Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.—U. S. Gov't Chemist's Report.

For finest food I can use none but Royal.-A. FORTIN, Chif, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

#### ELECTRICITY VERSUS HAYSEED.

Dry Baptist Cravess and His Ride on a City Car.

"Rt I plead guilty, squire, kin I explain the

"RI I plead guilty, squire, kin I explain the circumstances!"
"The law allows you to make any statement you wish in your own defense, without pleading guilty,"
"Thank ya. Well, squire, I'm Nahum Craweas to home, an 'I her bin a township trustee for nigh on to swen year. I'm a Dry Baptist, too, squire."
"You are charged with disorderly conduct, Mr. Crawes."
"So the gentleman down stairs see afore I come up. Twee this a-way, squire: I wanted tar see then things an' animals at the Bloo or Zoo pixoe, an' a policeman toid me take a red car at Fifth and the postoffice. I sees a car a standing thar without no moles or hosses to it, an' I see:
"Bo this the garden's car?"
"You, sic: step aboard."
"Whar's your hosses, friend? see I, thinkin' I seould have ter wait.
"Bon't have horses, 'see the feller in blue clothes."

jokin', "No mules usither. Hurry up; it's a goin to start," see he.

to start, see he.

"Hypose you work oven on this line, eh?
see I, because I was gittin'riled.

"No, you old Jay, we sin't got no oxen,'
see he, snappish like. "You've got one second
to get on.

"I got aboard, squire, an' had hardly time
to look aboart when the consarned thing gave
a jump an' went allylo' along. By Jude, I
didn't know what ter think. Whise-si
whitri ding-ling! I stangers out an' see to
the feller:

"For land's sake, how do she go?

"Exercisity,' see he.

"What is it? see Ie.

"How on airth does she get down hyar?

see I.

"How on airth does she get down hyarf see I.

"Oh, rate! Go set down! set he.

"Just then I hatched sight of a pole reachin' up from the top of the car to a clothes into attenticed along, and I sees into the trick. They were pollin' the dinged thing along with a steam windless. Then set I: Young unan, I'm Nahum Cravens, a township truste-for seven year, an I don't allow no city whip persamper to fool with me, an"

"Mr. Gravens, I know the reet. You fought like a poglist and howled 'Marrier!' You are behind the march of civilization, and I'm afraid hopelessly so. Pay the man with the large diamoud here 8 lil; and go home and cultivate cabbages. Next!"

When the township trustee called on the old soldier for his value and unbrella afterward that battle scarred patriot offered the following sage suggestion:

"Mr. Gravens, don't be surprised at anything nowadays. These electricizers are just raisin' gos. Between me an' you, Mister Cravens, it wouldn't surprise me a bit to wake up some morning no find a whizegig lockin' up reple in the cells I've been attendin' to for nine year last Thanksgiving. Give my come, meant to Missus Cravens an'the family. Good-by, sir; good-by, "—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## By Pretty Typewriter.

My office of late has seemed brighter, More cheerful by far than it was: It may be the preity typewriter Who site sear my desk is the cause.

A radiant, dashing young creature; In typewriting circles a belle; Although I'm unable to teach her To punctoato rightly or spell.

Her mouth like a half opened rose is. Her hair rivals gold in its bus. Tip tilted her dear little nose is. Her syss are a nearway blue.

I really should feel lost without her;
For while there's no cause for alarm,
There's something attractive about her;
A thrilling, intengible charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful.
With errors they thickly are strow.
I scold her, and she becomes tearful.
And thinks I am awfully rule.

She breaks into silvery laughter An soon as forgiven, and I've Rowritten no cui of them after

I really shall feel last without her.
For while I intended no barm.
By wife netices consetting about her
That filled her dear soul with alarm.
- F. H. Curtiss in New York Sun.

e Old Question of the Coach Which, at any given moment, is moving orward faster—the top of a ceach wheel or be bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrang reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate, that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is, in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing, and is consequently scattenary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.—New York Tribuns.

The Bane of the News Editor's Life.

The Bane of the News Editor's Life.

The news editor was taiking about correspondents. "I've got some of the bright est correspondents in the country sending us news," said be, "but I want to remark, when the rural correspondent gets an idea that the rest of the world is sitting up nights to hear the latest news from his hamlet he can add more sorrow to the life of a news editor than any man alive.

"I bai a correspondent once with whom I labored earnestly. I broke him from the habit of giving every dispatch an ornate introduction that cost more for telegraph tolls than the essential part of the article, but he would never give up supplementing his specials with some comment. If 'an esteemed fellow townsman' had died he felt compelled to throw in a few words to mitigate the sorrow of the friends. One day there was a big piece of news down his way. A man killed his wife and his two children, mortally wounded his mother-in-law and then shot himself.

"The correspondent started the telegram all right. He dived right into the subject and told the story graphically, but when he got through he couldn't stop. He knew the family of the decased, and felt that as a neighbor and friend he ought to say something at our expense to comfort them a little, so he wound up his telegram with these consoling words. This sail act of the decased was a great surprise to his family and friends.' As he had killed all the members of his immediate family his conduct must have surprised them, especially his wife."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Fall.

Now cooler winds begin to blow,
The solar fires less fleroely glow.

The heated term is marry o'er, The paper collar wills no more.

The girl puts up her texthing suit. Their hats of straw the wealthy shoot

The fat man langue about with glee, Nomers like meited land is he.

The yachts are fast at wharves and docks. We're near the autumnal equinox.

And people who regard their health For autumn clothing spend their we

Physico-Financial Scheme.

"Look here," said Grabbinger to Slopeigh,
"when are you going to pay me that hundred
dollars you becrowed about eight years ago?"
"Do you mean to say that I owe you a hundred dollars?"

"To be sure. You certainly haven't forgotten it."
"My does not be about the property of the sure."

gotten it."

"My dear sir, I do not doubt that you leaned a hundred dollars to some one eight years ago; but I can demonstrate by science that I am not the man."

"I'd like to see how the mischief you are going to do it."

"Very well. It is a fact demonstrated by scientists that men undergo an onlire change of being every seven years, consequently I can't be the same person to whom your money was loaned."—Merchant Travsier.

A Tiger Beats a Lion.

It is popularly supposed that the lion is the most courageous and powerful of the carnivora, or at least of the felicie, but on the few recorded occasions of a battle royal between the lion and the Bengal tiger the lion has come off second best. One such combat occurred recently at the Calcutta Zoo between an African Honess and a tigress. They are exhibited in adjoining compartments of the same cage, and the door having been carelessly opened between the two compartments the tigress rushed in and disposed of her rival in a fight which lasted about ien minutes.—Forest and Stream.

The Way Obsentings.

### The Way Oftentimes

The Way Offentimes.

"Hello, old boy!" said Mr. Wioka.

"Where're you going now!"

"The going to the hotel to get my dinner," answered Mr. Hicks.

"Indeed! Why don't you dine at home!
I always heard that Mrs. Hicks was an excellent cook."

"Ah, my dear fellow, that was before she bought a cook book."—Boston Tran-script.

### Just in Time.

An Irish gentleman getting upon a street ear found one place vacant, which he pro-ceeded to occupy.

"Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "I came just in the nick of time."

"How is that?"

"Arrah! If I was to come now, I shouldn't find a seat in the car?"—Youth's Compan-ion.

De Mortuia Nihil Nisi Benum. Necrologist—What is there to say about old Dornale; he was in the legislature for a time, wasn't be? Editor—Yes, but there is no use hurting the family's feelings!—Puck.

Friggs, from whom Friday is derived, was either a god or a goddess, according to time and country. As a man he was a great bunter and warrior, always represented with a drawn sword in one hand and a bow in the other. In the Scandinavian countries Friggs was called the "Venus of the North," and the sixth day of the week was consecrated to her wor-

#### GOING HOME."

Aweary with the weight of years.
Worn with the forceful waves of time.
A mind selected and wasdering test
Went forth with childlike faith sublime.
To find the baunts of childhood days
Still held by memory's tengthesting chain.
These wandering test went out to warch
For old time bross and hands again;
The past axes in thought had come.
Bringtog to mind an old time home.

But, ah, that home had past away.
Those hopes and hambs were now no more
White forms and faces of past years
Had reached full soon the "shining shore,"
The weary soul renoved its strength.
Waiting a summons soon to come
From him who knoweth when to call
His weary pilarion to his home.
To realize of everlating day.
Where memories never fade away.

White farewells here and greetings there is a construction of the best freshly made. Another call came to that home And was most cheerfully obeyed; A ferryman grim came quickly back Across death's ceaseless swelling tide. To carry forth the one bereft. For meeting on the other side. The bride of years threescore and more. At home, together, to ever mirre.

—John Wentworth.

Only a Piece of Chalk.

Few people know what a wonderful object a bit of chalk is when examined under a microscope. Take your knife blade and scrape of a little of the loose powder, eatch it on a clean glass slide, and place this on the stage of a good table microscope. Use a quarter-inch objective lens and illuminate the field with a cone of light from the concave side of the reflector. The powder will be seen to consist of a contused mass of beautiful tiny shells, many of them of the most curious form.

A better way, however, is to rub down a portion of chalk with an old toothbrush in a tumbler half filled with water. If you desire to prepare several slides rub on about a tesapooutul of the powder. Shake the tumber briskly, allow the sediment to settle for a moment and then carefully pour off the milky looking water.

Repeat this until the water remains clear, and you will then have left in the bottom only perfect shells, or large parts of shells. Take up a small pinch of this deposit, spread it carefully over the center of a glass slide. Dry over a lamp, and, if you wish to preserve the slide for future use, mount in Canada balsam, pressing out the bubbles of air beneath the cover glass. If only intended for present examination you may omit the monnting.—

#### The Honest Newsboy.

The Houset Newshey.

Fair dealing is a characteristic of the spical New York newsboy. Some men would hesitate to give him a quarter to take around the corner to get changed, but persons who have carefully observed the distinguishing traits of the newsboy would have no such fear. Wednesday afternoon a gentleman bought four cents' worth of newspapers in Park row from a small boy whom he had never before seen. He tendered a ten cent piece in payment, and the hoy, muttering something about "no change," chasped the coin in his dirty flat and darted down the street. While waiting unconcernedly for his change the gentleman was accoused by a friend, who invited him into an adjacent art gallery. When they came out the purchaser of the newspapers had forgotten all about his change and went his way without it. The following day, as he was passing through Park row, he was stopped by a newsboy, who dirtisquely remarked: "Say, mister, why didn't yer wait fer yer change yesterday! Here's yer six cents."—New York Times.

### Soff Satisfied.

Schopenhauer, the great German phil-coopher, afforded one of the most remark-able examples of self complacency that has ever been known. His naive culcylums on his own predictions are almost beyond be-

lief.

In writing to his publishers of his work he says, "Its worth and importance are so great that I do not venture to express it, even toward you, because you could not believe me," and he proceeds to quote a review "which speaks of me with the highest praise, as the greatest philosopher of the age, which is really saying much less than the good man thinks."

"Sir," he said to as unoffending stranger who watched him across a table d'hote, where he acted the part of the local "hon" habitually, "Sir, you are evidently astoniabed at my appetite. True, I eat three times as much as you, but then I have three times as much an mind!"—Youth's Companion.

## Originality's Patron.

Originality's Pairon.

A woman entered the office of a large wholesale house, and addressing a man whom she found seated at a desk, said;

"My kind sir, I am forced to selfich assistance. I am a widow, have lost my situation, and have dependent on me"—

"A large fainly," suggested the man as he turned and looked at the woman.

"No, sir, only "se in 2"

"Y satt" Las u.m exclaimed, almost springing from his chair.
"I have only one child," the weman re-

"I have only one child," the weman repeated.
"Is it possible?" said the man, speaking
with an emphasis of doubt, "that you have
not a large family?"
"I have stated the truth, sir."
"Come, now; haven't you really as many
as six children?"
"I tell you that I have only one. Why do
you doubt my worst?"
"Because you are so original. Every other
woman who has ever appealed to me for
charity has had at least five children to support. Madam, you napeal to me deeply. I
am known as the patron of originality. Be
seated, please, and I will write you a check."
"Arkansaw Traveler.
When Come Microsity and the seated."

When Queen Victoria cams to be mar-ried there was a rare gathering up of lace workers to supply her bridal dress and vail. Wedding lace for her daughters, her some vives and now her granddaughters has since put much money in the pookets of her majesty's loyal subjects.

The number eight is the first cubic num-ber, but saids from that powerses no pecul-larities. There are eight beatitudes, and eight persons constitute a set in dancing a quadrille.

## Ile Wam's Lille.

"You don't copeny to have much to eny this morning, his McGinnis," remarked the

landlady.

"No, malan," said the boarder, pi, big his halfs vigorously on the warmed over steat.
"Pen not doing much tailing, but I keep on sawing wood, malan, just as nard."—Chicage Tribune.

Not Attractive.

"What ever possessed you, Ruth, to let Mr. Spinner go out in this under shower He might be struck by light g"—he's not at-"Ob, I think there's no da. —he's not at-

enough, you kno..." - Harper's

A New Lincoln Story.

A gentleman from the west tells this story of Abe Lincoln, which if not new is certainly by no means backneyed. The gentleman came from the section in which Abe and Douglas were conspicuous figures in the past, and the story he tells relates to a decision made by Mr. Lincoln as to the proper length of a man's leg. As the story goss, Douglas and a Mr. Lovejoy were at one of the haunte in the village where they need to most for news and gossip. no. v life there Abe Lincoln came in and sait down, disposing of a lengthy limbs in a somewhat awkward manner. They saw him coming in, and immediately began a conversation in regard to the proper length of a man's leg.

"Now," says Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it."

[A The conversation had been carried on with a story to Lincoln's averbearine, it, and they

in The conversation had been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overhearing it, and they closed it by saying, "Abs, what do you think about it?"

closed it by saying, "Abe, want to be as about it?"

Mr. Lincoln had a far away, look as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question:

"Think of what?"

"Why, we've been talking about the proper length of a man's leg. We think yours are too long, and Douglas' too short, and wed like to know what you think is the proper length." proper length."
"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter

"Well, "said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken, but my first im-pression is that a man's leg ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground,"—Reston True Fing.

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with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora,
Texas, prevented a had attack of
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