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Marion Harland

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

## A BRIGHT BOY'S ANSWER.

He Gets Job and the Tobacco Question a Little Mixed.

A learned pedagogue at Nantucket used every morning to read passages in the Bible and expound the same as he proceeded, in order that, by asking questions as to how much they remembered of his comments, he might ascertain who were the bright boys of the school. On one occasion he read from the book of Job thus:

"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed evil."

"This means, boys," said the master, "that he eschewed evil as I do tobacco; he would have nothing to do with it."

With this very clear and forcible elucidation of the word "eschew," he proceeded, and a number of verses were read and commented on in a similar clear and intelligent manner.

A few days afterward the school committee called to make an examination. The master called the boys up and began to put them through an examination.

"Who was the man that lived in Uz?" he asked of one of the brightest little fellows.

"Job."

"Was he a good man?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"He eschewed tobacco when nobody else would have anything to do with it," was the boy's answer.

That answer ended the examination for the day. —*Nebraska State Journal.*

## Feminine Repartees.



Miss Deveraux sauntily.—When you are old, Clara, your nose will meet your chin.  
Miss Aquiline sauntily.—Well, dear, that's more than yours will ever do unless it goes around the other way. —*Scribner's Magazine.*

## The Time to Dodge Old Hills.

He had been strolling in front of a house on Second avenue and gazing at the front windows for a long few minutes, when a pedestrian halted to inquire:  
"Anything the matter with that house?"  
"No, I guess not."  
"But you were looking at it?"  
"Yes; it is shut up."  
"Can't a house be shut up?"  
"Certainly, but in this case it was very sudden. I am a collector. I was up here last evening to collect an old bill, and the debtor gave me a glass of wine and asked me as a great favor to call at 6 o'clock this morning. I was here a quarter of an hour ahead of time."  
"What does that sign on the door read?"  
"Gone to the ashore for two months."  
"That's the fourth one I've lost just this way in the last week, and to-morrow I will take my stall at the depot and try and head the rest off." —*Detroit Free Press.*

## Bread Pills.

A half-finished fellow tells of a baker whose loaves had been growing smaller by degrees and heartily low, who, when going on his round to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one of them and knocked. The lady within exclaimed:  
"What's there?" and was answered,  
"The baker."  
"What do you want?"  
"To leave your bread."  
"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; put it through the key hole." —*London Tid Bits.*

## Modern Barbarity.

Regina.—What barbarous things these wine girls are, Claudia!  
Claudia.—Yes; it makes me indignant to read how they are conducted.  
Regina.—And yet we think ourselves more civilized than the Romans.  
Claudia.—(regretfully)—Indeed, I don't think we are. Why, the Romans were not barbarous enough to exclude ladies and children from the gladiatorial combats. They were like matrons, and everybody could go.

## If I Were You, My Dear,

I wouldn't turn my head to look after the frock of impudent men.  
I wouldn't forget to sew the braids around the bottom of my skirt or the button on my shoe.  
I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.  
I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.  
I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.  
I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.  
I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.  
I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother; it is like listening to blasphemy.  
I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.  
I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.  
I would not write silly letters to young men or permit them to be familiar with me.  
I would not grow weary in well doing.—Instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## The Study of Sanitation.

We should have a teacher of sanitary living and dietetics in every school in this country.  
The family doctor can do much to enlighten the general darkness by insisting upon the value of sanitary living as a means of preserving the health. The success of the earlier practitioners of homeopathy was largely attributable to their insistence of reasonable attention to the needs of the body. When it does not occur to the physician to give explicit orders about sanitary observances, the nurse or mother should ask him for them, and should supplement them by studying all the sound authorities in her reach.  
As a matter of fact many diseases proceed from disturbance of the nutritive functions, and the doctor's prescription of drugs is secondary in his purpose of helping nature. Husband says that the gastric treatment of disease, which endeavors to reach the evil through the digestive organs, is incidental to the earliest practice of medicine, and, surviving all changes of theory and practice, the intestinal canal still remains the battle ground where the issue of the gravest disorders is decided.  
That many of the remedies are to be found within the range of ordinary food is but natural when we consider how many medicines are of vegetable origin. Most of the "old women's herbs and simples" still hold high place in the modern pharmacopoeia, and conversely some of our every day foods have poisonous properties; for instance, our pleasant, familiar nutmeg, where with we spice our custards and hot toddies, is a virulent poison, an entire globe being capable of killing a person if taken at once. —*Juliet Corson in Harper's Bazar.*

## Pleanty of Sleep for Women.

It is a known fact among physicians, nurses and those generally interested in the restoration of health that the percentage of women among the middle and upper classes who retire early is alarmingly small. The term "airmilying" is used advisedly, because the growing tendency to keep late hours cheats Nature out of her just dues and compels her to retaliate in a manner that often threatens not only health, but life, most seriously. There are few women so constituted but that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose.  
Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving of their strength unreservedly and getting little physically in return save that which is derived from sleep. The growing tendency of the age toward physical culture training is not well sustained in the late hours so universally kept by many of the most enthusiastic advocates of that movement. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means at hand for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours. —*Jeanne Miller Magazine.*

## Dust That Is Harmless.

Not long ago somebody experimented with dust gathered from various places to search for microbes. The dust from a city street, that gathered from the sweeping of a hospital ward, some taken from a street car at the end of a trip—these accumulations and more were examined with startling results. What struck terror to the heart of the house mother was the statement in connection with all this investigation that a rug could not be shaken, a curtain dusted out or a carpet brushed in her domain without raising a cloud of organisms more or less injurious to the family health. The innocent pastime of parlor dancing was investigated against an breeding out disease germs, and the final sweeping assertion made that it was impossible to make a carpet clean in a hygienic sense.  
The London Lancet, however, comes to the rescue. That authority pronounces carpet microbes not to be feared. The air of a wholesome, well kept house is not on sweeping day the poison laden atmosphere which is depicted. Dust is found in carpets and microbes are found in dust, but all dust is not so impregnated, and it is safe to assume that most dust found in carpets is harmless.

## Ascending Mont Blanc.

The first woman who made the ascent of Mont Blanc was a young French maidens of 23—Marie Paradis by name—who accomplished the feat in 1808. A few years since, Miss Stratton, a brave English girl, made the ascent in mid-winter. She is said to have frozen two fingers on her way up, and she fell in love with her guide and married him when she reached the foot of the mountain. —*New York Ledger.*

## CONTENTMENT IN NATURE.

I would not change my joys for those of emperors and kings.  
What has my gentle friend, the rose, told them, if aught, do you suppose—  
The rose that tells me things?  
What secrets have they had with trees? What romps with grassy spaces? What know they of the mysteries Of butterflies and honey bees? Who whisper in my ears?  
What says the sunbeam unto them? What tales have brooklets told? Is there within their shadow A single rival to the gem? The dowy daisies hold?  
What sympathy have they with birds? Whose songs are songs of mine? Do they e'er hear, as though in words 'Twas Iaped, the message of the herds Of grazing, lowing kine?  
Ah, no! Give me no lofty throne. But just what Nature yields. Let me but wander on, alone If need be, so that all my own Are woods and dales and fields.  
—J. K. Bangs in Harper's Weekly

## Parrots a Source of Pleasure.

There was a time when parrots were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred, and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of making a particular kind of soup to which the natives are partial, while the naturalist waxes quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie.  
But in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honor in our households, and a well behaved "pretty Polly," who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever. —*Strand Magazine.*

## Why He Could Not Attend.

An amusing instance of the expedients resorted to by men summoned to attend as common jurymen in order to avoid serving in that capacity occurred recently. One morning a little girl whose eyes just peered above the desk timidly exclaimed:  
"Please sir, father can't come; he can't put on his boots."  
The judge asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her parent. She hesitated. Evidently she had not been instructed further than the statement she had made, and looking straight into the judge's eyes said:  
"Well, sir, father don't wear boots; he's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to say anything else, sir; that's all." —*London Tit-Bits.*

## The Street Band's Delight.

One of the delicate delights of the street band is its propensity to scout out household musicles. In nothing, apparently, do these wandering musicians so much delight as to spring into blatant strains before the house from which issues the voice of song or the modest music of the pianoforte. They carry the day or rather the night every time; for while they can play through and over and above anything, it would take a self possessed and steady nerved household performer to hold his own or her own against such rivalry. And then they ring the bell and extend the hat—*Boston Commonwealth.*

## The Names of Two Cities.

On the principle of "In Rome do as the Romans do," I think it a safe rule to pronounce the name of a place as the residents of that place do. Hence we should speak of St. Louis as though it were written "St. Lewis," not "St. Loozee." All good Missourians say "St. Lewis." It is a little difficult to put down in black and white the local pronunciation of New Orleans, but it is something like this, "New Awl-yins," with the strong accent on the "Awl." —*Cor. New York Tribune.*

## She Should Have Been Glad.

She had induced him to swear off on cigarettes, but one hot day he fell from grace.  
"George," she said severely, as she swept her nose through the atmosphere of his surrounding, "you have been smoking."  
"Of course I have," he replied, as he mopped his face, "and you ought to be thankful that I have not gone further and broken out into a regular blazing conflagration—confound this weather." —*Detroit Free Press.*

## A Child with Two Brains.

A few years ago, in 1884, a child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kuerwitz, of Spring Creek, near Hebron, Neb., that had two well developed brains, the second and useless adjunct being in a sac attached to the back of the head by a ligament six inches in length. The child lived but two days. —*St. Louis Republic.*

## The Fact that Man Has Been Able to Produce Many Great Changes on the Face of the Earth is a Tribute to His Industry and Ingenuity.

But it is possible that he is bringing about effects of equal importance without intending them.  
A safety surfboat, with deck, sides, bottom, stern and keel all made out of one piece of metal and so constructed as to have but one seam, and that running down the ends along the bottom, is the invention of a New York genius.

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