

**THE U. S. Government Chemists**  
 have reported, after an examination of scores of different brands, that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, of highest leavening capacity, and superior to all others.

**The Angler of the Seine.**

The old type of angler, according to Balzac, was silent, meditative and crusty. His descendant is, on the contrary, loquacious, closely observant of everything but his fly and line and carelessly amiable. Who would have dared address the hoary and respected Pierre when in the act of landing—for he really used to land something else besides tadpoles and old boots—or when cajoling with a fish from his time honored corner beneath the Pont Royal? No one, I venture to say, but the sharp tongued gutter urchin who chaff the seedy yet imperturbable individual who has succeeded him, and, what is more, he receives a return volley of repartee garnished with puns.

Old Pierre, who was perhaps one of the best known figures 20 years back on the quays, breakfasted, dined and supped off his takes of Seine fish, which were mostly dace, carp, barbel and tench. He had a varied assortment of recipes in his possession, and many a cordon bleu has received a hint for cooking the finny tribe from this ancient fisherman. No one knew exactly where or how he lived or how he managed to obtain funds for the purchase of bait, yet he was always well supplied with the most expensive kind of gentles, groaves and paste, where his successor contents himself with roe and ill made flies.—*Westminster Review.*

**Wall Papers.**

Wall papers were little used in Europe before the eighteenth century, though they had been long before that applied to house decoration by the Chinese. Those that were first manufactured in the west were adaptations of design from Italian brocades, and at first they were used in an unobjectionable manner, just as hangings of the costlier material were employed—namely, to fill spaces between obvious structural lines—and so applied no objection could be made to their use. On the contrary, the invention brought it within the means of almost every household to fill blank wall spaces with agreeable tracery and harmonious color.

The cornice, frieze and dado remained intact. Coigns were protected with molding or plaster work, and the inmate might feel that he was living in a built room and not in a bandbox. But gradually the wall features disappeared, paper crept over everything except window and door openings, even into the very angles of the walls, and it is nothing uncommon now on entering a saloon of considerable pretension and proportions to find the walls closely covered with paper from floor to ceiling, save a narrow skirting board to protect the plaster from the housemaid's broom and a cornice reduced to a meager molding.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**Sentenced to Matrimony.**

A young man and a young woman were contesting possession of a piece of property, the one claiming under an old lease, the other under an old will. "It strikes me," said the justice, "that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this lawsuit. The plaintiff seems to be a respectable young man, and this is a very nice young woman. They can both get married and live upon the farm. If they go on with the law proceedings, the property will all be frittered away among the lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungrateful enough to wish the marriage not to come off."

The lady blushed, and the young man stammered that they "liked each other a little bit," so a verdict was rendered for the plaintiff on the condition of his promise to marry the defendant within two months, a stay of execution being put to the verdict till the marriage ceremony should be completed.

This is about the first couple ever sentenced to matrimony in a court of law.—*Gripack.*

**Dr. Chadwick's Hanging Story.**

Mr. Chadwick, who is well known as an after dinner speaker, said that he was reminded of a hanging scene in a new state. A murderer was about to be "swung off" when a horseman dashed up. His steed was covered with foam, and he had every appearance of bearing an important message. Springing up the steps of the platform, he announced that if the person who occupied it would resign his place for a moment in favor of himself he would like to say a few words.

The trembling wretch under the noose was glad of a moment's respite, and the horseman proceeded to tell the audience about some... in the vicinity...

**Sea Sickness on Land.**

We have seen several cases this summer of obstinate nausea, brought on by sailing, where, under a hot sun and tossing about on a rough sea, the patient has felt "uncomfortable," but not actually sick, but on arriving at home has experienced the distressing symptoms of sea sickness, without the consolation of knowing that the trouble will be over as soon as he reaches terra firma. Headache and a little fever generally accompany such bilious attacks—for such they are—the hot sun and the "churning" having proved too much for a sensitive stomach. A mustard plaster, applied as hot as can be borne, is an excellent remedy; this, with a drop of camphor in a teaspoonful of water, given every fifteen minutes, will generally check the nausea, and followed by a "liver pill" at night may often prevent a troublesome illness of several days. This "land sickness" is a curious thing, and is not at all uncommon. Many persons feel decidedly uncomfortable after an ocean voyage, who experience no illness whatever "on board ship," and it is always safe to take a little laxative medicine after leaving the vessel as a preventive as well as a cure.—*New York Tribune.*

**Preserving the Complexion.**

A great deal can be done toward having a fine and smooth complexion by a systematic treatment of rubbing. A fine towel or a bit of red flannel are best for rubbing, twice a day, or four times, if rapid results are to accrue. By degrees—as the skin gains tone and elasticity from having thrown off the waste matter in its ducts that kept it clogged, sickly and flabby—the friction can increase in energy. The skin becomes, not tougher, but more resistant. If the rubbing is too hard at first, however, it is liable to produce redness and pimples. Even slight friction will do this at times on an unaccustomed skin. But the treatment should be persevered in nevertheless, and the skin soon becomes extraordinarily fine and smooth.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

**A Convenient Lunch Basket.**

Every woman who has traveled knows the inconvenience of attempting to eat lunch en route from one's lap. There is the teacup to be held, the plate, a glass of wine or water and, if one is very elegant, a knife and fork. A woman with a very large inventive genius has invented an en route tea basket, which opens in such a way that it forms a tray on one's lap. There is a little teapot attached to it, with a side compartment for boiling eggs, so that tea can be made and eggs boiled at the same time. There are small cells for holding pepper and salt and a little porcelain lined dish for butter. When folded up the tea basket looks not unlike the lunch boxes which were familiar articles in childhood's days.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

**A Woman Superintendent.**

The momentous question whether it should be a lady superintendent or woman-superintendent has been decided by the trustees of the normal college. The executive committee had recommended that the bylaws of the college be amended by designating one of the professors woman superintendent.

Commissioner Lumma said he preferred lady superintendent. While there was no doubt that woman superintendent was correct, still he thought the term was not generally applied in institutions of as much dignity as the normal college. He made an amendment that lady be inserted instead of woman.

Commissioner Hubbell said woman was better form than lady. Mr. Lumma withdrew his amendment, and it is now woman superintendent.—*New York Sun.*

**An Example of Resignation.**

M. Pasteur is devoted to his studies and to his family. It was a terrible blow to him when his daughter married and left for her new home, but he could console himself after a fashion of his own.

"Well," he said after she was gone, with a long sigh but with a gleam of comfort dawning in his eyes, "at least I shall be able now to devote myself to typhoid fever."—*Youth's Companion.*

**A Matrimonial Suggestion.**

Mr. Beenthere—Why don't you get married?

Mr. Oldbach—No use. There is no woman who will take me.

Mr. Beenthere—Of course not. With that cast of countenance you can hardly expect a woman to take you. You must take a woman.—*Texas Sittings.*

**A RETORT COURTEOUS.**

Ed explained to him over and over again  
 What a good little boy should be;  
 How temper and tumult to soften,  
 And taught ways to flee.

He listened, mute and quiet,  
 With earnest eyes of blue,  
 Then: "I don't think I'll try it,  
 I'd never be like you!"  
 —D. Lumma in Kate Field's Washington.

**Friendship Between a Horse and a Dog.**

A plumber at Narragansett had a horse 27 years old, which was used for carrying around his master's material when that was necessary, but spent most of its time in a small pasture. A fox terrier also belonging to the plumber, was an inseparable companion of the old horse. When the old horse was harnessed to the cart the dog was on guard to see that nothing was stolen from the cart. In the pasture the dog was always sniffing around the horse and was never so delighted as when the horse would begin to roll in the grass, which it often did, apparently to please the dog, which would jump about in every direction and bark for pure joy.

At night when the horse was put in the barn the dog always entered with its friend and slept on the animal's body. One day the neighbors heard the most dismal howls coming from the pasture and found that the old horse had died. There was the terrier on the dead body howling out its sorrow and misery. The dog remained with the body until it was removed for burial.—*New York Tribune.*

**A Pocket Life Saving Apparatus.**

In 1874 Lieutenant Brunel of Dieppe introduced his pocket life saving lines, of which already upward of 3,340 are being used in France, where they now rescue annually some 285 lives. Nevertheless these admirable inventions are almost unknown in our empire. Brunel's small pocket line consists of a wooden float, round which some 90 feet of stout cord is wound. The other end of the cord terminates in an efficient grapnel armed with four small hooks. The whole apparatus complete weighs only five ounces and is the most convenient of all life saving lines. Hence I urge its adoption everywhere, especially for officials and others engaged about our coasts and inland waters. These appliances could be profitably retained for about 1s. 6d. each, and any one can make them.—*London Vanity Fair.*

**A Magnetic Detector.**

A clever contrivance has been invented for the detection of small pieces of magnetizable metal, such as needles, tacks, steel and iron chips, etc., that may have entered the human body unawares and hidden themselves in the skin or deeper tissues. The instrument was devised by Dr. J. B. Williams and consists essentially of a partially astatic combination of small magnetic needles suspended within a glass tube, the tube being covered with tinfoil to minimize electric action, except for a small space through which the needle can be observed. It is claimed that the instrument is sufficiently delicate to detect the presence of one-eighth of an inch of steel or iron wire at a distance of six inches from itself.—*New York Telegram.*

**What You Shoot in China.**

A naval officer once told the writer that pleasant shooting in China was very fair and would be really good if there were not so many obstacles about to enjoying it comfortably. He said that the people were so numerous that if you let a gun go off almost anywhere in China you were pretty sure to hit a Chinaman. They seemed easy, however, to deal with, a small present as damages sending them away in a contented state of mind, and indeed this naval authority did say that they would sometimes try to get in the shooter's way on purpose to get those damages.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

**Imitation in the Matter of Dress.**

Imitation is one of the most marked characteristics of human nature, and in nothing is this more noticeable than in the matter of dress. To the desire to do as others do may be attributed the prevalence of almost all the fashions that have existed since the days when our primitive ancestors donned their unpretentious fig leavers.—*London Tit-Bits.*

**Metal Ties For Roadbeds.**

Numerous metal ties have been invented and many roadbeds have tried them, but all have proved unsatisfactory. The principal objections to them are based on their cost and their nonelasticity. A track laid on metal ties wears out rolling stock much faster than one laid on timber.—*New York Tribune.*

**Tempting Providence.**

"Mary Jane," said the Dakota farmer to his spouse, "it seems like flyin' in the face of Providence to name the boy Elijah. It sounds too much like the old feller in the Bible that was carried away by a cyclone. I don't think it's a proper name at all for this country."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Catullus Lactarius killed himself in a peculiarly painful manner by swallowing coals of fire and supplementing them with a piece of red hot iron.

Art, so far as it has the ability, follows nature as a pupil imitates his master, so that art must be, as it were, a descendant of God.—*Dante.*

The average weight of the Chinese brain is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain of any other race.

**Happiness Not Purchasable.**

I wish that every man and woman who is convinced that money is the most desirable of all possessions could know a poor creature whom I see almost every day. She is the wife of a man reputed to be worth \$10,000,000. Whether this figure is or is not correct I have no means of knowing, but I am certain that, like the young man in the Scriptures, he has great possessions. There is nothing which money can secure that this woman may not possess, and yet I scarcely know of any being whose life is more despicably poverty stricken. She is no longer young, and age and its constantly nearing goal—death—are full of terror for her.

In such high value does she hold the worthless, ragged rumpant of her life that she will not ride in a carriage lest it be endangered. As the world, venal as it is supposed to be, refuses to pay continual homage to her one desirable possession, money, she finds no pleasure in the society of her kind. Failing to understand that such power as she possesses is but a trust, she has abused it with a prodigality that has resulted in placing her, as it were, in a desert of unloved loneliness. Morning, noon and night she sits in the effortless desolation with which wealth has environed her.

The milk of human kindness, if it ever existed, was long since eliminated from her nature, and effort for others does not enter into her calculations. The gratification of appetite is her one activity, and the monotony of each day is varied by the ordering, at some swell hotel or restaurant, of an elaborate meal, including iced champagne, and the eating of it alone. I will admit that this is a somewhat extreme case, still it is a faithful demonstration of the fact that happiness is a condition which is not purchasable.—*Chicago Post.*

**A Post Up Longing.**

The well known fact that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," was amusingly illustrated a short time ago at a large and fashionable hotel on the North Shore. A thunder shower which came on early in the evening increased to violent proportions, and was accompanied by a gale of wind which shook the house and caused considerable alarm among the guests. Many of those who had already retired to their rooms came out into the corridors, while the gentlemen hastened about assisting in closing windows, fastening doors, etc.

A sudden blinding flash of lightning, followed by a heavy crash of thunder, proved too much for the already overwrought nerves of one member of the fair sex. Rushing from her room she precipitated herself into the arms of a gentleman who happened to be passing down the hall at that moment. "Oh, save me!" she cried. "The house will be struck; I know it will!"

Mistaking her in the dim light for a married friend of his wife, he disengaged himself somewhat hastily from her clinging arms and said dryly: "There is no danger, madam. But why do you not go to your husband?" "I haven't any, I haven't any," she sobbed hysterically. "Oh, I wish I had." The gentleman who tells the story says that the pent up longing in the tone in which the last five words were uttered was a revelation in itself.—*Boston Gazette.*

**Government "Deadheads."**

In some of the departments at Washington there are so many clerks that the useless ones stand in the way of those who are disposed to work. The working clerks are a splendid force of experienced and capable men, but the Tit Barnacles are found everywhere.—*Pittsburg Post.*

**The Mountains are Shrinking.**

Four different mountain peaks in Idaho are from thirteen to twenty-three feet lower by actual measurement than they were fifteen years ago, and it is believed that this settling is going on with many others. The idea is that quicksands have undermined them.—*New York Advertiser.*

**Moral: Chew Gum.**

A man from Oxford county lost a railroad coupon ticket to the fair and inquired at the ticket office if one had been found. One had been found, but how were they to know that it was his. He asked to look at it and it was shown to him. He said: "It is mine, I can prove it. See, the face of it is torn off. Look here," and he opened his vest pocket and showed a hearty cut of gum and the face of a railroad coupon sticking to it. The two matched, and the ticket was passed over to him.—*Lewiston Journal.*

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Is a HARMLESS preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Anti-fermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-fermentine.

The romantic summer girl writes her name on the sand at the shore, while her father has to scratch gravel at home.

Pat's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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For over 40 years I have been a victim of rheumatism. I was persuaded to try St. Jacobs Oil. I have used two bottles, and a man free from rheumatism never walked our streets. My limbs that were once stiff and lame are now as light and limber as in my youth.

JOS. EISELL.

**AFTER FIVE YEARS.**

ITHACA, N. Y., July 5, 1887.

Suffered many years—injury to hip resulting in rheumatism, muscular weakness and contracted cords. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me so that I now walk about and attend to daily duties at 62. I heartily endorse it.

JOS. EISELL.

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 Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.  
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To introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1888, we will give a cash prize of \$100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 IN CASH.

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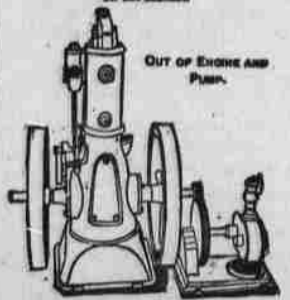
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Choice Rice, 50 lb; large Raisins, 50; Tea, 50; Keg Syrup, \$1; Arbuckle Coffee, 50; Sugar, 50; Tapioca, 50; 25-lb pkg King's Buckwheat, 100; Dried Peaches, 10; Figs, 40; Prunes, 120; Apples, evaporated, 10; BERRY FOL THE 16-PAGE BUYER'S GUIDE FREE, WITH FULL QUOTATIONS. Mention this paper. Address **Jones' Cash Store, 130 Front Street, Portland, Or.**

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