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**for baking powder**  
 use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor more digestible and wholesome.

"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks' Association of the United States.



**WHERE HE GOT THE EGGS.**

**An English Setter that Furnished the House with an Egg a Day.**

A lady living in one of the suburbs of New York has a fine large English setter who is constantly amusing her by some unsuspected and original trait of character. About a month ago he came trisking into her room just before breakfast, and laid down gently at her feet a fresh, newly laid egg. Laughingly she picked it up, wondering how he could have obtained it (for she kept no chickens) and also how he could have carried it in his mouth without breaking it.

Taking it to the kitchen (the dog following and seemingly extremely interested as to what she proposed doing with his treasure trove), she said to the cook, "Jim has brought me a present, please pass it for my breakfast." The intelligent brute watched the process of its preparation with eager interest, and if ever dog showed and felt conscious pride, it was exhibited by "Jim" as he delightedly watched his beloved mistress eating his egg.

To the lady's great surprise, the next morning he again appeared with his dainty gift, and, although she feared it was stolen property, his mistress had not the heart to disappoint him by not having it cooked for her breakfast. She was touched by his evident joy in being able to do something for her, but when, day after day, it became a regular occurrence, she resolved to search the neighborhood to find who had been despoiled on her account. It was in vain, however, that she inquired on all sides; no one had missed any eggs.

Finally her mind was relieved by seeing Jim appear several mornings with an extremely dejected and crestfallen mien and no egg. "Ah, they have found you out! have they, old fellow!" she said, caressing the unhappy looking animal. "Well, honesty is the best policy, and I am glad to have found a way out of it without hurting your feelings."

A few days afterward while walking in the village with Jim she heard a little boy exclaim: "Mamma, mamma, there is the dog that stole our eggs; just look at him. I guess he didn't like the red pepper," for Jim was regarding the smiling little mother and her son with unfeeling disgust, slinking by them in a way very different from his usual defiant bearing.

His owner, feeling very like a receiver of stolen goods, proffered explanations and apologies, which were received with much amusement, the boy declaring that such a dog deserved the egg, and that he should have one every time he came for it. But Jim had had enough of eggs forever and a day, and now always draws up his lip and growls whenever one is placed before him.—New York Tribune.

**At Sprout's Landing.**

A moonless night soon closed around the boat, and in the morning we were at Sprout's Landing, a pine tree moule. The village consisted of a tiny cluster of frame houses and tents perched on the edge of the steep bank of the Columbia. One building was the office and storehouse of the projected railroad, two others were general trading stores, one was the hotel, and the other habitations were mainly tents.

I firmly believe there never was a hotel like the hostelry there. In a general way its design was an adaptation of the plan of a hennep. Possibly a box made of planks suggests more clearly the principle of its construction. It was two stories high and contained about a baker's dozen of rooms, the main one being the barroom of course. After the framework had been finished there was perhaps half enough "slab" lumber to sheathe the outside of the house, and this had been made to serve for exterior and interior walls, and the floors and ceilings besides.

The consequence was that a flock of gigantic canaries might have been kept in it with propriety, but as a place of abode for human beings it compared closely with the Brooklyn bridge. The queer hotel was but little more peculiar than many of the people who gathered on the single street on pay day to spend their hard earned money upon a few rude necessities from the limited stock on sale in the stores. There never had been any grave disorder there, yet the floating population was as motley a collection of the riffraff of the border as one could well imagine.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A railway is now being built from La Paz, in Bolivia, to the headquarters of the river Madeira, in Brazil, which is the main tributary of the Amazon, thus giving a water outlet for the Bolivian products.

Money to the amount of \$20,642 and checks and notes to the value of \$1,471,271 were found in the 6,000,000 letters that reached the dead letter office last year.

**APROPPOS OF HOMEMADE CLOTHES.**

Mr. Davis recalls an Experience of One of the Boys in His Native Village.

"Abe's a grown boy now, an I reckon I'd better cut this suit of clothes good on large to allow for his illin out on loughamin," remarked Mrs. Davis briskly as she stood, shears in hand, in front of the dining room table on which the cloth for Abe's new suit was spread out. Abe looked wistfully at his father.

"Well now, Marthy," said Mr. Davis mildly to his energetic helpmate, "I dunno's I'd cut it to much more'n fit Abe of I was you. Boys are pooly here on their clothes anyway, an I callate by the time Abe has growed too tight to be comfortable into that suit it'll be about wore out."

Mrs. Davis looked doubtfully at her husband. He had not a reputation for great liberality, yet here he was advocating a plan which was almost certain to result in "a year's waste of good cloth," for Abe had no younger brother to take his outgrown clothes.

"Yo see," began Mr. Davis again, feeling that he was the object of embarrassing scrutiny from his thrifty spouse, "I alius rec'lect a boy that was raised in Eaderville, not far from where we lived, till I was well inter my teens."

"His mother made it a practice to 'allow' on that boy's clothes the whole 'durin time, an it was a dreadful trial to him, I can tell ye. I—I knew him pooly well, been raised in the same town, ye see."

"He was a kind of a 'pudlin, lanky boy, an wouldn't hev looked extr'y good, anyway, but his clothes allus hung off'n him, jest as ef he'd ben left out in the rain sometime an bad shrunk."

"His mother wa'n't a master hand at cuttin anyway—not anywheres near as good as you be, Marthy," said Mr. Davis, feeling that here was an opportunity for a handsome compliment, which was received with an air of conscious worth by his wife, "an it was a terr'fial sight to see that boy!"

"He never caught up to the size of his garments, to my knowledge; never! An other boys used to poke fun at him consid'ble—boys whose mothers wasn't quite so forehanded in their ideas and cuttin."

"An I rec'lect my father's once sayin to me, referin to that boy an the way he looked, that he viewed it 'more things was sp'iled allowin than was ever waisted makin a good fit.' An he mount it mere ways 'n one. So, I say, make Abe's suit come somewhers near him, an ef he grows out'n it 'fore it's wore I'll git him a new one."

Mr. Davis went out to the barn, and Mrs. Davis began to cut out the new suit, pinning it on to patient Abe now and then to try the effect.

When she said at last, "I've got to a place where you can go now," he hurried out to his father.

"I'm real obliged to you, father, for what you said," he remarked, with evident gratitude. "My last suit o' clothes was so big for me that—"

"Sho, boy, don't you s'pose I noticed it?" interrupted Mr. Davis. "Your mother's a good hand at cuttin, but she's got some notions kind o' like my mother's, seem's ef."

"An that boy I was tellin you of—you needn't say anythin about it to your mother—but I was that boy m'self, an there's some rec'lections that stays by me more'n others."

Then they each fell to rubbing up a harness, their hearts warm with the thought of the trial they had in common, though one had endured it 30 years before the other.—Youth's Companion.

**The Carelessness of Brothers.**

The girl who has a brother knows how careless a brother can be about sweet little notes and long, affectionate letters. She knows how many he receives of them, and this is a knowledge that would surprise the other girls. They have each dainty stationery—the other girls—with monograms and all that sort of thing, and they seem to like so well to use it in writing to the brother, and he is rather proud than otherwise of these communications.

Why should he care if people know that the prettiest, sweetest girls on the avenue begin their letters to him in rather a familiar style and end them in a manner even more so? So it happens that he often leaves specimens of his correspondence lying about in a way that would surprise and grieve their fair and trusting writers.

The girl who has a brother gives her messages to her gentleman acquaintances by word of mouth when possible. Otherwise she writes a note that the world is free to read.—Chicago News-Record.

**No Need of Praise.**

"You never sit and talk to me as you did before we were married," sighed the young wife.

"No," replied the husband, who was a draper's assistant. "The gov'nor told me to stop praising the goods as soon as the bargain was struck."—London Tit-Bits.

**Not Misunderstood.**

Guest (wearing large diamond)—I trust you understand my bringing a detective with me to your reception?

Hostess—Oh, perfectly. You could easily be acquitted if we missed anything.—Vogue.

A curious book in which the text is neither written nor printed, but woven, has been published in Lyons. It was made of silk and was published in 25 parts, each part consisting of but two leaves.

**A Speedy Locomotive Trip.**

"If the new engine I am about to have constructed is not capable of making 100 miles an hour I'd give her away to the first person I meet."

This astounding statement was made by Mr. Jackson Richards, the master mechanic of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. Mr. Richards has been working on his latest invention for the past ten years, and a few days ago the drawings were completed and the patent was applied for.

In outward appearance the new locomotive will not differ materially from that instead of the two cylinders as used at present there will be four. One cylinder will be located on each side of the locomotive frame as at present, and the other two will be cast in what is known as the cylinder saddle. The inside pair of cylinders are to be in one piece and will lie on an angle. The outside cylinders are to be horizontal as at present. The four cylinders will entirely overcome what is known to engineers as the deal center, and the engine will be perfectly balanced without any counter-balance in the wheels.

This latter improvement will, to a large degree, do away with the vicious pounding which has proved so destructive to modern roadbeds. The perfect balancing of the engine will be largely due to the working of the two cylinders so near her center, and these same cylinders, working as they do from such a central point of vantage, will help out in the matter of speed to a great degree.—Phil. Cor. Boston Post.

**Sermon by Telephone in England.**

The transmission of sermons by telephone to those who from various causes are unable to attend church services, which was experimented with in England last year, has turned out so successful that steps are being taken to extend its use on a large scale. Provided with the receiver specially used, it is said that invalids can hear perfectly while in bed. In a quiet room the tolling of the bell before service is distinctly audible, the prayers can be followed, the responses emphasized and every word of the sermon distinguished, while solos in the anthem are heard as distinctly as in the church.

Twenty-four calls were recently received at the telephone office for connection with a local church in an English town, and as the number of subscribers there probably numbered not more than sixty, it is evident that the privilege of hearing the sermon without going to the church for it was appreciated. In many of the large towns in England, especially in Manchester, Nottingham, Stafford, Wolverhampton, the church telephone service has come to be quite an institution.—New York Recorder.

**Farming Does Pay Sometimes.**

"Well, I suppose you have heard a great many big stories of our wonderful crop," remarked Hon. Thomas Simpson, of Winona, "but I have just heard one which I know is true and which well indicates the greatness of this year's crop in the grains besides wheat." Mr. Simpson then related to the reporter the history of two Winona boys in South Dakota this summer, withholding the names of the young men. Last spring they rented 3,300 acres in South Dakota at fifty cents an acre and put in a crop of flax. From this farm they obtained 50,000 bushels of flax, an average of a little over fifteen bushels to the acre. Selling this at ninety-five cents per bushel the young farmers realized \$47,500. Their estimated expense was five dollars per acre, or \$16,500, and this, deducted from the gross receipts, leaves a profit of \$31,000 for one summer's work for two young men. The grain is now in the elevators.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Noble Deed of a Tramp.**

Rarely indeed is anything seen in the papers to the credit of the genus tramp, but it is likely that many of them are as brave as Thomas Burns, whose prompt and daring deed recently saved the life of a little Italian girl, and shamed hundreds who inactively witnessed the incident. She had fallen into the fountain of the City Hall park, New York city. Crowds of well dressed people saw her peril, but not one of them made an effort to save her. They stared in speechless dismay, some of them probably thinking that water might injure their garments, when Thomas Burns, whose attire denoted him to be of the tramp order, hurriedly made his way to the front, plunged in and saved the imperiled child, whose unconscious body already lay at the bottom of the fountain.—Yankee Blade.

**Electric Currents.**

When the current in electric railways passes from the car wheel to the track, it causes a considerable increase in friction between the two. Expert opinion seems to favor the theory that this additional resistance is due to a slight welding action caused by the heat generated by the current.

**She Has a Cheerful Disposition.**

Winks—Has your wife a cheerful disposition?

Finks—Oh, very. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached.—Exchange.

In the human body there are about 363 bones. The muscles are about 600 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about 33 feet.

**ANTI-FERMENTINE**

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.

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 The Great Remedy for Pain.  
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**SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.**  
 Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50c. Injector free.

**"August Flower"**

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zivulle says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

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