

University of California.

Your committee have made a very careful examination of the **ROYAL BAKING POWDER**, and are satisfied that it fulfils all the requirements which the public can make of a baking powder. For purity and care in preparation it equals any in the market, and

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W. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California, and State Analyst.

W. J. Hengge

Prof. Chemistry, College Pharmacy of the University of California.

All other baking powders contain either alum or ammonia.

A Race for a Wife.

South Broad street, from Jackson street to the navy yard gates, was the scene of a foot race the other day, the prize being the pretty daughter of a sailors' washerwoman. For some time Barney Burns, a marine, and George Lindsay, a sailor on board the receiving ship St. Louis, which is stationed at League island, have been enamored of the bright-eyed daughter of the woman who does their washing. The men were friends and the girl's affections seemed to be about evenly divided on the two ardent lovers. How to decide with which of the two she should cast her lot was a difficult problem, but the happy thought of a foot race presented itself.

The arrangements were perfected and at 9 o'clock the contestants appeared upon the course, which was two miles long, accompanied by a large crowd who had been advised of the contest. Burns stands 6 feet 6 inches in height and weighs about 200 pounds, while his opponent, Lindsay, is lithe and willowy; and the sports in the crowd were not long in determining upon the latter as the favorite.

At the crack of the pistol the lovers were off at a rapid gait, and until the tracks of the Greenwich Point extension of the Pennsylvania railroad were reached kept well together. The pace told upon Burns' wind, however, and he dropped behind, and when Lindsay reached the end of the goal his competitor was not in sight. The washerwoman's daughter will now become Mrs. Lindsay.—Philadelphia Record.

English Fortifications in America.

John Bull is preparing to make things pleasant for us. He has been of late especially active in strengthening his outposts near the United States. Six of the most powerful modern warships are to be sent to the North Atlantic squadron, the summer headquarters of which are at Halifax and the winter quarters Bermuda. Halifax is close to the American line and only 300 miles from Boston. Bermuda is only 650 miles from New York and is heavily fortified.

At Port Royal, in Jamaica, within one day's sail of Florida by steamship, Mr. Bull has some very powerful batteries. On the little island of St. Lucia he has a dry dock, a naval station and a heavy battery commanding one of the approaches to the mouth of the proposed Nicaragua canal. On all these strongholds money is now being spent. We all know about the arsenal, naval depot and fortifications at Esplanade, and the warships in these waters. Uncle Bull has industriously fortified his outposts as near as possible to the United States.

The increased activity in this work is only two or three years old. It must be costing a great deal of money. It manifests a very friendly interest in our welfare and shows that our jolly old uncle has his benevolent eye on us. We shall have to watch Uncle Bull, too, in the friendliest way. We must not let him outdo us in polite attention.—Boston Journal.

It is believed that a well planned system for improving the breeds of cattle, horses and dogs throughout all Canada will be soon taken in hand by the administration. This would add greatly to the value of the permanent "living plant" of the people and to "practical politics" in the best sense.

A trained bat belonging to William Fleeter, of Spring Hill, Pa., conveys messages like a carrier pigeon. Its speed is very great—more than two miles a minute. It recently flew a mile in 27 1/2 seconds.

Recent experiments in Queensland have shown that mother-of-pearl shells made to produce pearls artificially.

THE "FLY COP'S" BLUNDER.

He Caught the Pickpocket Who Gave Him the Chills.

He was just in from the wilds of the "Uniteenth" ward, and the "pull" his alderman had with the chief had secured his promotion to the dignity of a central "fly cop."

The importance of his new position weighed heavily upon him, and he struggled bravely to uphold it. The superiority of a fly cop over an ordinary patrolman traveling his beat burned deeply in his brain, and he looked laughingly at those erstwhile acquaintances who still wear the blue coats and brass buttons.

One day the new man, with the unfortunate who had been told off as his partner, were sent down to watch for pickpockets on the St. street cable line. There was little success until suddenly the newly made fly cop grasped his partner's arm. "There's a fellow I've had my eye on for some time," he said proudly, "and now I'm going to get him. There he is, the tall guy with the soft hat."

The experienced man looked and smiled oddly. "Just as well now as any other time," he murmured softly to himself. Then he said, "I don't suppose you want any help."

Fired with visions of glory and the idea of making a single handed capture, the new man answered, "No, siree, I'll take him myself."

Then his partner walked around the corner whistling in a subdued tone and muttering something about "fools having to take their medicine," although there wasn't a doctor or sick man in sight.

The man from the Uniteenth boarded the car and flashed his star on the conductor, who, of course, pulled the bell at once. Then the ambitious detective walked up to the tall man and said: "I've got you now. Come along with me."

The gentleman turned and said: "I guess you've made a mistake, my friend. You don't know me."

"But I do, my boy, and that's the trouble. Come along with me. I've been looking out for you for the last two weeks."

The people in the car were staring, and a couple of men began looking for their pocketbooks. Then the tall man said: "Well, you'd better take me to the station."

"That's just what I intend to do. I won't call the wagon either."

He looked for his partner, but he was not around. So much the better—he alone would get the credit for the arrest.

As they walked over toward the city hall the patrolman on the corners saluted, and the Uniteenth man was in the seventh heaven. His bravery was recognized. As they reached the door of the central station the officers looked up from their game of "cinch" and saluted with a "How are you, chief?" Then they looked at the capturer, and as they took in the situation a roar of laughter burst forth.

He looked around in amazement. Then the tall man said: "Now, my man, I'm much obliged for your company, I hope you'll know me the next time. Here's my card."

It read, "George W. Hubbard, Assistant Superintendent of Police."

Then the man from the Uniteenth wrote out a request to be transferred back to his beat on the corner of West Forty-eighth and One Hundred and Fourth streets, and he is there.—Chicago News.

His Solemn Oath.

A popular comedian tells a story of a waiter at a London restaurant who was sadly given to drink. A party of young men determined to reform him, and one day they read to him an imaginary paragraph from a paper relating a terrible accident in which an inebriate in blowing out a candle was killed by the flame igniting the alcoholic fumes of his breath. James pricked up his ears at this and requested that the paragraph might be read to him again, which was done, to the evident horror of the poor man, who immediately went in search of a Bible.

Returning with this, he expressed a desire to take a solemn oath upon it, he learned the fact that he had been a sorry tippler and was bringing himself to ruin, and then swore that never again so long as he lived would he attempt to blow out a candle.—Million.

Hunter Sam Pugh's Error.

Sam Pugh, of this city, was quite seriously hurt near Stillwater, O. T., a few evenings ago. With a party of young men he was out coon hunting. They chased an animal several miles, thinking they were trailing a coon, and when the animal was tired, Pugh climbed the tree to knock it down. In the darkness he could not see but what it was a coon, and he climbed up close to it and struck it. To his surprise he found the animal was a large and ferocious wildcat, which flew at him, biting and scratching him in a horrible manner, and causing him to lose his hold and fall to the ground. In his fall he struck a limb, fracturing three ribs and inflicting other severe bruises. He will be confined to his room for some weeks with his injuries.—Kansas City Journal.

The Moose Invited Death.

A bull moose was recently shot in the Maine woods which had nine prongs on one horn and eight on the other, the spread at the antlers measuring five feet. The animal apparently courted death, for, while the hunter who shot him was asleep by his camp fire, in the middle of the night the animal came up and smelled him over and awakened him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ANTICIPATION.

One time we stood upon the water's edge
That flowed far out into its parent sea,
And there while summer blushed on field
and hedge
We vowed to love throughout eternity.

And thou, fond heart, hast kept that vow
full well
Through every change that protean fortune
brought.

But I am sunken in the waves that swell
O'er Seylla's hidden rocks—and am forgot.

What stern mischance hath snapped the
golden thread
That bound thy heart in union with mine?
Unless her soul be Niobe's instead,
Whose tears may flow as feelings as thine?

From whom may pardon come if not from
thee?

And yet I dare not ask so great a boon,
Whose life is wrecked like thine? And who
is she

Hath warranty to sing so sad a tone?

Yet cease those mournful sighs, as deep perchance
As ever Didlo for Aeneas heaved;

The future lies beyond; the recompense
Of time is aught for her who most hath
grieved.

One hope I have that absence cannot take,
One longing that the world can never steal,
When life is done, in other spheres to wake,
And at thy feet a worshiper to kneel.
—St. George Heat in Good Housekeeping.

London's Theater Curtains.

One of the finest curtains in this country is at the Lyceum theater. On it all that art can do has been lavished. Made of a rich, beautiful plush of dragon's blood hue, it hangs from the proscenium arch in artistic folds. The curtain was presented to Mr. Irving by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, its cost being 1,000 guineas. One thousand yards of plush were used in its manufacture, and it achieved the fame of once being paraded in a Gaiety burlesque.

Mr. Wyndham's curtain at the Criterion is a creation of Muple & Co. and cost about £120. At the Gaiety the present act drop is the work of Mr. George Banks. The artist's conception takes the form of a great white satin cloth, with a solitary figure opening two curtains. The Savoy curtain is noted both for its beauty and the artistic manner in which it rises and reveals the stage. The act drop at the Adelphi, the home of "creepy" melodrama, is a curtain which has marked the resting places of countless pieces of the transpontine type. It represents a scene in Sherwood forest in the days of Robin Hood and his merry, merry men.—London Million.

A Case of Longevity.

A certain housebreaker was condemned in the latter part of the last century in France, and under peculiar circumstances, to 100 years in the galley, and, strange to relate, this man has made his appearance in his own native province at the advanced age of 130, he being about twenty years of age when the sentence which condemned him to so dreadful a punishment was passed.

It is difficult to conceive what the feelings must have been with which he returned as soon as emancipated from the shackles which had entailed him for a century, to breathe once more the cherished air of the scenes of his infancy. Brought in the department of Ais, was his native home; but time had so much changed the aspect of the whole place that he recognized it only by the old church of Broc, which was the only thing that had undergone no alteration. He had triumphed over laws, bondage, man, time, everything. Not a relation had he left, not a single being could he hail as an acquaintance; yet he was not without experiencing the homage and respect the French invariably pay to old age.

For himself, he had forgotten everything connected with his early youth; even his recollection of the crime for which he had suffered was lost, or, if at all remembered, it was but as a dreary vision, confounded with a thousand other dreary visions of days long gone by. His family and connections for several generations all dead, himself a living proof of the clemency of heaven and the severity of man, regretting perhaps the very iron which had been familiar to him, and half wishing himself again among the wretched and suffering beings with whom his fate had been so long associated—well, might he be called the patriarch of burglars.—New York Ledger.

The most recent observations as to the amount of heat the earth receives from the sun show that in clear, pleasant weather 63 per cent. of heat is absorbed by the atmosphere and only 30 per cent. reaches the soil. This figure rises in October to 41 per cent. and sinks to 28 per cent. in January.

A thief stole forty-six large Parmesan cheeses of the best brand, valued at \$900, from a merchant in Parma. Upon being pursued he managed to escape capture, but, though out of danger, remorse at having lost his previous good reputation caused him to commit suicide two days after the robbery.

Moralizer—The good die young.
Philosopher—And we all getting so old!—Chicago Times.

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