

California State Analyst.

Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all in Purity and Strength.

"For purity and care in preparation the Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any of which we have any knowledge."

N. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California,
Analyst California State Board of Health, etc., etc.

No careful housekeeper can afford to use any baking powder but Royal.

Where Roses Grow.

For many centuries the growing of roses for the manufacture of perfume has been an important industry in many places.

In the south of France and in Algeria rose culture is conducted upon a large scale. Shiraz, in Persia, and Ghazipur, in India, have long been important centers of the industry, and so has Medinet-Fayoum, in Egypt. But, most noted of all, yielding the largest quantity and the finest quality, is Kazanlik, in eastern Bulgaria—the valley of roses.

This lovely valley lies on the southern slope of the Balkans, sheltered by its towering sides from the cold north winds, and in the center of a district which yields on an average nearly 4,000 pounds avoirdupois of attar of roses, representing a commercial value of \$180,000.—New York Tribune.

A Russian Priest's Wife.

In Russia it is a common mode of expression to say "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason she is so happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and his property is taken away from him and distributed, in part, to his children and half to the government. The dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has secured her.—Womanland.

A Marshal's Retort.

The Marshal de Bassompierre was employed by Henry IV on several missions. He once told the king that when he went as ambassador to Spain he rode into Madrid on the most beautiful mule he had ever seen, which had been sent by the Spanish monarch for his special use.

"Ha, ha, what a comical sight!" laughed out the boisterous king: "an ass upon a mule!"

"Yes, sire," said Bassompierre coolly, "I represented your majesty."—All the Year Round.

LANG & CO.,
—IMPORTERS—
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
TOBACCONISTS,
—AND—
General Commission Merchants.

—OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE—
2, 4, 6 and 8 North First Street,
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PORTLAND, ORE.

We pay special attention to the sale of GRAIN ON COMMISSION. Send us samples of Wheat, and we will advise you highest market prices either in Portland, Tacoma or San Francisco.

Liberal Advances Made on Bills of Lading.

Correspondence solicited.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. *As palatable as milk.*

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

SS.S.

CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Melrose, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of SS.S. after having had unbroken for years.

SS.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula. He was given all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use SS.S. A few bottles cured him, and no more symptoms of the disease remain.

Mrs. T. L. Matthews, Matthewsville, Miss. Our boy on blood and skin disease cured by SS.S. BOTTLE OF SS.S. BOTTLE OF SS.S.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

Dr. Doan's Kidney Pills. This medicine is a sure cure for all cases of piles, whether internal or external. It is a powerful purgative, and it is a powerful blood purifier. It is a powerful tonic, and it is a powerful restorative. It is a powerful medicine, and it is a powerful cure.

ZULEIKA'S BEEHIVES.

"Papa, I really think you ought to interfere," said Zuleika, her cheeks aflame, her eyes full of wrathful fire.

"Papa, I do wish you would put Zuleika in her place, once for all!" spoke Rosamond the regal.

The professor laid down his pen with a polysyllabic word yet unfinished, and sighed a Borsian sigh.

"More trouble," said he. "What is the matter now?"

"Aunt Pauline has sent me a cherry colored cashmere dress," spluttered Zuleika—"the prettiest color!—and three yards of sash to trim it with. And—"

And Rosa cooly appropriated it. "For she was secretly determined," observed Rosamond. "And Zu can do very well with her dyed sage gown. Besides, I'm the oldest!"

"Is that any reason you should be a thief?" retorted the irate Zuleika.

"Girls, girls!" protested the professor, turning his slim white fingers in the hair of his head.

"Make her give it back to me, papa!" said Zuleika. "It's mine! Aunt Pauline never sent it to her. She has no business to take it."

"Tell her to remember that she is only a child, papa," calmly remarked Rosamond, "and that she ought to defer to her elders."

Zuleika so far forgot her dignity as to make a face at Rosamond at this stage of the discussion.

"Oh, I just wish Capt. Calverly could know what a white splenetic you are," said she. "Just wait till I get a chance—won't I tell him about the Balm of Roses and the Coropsis Cream for the Complexion, and—"

"Papa, will you silence her?" appealed Rosamond, with the expression of a grievous angel.

"Girls, girls," groaned the professor. "Do reflect. Here is this manuscript to be sent off to The Scientific Bi-Weekly at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and how do you suppose it is to be done? Rosamond, don't cease your snoring. Zuleika, be a good girl, and mind what Rosamond says."

The professor went back to his stacks of pens and pools of ink. Rosamond darted one triumphant glance at her younger sister, and sailed like a royal galleon out of the door.

Zuleika ran headlong into the garden and never let loose the torrent of her words and tears until she was safe down among the pinks and phloxes, where the bees went in and out of two little hives and kept up a murmurous hum.

"I wish I was one of you, you dear little brown belted things!" passionately cried she, resting her chin in her hands as she sat staring at them, her vision blurred by tears. "Then there would be any question of gowns and boots and horrid, cross elder sisters. I wonder it is wicked to hate Rosamond as I do! I shouldn't hate her if she was kind and considerate to me and acted as if she loved me just the least little bit in the world. It isn't the cherry colored cashmere so much—though I would like a new gown that hadn't been dyed over, and that Rosamond hadn't worn all the beauty out of before I got hold of it—but it's the hateful, hideous, outrageous injustice of the thing. I've almost a mind to run away, or to go for hired help, or down myself or something. 'Jacob!'—springing suddenly to her feet—"what are you doing here?"

"Please, Miss Zuleika," said the stolid farmhand, "Eben Phelps has come after the bees."

"And what business has Eben Phelps with my bees, I'd like to know?"

"Miss Jefferdy sent 'em to him, miss. She don't want no bees here. She's going to have the ground leveled for a tennis court—whatever that may be."

Zuleika Jefferdy stepped tragically to the side of her beehives.

"This is too much!" said she. "They are my bees—not Miss Jefferdy's, and if any one dares to lay hands on a hive I'll have them prosecuted for trespass!"

She heard that, Jacob?

Jacob retreated. There was no mistaking the determination in Zuleika's eyes.

Eben Phelps was forced to drive away without even a parley.

"Not! I expected to carry away two hives of bees in broad daylight," he explained to Jacob. "Ye might a' knowed better'n that, Jake, but I sort o' wanted to look at 'em afore I closed the bargain."

"Gness ye hadn't better," said Jacob.

"Our young missy she means just what she says, and the bees is hers, anyway. Squire Bassett he let 'em to her to keep."

Rosamond Jefferdy only shrugged her handsome shoulders when she heard all this.

"I mean to have my tennis court," said she. "And I mean to get rid of those old bees, all in good time. Of course Zu will rage, but she's always raging about something."

Time passed on. The cherry colored cashmere was made up, and Miss Jefferdy decided to wear it for the initial time on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Franklin Jefferdy, a distant cousin in whose eye she desired to appear her very best.

"If he really is the rich member of the family," argued Rosamond, "it's worth while to take a little pains with one's dress. We all know that a first impression is everything."

"I suppose you'd like to marry him and spend all his money for him," said Zuleika, who was reluctantly helping in the kitchen.

For Rosamond had decreed a stupendous "company dinner," and there was no one who made such exquisite mayonnaise as Zuleika.

Rosamond laughed scornfully.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard," said she. "Indeed, as I have decided to invite Mrs. Matthews and Dr. and Mrs. Raynham, there won't be room for you at the table."

Zuleika's eyes flashed.

"You won't dare to leave me out!" said she.

"You'll see whether I will or not," responded composed Rosamond.

"Rosamond," said Zuleika, her breath coming thick and fast, "it would be a judgment on you if I were to get married first than all!"

"Much chance there is of your getting married!" jeered Rosamond as she smoothed the icing on her loaf of sponge cake.

The hour of the unknown cousin's arrival came. Rosamond looked most provokingly pretty in the cherry colored cashmere and a cluster of deep red roses at her belt.

Zuleika, in the neutral tinted sage green, felt like a katydid or a grasshopper, or any other painfully insignificant insect.

"And now," said Rosamond, glancing at her imperial presence in the parlor mirror, which Zuleika was diligently

polishing with plate powder and a chamois cloth. "I'm going out to gather some carnations."

Zuleika made no comment, but within herself she thought:

"Yes, do. That's right! I planted the carnations, and I watered them, and I took care of them—and you cooly appropriated them. It's always so in this family, and papa never interferes to protect my rights!"

She was thus soliloquizing when she saw another reflection than her own in the mirror. She gave a jump and a scream simultaneously.

"Don't be frightened," said the apparition. "You are Rosamond, aren't you? I am your cousin Franklin."

He was very cordial and handsome, with pleasant, dark eyes, a rich olive complexion, and a sweet, deep voice.

Zuleika was quite certain that she was going to like him.

"No," said she. "I'm not Rosamond. I am Zuleika, the younger sister. But I'm very glad to see you, all the same, and I'm sorry papa hasn't come back from the postoffice yet. And" (hurriedly flinging the chamois cloth into the pot pourri jar) "I'll go out with you into the garden and show you where Rosamond is."

For she was secretly determined, in spite of her wrongs, to give Rosamond every fair chance.

Franklin Jefferdy looked down at the light, agile figure as he walked beside it.

How pretty she was! What a delicate pink color burned on her clear cheeks, and how intensely blue her eyes were!

And then those silky rings of light brown hair that were blowing about her forehead—what a bewitching framework they made to her face!

"If Rosamond is prettier she must be very pretty," he thought.

At that moment the sound of shrieks and vituperations burst on the scented summer air, and Rosamond, forcing her way through the tall lilac bushes, rushed into the open garden, both hands clasped over her face.

Was it Rosamond—this figure with disheveled hair, eyes swollen to nearly twice their size, face disfigured with innumerable stings, and complexion purple with rage and pain?

"It's your horrid, hateful bees that have done it, Zuleika!" she screamed, and then, if she thought of the brush and emerald, then—and I'd like to fling you after them! Yes, I would!"

"It wasn't the creatures' fault, Miss Jefferdy," explained the voice of Jacob, the hired man, who brought up the rear, beating off a cloud of infuriated bees with the butt of his straw hat.

"Bees is allers quick to take offense, an' you just slapped out at 'em when they came harmlessly hummin' round about your ear. And it didn't better matters none when you kicked the bees over into the brook. I shouldn't wonder, now, if it was twenty-four hours afore ye could see outen your eyes again."

"Papa," cried Rosamond, "if you don't put a stop to Zuleika's obstinacy and willfulness!"

"It isn't papa, Rosamond," said Zuleika, in a low voice, as she gently detached her sister's hand from the stranger's arm. "It is Mr. Franklin Jefferdy. We came out to look for you."

"I'm sorry you are so badly stung, Cousin Rosamond," said Mr. Jefferdy. "A little bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in water!"

But Rosamond, muttering a few incoherent words of excuse, vanished under the honeysuckles that draped the porch, leaving Jacob to do battle alone with the winged enemies, and Zuleika and Franklin to console each other.

And this was the "first impression" which she succeeded in making upon her unknown cousin!

"Was it my fault that Frank liked me better than you?" Zuleika asked her sister six weeks afterward. "You needn't scold me because I am engaged to be married before you. He chose for himself, didn't he?"

"It was the fault of your bees," said angry Rosamond. "I believe you kept them there on purpose."

"Won't you speak one kindly, loving word to me, Rosamond, now that I am so happy?" whispered Zuleika. "Say that you rejoice in my good fortune!"

But Rosamond remained stubbornly silent.

"I don't think," said Betsy Blair, the housekeeper, "that poor Miss Zuleika ever knew what it was to be really loved or looked after until she was engaged to Mr. Frank. The professor meant well but he had no eyes for anything but his books. And Miss Rosa—oh, she was a regular beauty. And yet at the wedding everybody was saying: 'What a very amiable person Miss Jefferdy is, and what a relief it must be to her to get that troublesome younger sister of hers married off! Oh the injustice of the world!'"

Her gossip, old Mrs. Hale, shook her cap over her head.

"It's what we must expect this side o' the promised land!" said she sententiously.—Philadelphia Saturday Night.

His Misbehaved Limb.

"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said the man who limped. "Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the system, and I was just about to propose to her when she became silent and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little note which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said, sotto voce:

"I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot."

"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot for some time without knowing it. As she rushed down the bridge to the boat, she suddenly perceived that it was just starting and was about five feet from the slip. Determined to catch it at all hazards, she shut her teeth firmly, and running down the bridge gave a tremendous leap and landed beyond the chains amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd."

Turning to ascertain the cause of their mirth, he saw that the boat was securely fastened in the slip, and that what he had taken for the space between slip and boat was only the shadow cast by the ferry-house in the bright moonlight.—New York Tribune.

TROOPING TO THE SASKATCHEWAN

Why are American farmers trooping into the Saskatchewan district of the Canadian Northwest Territories? The answer is simple. Settlers from the Eastern States are unable to find suitable unoccupied land in the States; the young men who were born and raised in the West look about for land and cannot find it near home, and those who have land some have necessity for more. They want first-class farming land that does not require irrigation; they want rich grass land for their cattle, and they want it cheap.

They find that they can attain such land in all quantities, some of it free and as much as they want at \$3 an acre, and that as a settler need pay only a tenth of the purchase money down, with nine years to pay the rest, his land increases in value far above the purchase price long before his payments are due. And the men of Washington, Oregon and Western States see by the map that they have not far to go; that lines run up from the boundary at several points to Calgary and Edmonton, and that the lands to be acquired are along the line of railway and within easy reach of a station. It is no wonder therefore that there is a quiet but extensive movement among American farmers to get to this Northern Alberta country, and that the lands from fifty miles north of Calgary to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan and beyond it are very eagerly sought. In several parts, where two years ago only a small railway station marked the district, mixed colonies of Canadians and Americans have now established themselves.

The Tomb of Noah.

The tomb of Noah is supposed to lie in the small town of Aklatichewan, on the plain of Ararat. The burial place is at the side of the broken walls of an abandoned fortress in the midst of a vast plain which is literally covered with the remains of bygone glories.

Far and Wide.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in many of the tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, the pestiferous miasmata of the swamps and lowlands are a constant menace to the health of the settlers.

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THE WAY SHE LOOKS

troubles the woman who is delicate, nervous, or overworked. She is hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

That is the only medicine that is guaranteed to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments.

In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this:

"If we can't cure you, we'll pay you \$500 in cash!"

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

Shilo's Cure Cures promptly all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other lung troubles. It is a sure cure for all lung troubles, and it is a sure cure for all lung troubles.

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