The moonlight had set them to thinking of themselves now," said Kinnaird.

Suddenly, as Mrs. Hugonin hung distracted and in doubt, the cliff before them seemed to speak. "My dear, I have simply had to wait, that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again." Poor Mrs. Hugonin's breath came and went, an unwilling messenger of passion—or, it might be, of sentiment. "Perhaps I was in the wrong," she said. "But why did you not think more of yourself?" "I am thinking of myself now," said Kinnaird.

She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her elbows on the ledge, gazed without speaking at the haunted dell. Kinnaird gave a little laugh behind her. "Margaret," he said, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again."

"Why, particularly?" she asked, without turning her head. "Oh, all this summer," he replied. "She did not ask him to be more explicit. It is certainly an idea, played upon by a half-sister. 'Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature restore one's youth. One may feel young again, but one is not younger.'"

"I am not so sure of that," said Kinnaird. "I should like to argue the point with you—if it could be argued."

"You have not a word to say," said Mrs. Hugonin, with an incoherent shrug of her shoulder. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

Kinnaird stroked his mustache thoughtfully for a moment, and then he said, "I am not a dispassionate" he observed.

"You said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful laugh. 'Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment in a century in your speech. Society could order you to contribute'."

"Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she said gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You provoked with your recollections? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently. "Come," he said, "you have not right to be ironical. Though I once let myself go, it was because I thought you wished to be released."

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hugonin, "I did not know you were serious or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"I am entirely serious," he said. "Really," said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago. Then she drew herself up proudly. 'Can't be that after all this time you have conceived the childish whim of forcing me to an apology?'"

"No, hardly that," he said. "I am ready to make it," she went on. "But if I do?"

Kinnaird moved to the window beside him and laid a hand on her shoulder. "You are much mistaken," he said, in the untutored voice that so provoked her. "You must indeed think that I am taking leave of my years. I never had much youth, I think, but what I had was in the past. I never made a pet of. Look over there at the rocks, and what do you see?"

"The rocks make me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone Mountain together. And when we reached the ravine, you were in the lead, and I followed you. Now I did it because I felt that if you fell I could catch you."

"You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first and made you cling to me—pardon me—coat tails."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin, half laughing. "But I can't think it does us any good to talk it over now."

"After that," said Kinnaird, pursuing his subject, "I acted consistently on the same mistaken theory. And when it came to the question of giving you up I thought always of you first. That was why I gave you up—which you naturally considered a weakness."

It did not escape Mrs. Hugonin that a dormant weakness of her own was reviving under the continued stress of this absurd conversation—a weakness for sentiment. But she was too tired to break her tact under her friend for breaking their tact under her friend.

She was a man, she thought, she would never confess at forty to the incompetence of twenty-five. That Kinnaird did so, but absolved her again. Also, she reflected, she had had a headache recently, and therefore it was very lucky this conversation had not been started yesterday, or she would have been much more provoked than she was now.

"I shall not stop you," she said in a half mischievous tone. "Go on—I'm not angry. You will perhaps admit that if there is anything rankling it is as well for you to abuse me and have it over, even after all these years, whose obituary we have written."

"My dear, my darling," he said, his strong hand clasping her so quickly that she involuntarily her arm struggled like a bird's wing to wrest itself away. "It is well she me to tell the only woman I ever loved that I love her still and do not mean to let her go again."

"Margaret, I love you more than ever."

"It is impossible," she said. "You cannot, cannot be in earnest," she stammered. "Why, you have never told me."

"Never—until now," he laughed. "I learned something when I lost you the first time—my darling!"

"This," said Mrs. Hugonin, partially covering herself, "is folly, Arthur. And it is most unfair."

"Unfair," he said, "to want you for my wife? No, you mean unfair to take you off your guard. I will not quibble with your words," he said, smiling. "May the hour and the scene suggest to you all that they will. May they bring you back to—it was twenty that you were—when it all happened. Margaret, when you were twenty-six, I went away from the city of all my hopes, but before I turned my back on it I did as many a refugee had done before me. I sealed up my treasures and hid them, and my store is where I left it. That is why I want you to marry me. All that I had looked forward to telling you—when you were twenty—all that I had to say to you, the secret heart that I had been piling up for our married life, is intact, and now I want you to share it with me."

He paused a moment and then went on: "My dear, I have simply had to wait, that is all. But, please heaven, we will begin again."

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"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "it is 11 o'clock!"

"It is," said Kinnaird. "And we must positively go back to the hotel at once. We are a scandal, Arthur—and you know for I saw you start, too."

She began to smile. "Do you see nothing in the augury?" she asked. "The augury?"

"We are two old fools," she said. "Think of our age! In his bed, Arthur. 'Think of my thirty years'—he is quiet, if you please. I choose to be thirty for formality's sake. It is only the night and the moonlight. When I sleep I think we are young. We ought to be respectively at home. It is only an echo. Ah, my dear old friend, we have had our past and it is over. Yours have been unhappy and I am old, so very sorry. But you are contented now and what is more, you are kind and strong—it is better as it is. Take me back to the hotel—and we shall beware of echoes in future."

"I thought you said you had grown old," said Kinnaird. "It is only youth that refuses the echo."

And he took her in his arms and kissed her—Philadelphia Times.

Keeping Warm Economically. In his memoirs, Jules Simon relates how he earned his college expenses, when, by the loss of a scholarship were reduced to about fifty dollars.

I never had any pocket money, but I do not remember once regretting it. Even the indispensable fifty dollars were not easy to get.

Happily for me, it was customary for upper class students to tutor beginners, fully for a month or for three fractions of a month. I had classes from half past 6 to 8 in the morning, and from 6 to 7 in the evening. Every evening in the winter I went to my class, lantern in hand, but poorly protected against the rain by my calico shirt.

After all I did not earn enough to pay my entire debt to my landlady. She was a kind hearted woman, but she would not think of it, but I was terribly unhappy about it.

At commencement I took all the first prizes. I received a gold medal, and for four dollars, so that I suddenly found myself rich. I paid my debt, bought a cloth coat and a pair of shoes and allowed myself the luxury of new text books in place of my ragged ones.

I do not count those years at Vannes among the hard ones of my life, though certainly we students were not too comfortable. I once let myself go, it was because I thought you wished to be released."

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Roses All the Year Round.

Splendid as the blooms of the June ones are, we want roses all summer long. Hence have to look to the tea, Chinas, Bourbons and similar ones to give them to us, and they won't disappoint us. Summer roses, as we call them, bloom from first to last, giving us their smaller, though sweet scented, flowers until freezing weather comes. When the cool nights of fall come, they make a glorious display of flowers, allowing of the cutting of many a bouquet. The well-known Hermosa, Louis Philippe, Malmaison and Agrippina are members of this class. Give one, Mrs. Bessie, I am Appoline, Edward Desfosses, Louise Odier, Bougere, Caroline Marneise, Homer, Gloire de Dijon, Mme. de Vetry, Souvenir d'un Ami, Marie Ducher and Sombreuil. These are all hardy in this latitude with little protection, and in many places require no protection at all.—Joseph Mehan in Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH

When we recollect that the stomach is the great laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after entering and enriching the blood, that it is in short the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does most effectively, seasons, regulates and reinforces digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quidity of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nerve, this most highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Bitters. Physicists also commend it for cholera and sleep. Take a wonderful three times a day.

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A PRACTICAL MAN.

Of all the practical men of whom America is justly proud no one holds a higher place than the late Cyrus W. Field. His son shows that he has inherited the shrewd commonsense of the man who laid the Atlantic cable. He writes:

8 EAST SIXTY-SIXTH STREET. Several times this winter I have suffered from severe colds on my lungs. Each time have applied Allcock's Powders. I have been relieved by applying one across my chest and one on my back. My friends through my advice have tried this experiment, and also found it most successful. I feel that I can recommend them most highly to any one who may see fit to try them.

CYRUS W. FIELD, JR. BRADRETH'S PILLS are the best medicine known.

Have you ever noticed that some days you seem to be in a hurry all day?

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a humming sound or imperfect hearing, and in every instance I have been quickly relieved by applying one across my chest and one on my back. My friends through my advice have tried this experiment, and also found it most successful. I feel that I can recommend them most highly to any one who may see fit to try them.

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YOU CAN SEE IT.

Perhaps, one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but you can't feel it after it's taken. And yet it does you more good than any of the huge, old-fashioned pills, with their tripping and violence. These tiny Pellets, the smallest and easiest to take, bring you help that fails. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Biliary Headaches, and all derangements of liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured.

A SURE CURE OF \$500 cash is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

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