

33 per cent. difference.

Royal Baking Powder

Strongest, Purest, Most Economical.

As to whether any of the baking powders are equal to the "Royal," the official tests clearly determine. When samples of various baking powders were purchased from the grocers, and analyzed by the United States Government Chemists and the Chemists of State and City Boards of Health, the reports revealed the fact that the "Royal" contained from 28 per cent. to 60 per cent. more leavening strength than the others, and also that it was more perfectly combined, absolutely pure, and altogether wholesome.

As most of these powders are sold to consumers at the same price as the "Royal," by the use of the Royal Baking Powder there is an average saving of over one third, besides the advantage of assured purity and wholesomeness of food, and of bread, biscuit and cake made perfectly light, sweet, and palatable.

The official reports also reveal the presence, in other powders, of alum, lime or sulphuric acid, by which their use is made a matter of grave danger to the consumer.

Whenever a baking powder is sold at a lower price than the "Royal," or with a gift, it is a certain indication that it is made from alum, and is to be avoided under all circumstances.



A Curious Northern Legend.

On the coast of Kamchatka there is an island known as "The Island of Talking Dogs." The curious story connected with this little spot of land, and the one which gives it the name it bears is this, according to an odd Asiatic legend:

The first inhabitants of the far north did not employ dogs, but drew their walrus ribs as sleds. After ages had elapsed men made an attempt to use the dogs of that region—which, by the way, talked just as men do—as beasts of burden. The talking dogs, however, argued the case with their would-be masters and were not long in proving that they had enough to do to catch game for themselves and the children of men. But the men soon learned the use of the bow and the spear, thus ruining the occupation of the talking dogs. Again an attempt was made to harness them to sledges, but the talking canines rebelled, and all swam out to the island, afterward known by the title given in the opening. Here game was scarce and the dogs soon turned cannibals, and by the end of the first winter there were only seven left.

Some human Kamchatkans volunteered to row out to the island and bring off the remnant of the dog colony. But the dogs refused to leave their barren island, each earnestly asking: "What people are you? We have never seen you before." For this untruth Chamli, the dog god, took their voices from them, and until this day they have been the dumb servants of man.—St. Louis Republic.

The Tomb of Eve.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple, with a palm tree growing out of a crack in the rock roof, which is of itself one of the wonders of the orient, is supposed to be built directly over the last resting place of the first woman. According to Arab tradition Eve measured over 200 feet in height, which, unlikely as it may seem, strangely coincides with an account of our first parents written by a member of the French academy, who also claimed a height of over 200 feet for both of the tenants of the garden of Eden.

Eve's tomb, which is a burying ground that is surrounded by a high wall, the gate to which has not been opened for a single interment for over 1,000 years, is the shrine of thousands of devoted Islamites, who make a pilgrimage to the spot once every seven years. Once each year, on June 3, which is, according to Arabian legends, the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors to the tomb of our first mother remain open all night, no odds what precautions are taken to keep them closed. Terrible cries of anguish are said to emit from the tomb, as though the memory of the first known tragedy still haunted the remains which blind superstition believes to be deposited there.—Philadelphia Press.

Crimes in Korea.

"They do not classify crime in Korea," said J. B. Winkler. "It is just as serious a matter to be convicted of stealing a pound of rice as of plotting treason or of committing wholesale murder. There is but one penalty for all crimes—to cut off the heads of culprits. During my visit to that queer country a pair of valuable silver buttons were stolen from me. I suspected a servant and he was taken before the tribunals and subjected to a rigorous examination. There was absolutely no evidence tending to fasten the crime upon him. I suspected the fellow of having swallowed the buttons to avoid discovery, and the authorities politely offered to cut him open in search of evidence if I said so."—St. Louis Democrat.

HE LOOKS LIKE BEECHER.

Colonel John C. Wyman, Rhode Island's World's Fair Commissioner.

There is a Rhode Island man who bears a marked facial resemblance to the late Henry Ward Beecher. He is Colonel John C. Wyman, of Valley Falls, at present the Rhode Island executive commissioner of the World's Columbian exposition. Though rather advanced in years—he is threescore and ten—he is as active and vigorous as when only half as old, and performs the duties of his office in a most enthusiastic manner. If "Little Rhode" doesn't make a big showing at the fair it will not be his fault.

Colonel Wyman has had an interesting career. He went to the war in May, 1862, as captain of company A, Thirty-second regiment, Massachusetts infantry, as at that time he was a resident of the Bay State. In the September following he was appointed provost marshal of Alexandria, Va., which position he held until the spring of 1863, when he was placed in charge of the supply department of the Army of the Potomac, and later assigned to a responsible position in the United States military railway service. He was one of the military escort which accompanied the remains of President Lincoln from Washington to Springfield, Ill., and in May, 1865, resigned to become connected with the Rensselaer Iron and Steel company, of Troy, N. Y. He has lived in Rhode Island since 1882. Not even Chauncey M. Depew surpasses him as a story teller, and he is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker.

The colonel has been a frequent visitor to New York city, where, while Mr. Beecher was living, he was often mistaken for the great preacher.

To Bring Over Art Works.

The secretary of the navy will detail one of our old wooden warships to transport from France and Italy the works of Americans residing abroad after the juries in Paris, Munich, Rome and Florence have completed their work. The United States steamship Constellation will sail from Havre about the first week of November and from Genoa about the middle of the following month with specimens of the finest works of art. The vessel will arrive in New York in January, and the pictures will at once be transferred to their proper places in the Art palace. The assistance which the government at Washington is lending in the interest of this department is most encouraging and will be the means of stimulating foreign exhibitors.

Three Skulls.

There are three human crania in the Washington museum which were found in the gravel at Trenton, one several feet below the surface and the others near the surface. The skulls, which are of remarkable uniformity, are of small size and of oval shape, differing from all other skulls in the museum. In fact they are of a distinct type, and hence of the greatest importance. So far as they go they indicate that paleolithic man was exterminated, or has become lost by admixture with others during the many thousand years which have passed since he inhabited the Delaware valley.—Washington Letter.

The Old Woman and the Earthquake.

At Ischia she disinterred an old woman, unharmed. "God bless you!" she cried, as they helped her out. "But for pity's sake," she added impetuously, "dig a little deeper and save my"—"What is there any one else alive here?" they inquired anxiously. "My hen!" continued the old dame.—Cornhill Magazine.

THE LAST LOVER.

Sweet of earthly living,
Weary of earthly sin,
Winged down with earthly sorrow,
Thy poison I fain would win,
Dear (heath!)
In thy pale arms enfold me
Thy damp kiss on my brow
Shall bring me peace at last, love!
I fain would have it now,
Sweet, death!
And thy love shall last forever,
And thy company always,
So tarry not, my lover,
But come, yes, come today,
My death!

—Rosalie to Lila.

Sitting Bull's War Club.

The killing of Sitting Bull, the famous Indian chief, recalls the fact that Mr. Max E. Dickerson is the proud possessor of this great chief's private war club. Mr. Dickerson secured the club from Elroy Post, a scenic artist in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad company, who received it as a present from Sitting Bull himself. Mr. Post was doing some work for the railroad company at the time in and around Sitting Bull's headquarters, and the chief took a great liking to him, but would have nothing to do with the rest of the men, although there were six in the party. He took Mr. Post all through his camp, introduced him to different Indians, and made things as pleasant for him as possible.

In return for his kindness Mr. Post painted for Sitting Bull two large pictures of his two favorite ponies, Dry Camp and Never Fret, which so pleased the old chief that he said he would like to present him with something in return for the compliment. Noticing a large war club hanging up in the chief's tepee, Mr. Post said he would like to have it. Sitting Bull mentioned the fact that the club was an old relic, had been in service over forty years, passed through numerous battles, and because of its curiosity he would give it to him. Upon Mr. Post's return to Aberdeen, S. D., he shipped the relic to Mr. Dickerson, who now has it on exhibition in one of the prominent business places of this city.—Shelby Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Dirty Hands Are Allowed.

The most noticeable thing about the American people, in the eyes of an Australian recently arrived, is the fact that they wear their finger nails closely cut and very clean. In Sidney or Melbourne even the most aristocratic gentleman never thinks of cleaning his finger nails, and seldom cuts them. Even the lower classes in the United States take good care of their nails, which is something an Australian can scarcely comprehend. Americans are busy people, and one can hardly imagine when they find time to bother with cutting or cleaning their finger nails.

Another noticeable thing is your illumination of shop windows at night. After 8 o'clock in a Melbourne street the streets are as dark as a cavern, and one can walk for a block or more without seeing a light. Here in San Francisco there are lights in every window. Even after the shop is closed the proprietor leaves electric lights burning to display and advertise the goods in his window. A Melbourne merchant would regard this as a needless expense.—Interview with an Australian.

Good Cause for Surprise.

Two callow young operators made an explanation necessary from a young New York newspaper man recently. He was to be married in the west. Before leaving town he devoted several days in searching over Brooklyn for a flat, being assisted in the search by a young married woman, the friend of his betrothed. Upon leaving his office one morning about 3 o'clock he sent the Brooklyn lady a telegram, which he expected would be delivered to her about 8:30 or 9 o'clock in the morning. The dispatch was worried apologetically, "Will be over to worry you this afternoon."

The message was "bullied" on its way across the East river, and a meaning of so much importance was given to it that the Brooklyn operator rushed it out, the messenger boy arriving at the house at about 4 a. m. The husband of the lady got out of bed to answer the bell. By a further mistake of the delivery department the envelope was addressed to the husband. He opened it and was astonished to read, "Mrs. ——— Will be over to marry you this afternoon."

When a man is awakened from a sound sleep and informed that his wife is to be married to a young man who, he has had every reason to believe, was to be married to a young lady in the west, he is apt to conclude that he isn't awake after all. No one who has not experienced it can realize how very startling it is. It was the first his wife had heard of. They raked their brains for a solution of the puzzle. It wasn't solved, however, until the young newspaper man arrived.—New York Times.

A Tottering Axiom.

Small Student—Pa, what's a proverb? Pa—Something that contains a great deal of truth in a small space. Like "Barking dogs never bite." Small Student—Is it true that barking dogs never bite? Pa—Um! Folks regard it as true until brought face to face with a barking dog; then they have their doubts.—Good News.

The word "gazette" is from the name of an old Venetian coin, worth about one-half cent of our money. The name is applied to newspapers because it was the sum charged for reading the first written journals that made their appearance in 1556. After the paper was read it was handed back to the owner, who charged the next reader a gazette for taking a peep at it.

According to the assertion of the eminent physiologist, Sippy, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands by which gastric juices is secreted.

BATTLE WITH A MAD COW.

A Hazon Mountain Herder's Tale of the Worst Shot on Record.

One afternoon while at Hazon mountain I went over to the ridge between the Red river and the Caliente to look for deer. I spotted one's running, and being alone—for I was less than a mile from camp—I hung to the branch of a pine tree, and after cutting its throat and performing some other attentions in its make-up suggested by the gentle art of veneria started to procure a pony to put the carcass to camp. A seventy pound deer is no trivial package in a rough country, and I had no intention of carrying it myself.

While so returning I was walking down a little valley, the damp bottom of which was free from trees and just springing, in the cold, clear rays of the April sun, to short grass.

Ahead some ten yards I beheld an old sow, emaciated to a degree and whose glaring eyes betokened the insanity which seizes on starving cattle. She was marked with our ear marks—a swallow fork in each ear—and I concluded to drive her up to camp, where was fodder and feed, and with three or four days of that I thought she would pull through to grass.

But I never had a chance to put my benevolence into effect. The moment she espied me she danced out in an uncertain and staggering way, fairly bristling with rage.

I watched her, supposing it would come to nothing more serious than an attempt to bully, which failing, she would come along sedate enough. I was mistaken. Bracing herself on her four weak legs she charged with lowered head. I still expected a halt, but she came on to within fifteen feet, staggering and stumbling, at considerable speed and fairly adre with bloody intentions. I snatched off my big sombrero and sent it sailing into her face. The only effect was to bring her head up a little and abated nothing of her headlong gait.

As I fully realized that the old she villain meant business I flashed into rage, and pulling back the hammer of the Sharp rifle I carried resolved to bore her through her arched head and correct her disposition to quietude for all time.

Matters were coming too fast to allow me to take any aim, and I banged away with the Sharp as it lay in my hands.

The iron cow was not three feet from the muzzle of the rifle, but how I missed her is more than I can tell. But I did.

As it was she was so cross as to appear to gather the smoke of the gun and bring it along in her frontlet, and realizing I had missed I just had time to escape her horns by a quick twist, getting, indeed, a smart jolt from her shoulder even then.

It took a tenth part of a second to put another cartridge into the rifle, and I reflected with ferocious satisfaction that it would be my turn now, as I had no idea of making a second miss of it.

Of course I confidently counted on her turning and charging me again. To my surprise, however, she kept straight on up the slight and pine covered hill toward the divide and never seemed even to cast a thought behind at me.

I overcame an impulse to pump a bullet into her anyhow, and no one having sustained injury, called the battle a draw.

The irony of fate was shown by finding this old cow who had escaped my bullet by a miracle, dead with her calf, in a blizzard which struck the hills two days after.

The existence of this calf hid over on the divide, and my being directly between the infant and the old cow when she saw me, was no doubt the whole cause of the war.

I left the two stark in their drifts of snow, and make no doubt they were highly appreciated by the buzzard and the raven, who that day flapped their wide wings in those skies.—Kansas City Star.

Keeping the Scalp Clean.

Combing with a fine tooth comb and wetting the scalp every day are practices which induce scalp disease and create dandruff. The fine comb should be used only occasionally, and that not enough to irritate the skin. The head should be washed carefully with soap and water as least once a week, and if one is working in places where there is a great deal of dust in the air this process should be gone through with oftener. Too much water closes up the oil glands of the scalp, and makes the head dry and hard.

Premature baldness and dandruff follow. If in spite of all this the scalp is still too dry an occasional application of a little hair oil or sweet oil may be used, but nature as a rule supplies sufficient oil for all needful purposes. Water and oil applied freely to the hair make a filthy and unpleasant head of hair, and it should be avoided as much as possible.—Yankee Blade.

Economical Translation.

A young man called upon a retired school teacher not long ago to consult him about studying French. He wished to learn the language, but could not afford to take lessons of a regular teacher, and asked what books would be suitable to enable him to acquire a reading knowledge of French.

The old pedagogue fitted him out with a simple book for translation, a vocabulary and a grammar, and left him to work out the problem for himself. A few weeks later they met again.

"How are you getting on with your French?" asked the teacher. "Oh, first rate! first rate! Why, yesterday I translated two whole pages of that book you told me to buy. I got out the meaning perfectly, and had a lot of French words left over!"—Youth's Companion.

Cabs Called by Electricity.

One of the latest inventions in connection with the electric light is a silent cab call. Several clubs and hotels in London have already been supplied with this useful commodity. Two lamps are suspended outside the building, one red and the other green, and by pressing a knob in the entrance hall one or other of the lamps can be lit as will. The red light calls a four wheeler, and the green a hearse.—New York Telegram.

Two Opinions.

St. Agedoro—I think Miss Moss is a perfect poem.
De Masson—I know it. At least she's a poem to me.—St. Joseph News.

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