

Why not, indeed?

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

THE CONJURER.

Into the world from far away,
Where the year is always tuned to May,
And the wind sounds soft as a lark aloft,
A conjurer came once on a day.
Many a mystic spell he knew
Wherewith to turn gray skins to blue.
To make dull hours grow bright as flowers,
And tasks that are old turn light as new.
A touch of his magic wand, and lo!
From empty hands sweet favors flow,
And pleasures bloom in lives of gloom
Where naught but sorrow seemed to grow.
Out of the stormy sky above
He brings white Peace, like a heavenly dove.
His might is sure, and his art is pure,
And his name—the conjurer's name—is Lorré.
—Julie M. Lipsmann in St. Nicholas.

After Dinner Speaking.

An after dinner speech should never be wholly facetious, unless the speaker is very facetious indeed and cuts his speech short. It should not be frivolous, even when the speaker is full of frivolity. It must not under any circumstances be silly, though there be people who laugh at silliness. It must not be too long, windy, or highly exciting, or overheavy, or ultra argumentative, or entirely statistical, or in the least rancorous. An after dinner speech should be appropriate to the occasion and delivered on time. It may contain some essential thoughts, some strokes of humor, some scraps of knowledge, some bits of fancy, some sound reasons, some good whims, some green dressing and a little fat.

Every ablebodied man of New York is apt to be an after dinner speaker some time in his life. It is possible that as many as 5,000 after dinner speeches have been made here during one winter season. One man has a record of 10 of them for a single week, three of them for one evening.

We have heard some tiptop after dinner speeches, a few. We have heard others that were wearisome, inappropriate, exasperating, enfeebling or foolish. We have heard several which were rant or drivel.

A good many men have won renown by making clever after dinner speeches.—New York Sun.

Unfortunate Names.

"Well, thank heavens, I am plain Mary Ann again," declared a young woman to a sympathizing friend on one of the cross town cars yesterday. "I did so late that name—Luella. Missus said Mary Ann wouldn't do at all. She called it 'outre' or something like that. She declared that I must be given some romantic name that would sound pretty for calling. So I have been Luella for half a year, and I'm heartily glad that I left her and am going to Mrs. North-west." The other girl gave a horrified look at mention of this name. "But, my dear," she exclaimed, "I worked for Mrs. Northwest, and I know all about her. She has a daughter named Mary, and it will never do for you to be Mary too. She called me Maizie, and she'll probably call you Callie or Susanne or some other ridiculous name." Then both sighed.—Philadelphia Record.

Books Which Are Not Books.

In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia-abiblia—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocketbooks (the literary excepted), draught boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Bunne, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns and generally all those volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without," the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's "Moral Philosophy." With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexciting.—Charles Lamb.

Waited on the Queen For Forty Years.

From England comes an item which may interest those who are curious about court customs. The dowager Duchess of Athole, who has been a lady in waiting to the queen for nearly 40 years, and who was mistress of the robes in Lord Derby's first administration, is acting mistress of the robes during the months of February, March and April. The duties of the office will be undertaken by the dowager Duchess of Roxburgh during May, June and July. The mistress of the robes attends the queen at all court and state functions and is expected to be present at the drawing rooms, the state balls and the state concerts. The dowager Duchess of Roxburgh has been a lady in waiting on the queen for more than 30 years, and in length of service she comes second only to the dowager Duchess of Athole, the third place being filled by the dowager Lady Chesham.

ITER SUPREMUM.

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No sunbeams cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace—sunt with its clay?
Yonant and handford, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the Isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain?

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky
And night at the gate where a soul would go.
—Arthur S. Hardy in Atlantic Monthly.

Dressing in a Hurry.

A lady correspondent wonders how her husband and sons can dress so quickly when they are aroused on a steamboat at 5 o'clock in the morning and told that the boat will soon land and the cars start immediately. She says that she and her daughters find it impossible to imitate the celerity with which masculine toilets are then made. No wonder. In an emergency a man can dress in less time than anything but a fish; but a woman is like a rose bush in a thicket. She stands in a little wilder nest of clothes.

Not one too many, but each separate thing an object of attention, is the mystery of dress, and so it is precipitately aroused, with "Not a minute to spare" sounded in her ears and followed up with growing intensity: "Cars ready! You'll be left! Hurry, ma'am, hurry!" It is strange that she should make a universal trinket of her hand, and grasping scores of scarfs, collars, tippets, muffs, shawls, make a rush for the train like a smuggler from a custom house officer.

The main thing is to get aboard; the second, to sit down on the first seat in a very smother of laughter at the ludicrous plight! And then, with tact and skill which only a woman could command, to transfer all things to their proper places and uses, in so quiet a way that not another one on the train suspects that a toilet is being made.—New York Ledger.

Leprosy Not Contagious.

Dr. J. W. Hicks, in a letter to the New York World, says: In 1880, soon after our epidemic of yellow fever here, I visited Havana, Cuba, to see how it was treated there, and the sanitary precautions, etc., and during my stay visited all the hospitals, and among them was a very large, handsome building set aside for lepers exclusively. It contained about 300 patients from all parts of the world—Chinese, Italians, negroes, Spaniards, etc. I spent some time in studying the disease, and saw them in all stages, from its incipency to its last stages. The physician in charge had been there for twenty-five years, and he said emphatically that it was not contagious or communicable unless by inoculation, and that he had never tried.

All being Catholics, they had a church in the grounds belonging to the hospital, and I attended service with them on Sunday morning, so as to see as many as possible at one time, and the people of the neighborhood came in and mingled with them in the church, and had been doing so for years, and the doctor told me that not a case of it had ever appeared among the congregation.

The Increase in the Number of Glasses.

The rapid increase in the number of those who are obliged to wear glasses now (especially children) is so alarming that we are at once driven to the conclusion that the human vision is now more defective than ever before. But such is not the case. Formerly spectacles were thought to be necessary only for the old, and the idea of children wearing glasses was considered the greatest absurdity.

Fortunately this erroneous idea is fast dying out. With the advancement of science and the discovery of certain defects of vision hitherto unknown, the public are becoming better educated and are not slow to apply the remedy when any defect of vision is found to exist. But much still remains to be done in this direction.—Philadelphia Star.

Flogging Was His Strong Point.

Some one suggested, during the reign of Dr. Keate at Eton, that Christianity was not so much cultivated in his establishment as the classics, and especially that the endeavor to be "pure in heart" was not sufficiently attended to. The doctor accordingly addressed his boys upon this point, "Be pure in heart, or" (with sudden energy) "I'll flog you!" As he once flogged a whole class of examinees for confirmation, thinking they had come up for punishment, there is no doubt that he meant to keep his word.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Landanum Drinking.

It is surprising what one's constitution can be made to stand in the way of narcotics. From small beginnings it is possible to go on increasing the doses until a quantity can be taken which would kill two or three persons unaccustomed to anything of the sort. In the course of a coroner's investigation at Sheffield, England, it was shown that a man had been a constant landanum drinker for ten years. Commencing with a pennyworth at a time, he had gone on until he had taken fully an ounce a day.—New York Telegram.

The Primary Planets.

The primary planets are those which are the centers of secondary systems, consisting of small globes revolving round them in the same manner as they revolve round the sun. These are called secondary planets, satellites or moons. The primary planets which are thus attended carry the satellites or secondary planets with them in their orbits round the sun.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Aeronaut's Carrier Pigeon.

When an aeronaut left Vienna with his balloon for Russia the society for rearing carrier pigeons made him take a number of birds with him. The aeronaut, after some days' sojourn in Russia, let them fly and telegraphed to Vienna, at the same time adding that birds of prey had pursued the pigeons as far as he could see them. Two days later one of the pigeons returned to its nest in Vienna, having made the journey from a remote part of Russia.

The Country's Debt to a Kentucky Man.

When Zebulon M. Pike was in New Mexico in 1807 he met at Santa Fe a car painter, Pursley by name, from Harlaxtown, Ky., who was working at his trade there because he could not well get away. He had, in 1802, while out on the plains hunting for a series of misfortunes, and found himself, in 1804 or 1805, with a hunting party near the mountains. The hostile Sioux of the plains drove them into the high ground in the rear of Pike's peak. Near the headwaters of La Platte river Pursley found some gold. He carried a little of it in his shot pouch for months. He was finally sent by his companions to Santa Fe to see if they could trade with the Spaniards, and those to remain at Santa Fe in preference to returning to the hunting party.

He told the Spaniards about the gold he had found, and they tried very hard to persuade him to go and show them the place. They even offered to take along a strong force of cavalry. But Pursley refused, and his patriotic reason was that he thought the land was on United States territory. He told Lieutenant Pike that he feared they would not allow him to leave Santa Fe, as they still hoped to learn from him where the gold was to be found. These facts were published by Lieutenant Pike soon after his return, but no one took the hint, or the risk was too great, and thus more than half a century passed before those same rich fields of gold were found and opened to the world.

If Pursley had been somewhat less patriotic and had yielded the Spaniards to the treasures the whole history and condition of the western part of our continent might have been entirely different from what it now is. That region would doubtless have been a part of Mexico, or Spain might have been in possession of it, owing California, and with the gold that would have been poured into her coffers have been the leading nation in European affairs today. We can easily see how American and European history in the Nineteenth century might have been changed if that adventurer from Kentucky had not been a true lover of his native country.—Magazine of American History.

The Deadly Pilgrimage to Mecca.

An Indian journal says that of all the pilgrims leaving Bombay for Mecca and Medina more than a third never return. Out of 64,638 pilgrims who left in 1884 years ending 1890, 22,440 were missing. In 1888, of 13,770 who started, 7,465 did not return. The vast procession of those missing owe their deaths to epidemics, starvation, and, it is said, murder, between Jeddah and Mecca. It is said, we know not with what truth, that gangs of businessmen travel regularly by the pilgrim steamers so as to select as their victims such pilgrims as betray the possession of means while on the voyage.

On the return voyage the deaths range from 300 to nearly 400 per 1,000 per annum. This is due to privation before leaving Jeddah, to overcrowding and sickness on board, to insanitary ships and want of supervision, and to the age and infirmity of many of the pilgrims. The voyage to Jeddah is long, and the allowance of space between decks is 9 superficial feet per adult, or 6 by 1½ feet, so that if each pilgrim lay down and the deck were free from baggage there would be just room and no more for the passengers.

The health officer of Bombay, in his report for 1890, describes the voyage of the pilgrim ship Decca, on which cholera appeared on the eighth day out from Bombay. Disease and starvation decimated the passengers—113 perished in eighty-five days; and of 1,340 passengers who set out on the voyage only 1,115 returned.

The appearance of the survivors when the vessel arrived at Bombay was heart-rending. The physically strong had become feeble, and the passengers were, with comparatively few exceptions, emaciated, fever stricken, scorbutic and drowsy; and the sufferings they had undergone at Camaran were clearly and unmistakably depicted on their bodies.—Toronto Globe.

Lathered!

The Earl of Chesterfield was called the first gentleman of his age. It was a cardinal point of etiquette with him never to exhibit ill temper in company or be remiss in courtesy to any guest. But he was sometimes sorely tried by the rude and awkward manners of his son, Philip Stanhope, whom he tried in vain to educate to gentlemanly habits.

Philip was a great glutton, and could not restrain his appetite even in company. On one occasion, when his father had invited a large number of titled guests, an elegant entertainment was provided. One of the rare dishes was a platter of baked gooseberries, snowed over with rich cream. Philip had been helped heartily by Lady Chesterfield, who knew his weakness. But when a servant was taking out the dish in clearing the table Philip beckoned to him, and taking it in his hand began to lap up greedily the rich cream. Lord Chesterfield was disgusted, but without a change of face or voice to indicate the tempest within said in a calm tone to his servant:

"John, why do you not bring a strip and razor, you see your master is going to shave himself?"

Philip's greediness was checked for that meal.—Exchange.

Make a Banana Peel Itself.

A trick which works on a simple principle is to make a banana peel itself. To do this all that is wanted is a bottle, a ripe banana and a bit of paper wet with alcohol. Light the paper and drop it into this bottle. When the air in the bottle is well heated set the banana on end on top and let it do the rest itself, as the air on the inside cools off and contracts the outside pressure pushes the banana down into the bottle until it has drawn itself out of its skin.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

An Idea for a Penholder.

Here is a pretty and new idea for a penholder. Take a goose quill, or a chicken feather, if it is large enough, and dip it into a dye of a delicate pale lavender. Paint pensons of different shades of purple upon the quill. Take it to a jeweler and have him tip the end with a small silver setting to hold the pen. This makes a penholder that is exceedingly odd and one not apt to be duplicated.—New York Advertiser.

How to Come to a Stop.



When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

Cherry, O.—Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me most generously with amica and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were bought, and the application of them it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days.

WHAT'S THE POINT?

W. W. FEABODY,
Pres. & Genl. Man. O. & M. R. S.

The Pain Stops.

THE PAIN POINT

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Buckley, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever.

J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

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