

DECISIVE Baking Powder Tests

The United States Official

Investigation of Baking Powders, made by authority of Congress, in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative information as to which powder is the best. The Official Report

Shows the ROYAL to be a cream of tartar baking powder, superior to all others in leavening power (U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Bulletin 13, p. 599).

A SONG OF VIOLETS.

Wake, violets, wake!
By river and lake;
Your purple ranks rally
O'er hillside and valley
Awaken and follow
The brook in the hollow,
Through low meadows pass
Mid tall meadow grasses
For curls and yellow
And thrush songs are mellow,
And orioles sing.
Till the gray woodlands ring.
Wake, violets, wake!

Bloom, violets, bloom!
While faint with perfume
The bee, the gay rover,
Drones proudly over
The lilacs and lilies
And daisies and dillies.
Think tender his seeming
And true he is dreaming
Of rosy and summer,
The false, fickle hummer,
Through forest and lane,
By roadside and plain.
Bloom, violets, bloom!

Fade, violets, fade!
On the breast of the maid,
In the hand of the child
And the youth, unadorned,
Your short life of gladness
Is full of sweet sadness,
Awake, O women of truth!
Like the hopes of our youth,
But and bloom with the years
Of the swift coming years,
Above and around
Each newly made mound.
Fade, violets, fade!
—Housekeepers' Weekly

Experiments with Firedamp.

Some French chemists have been investigating the nature of firedamp mixtures in relation to colliery explosions with important results. For this purpose mixtures of pure formene and air were employed, and of those mixed with ordinary illuminating gas, which were made by passing the gases through multiple Bunsen burners into a wooden box placed against granite and porphyry blocks, and so disposed that by striking them with a pick the sparks fell into the box. It appears the mixtures of illuminating gas and air were easily exploded by the sparks whenever they were large enough to remain incandescent during an appreciable time, a result obtained with nearly every blow, the sparks being formed of metallic particles burning strongly and forming globules of magnetic oxide. On the other hand, it appears that with mixtures of formene and air no inflammation could be obtained, although more than a hundred experiments were made under conditions in which a mixture of illuminating gas and air would inevitably have been ignited—a difference thought to be due to the inflammation of formene requiring a much longer time than that of illuminating gas, and the sparks becoming cold before it can be effected. Further experiments were made with mixtures of formene, illuminating gas and air, the result being that when the mixture contained equal quantities of two gases explosions were in some cases obtained, but with mixtures employed that contained the proportions of 75 per cent. of formene and 25 of illuminating gas no explosions took place of any kind.—New York Sun.

Two Railroad Presidents Meet.

Judge McWhorter is president of the shortest railroad system in the world. It is something more than three miles in length, between Crawford and Lexington. Of this road Larry Guitt tells a good story on the judge. "Hamp was in New York a few months ago," said Larry, "and while in Colonel John Inman's office he met Jay Gould. He was introduced to the wizard as the president of the Lexington Terminal. "'Yes,' said Mr. Gould, 'I am glad to meet you. You have a nice road. By the way, Mr. McWhorter, how many miles are there in your system?' "'Nearly five,' replied Hamp. "'All under one management?' asked Mr. Gould from force of habit."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Horrid Boy.

Miss Grushington—Such exquisite melody! And such a lovely basso—Signor Bologna! So handsome! I do wonder what his age is! Small Brother—Bologna's age! I know it. Miss G.—You darling! What is it? S. B. (triumphantly)—Bologna.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Returned Traveler—You my Mrs. Esthete has quite lost her love of the antique. What has happened? Resident—Her husband got squeezed in Wall street, and she must now go and live in the old shanty that her grandfather was born in.—New York Weekly.

HE BUILDS THE NEST.

"The good God always builds the blind bird's nest!" So runs a Turkish proverb sweet and wise. How calmly may she fold her wings in rest. Knowing his touch upon her shadowed eyes! Thou, who hast known his love so strong and grand. Rest, too, in his right hand.

"Behold!" he cried, "I will bring the blind. By ways they have not known"—assurance sweet—"Straighten the crooked path, make life more kind. Turn darkness into light before their feet." Is thy sight darkened, friend? Thy God can see. Let that suffice for thee.

Unsheltered birds his providence shall shield. The helpless soul shall lean upon his strength. Our need, grown great, to greater love shall yield. And help, though long delayed, shall come at length. Wait for him, doubting not. His knoweth best Who builds the blind bird's nest. —American Israelite.

A Talking Canary.

It seems almost incredible that a canary could be taught to speak; nevertheless, there have been well authenticated cases in which this seemingly impossible feat has been accomplished. The most notable instance was that of a canary exhibited in London in 1838, and it had a most remarkable history. Its parents had previously successfully reared several broods, but in the early part of the year in question hatched out but one of four eggs. Strange to say, they entirely neglected the little one, and immediately rebuilt a nest over it. The owners of the birds accidentally discovered this fact and removed the forsaken one almost dead. It was placed in a flannel bag, and after the greatest attention was restored and raised by hand.

The fact of its being treated in this manner, separated from all other birds, caused it to become very familiar with its foster parents, and its first singing notes were entirely different from those uttered by ordinary canaries. Being continually addressed in endearing terms by its mistress, it associated her one day by suddenly repeating the words "Kissie kissie." This became an everyday occurrence, and from time to time other terms were added to its vocabulary.

For hours together, except during the molting season, this extraordinary bird would call out in tones almost as clear as if uttered by a human voice, such sentences as "Dear, sweet Titchie!"—the name given it by its mistress—"Kiss Minnie!" "Kiss me, dear Minnie!" "Kissie! kissie! kissie, sweet little Titchie!" "Wael gee, gee, Titchie, sweet Titchie!" It also developed a faculty for whistling, the first bar of "God Save the Queen" being its favorite air.

Another talking canary is said to have been exhibited in London in 1838, but all authorities agree that it was in no way equal to the one described.—Detroit Free Press.

Why Albinoes Do Not See Well.

According to Dr. A. D. Williams, the white, flaxen hair of Albinoes shows that there is a deficiency of coloring materials in their bodies. Further proof of this fact is found in the absence of the necessary amount of pigment in their eyes. Such persons have pink eyes because there is not pigment enough in the iris and upon its posterior surface to prevent the red reflex of the fundus from shining through the iris. Albinoes are always greatly annoyed by strong light, because there is not sufficient coloring to prevent the ingress of a flood of it, the bright glare entering not only through the pupil, but through the substance of the iris as well.

The choroid being likewise deficient in pigment, the excessive amount of light dazzles and greatly confuses the vision. Furthermore, the deficiency of pigment in the choroid prevents the light after it has acted on the retina from being absorbed, that being the main function of the choroidal pigment. Albinism is an unfortunate condition, as there is no way to supply the deficient pigment to the iris and choroid.—St. Louis Republic.

How a Poor Man Studied Law.

The Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis says: There is a story about a certain distinguished orator, lawyer and statesman of Massachusetts that has never been told, and I dare say the gentleman wouldn't like to have his name mentioned now. Besides, the story is very old, and it all happened something like thirty-five years ago. But it is a good story, and its value is only very slightly diminished by the necessity for withholding names.

As I say, something like thirty-five years ago I lived in the Highlands, and in my house there was a young domestic who was very bright and very industrious. One day I discovered her in earnest conversation with a brow young man at the back gate. She talked with him long and tenderly, and when he went away I chaffed her about her company. But she surprised me very much by bursting into tears, and declared that she was ready to give up her place, but that she had meant no harm. I questioned her further, and discovered that she had loaned some books out of my library to the young man, and he had come to return them.

The young man was her brother, and he was studying law, but he had little money to buy books with, and he had taken this means of pursuing knowledge under difficulties. Today men call that young man "general," and if I told you his name you'd be started, I assure you.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

They Spoke French.

When the English envoys, Trevelyan and Lemon, were introduced at the Austrian court Count Kunnitz asked, "Do they speak French?" "Excellently well," replied Lemon. "For my part," said the count aside, "I prefer the English who used to come; they spoke French so delightfully ill." "In that case," answered the introducer, "you will be charmed with this pair."—Exchange.

A Neglected Muse.

Returned Traveler—Is your daughter as fond of music as ever? Hostess—She has not touched the piano for two years. Returned Traveler—Indeed! I did not know she had married.—Good News.

Governor Board on the Seashore.

Ex-Governor Board is one of the best story tellers in the country. On the trip to Galena his fund of stories seemed inexhaustible. One of them was this: "I was down at a little clam-bank in New Jersey last summer, and after dinner was called on to make a speech. I started off by saying that I had eaten so many of their low neck clams that I wasn't in the best sort of condition to make a speech. When I used the expression 'low neck' clams an old chap, sitting directly across the table from me, whose face was long enough to enable him to eat out of a clam, scooped at me, and then said, in a stage whisper, 'Little neck clams, little necks—not low necks.' I paid no attention to the interruption and finished my speech. When dinner was over he trailed me out into the hall and said, 'You are from Wisconsin, ain't you?' "'Yes,' I replied. "'You don't have many clams up there I reckon?' "'Well,' I said, 'we have some, but it's a good way to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well.' "He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half, and in a tone of the utmost disgust said, 'Lord clams ain't got no feet!' "He turned away, and approaching one of my friends inquired, 'Is that fellow governor of Wisconsin?' "'Yes,' said my friend. "'W-a-l-l,' drawled the old man, with a good deal of feeling, 'he may be a smart man in Wisconsin, but he is a fool on the seashore.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The Money Did It.

An Italian resident of this city tells the following incident of a countryman in his native land: Among devices employed to evade the three years' requisite service in the army is that of feigning to be deaf and dumb. The man in question was so successful in this deception that, though he was kept for three months among booming cannon and rifle reports, he never once betrayed the fact that he could hear either, and was allowed to go free. However, two men were sent to watch him, and when he walked up the stone steps of his home some money was thrown down behind him. He immediately turned around on hearing the jingling coin, and was seized and carried off to serve eight years in the army, the five additional years being the penalty for his deception.—Portland Argus.

Carriage Travel on the Bridge.

The length of the carriage way on the Brooklyn bridge is 5,969 feet. The number of carriages and other vehicles crossing amounts in a day to 4,000. From 8 in the evening until 6 o'clock next morning about 300 carriages or wagons cross. Then the number increases to 100 between 6 and 7, and 200 between 7 and 8, and to 400 in each hour between 8 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. From 4 to 5 and from 5 to 6 the crush is greatest and reaches 400 an hour. Between 6 and 7 it falls to 200, and between 7 and 8 to 100, after which business again becomes dull. There are, of course, average figures, as the traffic varies according to the weather and the season, but is always greatest between 4 and 6 in the afternoon and least in night hours.—New York Sun.

When Mme. Biavatti and Colonel Oicotti began to preach theosophy in New York in 1875 they could muster hardly half a dozen adherents. Now the assertion is made that the movement has 100,000 followers in America.

The sublimest state of misery is endured only by a man with a stiffly starched white waistcoat, a collar that won't stay buttoned behind, a pair of tight shoes and a seed from the raspberry jam between his front teeth.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATAKERS THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents per bottle.

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Rheumatism

And also pains in my back and a general feeling of being used up. My business takes me out in the elements all the time, and I found myself unfit for work. Resulting an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and learning also that the medicine was compounded in my own State of Massachusetts, I concluded this may be an honest medicine. I took it and am so much improved that I can out

Hood's Cures

In all weathers and travel all day with no fatigue and tired feeling. In any one that feels bad all over I say take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me." R. H. Churchill.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation.

"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Bo-schee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble." *

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