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Left in One Car in One Month.

A brown paper parcel of goodly proportions was turned in at the lost article bureau of the Wagner Palace Car company a few days ago, the contents of which give a fair idea of the kind of articles that the travelers on the rail leave behind them in their forgetfulness. The bundle aforesaid contained the collection of lost articles made by the conductor of one sleeping car for a month. The variety of articles thus accumulated was amusing as well as interesting. When the bundle was untied on the broad table in the lost article bureau, the first thing that rolled out was a silver handled shaving brush. There was no accompanying razor, the owner probably having remembered to put that useful instrument back in his satchel. A full set of false teeth nestled cozily in a cluster of false hair and a small copy of the Episcopal prayer book was jammed against a neat leather covered pocket flask. Of toothbrushes and hairbrushes and combs there were half a dozen each.

Other things in this odd collection, included a baby's milk bottle, a pair of ladies' slippers, one patent leather shoe once worn by a man, a wooden undershirt, miniature set in Russia microscope case, two or three empty portmanteaus, and, most singular of all, a dainty little bonnet so attractive in form and color that it is a wonder how any woman could have forgotten it.—New York Times.

Hunting For an Old Man.

In the biography of Dr. Norman MacLeod there is an amusing account given of a visit he paid to one of the Western islands to see a man who was celebrated in the district for his great age. The doctor found an old man (we can only quote from memory) sitting on a bench outside the house and gave him the usual greeting. "I heard that you were a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." "It'll be my father you want to see," said the old man of the bench. So the visitor went inside, and there, sitting over the peats, was a very old man indeed, bent and doubled up, but still for all that, with all his wit about him. "Good day to you," said the good doctor. "I have heard about you, a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." Then he, too, declined the imputation and pointed with his stick to the "ben" of the house. "It'll be my father you want to see," said this old man of the fireside. So there in the "ben" the original Simon Pure was discovered at last, a very, very ancient old man indeed, as may well be imagined.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Child's Lucky Fall.

The two-year-old child of Mrs. Nutty, of Parkersburg, W. Va., has had a most remarkable escape from death. The little one was playing about the mouth of a well, and getting too near the edge lost its balance and fell in. The well was sixty-two feet deep and so narrow that a full grown person could not well descend. A six-year-old boy finally descended, and catching the little one's clothing, held tightly to it until they were both pulled out again. Neither was hurt, and the little two-year-old tot was playing about as usual an hour afterward. In the fall the child had not touched the sides and the water at the bottom saved her life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Occupies the Steps.

Pittsburg has a man who is a puzzle. Saturday afternoon he planted himself on the front steps of the city hall. He never moved away from the place for a moment until twenty-four hours later, when he left for about half an hour to get something to eat. Then he returned and has been keeping his silent vigil at the same stand day and night ever since. A policeman asked him to move on, but he insisted that he was bothering no one and had as much right to sit on the steps of the city hall as any other man in the city. He speaks to no one unless addressed.—Exchange.

TELEPHONE LINES.

The Sunset Company to Stretch Its Wires Over New Areas—They Want Money to Do It.

The Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company has voted to issue bonds to the amount of \$700,000 to extend service throughout the state. One line through the San Joaquin Valley has just been completed as far as Fresno and Tulare, while down the coast a line extends as far as Soledad. There is also a southern division running from San Luis Obispo to San Bernardino, taking in Los Angeles, San Diego and all the thriving Southern towns. At present men are working on the gap between Soledad and San Luis Obispo, which will ere long be covered by telephone and telegraph wires. Once the connection is made between these two points San Francisco can talk to Los Angeles and beyond.

The Northern line goes as far as Vina, taking in Sacramento and the principal towns of Northern California by branch lines. Between Vina and Albany, Or., there is a gap to be covered. The Sunset wires in Washington cover a large area between Suckomish and the Oregon border, where they make connections with the Oregon Telephone Company's wires. To supplement these latter lines communication between Portland and Spokane will be established, and then the Northwest will be a network of speaking wires.

The Memory of Villains.

Although the world is said to know nothing of its greatest men, it has always had an unaccountable and it would seem inflexible propensity for retaining remembrance of the very worst specimens of humanity, and it is really questionable whether the laurel of the conqueror and the bay of the poet are, in the long run, quite so certain of enduring fame as the halberds which have strangled the most notorious of scoundrels. The French have not forgotten those old time villains Cartouche and Mandrin, while in England Dick Turpin and his spookly ride to York have not passed from the public memory.

The exploits of Jack Sheppard as a burglar and prison breaker turn up from time to time in the public prints, and it is an almost scandalous fact that quite modern fashionable dressmakers have devised a costume named after Claude Duval, a rascal in whose career there is not one single picturesque or romantic feature beyond the dubious story that he once refrained from stealing the jewels of a lady whose coach he had stopped on condition that she would alight from her equipage and dance a coranto with him. The varlet was a discharged footman of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, taking the highway, was in due course of time caught, convicted and hanged at Tyburn. Yet somehow or another it seems next to the impossible to bury the memory of these and similar malefactors in oblivion.—Boston Herald.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill penmaker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.—New York Trib.

An Instinctive Choice.

Uncle (to little Moses, aged 8)—Moses, as a reward for your diligence at school I will buy you a new book. What kind would you like?
Moses—Well, if I may choose, get me a savings bank book.—Exchange.

Its Usefulness Gone.

Mamma—Why don't you play with that clockwork elephant Santa Claus brought you?
Little Dick—It doesn't scare the cat any more.—Good News.

ENGLAND'S SWORDS.

AT ONE TIME FALLEN INTO DISREPUTE, THEY ARE NOW THE BEST.

How the Efforts of One Man Resulted in Placing the English Sword Blade Above the Weapons of Any Other Country—Mr. Gill's Tireless Tests.

One of the most important pursuits which Mr. Gill, the celebrated mechanist, ever engaged in was his retrieving the reputation of English swords, which in 1788 had fallen into such deserved ill repute that an English officer would not trust his life to the hazard of probable failure of his English sword blade upon any consideration whatever, although only a century preceding James II had passed an act expressly prohibiting, under severe penalties, the importation of swords from Germany or any other nation—a clear proof that at that period the English swords were sufficiently good to be relied on. However, in the year 1788, a petition was presented to the lords of the treasury by the London sword sellers, praying leave to import sword blades from Germany duty free, on account of the inferior quality of the English blades. I should be very happy that any ingenious manufacturer of Sheffield would supply me with such information, both as to price and quality, as would enable me to remove so disgraceful a reflection on English ingenuity.

The business of swordmaking being, however, more immediately within the province of the Birmingham manufacturers, Mr. Eyre sent Mr. Gill an extract from his lordship's letter, who, in December of that year, presented a memorial to the lords of the treasury stating that sword blades could be made by him of as good a quality as those from Germany or any other nation and praying that the comparative goodness of those of both countries might be examined into.

It was not till the year 1788 that Mr. Gill obtained the object of his pursuit, though he made repeated and fruitless attempts for that purpose, for, on an order of 10,000 hussars' swords being issued by the East India company, which was divided indiscriminately among English and German manufacturers, Mr. Gill, being still anxious for the comparative proof, presented a petition to the committee of shipping of the East India company, requesting that all the swords of the different countries and manufacturers might be proved by a test, so as to ascertain the difference of their qualities. This produced an order for that purpose, and as a resolution that none but such as on inspection and proof stood that test should be received.

Accordingly when the swords were sent to the company's warehouse they underwent an examination by a test or machine recommended by Mr. Matthew Boulton of Soho for trying the quality or temper of the sword blades—namely, by forcing the blade into a curved state, and which reduces its length of 30 inches to 29½ inches only, from the point to the hilt. The result of this trial proved that Mr. Gill had 2,000 swords received and only four rejected; that of the German swords 1,400 were received and 28 rejected, being in the proportion of 12 to 1 of Mr. Gill's, and that of the other English swords only 1,700 were received and 1,088 were rejected.

It was owing to the parsimony of the London retailers of swords that the English swords fell into disrepute. The fact was they employed unskilled workmen and bought goods of an inferior quality. To corroborate this fact it may be necessary to relate a case in point: A London dealer having executed a commission for swords for General Harcourt's regiment of dragoons—prior to its going to North America to take part in the war of the revolution—was called upon by a general on his return to England and upbraided by him in the severest language of reproach for having supplied his troops with swords of so base a quality that they either broke to pieces or became useless in the first onset of an engagement, by which many of his brave soldiers were unworthily slaughtered and his own person exposed to the most imminent danger.

In this distressed predicament the contractor applied to Mr. Gill, who had never before supplied him with any sword blades, in consequence of another regiment wanting some at that time, to know at what price he could render swords of such a quality as to bear what he (the contractor) called a severe mode of trial—namely, striking the sword with violence upon a large flat stone. But Mr. Gill in answer told him he thought it by no means so severe as it ought to be to determine properly the real quality of swords, and that he would engage to serve him with such as would stand a much severer test at an advance of only ninepence for horsemen's and sixpence for small swords more than was given other makers for those of an inferior quality.

In fact, besides subjecting his sword blades to the test of bending them in the manner above mentioned, he caused them to be struck sideways upon a slab of cast iron and sideways upon a cylinder of wrought iron—frequently a piece of gun barrel—which they often cut into two parts. Nay, so exceedingly tough were they, although made of cast steel, that, after cutting a gun barrel asunder, he would frequently wind one of them around it in the manner of a ribband without its breaking, and indeed the greater part of the blade would recover its original straightness, the part nearest the point only remaining in a coiled state. The result of this great success was that he was frequently applied to for his superior sword blades even by German officers, who preferred them to those of the manufacturer of their own country.—Technological and Microscopic Repository.

From India comes the khus-khus grass, the fibrous roots of which yield a very peculiar and pleasing perfume. In India the leaves are manufactured into screens for doors and windows, which, when wet, diffuse a refreshing scent.

From India comes the khus-khus grass, the fibrous roots of which yield a very peculiar and pleasing perfume. In India the leaves are manufactured into screens for doors and windows, which, when wet, diffuse a refreshing scent.

Weather and Meteorology.

Let us illustrate the difference between weather and meteorology. A man set out from his warm and comfortable suburban home. He finds a thin but vigorous snowstorm beating in his face. The wind is strong and chilling without being tempestuous. The particles of snow sting his skin; the wind whistles in his ears. He finds it a rough, wintry day. He says as much to other suburban men who are coming edgewise up to the station, and they agree with him. This is weather or conditions of the air affecting human bodies and minds.

Now, at the top of the cupola on the roof of the postoffice, on the same day, there is a thermometer of extreme nicety of construction, and an anemometer which measures every puff of wind, and a rain gauge or snow gauge or whatever it may be. There is no human being there out of doors. Everything is automatically recorded, and a man merely comes out occasionally and waits on these machines. They record and record all day, and at the end of the day their records are summed up into figures, which say that the temperature was above the normal, and the wind was of moderate velocity, and the precipitation was half an inch. Your rough wintry day has vanished in a column of unmeaning figures.

Now, a "monthly meteorological report" is but an aggregation of such unfeeling figures, and while all these days may have left a total impression on the part of all the people who experienced them of unusual roughness and wintriness, the monthly meteorological report tells us that there has been an "excess" of 48.219 plus degrees of temperature during the month! That is meteorology.

But people do not care about meteorology. The thing that interests them is weather.—Boston Transcript.

Science That Advances.

Milk has many peculiarities that are yielding new results hourly every day. Besides being a very nutritious substance it has been found one of the best mediums through which to carry certain forms discovered to possess the peculiar properties of killing microbes, and microbes of the most deadly disease. If the cholera bacillus is put into milk drawn fresh from the cow, it dies within an hour. Fresh goat's milk has similar properties, only not so deadly. The bacillus dies within five hours when put in the latter, but the bacillus of typhoid fever dies within five hours in goat's milk and not before 24 hours in cow's milk. Nearly all of the other microbes of diseases known to science are killed in the same way by cow's and goat's milk, the time required by the process varying in different diseases.

But milk to possess this microbe destroying power must be fresh, as after four or five days it has no effect upon the microbes. Milk that is kept at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahr. also loses its power to kill the germs after an hour, and this fact is of considerable interest to the profession in view of the widely recommended plan of purifying milk by boiling it. There are many things yet about our food and its relation to disease germs that must afford perplexity to all, and none is more important than the relative value of milk.—Yankee Blade.

A Hairbreadth Escape.

"A man is not safe from bullets any more," was heard to remark Captain Eugene May the other day to a lot of old comrades. "I have reason to appreciate the truth of this observation when I reflect upon an experience I had at Jackson, Miss., once during the war. Bullets were flying around pretty lively, but we felt fairly safe, as we were behind a high embankment which extended some distance above our heads. Well, there wasn't anything to do just then, so I stretched out beneath a caisson with my head just behind a wheel.

"The last thing in the world I seemed the coming of a bullet into the shade of that caisson. But while I was lying there taking it easy I suddenly heard a sharp 'sping' just behind my head. It was unmistakably the noise of a bullet hitting something. Well, I turned over and looked at the wheel, and, by George, there was a bullet imbedded in the tire of the wheel just about an inch from where my head had been. If that tire had been a fraction less wide, I'd have got the bullet in the head. I wasn't sleepy after that, I can tell you, and I moved away from there quickly."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Popularity of the Soft Hat.

With the advent of the soft felt hat named after Kosuth began the decline of the silk hat. The latter still remains an adjunct of ceremony. It has been pushed almost entirely out of the daily life of the masses. It is a surprise that what is often called the stovepipe hat held its place so long as it did, for it suggested very little of comfort. Perhaps it was simply endured because it was a compromise between the steeple hat of the Puritans and the high but less stiff and formal hat of the later Elizabethan period. It has been estimated that the output of the soft hat industry in this country is almost 5,000,000 hats a month. They are recognized in Europe as the best in material and most artistic in style and finish that are made. Then, too, we control most of the trade in South America and Mexico.—Frank H. Stauffer in Philadelphia Ledger.

Vagrancy as a Profession.

"Vagrancy," said Superintendent McIntyre of the Albany penitentiary, in response to a question, "is as much of a profession as burglary, highway robbery or lunko. Of course it is hardly to be classed with those professions, but even as there are professional crooks, thieves and bunco artists, so are there professional vagrants. It is not a disease, but some defect in their moral and physical nature which leads them to prefer the careless life of the 'vag' to one of thrift and industry. I have had so many at the institution in my time that I have come to thoroughly understand the class. One man who was with me for three months boasted that he had spent more or less time in every jail and penitentiary throughout New York, New England and Pennsylvania."—Albany Journal.

Breezy Correspondence.

First Printer—What are you setting up—a city directory?
Second Printer—None—summer resort letter.—New York Weekly.

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