

Royal Baking Powder Leads All.

From actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder before the public.

It is entirely free from alum and other additions injurious to health.

W. J. Stearns

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

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

Happy Second Marriages.

The dreaming maiden never figures as a second wife in her love visions, however she may figure in real life later on; yet a first marriage often fits a man to be a far tenderer husband and more devoted lover. He remembers his first wife only sufficiently to recall his errors and mistakes, and to avoid them in his treatment of his second. Most girls, however, would prefer taking the risk of his mistakes than denying the benefit of his experience.

However numerous may have been a man's amours, a woman likes to think that she has brought a new experience into his life in the honeymoon. A man's first lawful possession of a pure and loving woman for his very own would seem to mark a never-to-be-forgotten era in his life, no matter what unhappiness may have followed; yet the human heart is a strange machine. A sweet and noble woman, whose nature was profound and full of feeling, once shocked me with a confession.

"I was but twenty-two when my first husband died," she said. "I worshiped him, and we had been ideally happy. All the world seemed a tomb after he died. I did not believe life held any joy for me. My only happiness for years I found in passing whole days beside his tomb. Yet I married again before I was thirty a man who had awakened, it seemed to me, a deeper passion in my heart than the early love. And now year after year goes by in which I forget to notice the anniversary of my first marriage or of my husband's death, so absorbed am I in this man."

As an opposition to this case, I knew a stubborn and selfish woman who was persistent and constant in her violent grief at the loss of her young husband. Years passed with no abatement of her angry resentment at fate, and yet finally she entered into litigation with the aged parents of her husband about the property.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Puzzles in Relationship.

A strange relationship exists in the family of a couple of Englishmen in this state. Some ten years ago two brothers named Beers came to this country from England and settled on a small farm in Mendocino county. Things prospered with them, and soon one of the brothers, Philip, becoming tired of lonely life on the farm, wooed and won Miss Lizzie Johnson, a young rural beauty. They were married and lived happily together nearly eight years. Something, however, disturbed the harmony of their married life, for last summer Philip applied for and obtained a divorce. Life seemed to have lost all charms for him.

In the mean time the other brother, Louis, also tired of the unlucky lot of the lone bachelor, began to cast about him for a helpmate, and mist had discovered in his brother's late wife the sum of all his future happiness, for the little village near which the brothers resided was one day suddenly electrified to hear that Louis and the grass widow had been made one. The news came to Philip, who simply smiled and replied, "Never mind; my inning comes next."

Little attention was paid to the remark, and certainly no one thought of the strange denouement that would follow. The ordinary routine life of the mountain village went smoothly on until, only a day or so ago, the villagers were astonished to hear that Philip Beers and Mrs. Johnson, his ex-wife's mother and his brother's mother-in-law, had been quietly married. Then there was consternation in the family of Mrs. Louis Beers.

The neighbors and friends of the several parties are now busily engaged trying to figure out the relationship of the several parties to each other's relatives.—Kentucky Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Willing to Begin.

First Small Boy—This paper says children oughter to be taught what to do in case of fire, an they oughter go through the performance until they know.

Second Small Boy—All right. Where's the matches?—Good News.

A Great Day in China.

Within a short time the great day for state worship will again come in China. At the coming of the winter solstice the whole nation is supposed to pray, at least in the person of the emperor. This great worship takes place at night. The emperor squats on the bottom of a great elephant car, and drawn by the white elephant which the king of Siam sent him, is escorted by 2,000 grandees, princes and attendants, while bands of music play along the way to the great temple. He first goes into the palace of fasting. He then meditates before a copper statue representing a priest with his mouth covered by his fingers, indicating silence.

Upon the altar of heaven he should sacrifice burnt animals—calves, hares, sheep and pigs. How this worship will take place, now that the altar of heaven is burned down, I do not know; but the occasion may call out some expressions of opinion from different parts of the empire which will be more or less dangerous.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Curious Debate on a Burned Pinafore.

A burned pinafore has been the cause of a curious debate. A girl belonging to the Cuckoo Lane schools, at Hanwell, belonging to the city of London and St. Saviour's union, dropped the chalice at a communion service and stained the pinafore. Thereupon the high chaplain ordered the pinafore not to be washed, but to be destroyed. As it belonged to the ratepayers the managers inquired his authority for destroying their property.

The chaplain pleaded the precedent that old Bibles are destroyed in the same way, but offered to buy a new pinafore. The managers however are determined not to let the matter rest, and two committees are to investigate the practices of Ritualistic chaplains in regard to damaged pinafores and Bibles.—London Tit-Bits.

A Co-operative Boot Factory.

A striking proof of the steady progress of the principle of co-operative production was given Friday at Leicester, where over 500 delegates from all parts of the kingdom assembled to assist at the formal opening of the largest co-operative boot and shoe factory in the world. The factory stands on six acres of ground. The buildings cost \$150,000, and when fitted with machinery the total outlay will have been \$350,000. The working capital will be \$1,000,000, and the factory will be able to turn out 50,000 pairs of boots every week. This huge enterprise has been and will continue to be managed by workmen, and the men who make the boots will share in the profits earned by their labor.—London Cor. New York Times.

Curious Recovery of Lost Records.

Gorham met with a serious loss over twenty years ago. About 1871 it was discovered that a book containing the earliest town records, from its incorporation in 1764 to 1815, was missing. The town offered a reward for its return and many individuals joined in the search, but hope of finding these records was abandoned long ago. Last week, however, the express brought from Boston a package containing three books in excellent preservation, without any explanation. One of them was the early records of Gorham. The other two books contained the marriages, births and deaths of the inhabitants of the town from 1764 to 1822.—Lewiston Journal.

Wedded in a Blizzard.

In a big snowstorm Miss Lydia E. Carder and Mr. James William Watson, both of West Virginia, were wedded by the Rev. R. Kolk, of Pawpaw, W. Va. The ceremony was performed on an island in the Potomac, near Oldtown. The wind was blowing a perfect hurricane and the snow fell thick and fast. The bride wore a white cloth costume, with bonnet and gloves to match.—Cor. Baltimore American.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

FORECASTING

Some day as now the world shall reawaken,
The city from its brief, dream tortured sleep,
The country from its stumber pores and deep.
To songs of birds in every flowering brake;
And men light hearted, or with hearts that ache,
Shall rise and go what they have sown to reap.
And women smile, or sit alone and weep
For life once sweet, grows bitter for love's sake.

But we, that day, shall not be here—not we,
We shall have done with life, though few may know.

Between us then shall awful stillness be
Who speak such words of bliss, such words of woe.

As winds remember, chaunting fitfully—
Chaunting as now—above us lying low.
—Philip Bourke Marston in Atlantic.

Rise of Poor Women.

The rise of the wife of London's lord mayor is another instance of the democratic tendencies of the times and the overthrow of the social nobility which has so long ruled the world. She was a chambermaid at a fashionable hotel in West Kemp, where David Evans, alderman of the ward of Castle Baynard and now lord mayor of London, used to stop during the hunting season. He fell in love with the pretty girl who waited upon him, and in a manly and democratic spirit proposed to her and was accepted. So now the humble servant is elevated to one of the highest social positions in the world's metropolis, and will in the future entertain royalty and the most distinguished men and women of the nations.

Her experience, however, is not unique. The wife of Jules Grevy, ex-president of the French republic, was his washerwoman before she sat in the palace. Many women of the highest social prominence have risen from humble surroundings. Ever since the days of King Cophetua, who made the beggar maid his queen, there have been men courageous enough to ignore the sneers of the lofty and to marry the women of their choice, in whatsoever circumstances they found them. Brave old Andrew Jackson was proud of his beloved wife till the day of his death in spite of her homely manners and her unfamiliarity with the ways of the polite world, and his secretary of war married the daughter of a tavern keeper.

But at no time have men of prominence picked their wives from the modest walks of life with greater frequency than at present, and the custom is growing. It is carrying out democracy in earnest, and what is best of all, the men never seem to regret their choice.—Chicago Globe.

Novel Wedding Gifts.

A novelty in the line of wedding presents has just been put upon the market. If you have a friend who is about to topple over the brink of matrimony, and would take pleasure in presenting him with something besides that eternal punch bowl, or those perennial knives and forks, or that customary ornate clock, go down and see one of the big safe companies on lower Broadway. The safe man has gone so far ahead of the gentle burglar in solidity of construction and tool defying locks that he can now afford to give some of his wares a touch of the decorative and picturesque.

His first venture in this direction has resulted in a series of little strong boxes made up in odd shapes. The favorite one is that of a portable writing desk. The safe proper is concealed beneath a covering of inlaid wood, and not one person in a hundred would suspect it to be anything but a desk. It can be carried in a trunk or satchel and is admirably fitted for the transportation of large sums of ready money. Once locked it would take a small blast of dynamite to open it.

The one objection to it is that should the burglar ever suspect the real identity of the innocent looking desk he would only have to put it under his arm and tote it away to crack at leisure.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

She Finds Her Place.

Facts are stubborn things. This is a trite remark, but, like all trite remarks, true. There are certain facts which today are applicable to the woman question that the hard headed opponents of woman's advancement find it difficult to combat. The chief fact is the persistence with which woman "bobs up serenely" in all the live questions of the day. Take her all around she is very much alive, and is demonstrating her old conceded ability to put in the last word and put it in often, with a success that takes away the breath of the old fogies. With a consciousness that she is one of a million of her own sex competing with men for bread and butter, she puts her hands in her jacket pockets and says, firmly, but courteously: "A little more room, if you please, sir. God made this world just as much for me as for you." And she usually finds the extended elbows gradually succumb under her persistent pressure.—Chicago Herald.

No More Red Parasols.

Ladies will be surprised to hear that the use of red parasols has been officially forbidden in many villages of the Tyrol. The peasants say that the startling color irritates the grazing cattle, and that a number of accidents of recent date were due to the display of red sunshades.—London Queen.

A Brooklyn girl only eleven years of age has formed 630 intelligible words of the letters found in the word incomprehensibility.

Across the Continent to Marry and Didn't.

Seattle contains today a disappointed young couple who believe not that marriage is, but that it would be a failure. The man is Basil Suporska and the girl is Miss Florence B. Bathrick, of De Kalb, Illa. They became acquainted through correspondence resulting from the answering of an advertisement in a Chicago paper, and the acquaintance finally resulted in an agreement to marry if upon meeting each was satisfied. Miss Bathrick came out here, her eager lover met her at Puyallup, but the wedding has not taken place and will not. Miss Bathrick says:

"I came out here to marry Basil Suporska, but have found that he is not the man I thought he was. I was led to believe that he owned about half of Seattle and was a capitalist. I think I'll go back home, for there are plenty of men there that I can marry. Indeed, I've just had a telegram from a fellow who has wanted to marry me all along, and I will go back and take my old beau. I have some money, and I think that is what Suporska is after, but luckily I did not bring the money with me, but left orders to have the check sent to me after I was married."

Miss Bathrick brought a large trousseau, including a white wedding dress with a train eight feet long, white hat and gloves.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Hot Water Foot Warmers.

A commission sent by the directors of the French railways to England and Germany to report upon the means adopted in those countries for warming railway carriages during the winter finds that France has nothing to learn from her neighbors in this respect, hot water foot warmers similar to those in use on French railways being employed almost everywhere. On the Northern of France railway, however, an important experiment is about to be tried on a large scale.

All carriages, even on short distance trains, are to be warmed, and the warmth is to be produced by means of boxes of acetate of soda. The chemical is put in a solid state into the boxes, and these are then plunged into hot water about 100 degs. The effect is that the soda becomes liquid. On being taken out of the water the boxes are wiped dry and are put into the carriages. By degrees the soda solidifies, and as long as the operation lasts—that is, for about five or six hours—it gradually gives off the heat it has absorbed in the melting process.—London News.

A Mighty Hunter's Triumph.

"There was one incident in the woods this season," said a North woods guide, "which was amusing, to say the least. A wealthy Albanian, who spends his summers in the vicinity of Lake George, and who, by the way, enjoys a military title, came into the woods with great pomp when deer was in season, and requested that a deer be captured for him. This was done and the animal tied to a tree. Then the military gentleman, who is a member of a society for the protection of fish and game, brought his gun up and blazed away at the tethered animal. It required six shots from the gun of the Albanian to mortally wound the deer. What do you think of that for hunting? The guides in the woods when they heard of the affair vowed they would lynch the man if he came up there again."—Albany Journal.

Surprise at a Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given J. O'Donnell and wife, of Beaver Falls, by a lot of his neighbors. Mrs. Bridget Donovan was one of the guests. She weighs about 250 pounds, and when she essayed a skirt dance it truly was a surprise party. The floor was weak, Mrs. Donovan was heavy, and in the middle of a difficult figure the floor gave way, and the fair dancer disappeared into the cellar along with the kitchen stove. She was quickly extracted from her perilous position by the men of the party by the aid of levers and ropes, and was found to be but little injured. The stove, fortunately, contained no fire, and did not fall upon her.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Canine Hero.

A case illustrating the sagacity of the canine race has occurred at Jackson, Miss. Several negro children were playing on the banks of Pearl river, near the bridge, when one of them, Robert Jackson, a boy, about seven years old, slipped and fell into the water. He was being borne rapidly away by the current when his dog, a little black setter, plunged into the river, and, seizing the child by the clothing, swam safely to shore with its heavy burden. The boy was pretty full of water, but soon recovered and ran home with his dog following at his heels.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Care of an Umbrella.

There are a couple of points with regard to the care of an umbrella with which I would wish to supply the public, for I am a crank on the subject. One is in connection with the rolling of it up. To do this so as not to injure the ribs and joints, firmly grasp the points below the cloth with your right hand while you glide downward with your left till the folds are nicely laid. The other is, when the umbrella is soaked with wet, set with the handle resting on the floor and let the water run off the ends of the ribs. If you set it with the ferule down the water will rust the hinges at the crest.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beauty of Person.

Some excellent people take serious exception to Grant Allen's remark that, being a man, he took it for granted that the first business of a girl was to be pretty. Now, it may be that Mr. Allen is not so far out of the way after all. It is certainly the duty of every woman, and man, too, to be as good looking as possible, because beauty gives pleasure to other people. Beauty of person is the expression of something corresponding to it in the mind and soul, and is to be prized accordingly. True beauty comes from the cultivation of the higher graces of the mind and soul, as well as the care of the body, and cannot exist without this. A dried up old professor who knows forty languages, and yet is weak eyed, lank haired, stoop shouldered and dyspeptic, is as far from being a perfectly developed man as the prize fighter. Of the two the prize fighter is far the more agreeable object to look at. The Greeks were nearer right than we think when they gave physical culture so high a place. So, girls and women of all ages, be as beautiful as you can. Make yourselves handsome by physical exercise, by intellectual work and by cultivating a sweet temper and generous, kindly spirit to all mankind.

A. D. White and Coeducation.

Ex-President White, of Cornell, is enthusiastically in favor of coeducation and athletic exercises. Coeducation makes women more womanly and men more manly, he says. And sunshine, fresh air and vigorous physical exercises are more important for girls than for boys even, because "co-ed" girl students in their zeal for study are apt to neglect their bodies. In his judgment no girl should be permitted to take a college course unless she also took a proper system of regular exercise in a gymnasium or elsewhere.

Tricks of Manner.

To illustrate how the little tricks of manner are copied and become the fashion, it is told of a debutante of several seasons ago who speedily became a pronounced belle that at her first few appearances in society, out of sheer embarrassment, she invariably stood with her hands clasped. Before she ceased to resort to this peculiar method of relief her reign became established, and all the girls of her set, recognizing her supremacy, quickly saw and copied her intertwining fingers.

A Volume in a Word.

Friend—What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer?
Miss Cathom (innocently)—Which one?
—New York Weekly.

In the pockets of clothing discarded by a burglar at Crawfordsville, Ind., was found a translation from Cæsar's Commentaries and an example in algebra, indicating that the night prowler was a student.

The Duke of Westminster has again this year given to the Chester infirmary the sum of \$2,500, being the proceeds of the shillings charged upon visitors for admission to Eaton hall and gardens.

Miss Maggie Dougor, of Shelbyville, Ind., began a unique course of treatment for consumption last week. Under the advice of her doctor she uses a diet made up exclusively of young dog flesh.

MERCURIAL

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of S.S.S.: "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccess-

RHEUMATISM

ful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work.

S.S.S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Golden West Baking Powder

When in Portland be sure to take in the greatest novelty at the Exposition. We shall bake biscuits and cake every afternoon and evening on our pretty Jewel Gas Stove. Everybody cordially invited to have a picnic with us and see the wonderful merit of Golden West Baking Powder proved by actual work.

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