

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OLD LETTERS.

Last night some yellow letters fell
From out a scrip I found by chance.
Among them was the silent ghost—
The spirit of my first romance,
And in a faint blue envelope
A withered rose long lost to dew
Bore witness to the dashing days
When love was large and wits were few.

Yet, standing there all worn and gray,
The teardrops quivered in my eyes,
To think of youth's unshaken front,
The forehead lifted to the skies.
How rough a hill my eager feet
Flung backward when upon its crest
I saw the flutter of the lace
The wind awoke on Helen's breast!

How thorough were the roses then,
When fresh young eyes and lips were
kind,
When Cupid in our porches proved
How true the tale that love is blind!
But red and white and poverty
Would only mate while shone the May.
Then came a haze of golden crowns
And jingled red and white away.

Grown old and niggard of romance,
I wince not much at aught asked,
And often ask my favorite cat
What else had red and white to do?
And here's the bud that rose and sank—
A crimson island on her breast.
Why should I burn it? Once again
Hide, rose, and dream. God send me rest!
—Norman Gale.

Evened Up Matters.

Says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch: This is a true story; could give names and places if it were necessary. A French gentleman visited a relative in St. Louis, and being a great sportsman at home was taken out one day to shoot prairie chickens. One got up, the Frenchman fired and missed, but as the bird sailed along in its peculiar way he thought it mortally wounded and ran a mile to catch it before he found out his mistake. Next year the St. Louis gentleman visited the French relative at his chateau in Normandy, and being a great sportsman at home was taken out one day to shoot hares in the park. The gamekeeper placed him at the crossing of two well worn paths. Soon a big hare came trotting along, and St. Louis raised his gun. "Please don't shoot him, monsieur," cried the keeper. "That is old Antoine, the father of all the hares!" The gun was dropped. Then another hare came along, and the gun was raised. "Please don't shoot her," cried the keeper. "That is old Fifine, the mother of all the hares!" The gun was dropped, and as the keeper said that the three or four more hares that came along ought not to be shot because they were the children of Antoine and Fifine St. Louis retired to the chateau in disgust.

A Story of Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone, as a rule, is the model of punctuality at dinner time, both as a host and a guest. He, however, when staying at the house of one of his wealthiest supporters, recently made a baronet, in the neighborhood of Norwich, Mr. Gladstone did for once keep both his host and the other guests waiting in the drawing room for several minutes after the servant had announced dinner. At last the premier entered the room, smiling and rubbing his hands benevolently. Looking all around, he inquired in most genial tones, "Are we all mustered?" As the host happened to have accumulated a large fortune by the manufacture of mustard those present were for a moment inclined to unjustly suspect our revered premier of perpetrating a pun at his entertainer's expense.—London Court Journal.

The Desert of Sahara.

The greater part of the desert of Sahara is, it has been ascertained, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean. The desert is not rainless, but showers cover it with grass for a few weeks every year, large flocks and herds being maintained upon its borders, and the oases are depressions in which water can be collected and stored. It was at one time believed that the whole of the desert was below the sea level instead of only a comparatively small part of it.—Alexandria Correspondent.

The Wrong Treatment.

"I say, what made the Hubers change their medical man all at once?"
"You see, the last one they had treated their daughter the wrong way."
"In what way?"
"He went and married another girl!"—Appenzeller Kalender.

Among the curious but not less acceptable wedding presents the Duchess of New York received is an Irish spinning wheel, sent to her by the Hibernian colony in Chicago. The whole machine is made of bog oak, and the spindle is part of a rebel Irish pike, the head of which drew blood at Vinegar Hill in 1798.

At different times the pope has been known as his paternity, beatitude, grandeur, apostolic majesty, vicar of St. Peter, vicar of Jesus Christ and servant of the servants of God.

Customer (in a restaurant) — See here, waiter, I've found a button in this salad. Waiter—That's all right, sir; it is part of the dressing.

ROSA BONHEUR'S LION.

The Great French Artist's Pet Model Which Died In Her Arms.

Rosa Bonheur loves the animals she paints and is in turn adored by them. She showed her recent purchase, a magnificent lion, who purred and writhed like a gigantic cat when his owner fearlessly stroked his mighty head. Then, showing the head of a most superb specimen of the African lion transferred to canvas with startling realism, she tells the story of Nero. He was her first pet lion and was reputedly untamably ferocious and lived for several years in the garden at By. At last one day Rosa Bonheur was about to travel and disposed of Nero to the Jardin des Plantes. She parted with him reluctantly, for he was a great pet and would greet her always with a peculiar little note of welcome.

When she returned from her wanderings, two years later, she went to see Nero and beheld a sad sight. The poor creature had not been so carefully tended as he was used to be at By. Ophthalmia had set in, and the splendid brute lay blind and ailing, unheeding the curious crowd that stared at him. Rosa Bonheur watched him for a moment and then called "Nero!" The effect was magical. The lion rose to his feet, uttered his accustomed note of welcome and sprang toward the well loved voice with such impetuosity that the shock against the bars sent the sightless brute rolling, stunned, back on the floor. The great artist took him back, soothed his last days with tenderness and petting, and finally he died in her arms at the foot of the staircase at By, his huge paws clinging to his mistress, as if imploring her not to forsake him in his death struggle, and his last movement being a feeble attempt to lick the hands that held him with such infinite tenderness. "You see," said Rosa Bonheur as she meditatively ruffled her new lion's mane, "to be really beloved by wild beasts you must really love them."—Paris Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Japanese Recipe.

Fish is the chief article of diet of the Japanese. Dried and salted it is, with rice, the only food of the lower classes. But every one is fond of fish, and there are a thousand ways of dressing it daintily. Crabs are killed by making them swallow a bumper of sake, which is probably anything but pleasant to them, but gives them a very delicate taste. The spirit called shoyu, which is made of the fermented juices of several different kinds of grain, and which tastes like Liebig's extract diluted with brandy, seasons large fishes admirably, but generally the Japanese prefer to eat them raw, and they are not altogether in the wrong.

No hors d'œuvre can beat that obtained from the following recipe: "Take out the bones of a very fresh dorado or sole; cut the flesh into very small pieces—almost mince it, in fact; cut into thin slices a few fresh gherkins; put in a pickle dish a series of layers of chopped fish and gherkins; add salt and pepper to each layer; sprinkle over the whole a little vinegar and the juice of a lemon; let the dish stand for a few hours before serving." Try this recipe, and you will see.—Harper's Weekly.

How Indeed?

"Won't you hand me the nutcracker, please, my dear?" blandly remarked Mr. Fawcett to his wife at the dinner table.

"With pleasure," was the answer, "but I am sorry to see you so addicted to the nut eating habit. I have heard that Darwin or some other great man has said that nuts were never intended for human consumption because they are so well protected in their natural covering; that they are intended by nature only for germination."

"What I should like to know," responded Fawcett, with his best company manner, "is how they can be more appropriate for the German nation than for free and independent Americans."—New York Tribune.

London Culture.

Culture is declared by London fashionables as the reverse of smart. This one would gather from the three following remarks—the first from a middle aged lady—quoted by a weekly journal:

"It's the dream of my life to go to Venice. Fancy floating about in a lagoon! And the Venetians are so charming, too, I believe!"
A pretty girl exclaimed: "Oh, yes, the 'Heavenly Twins.' I must get it. I love dear George Eliot."

And a young man said quite seriously: "An Isenite? No, I'm in the army."—Exchange.

A Crucial Test.

"Well, Henri, how does the watch go that grandpa gave you?"
"Oh, papa, it ought to go very well. I took it to school, and all my playmates have been winding it up."
—Bocage.

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

How Ex-Congressman Ranney Did Himself of a Troublesome Bedfellow.

Ex-Congressman A. A. Ranney of Massachusetts, who is accredited with the leadership of the Boston bar, gave evidence very early in life of the strength of purpose which has characterized his subsequent career.

As a boy it was decreed by his stern old father that he and an elder brother should occupy the same bedroom and share the same bed. The future congressman disliked this arrangement exceedingly, for the substantial reason that his brother possessed a constitutional tendency to kick the person with whom he chanced to be sleeping out of bed. On cold winter nights young Ranney would awaken shivering, to find that his restless bedfellow had acquired in the course of an erratic slumber all the bedclothes and was wrapped up in them like an Indian papoose. The boy bore this infliction uncomplainingly for many weeks. Never a word said he in the family circle of the kicks he was obliged to submit to, or the cold baths of freezing temperature which roused him so often from pleasant dreams.

One night, shortly after 12 strokes had rung from the deep toned bell in the tower of the Town hall, the household was awakened by a loud hammering, which seemed to proceed from an upper room. Father Ranney hurriedly donned his trousers and taking a good stout club for protection stole up stairs to take the thief unawares. The hammering grew louder as he approached the room occupied by his sons. He crept softly to the door and listened. Bang went the hammer again and yet again, and with each stroke a heavy nail seemed to have been driven further home.

Ranney persevered no longer, but threw the door wide open. A strange spectacle confronted him. His elder son lay fast asleep and snoring on one side of the bed. On the opposite side the future congressman was kneeling on the floor, busily engaged in nailing the bedclothing to the sideboard of the couch.

"What are you doing there?" roared the irate father.

"Why," replied this extraordinary boy calmly, "I was just fixing these bedclothes so that he couldn't kick 'em off, as he has been doing for the last six weeks."

Then there was a scene, but the boy did not lose his temper, although he complied with his father's command to remove the nails he had driven into the bed. But it is worth noting that shortly afterward he was given a bed to himself.—New York Herald.

The "Cruel Plant."

In one of the papers of the Canadian institute I find two excellent articles upon a species of cannibalistic plant, known to the residents of the tropical portions of America as the "cruel weed," or "strangler." The scientific name of this botanic oddity is *Physanthus albens*, and it is indigenous only to the western hemisphere. The flowers of this queer plant are provided with five pairs of jaws, which are so arranged as to quickly close upon the proboscis or head of any unsuspecting moth or other insect which may attempt to extract honey from the blossom. To make sure of its prey this cruel flower holds fast as long as the insect struggles, slowly releasing its grasp as soon as the writhings of the dying creature cease.

According to the botanists, it belongs to the milkweed family (tribe or order of *Asclepiads*). The flowers are pure white and very fragrant and much like the tuberose in general appearance. Those who may wish to know more about this curiosity will find a very readable and instructive article on the subject in Henderson's "Handbook of Plants," article "Physanthus."—St. Louis Republic.

Talkativeness and Divorce in Japan.

Mr. Hanniker Heaton has been gathering some very interesting marriage statistics concerning the customs in vogue in different countries, from which one reads with amusement, and perhaps with a certain degree of amazement, that throughout Japan a man may get a divorce if his wife talks too much. Ordinary people may suppose that this harsh law will have the effect of curbing loquacity, but it has not. Japanese ladies are the most talkative of their sex, and divorces are common among them. In Thibet a woman is entitled to three husbands. In Melbourne a man may secure a divorce if his wife gets drunk three times, or if she habitually neglects her household duties.

Pearl Oysters.

It has been found by Saville-Kent that the pearl oyster reaches maturity in a shorter time than was formerly supposed. He thinks that under favorable conditions a period not exceeding three years suffices for the shell to attain to the marketable size of 8 or 9 inches in diameter, and that the heavy shells of five pound or six pound weight per pair may be the product of five years' growth.—Public Opinion.

Necessary to Baptism.

"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector when catechizing the Sunday school.
"A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating self evident truth.—London Tit-Bits.

FRAUDULENT LOTTERY SCHEMES.

Clever Devices and Bogus Circulars by Which Many People Are Being Swindled.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 23, 1894.—Since the Louisiana State Lottery Company removed to Honduras and resumed business under the name of the Honduras National Lottery Company, the patrons of this great concern have been eager bait for clever operators, and every month thousands of people are taken in by lottery schemes which purport to be the original Louisiana State Lottery.

The modus operandi is to send a bunch of tickets to some prominent person, including a complimentary ticket good for \$500. The party is instructed to sell one-fifth of the tickets to a use other well-known prominent person and keep the other four-fifths for himself. Another condition is that the party must remit \$100 in payment for tickets, at least three days before the "drawing."

In order to make the offer appear genuine, a circular of the Honduras National Lottery Company is enclosed with the address of J. H. Lombard & Co., New Orleans, La., carefully stamped in red ink over the address of Paul Conrad, Puerto Corcor, Honduras, C. A., care Central America Express, Port Tampa City, Fla. As a matter of fact, the Honduras National Lottery Company has no such agency in New Orleans and Lombard & Co. never had any connection with this company. The New England States are flooded with the bogus circulars, and a number have already been swindled.—Boston (Mass.) Herald, June 23.

The Salary Too Small for Both.
"When L. Q. C. Lamar was made secretary of the interior, nearly every young man who had known him in Mississippi went to Washington to get a job," said H. F. Cole, of Water Valley, Miss. "Among the number was John Youngblood, editor of the Oxford Globe, who called at Mr. Lamar's office on the 8th day of March, 1885. The secretary was of course glad to see him. Youngblood had once been Mr. Lamar's private secretary. He expected something big, but a clerkship only was tendered him, and this he declined."

"Time wore on, and Youngblood, in common parlance, 'went broke.' Could his old friend, Mr. Lamar, let him have fifty dollars? Mr. Lamar could and did. Two weeks more, could his old friend, Colonel Lamar, let him have a hundred while he was waiting to be placed? Again Mr. Lamar could and did. A month rolled by. Youngblood's board bill was due. He had to live while waiting, and he knew no one else in Washington except his old friend from Oxford. His board bill was settled. The next day he called again and wanted to be accommodated. He was."

"After Youngblood went out Mr. Lamar turned to Colonel Muldrow, his assistant, and said: 'See here, Henry, Youngblood has got to get away from Washington. Find some place for him. Both of us can't live on \$8,000 a year.'"

"The next morning Youngblood was made superintendent of the Arizona schools and was sent to Yuma, where he later died."—St. Louis Republic.

In the Pursuit of Pleasure.
Mrs. Langtry is now forty years old, but her energy in the pursuit of pleasure is still untiring. Last season her whim was for racing and race horses, and having made a success on the turf, as she usually does in all her business enterprises, she is going in for yachting, and has purchased the steam yacht Lady Mabel at the modest figure of \$125,000 for an extended cruise through the south seas.—Exchange.

NEARING THE GRAVE.
In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmaceutical skill have allied themselves in furnishing a reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an inestimable blessing to the feeble and the convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectively counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a prevention and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is a highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

Grady—I hear you have a full-blooded Indian in class '96. How does he do? Softener.—Do he is out of sight! You just ought to hear him give the class cry.

Mothers,
when nursing babies, need a nourishment that will give them strength and make their milk rich.

Scott's Emulsion
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, nourishes mothers and makes babies fat and healthy. Gives strength to growing children. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Skin, Relieves Itching, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM
It will cure COLD IN HEAD. A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York.

IT WILL CURE COLD IN HEAD
A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY
SAPOLIO
'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

MALARIA
DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ACHES? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

"JUDGE."

This comic paper has some inimitable cartoons. But no one of them is more forcible than this testimony of its proprietor, W. J. Arkell, to the value of ALLCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLER. He writes:

"JUDGE BUILDING, Cor. Fifth Ave. and Sixteenth St., New York, January 14, 1891.
"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALLCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLER, and in a short time obtained relief.
"In my opinion these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."
W. J. ARKELL.

BRADRETH'S PILLS arrest the progress of decay.

One of the proudest men in the world is the man who has smoked the same cigar fifteen or twenty years.

Mr. Grumpe—What boobies women are—always crying at weddings. Mrs. Grumpe—You never saw women crying at a divorce, did you?

There is more "cure" in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven contrary to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only catarrhical cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

Use Khamelene Store Polish; no dust no smell. TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

THROW IT AWAY.
There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

HERNIA (Breach), or Rupture, no matter how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another **Triumph in Conservative Surgery** is the cure of

TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife. **STONE** in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting. **STRICTURE** of urinary passage is cured by cutting. Abundant Referees, and Pamphlets, on above diseases, sent mailed, in plain envelope, 10 cts. (stamp). WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

CURE THAT THE BEST
COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE
25cts., 50cts., and \$1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF.
\$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
\$2.10 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES' \$1.25 \$2.10 \$2.50 \$3.00.
BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.
You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

ST. HELEN'S HALL. Boarding and day school for girls. Opens September 19, 1894.

Address: MISSES RODNEY, Portland, Or.

PILES
Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a positive, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Proprietors, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

\$100 FOR THE WIFE.
To the person or club returning us the largest number of **GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER** Certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of \$100, and to the next largest numerous other prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 in cash. CLOSSET & DEVEREUX, Portland, Or.

N. P. N. U. No. 555—F. N. U. No. 632

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature.

Hood's
Cures
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes one "real hungry." He is sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine
PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

Antifermentine
—PRESERVES—
Cider, Milk, Butter, Catsup, Pickles, Etc.,

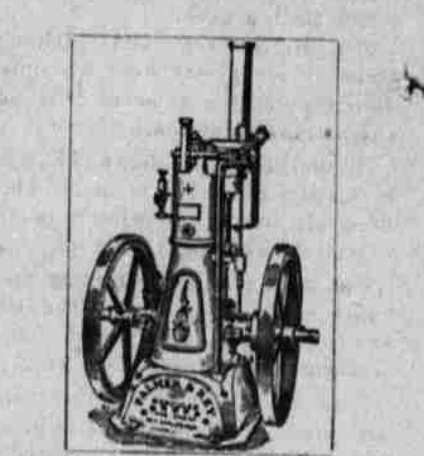
And does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOLD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is a very easy decided success.

ANTIFERMENTINE
Is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is guaranteed to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODWARD, Portland, Or.

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SIMPLICITY,

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In Every Detail.

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high-grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horse power, and run without an Electric Spark Battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable.

For pumping outfits for irrigating purposes no better engine can be found on the Pacific Coast.

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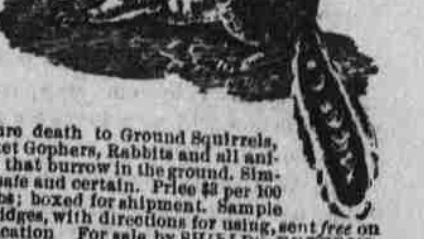
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Is a sure death to Ground Squirrels, Pocket Gophers, Rabbits and all animals that burrow in the ground. Simple, safe and certain. Price \$1 per 100 bombs; boxed for shipment. Sample cartridges, with directions for using, sent free on application. For sale by SHIELDS EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have great lunges or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands, it has not injured one. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.