

# The New Bread

As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

### To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread:

1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, cold boiled potato (about the size of large hen's egg), and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for corn-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4 1/2 by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes baking, to prevent crust too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk.

\* Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly.

Cyrus Edison, M. D.  
Com'r of Health, New-York City.

Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

### APOSTROPHE OF TIME.

Opposite stern of time, in thy increasing flight,  
How fall the works and monuments of earthly might!  
'Tis but a breath of air, a passing show,  
Which thou hast seen, and thou hast seen it go.  
'Tis but a breath of air, a passing show,  
Which thou hast seen, and thou hast seen it go.

### THE \$7,500

Has Not Been Paid to Mr. Fellows of Buffalo. It Cost Him \$30 to Send His Ticket to Kansas City and Get the Money for Him—Scribner, the Man Who Sold the Ticket to Fellows, is Indignant.

"Not a cent," said Joseph B. Fellows of Prospect avenue, when asked by a Times representative whether he had received the \$7,500 which he had sent to Mr. Fellows of Buffalo, N. Y., to buy a ticket for him to Kansas City, to attend the annual meeting of the American Society of Authors. Mr. Fellows, who is a lawyer, said he had sent the money to Mr. Scribner, who sold him the ticket, and that he had not received a cent of it.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Fellows, when asked whether he had received the money. "I don't know," he said, "I don't know."

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### THE RED TENEMENT.

I think the person in whom was centered my greatest interest for a number of months, although I knew nothing of him except his name, was Simon, for whom I became interested the first time I saw him and my interest never waned for the next fifty-two weeks. There was a rustic seat on the corner of the street just opposite to which, on the street, stood a man who I saw him the first time I saw him. By his side was a dark haired, brown eyed child—the only person whom he looked at the second time and the only thing that seemed to have any attraction for him, except something in the direction of my house. He sat there for about three hours, then, taking the child's hand in his, walked away and I did not see him again for two weeks.

It was Sunday morning, as it was before, and near the same hour when he seated himself in the same place, and divided his attention between the child and what I thought to be my house. He held there for about two hours, then went away as he did before. After he had turned the corner I stepped out on the sidewalk and surveyed my premises to see if I could discover whether he had returned. I saw him, but I failed, so went indoors no wiser than when I came out.

I pondered over it for some time, and just as I was about to go to bed, I saw Simon again in his usual place, and he was much occupied as ever in house gazing. And there he came with the child always on Sunday—twice a month for the next ten months. He had a good looking, though a very serious face, and the child was just pretty. Many a woman smiled at the little one and threw a second glance at him.

My household, a girl of sixteen, became very absent-minded, and my powder box and pinching irons were far more frequent in her room than in mine. This made me think of something else, and after not being home closely I saw her sitting at the window, considerably bedecked and adorned, equipping with or at Simon Webber.

I thought at once that she was the magnet which had such a drawing effect upon the man, but in this I was mistaken, as I afterward found out, for not once did he nod his head to her, and long after she left he continued to come at regular intervals. And I continually wondered what his business was—if my house was haunted and he was the looker for the ghost. This was not a very soothing thought, so I determined to put the question to him and rest easily or uneasily, according to his answer.

When I did look at him calmly for a moment, then replied: "Your house haunts me! Not that I know of," and without saying another word he turned the corner, leading the child, and I went back wondering if he was altogether right in his mind, and if I continued to think over until one day several weeks ago.

There had been a severe storm the night before, particularly damaging to the electric wires. Many of the poles were split from end to end, others bent, and most of them lying flat on the ground. The wires were kinked, twisted in knots and scattered all over the streets. Betimes the next morning men were busily engaged in erecting new poles and putting the fixtures into proper condition. As I glanced down the long line of men working like so many bees my eyes fell on the familiar face of Simon Webber, whom I had not seen for several weeks.

The little one sat on the lower step of a cottage, swinging her feet and seemingly perfectly contented with herself and the world in general. It was too cold, I thought, for a child of her age to be out so long without fire, so permission to bring her indoors was granted me reluctantly by Simon.

When the work had reached completion, he stood at my door waiting for the child, but at my earnest solicitation he came in and partook with great zest a cup of steaming coffee. As he returned to me the cup, he said to me: "You know, I was a question which I answered rather unkindly. I was very unhappy that morning. Knowing this, I hope you will pardon me."

After I replied he dropped his eyes to the floor, and allowing them to follow the outlines of a figure in the carpet, he in his slow, measured tone went on: "I had thought of you many times on this street, looking intently at something which you no doubt for a time imagined to be this house, but it was not. The red tenement sits one block back of the street. To avoid thinking of you, I have had the consequence of going on the street on a pretty fair view of it to be had by looking between 47 and 47, a little westward, which gave you the impression that I was watching your house. Three years ago I was a lineman and had been since I was quite a youth. One evening just about dusk, I went up a pole for the first time in order to get quite awhile. While I was amusing some of the wires a voice asked me, almost in a whisper, to come down a minute. Of course my first impulse before moving an inch was to look at the person, and I saw a young woman standing at the base of the pole.

"In one moment I was beside her, looking into her pretty face and wondering who she was and what her business could be with a lineman. She looked around a little nervously, then said: 'Won't you please lend me your spurs for one moment? I don't think I can climb the pole without them.' I took no time to ask myself whether she was risking her life or not, but went back up the pole as fast as I could, marking the chain where she should put her hands, and quicker than I take to the brim, I strapped my spurs around her feet and watched her ascend that pole almost as well as I could.

"When she reached the top she gave a spring, and clinging to the window for a moment to regain her breath she made a swinging motion and landed safely in her room. She disappeared for a few seconds, then returned, and she was wrapped in a thick towel, together with a slip of paper on which was written: 'Don't think strangely of me. I will explain first opportunity. I thank you a thousand times.'"

"That pole was on the right hand corner of the red tenement looking north. I had been there many times, but had never seen her before, but that may have been attributed to the fact of my never looking to the right or left, or ever having paid any attention to anybody's windows, or even any one on the street. I walked a few blocks up and returned just in time to see a rough looking fellow dart in a back alley just as an old man climbed the steps and entered the room in which the young woman had gone.

"I turned my steps toward my lodging quarters, but I was thinking all the time of that rough fellow, the gray old man and the rough looking chap, and wondering who they were. I never went near the red tenement after that without glancing up at her window, an act I had never been guilty of before, and was usually accompanied with a smile. I saw her, I think, a half dozen times in a week, but only from the street, while she seemed always busy in her room with her household duties. One morning while I was on duty she attracted my attention by rapping sharply on the window pane with her thumb.

"As I looked up she said just loud enough for me to hear, 'If you've time, come through the back alley, up the steps at left entrance at 11 o'clock this morning.'"

"At the appointed hour I was sitting in an entry leading to the stairway, and she was with me. As you may know," she began, "there's a dreadful mixture of people in this house, with whom I have nothing to do, and they in turn hate me for it. Under this roof are the most depressing looking man, whom my father wishes me to marry on account of his business prospects, and I suppose his attachment for me. He has annoyed me so with his attentions that I almost hate him, and gives me no rest. He is jealous and has a very mean disposition. I dare not go out at any time without his knowing it, and speaking of the fact in such a way that my father, who is dreadfully strict, hears him and gives me no rest. If he sees me walking home with a young man, or sees me get a letter or hand one to the postman, he tells it; then, of course, father wants to know about it. "The rest of these delightful people are forever springing too. The consequence is I am forever in hot water. Now on Lehigh street 596, there's a man whom I like very much. Robert Barling is his name. He knows you quite well by sight. I will thank you exceedingly if you will give me this note and stop there when you're on your way home, so if he has any message for me he will give it to you. You see, father doesn't allow him to visit me, so we don't see each other very often—only when I slip out for an hour or so, when he comes and we take a walk. If you be our letter carrier we'll get along much better. Then by being a little careful George Birch will be so nicely outwitted. When he has no more tales to tell I wonder what he will do. Well, I suppose you are willing to be my mutual friend, aren't you?"

"She was standing there and had laid her hand on my arm, and I was so much affected by the way I'd come. In the months that followed I saw her many times and carried to and fro many messages. She had a very sweet face, and her mail carrier for six months and had given her a start up the pole almost as many times, when her father died. Of course her lover went to see her then as often as he liked, and she was so much in need of me. One morning about two months after her father's death she ran down stairs and overtook me as I turned a corner. She told me she was to be married that night at the minister's residence, and that she and Robert wanted me to be one of the witnesses.

"I consented, though wondered if she did not know what a large request she made of me. I stood up there bravely, though it took all my power to do so, and saw Katie Allen give herself to Robert Barling, and I wondered if he did then or ever would love her as devotedly as I did. Shortly afterward I doubted it very much. He was not overly kind to her, staid out at club late and was not as considerate for her feelings as should have been. I saw her just often enough to know she was very unhappy, though only a bride of ten months.

"George Birch proved very sullen. He never spoke to Barling except to tantalize, and when he'd been married one year Birch so grossly insulted him that there was an altercation in which both were wounded. Barling died within twenty-four hours, but Birch lived to suffer awhile.

"He had a lingering spell, then improved, only to get worse later. Katie had been a widow for a year, when she sent for me to settle her affairs, and she was so glad to see me. She was very nervous and miserable; she dreaded going, yet had no wish to refuse. I advised her to go and went also, at least as far as the steps. I wouldn't have loved her as devotedly as I did. Shorty tears in her eyes and she looked pale and frightened. She told me in a low voice, almost in a whisper, that he was dead. I kissed her to her door, then left her alone with her child, and she went back to her husband's little wealth, so she went back to the northwest room of the red tenement, the one in which I'd first seen her, and she remained there for a long time.

"I visited her only occasionally until she left her child of mourning, and I saw her there more frequently. In three years she promised to be my wife, but in three years went by without her setting our wedding day. She said that George Birch had died, and she had married me or any one else she'd give her peace, but he had not died, and she did not want to believe that he could, but weeks before the day set for our marriage she was dying and died. She died and declared she'd seen George in her dream every night for a month.

"The evening before we were to be married I went to the room looking for her child on my knees and thinking of the morning when the back door opened and she and I screamed: 'Look at George Birch! It is not his ghost, but him, him by looking between 47 and 47, a little westward, which gave you the impression that I was watching your house. Three years ago I was a lineman and had been since I was quite a youth. One evening just about dusk, I went up a pole for the first time in order to get quite awhile. While I was amusing some of the wires a voice asked me, almost in a whisper, to come down a minute. Of course my first impulse before moving an inch was to look at the person, and I saw a young woman standing at the base of the pole.

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Honest Frazer. An honest compliment was that paid to M. de Vendome, who, while commanding the French army in Italy, dispatched a young nobleman to announce to his master the victory which he had gained at Suzara. The latter, while attempting to describe the battle, became so nervous, times much confused in his narrative, when, although the king preserved his gravity, the Duchess of Burgundy, who was present, laughed so heartily that at last the young gentleman said, "Sir, it is easier for M. de Vendome to win a battle than for me to describe it."—London Tribune.

A Grateful Tribute. Wing-Poor Puffins is dead, but in his time he was a leading actor in many moving scenes. Flies—Yes, he was the best scene shifter I ever met.—New York Epoch.

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, and that the health of the body depends on the strength of the stomach, it is essential to keep this important organ in order and to restore it to its normal condition when it becomes inactive. This Hostetter's stomach Bitters does most effectively, by regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels, strength and quietude of the nervous system, in great measure upon thorough digestion. The medicine is sold in bottles of 50 cents and 1 dollar, and is sold by all druggists, and is the only remedy for indigestion, sick headache and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.

"George, father has failed." "That's just like him, all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying."—INSPIRE COURAGE. For more than thirty years ALCOCK'S PODOB PLASTERS have been doing their beneficent work, relieving pain, inspiring men, women and children with new hope and new courage.

Pain is a great discourager. When all the muscles are sore, it is hard to keep up hope. ALCOCK'S PODOB PLASTERS, when applied to the sore, relieve the pain, and give the patient a new courage. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only remedy for indigestion, sick headache and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one cure for deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. It is cured by the use of our medicine, which enters the ear through the Eustachian tube, and restores the hearing. It is sold by all druggists, and is the only remedy for deafness.

FREE JONES' CASH BUYERS' GUIDE STORE. THE BUYERS' GUIDE is published the first of each month. It is issued in the interest of the consumer. It gives the lowest cash quotations on everything in the grocery line. It will save you money to consult it. Mailed free to any address on application. Don't be without it. It costs you nothing to get it. Quotes wholesale prices direct to the consumer. Mention this paper. Address: JONES' CASH STORE, 130 Front Street, Portland, Or.

THE TESTIMONIALS. We publish our not purchased, nor written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are genuine, proving that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

Three Enemies. For over 17 years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not get up in bed. Several physicians have treated me and I have tried different remedies, but all failed. Mrs. Burt, 407 1/2 Front Street, Portland, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. Hood's Pills cure all Liver, Bile, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache, etc.

CURE THAT SHILOH'S CURE. SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cents. Injector free.

TRADE MARK. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAIN. SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) entirely cleared my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type. Wm. S. Loomis, Sheepsport, Pa.

S. S. S. CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS. I HAD SCROFULA in 1881, and deemed my system entirely cleared by the use of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. Wilcox, Portland, S. C.

S. S. S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Flannel Suits. "This isn't my flannel suit," said Harkins to the tailor. "It is a half dozen sizes smaller than mine." "You are mistaken," said the pawnbroker. "That is your suit, but it has been in so long that it has shrunk."—Truth.

An Afterthought. "Our teacher says that every man should try to get to the top," said little Mickey Delin. "I was for the teacher," responded Mickey's father, "unless you happen to be starting to dig a well."—Washington Star.

What Puzzled Him. Sydney on his first introduction to a centipede, and in wonder at its numerous legs—And what does he say after trying to get to the top?—London Truth.

ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be guaranteed.

If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. These diseases are many. They're different in form, but they're like in treatment. Rouse up the torpid liver into healthful action, thoroughly purify and enrich the blood, and there's a positive cure.

The "Discovery" does this, if you will only take it. It cures Biliousness, Indigestion, Bile, all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, are completely cured by it.

Golden West Baking Powder. When in Portland be sure to take in the greatest novelty at the Exposition. We shall bake biscuits and cake every afternoon and evening on our pretty Jewel Gas Stove. Everybody cordially invited to have a biscuit with us and see the wonderful merits of Golden West Baking Powder proved by actual work.

CLOSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, OR. "German Syrup" Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowell, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1883, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."

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INCUBATORS ON INSTALLMENTS. Best makes. W. C. BEATTY, 815 1/2 Front St., Portland, Or.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

INFORMATION WANTED OF THE FRANCHISE OF THE CANTON T. SWITZERLAND. When last heard from in Oregon. Franchises will be sold at his advantage. I he reports to the following: SWITZERLAND, 161 First Street, Portland, Or.

MASQUERADES, PARADES. Everything in the line of costumes, Wigs, Beards, Properties, Opera and Play Books, etc., furnished at greatly reduced rates and in superior quality by the oldest, largest, best known and therefore only reliable Theatrical Supply House on the Pacific Coast. Correspondence solicited. GOLDSTEIN & CO., 28 and 30 Front Street, also 800 Market Street, San Francisco. We supply all Theaters on the Coast, to whom we refer specifically.

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