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Where the best food is required, the Royal Baking Powder only can be used.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—C. Gerju, late Chef, Delmonico's, N. Y.

The Rappickers of Paris.

The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city are worth millions. There are more than 50,000 persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away. Twenty thousand women and children exist by sifting and sorting the gatherings of the pickers, who collect every day in the year about 1,300 tons of merchandise, which they sell to the wholesale rug dealers for some 70,000 francs. At night you see men with baskets strapped on their backs, a lantern in one hand and in the other a stick with an iron hook on the end. They walk along rapidly, their eyes fixed on the ground, over which the lantern flings a sheet of light, and whatever they find in the way of paper, rags, bones, grease, metal, etc., they stow away in their baskets. In the morning in front of each house you see men, women and children sifting the dustbins before they are emptied into the scavengers' carts. At various hours of the day you may remark isolated rappers, who seem to work with less method than the others and with a more independent air. The night pickers are generally novices—men who, having been thrown out of work, are obliged to hunt for their living like the wild beasts. The morning pickers are experienced and regular workers, who pay for the privilege of sifting the dustbins of a certain number of houses and of trading with the ronnals. The rest, the majority, are the couriers, the runners, who exercise their profession freely and without control, working when they please and loading when they please. They are the philistines and adventurers of the profession, and their chief object is to enjoy life and meditate upon its problems.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

Etiquette in the Reign of Louis XIV.

The etiquette which prevailed at Versailles was of the most minutely elaborate character, and governed every movement of the king and those about him to the very moment he opened his august eyes until he closed them in sleep. He was the center of the whole; it was a drama, daily repeated—the same characters, the same scenes, the same details—oppressive in its sameness, fatiguing in its constant pressure. I have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell on all the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner; the twenty or thirty grandees flustering around the king's plates and glasses; the sacramental utterances of the occasion; the gaudy procession of the retinue; the arrival of a nef—that is, the center piece of plate which contained, between scented cushions, the king's napkins, and Pessades plates—the tasting of each dish by the gentlemen servants and officers of the table before the king partook of it. The same custom was observed with the beverages. It took four persons to serve the king with a glass of wine and water. Well might Frederick the Great, on hearing an account of all this tyranny of etiquette, exclaim, that if he were king of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place.—All the Year Round.

The Origin of an Expression.

Mr. McElroy tells this: A few years ago some one defined a Mugwump to be "a person who is educated beyond his intellect." The remark was credited to several leading New Yorkers. But one day, in reading Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" I came across this sentence: "The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that 'it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities.'"—New York World.

Looking for Gold.

Mr. R. T. Imbrie, of Washington county, Or., found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens. He is now on a still hunt for the feeding grounds of that particular chicken, and is thinking of assaying the entire barnyard company.—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Pay.

The North Carolina boy who went out to shoot birds with a gun made of a brass tube shot himself of course. And we don't know that we are even sorry for his parents. It would not pay to raise such a fool.—Buffalo Express.

How the Fakir Gathered a Crowd.

The New York Sunday Dispatch says that a man leaning against a lamp-post, and apparently sleeping the sleep of the just, created a deal of interest in a busy street the other day. He sat on a box which he seemed to have been carrying. Evidently being suddenly overcome with drowsiness, he had placed it on the curbstone, and sitting down upon it fell asleep. Those who succeeded in getting near enough to the man his gentle, restless snore dispelled the fear that he might be dead. The side of the face was exposed and betrayed no sign of intoxication. It was the judgment of every one that he was sober, in good health and simply taking a quiet snooze. When the crowd became so dense as to threaten a blockade, the supposed sleeper suddenly jumped to his feet, mounted his box, and flourishing a couple of bottles over his head exclaimed: "Now, gents, seein that you are all here, I rise to a question of privilege, and after thankin you for this most cordial reception, which I assure you will long remain upon the tablets of my memory, I wish to call your attention to my world renowned Paradise pills," and so on in the usual style.

Experiments with Pigeons.

Experiments have recently been made to determine the length of time through which a carrier pigeon will preserve the "homing" instinct—that is to say, how long a bird must be kept away from its original or home loft before it will lose the instinct to return. Recently seventy-two pigeons in the German military service were taken from Mayence to Brunswick, a distance of 170 miles, and kept in captivity a month. Then they were liberated. They started instantly in the direction of Mayence and arrived there in 44 hours.—Youth's Companion.

He Got His Gold.

Two prospectors at Wilkeson, Wash., came near making a remarkable strike that might have turned the tide of gold hunters from the San Juan country. As they were industriously digging away a miner came wildly rushing upon them and began to dig into the earth less than a dozen feet away. In a few minutes he unearthed an oyster can and started off with it, chuckling joyously. He had hidden 40 \$30 gold pieces in the can on the hillside weeks before and believed it to be secure until he heard casually that men were prospecting there. The prospectors were within 10 feet of his "hide" and digging straight toward it when he rescued his property.

A Club of Five.

A club with a curious purpose has recently been organized in Philadelphia. It has a membership of five and will meet but once a year, at an annual banquet, except when a member dies. Then the remaining four will act as his pallbearers. This is the club's sole object except the annual banquet. As soon as one member shall have been borne to the grave by his four fellow members another will be chosen to take his place and its membership always kept complete.

Two Famous Opals.

In the last century a very round and brilliant opal was the property of the amateur Fleury. Another, said to be fascinatingly vivid, was owned by a noted French financier. These two were regarded as marvels of beauty among gems.—Harper's Bazar.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body—it preserves constant ease and serenity within us and more than counterbalances all the calamities and afflictions which can befall us without.—Addison.

A Frenchman who had by chance passed over a narrow plank lying across a deep gorge in the dark, on viewing the spot the next day fell down dead while contemplating the dangers of the previous night.

A hay saver, consisting of a three sided device which enables the horse to insert his head into the manger, but does not permit any lateral movement of it, is a late invention.

The manufacture of snowshoes for army use would establish a new industry that might employ a goodly number of workmen.

THE RAT'S OWN FAULT

IF HE HAD KEPT HIS HEAD HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN KILLED.

The Pretty Girl Would Not Have Been Frightened, George's Trousers Would Still Be Available, and the Small Boy Would Have Missed Lots of Fun.

The boy sat on the big box, kicking his heels against the sides. He was a short, stumpy boy with an abundance of freckles held over from summer. The box was an ordinary packing box. It stood on the sidewalk in front of the Walton building in Franklin street, near where the Sixth avenue elevated road crosses. Underneath the box a long, lean, gray bewhiskered rat had taken up temporary quarters.

The rat was in bad luck. In the first place a sneaky looking dog, droopy as to tail, a mongrel of the kind termed "yaller," was lounging about, nosing in the gutter and yearning for an opportunity to display the deviltry common to his kind. Behind the rat's refuge in a doorway a pretty young woman was talking to a much infatuated "George." An elderly and important looking personage, wearing gold mounted eyeglasses, and carrying a gold headed cane, had just made an imposing descent from the elevated station and was promenadeing leisurely toward the box. A cart horse attached to a truck stood in front of a saloon near by waiting for the driver to come out. All was calm and peaceful. Then the rat came on the scene.

The first to see him was the boy. He jumped off the box, and the rat started out toward the station with the boy in hot chase. This aroused the dog, who, with a howl of anticipated sport, joined in the pursuit. The fugitive made straight for the elderly personage. The boy was a fairly good second and the dog a close third. The personage, becoming aware that something was coming his way, glanced over the top of the gold mounted eyeglasses.

"Hi, there!" yelled the boy. "He's comin your way. Head 'im off. Swath'er 'im one with 'is stick!"

The old gentleman "swath'ered." He missed the rat and hit the boy on the shins. The boy gave a shrill whoop, lay down on the walk and wept.

"Did it hurt you?" inquired the owner of the cane.

That made the boy so angry that he stopped crying.

"Did it hurt me?" he howled in righteous wrath. "Did it hurt me? You of gold headed snoper. How'd you like it if I clubbed yer bloomin' shins with a waggin spoke? What'd you say of a fat headed cove—Hi! Here he comes back! Grab 'im! Turn 'im back! Hit 'im when he goes by!"

The rat had doubled on his track and was flying up the street again with the dog several paces behind. In between the feet of the personage dodged the rat. The dog essayed to follow by the same route and got tangled up with the feet. Down came the personage, his gold headed cane flying in one direction and his gold rimmed spectacles in another. Then and there he offered a few remarks that wrung from the boy an admiring tribute. "Gosh," said he, "you can cuss."

In the meantime the rat was on his way up the street, and the pretty young woman who with her "George" had emerged from the doorway, was walking down the street engaged in conversation.

"Yes, he was just as nice about it as he could be; said it wasn't any trouble at all. He said—Oh! O-w-w-w-w! George! E-e-e-e-e-e! It's a rat! Help! It's coming this way. E-e-e-e-e! Help me up on this box. Yes, I'm all right now, but—Oh, George, do you suppose he can climb up here? E-e-e-e-e! Don't let him climb up here or I shall d-d-d-die!"

George let out a terrific kick that landed in the stomach of the pursuing dog. By way of retaliation the dog took off part of one leg from George's trousers, and fled across the street howling diabolically until it came to the cart horse. Apparently connecting that animal with his misfortunes, the dog nibbled at its hind leg. The horse snorted and ran down the street with the truck clattering after. The rat, instead of taking this chance of escape, rushed frantically across the street and back again, with the boy, who had come up, followed by the personage, hot on the trail. The personage was regarding with undisguised admiration the pretty girl, who, with garments gathered and held up lightly in one hand, was standing on tiptoe on the box viewing the chase. George was looking at his trousers.

The owner of the truck came out of the saloon in time to see his property rattling down the street. As he started after it, leaving a trail of profanity behind him, a gaunt cat sauntered out of the saloon. Before the teamster had caught his horse the cat had pounced on the rat and put an end to him. Then the dog avenged his woes by catching her by the back of the neck and shaking the life out of her. The boy hit the dog with a brick on general principles. Then he returned to the personage, the boy, George, and the pretty young woman.

The latter was saying: "Oh, dear! I was so scared. I hope—Oh, George, did I hold my dress up so very high? Please say I didn't! That horrid old man with the eyeglasses!"

"Why, of course you didn't," said George promptly. The girl descended and walked away with him, her fears alleviated.—New York Sun.

The Earliest English Almanac.

The earliest English printed almanac is the calendar of Shepheardes, of the fifteenth century. But many almanacs must have come into existence when Queen Elizabeth gave the monopoly of publishing them to two members of the Stationers' company. King James afterward extended the patent to include the company in its corporate capacity and the two universities, which had assigned their rights for a yearly consideration to the company.

But with the civil war the monopoly was broken through. Oxford, where the king chiefly resided, issued its loyal almanacs, but the more popular and widely circulated was the almanac of William Lilly, the astrologer, first issued for 1643, under the title, "Aterful Anglii Ephemeris." The English Merlin is to be credited with the foresight of getting upon the winning side and prophesying boldly, for the parliament was presently justified by the overwhelming victories of his party. In the issue of The Ephemeris for 1647, the prophet, writing in October, 1646, launched out into a bold pan of victory: "A new world since this time twelve months! Townes and cities taken or surrendered, armies royalls routed, the parliament forces victorious, victorions, his majesty distressed, the prince fled beyond the sea."

He does not hesitate to show how the approaching conjunction of Mars and Jupiter presages still further calamity for the royal head. But his triumph does not make the prophet magnanimous. He has no words too scornful for a rival seer who has endeavored to find encouragement in the stars for the losing side.—All the Year Round.

What Buddhism Aimed to Do.

The Greeks were capable of much poetical pessimism. They saw the vanity of things as plainly as Gotama did, but they also saw the pleasure of proclaiming this vanity in sonorous hexameters or musical elegiacs. To give everything up because you cannot enjoy everything forever would not have entered into their very sound brains and healthy nervous systems. Buddha knew this, knew that mankind was light minded, a child pursuing a bird. But in the slack and demoralizing climate of India he found countless disciples. Most of them, perhaps, cling to the Brahmic survivals in Buddhism, the gods, the fairy tales, more closely than to the doctrine of renunciation.

It is a hospitable religion and has many mansions. But it did aim at doing away with the sacerdotes of caste, at proving all men to be equally human, equally capable, as far as social distinctions go, of moral excellence. In this view, where Buddhism most directly reacts against Brahminism, it has not been a success. The caste system in all its Indian minuteness has survived the Buddhist doctrine. "Buddha for the soul and the gods for the world," an old Chinese saying, still exists in that popular superstition. Human nature cannot be boxed up in a system.—London News.

Freedom in America.

An English woman lately visiting in New York said to one of her American acquaintances as she appeared at her home one morning alone: "There is something positively exhilarating to me in the sense of personal freedom which I feel here in New York. I am over forty years old, and I never before in my life walked out unattended. As a child and growing girl my nurse or governess was with me, then my maid and afterward my husband. My friends at home would raise their eyebrows and wonder what had come over me if they could see me rushing about the streets here quite by myself. When we see a strange woman in London doing that we say, 'Oh, she's a foreigner,' and think no more of it, but if one of my set should do it I presume I should think it very odd. But I enjoy it immensely over here, though I suppose once I'm in London again I shall drop back into my English conventionalty. I wish I hadn't!"—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Chinese Newspapers.

In China there is no such thing as the periodic press. The only paper published in the empire, The Tai Foo, is the imperial organ and is devoted principally to the publication of official nominations. It only incidentally prints any news, and this is wholly untrustworthy, being usually entirely false. Chinese journalism proper consists of posters, handbills, circulars and little political pamphlets, of which a great number are printed from time to time, and the country is usually deluged with them on the eve of the sanguinary movements.—New York Press.

A Tender Spouse.

Wife—Here comes a friend of mine. Let's turn into this side street until she passes. Husband—Guaranteed with her? "No, but I don't want you to see her." "Hum! Why not?" "I know you'll admire that new dress of hers, and it will only worry you to think what a ridiculous fuss you made over the bills for this cheap thing I've got on."—New York Weekly.

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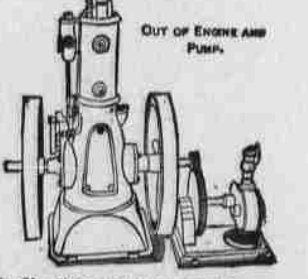
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