

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

THE IMPRISONED ROBIN.

We heard his cry this morning, and his wail
Was like the sad song of a whippoorwill.
It seems that in his prison cage he still
Has memories of the fields, and he recalls the tale

The lonesome night bird sang at vesper till
He dooms it to his own. His joyous thrill
And natural piping are now all in jail.
How different from the notes when, wild and free,

He sang his happy greetings to his mate
And pleasure seemed the business of his days!
No night bird's acts were mimicked in his wail
When he strode over the lawn in pride elate
Or filled the air with melody from a tree.

—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

Not Big Things Only Excite Wonder.

It is not always the things of gigantic proportions that excite the greatest curiosity. Mastodons, elephants, whales and other creatures of monstrous size are and have been wonders indeed. So, too, are the pyramids, the great cathedrals, towers, monuments, etc., the great Corliss engines, the 16-drive wheel locomotive and other triumphs of mechanical skill. But while this is true beyond question, how about the wonders revealed by the microscope and the work of the deft fingered artist, D. A. V. Moer, who painted a landscape on the side of a grain of wheat? By the use of a strong microscope only could the wonders of this minute painting be distinguished.

Yet when a good glass was brought to bear upon what appeared to be a spot of variegated paint upon the side of the wheat grain all was changed into a beautiful landscape—a forest, a mill at the side of the river, a miller climbing an outside stairway with a sack of grain upon his back, a tall cliff at the side of the mill and a winding road along which some peasants were trying to drag a refractory pig!—St. Louis Republic.

Gloves to Gain Husbands and Loves.

The revival of light kid gloves for wear with walking dresses rather a blow to the thrifty minded. Those who have a limited dress allowance have delighted in the convenient black kid or brown suede, which could be worn quite a number of times without showing signs of being weatherbeaten in any way. But light gray, pale lemon and the new horrid green are soiled in an hour when worn with seal skin, dark cloth or serge. Fortunately four or six button length does very well at present, but there are some indications that in the season sleeves will be short and gloves long. If so, light kid will be atrociously extravagant, even though they will not soil so readily when worn with light colored gowns.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Marrying by a Formula.

The woman that took part in a late marriage at Newcastle, England, had a mathematical formula to guide her. At 16 she married a man of 32. At 30 she married again and chose a man of 60. To conclude the series, she now at 42 marries a man of 84. Her first husband was a Quaker, the second a Catholic and the present one a Protestant. If she lives much longer and is determined to go on with her mathematical matrimonial ventures, she will have to advertise in the want columns for a centenarian or two and specify a new religion as one of her provisions.—Atlanta Constitution.

The After Dinner Speaker.

The after dinner speaker must not talk nonsense and must not talk about nothing. But he must seem to be original, no matter what lecture he may have given to get at the sources—the headwaters of his good things—and he must be brilliant, even though his brilliancies should have been carefully thought out in the dark. Wit is his province more than wisdom, although a dash of the wisdom may be tolerated if it is brought wrapped up in wit and humor, like the sword of Hermodius among the wreaths of laurel.—London News.

Enemies of the "New Fangled."

Some years ago an "avid kirk" minister who had added a barometer to the furnishings of his house on the west coast of Scotland found that it was not altogether safe to possess such mysterious inventions.

During a prolonged storm the women of a neighboring village whose husbands were all at sea marched to the minister's house in a body and requested him to "set the weather guide to fair." While he was trying to explain the nature of the barometer they impatiently took stones and smashed it.

Within a few hours the weather changed favorably. Then one Jennie Gorm, a ring-leader among the rioters, remarked: "I tell ye how it would be! It's just that new fangled whigmaleeries that's settin things wrang in the world."—Youth's Companion.

The Wardroom "Boy."

The wardroom "boy" on board a man-of-war is often as old as many of those he serves, but the old fashioned title and form of address stick to him. Wardroom boys usually are colored men or foreigners. When a Haytian or Jamaican negro is obtainable, he is regarded as a catch. This is truer still of the Jap. The latter seems to understand by instinct to remember a multitude of details without effort and obey promptly and without question.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Living in the Suburb.

It was several months ago that McTavish, who had never lived in the suburbs, moved with his family out to West Nobtown. The other day one of the old residents said to him:

"Well, Mr. McTavish, how do you like West Nobtown?"

McTavish sighed slightly and then said, "The merciful man is merciful to his suburb!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good For Another Term.

Lobbyist (confidentially, displaying roll of bills)—Of course money is no object. What we want is to have this bill passed.

Alderman (indignantly)—Bribe me! No, sir! I am really in favor of the passage of the bill, but—but—I'll just hang my overcoat here in the hall before going in.—Truth.

A Friendly Hint.

Postoffice Clerk—See here, boy! No living mortal can read the address on this envelope you just handed in.

Boy—Well, if this 'ere postoffice department wants fine handwritin, why don't you keep better pens at these desks, say?—Good News.

The population of the kingdom of Spain, as reported in last census, taken six years ago, was 17,530,000. As the population is nearly stationary the count for this year would be about the same as that of the year in which the census was taken.

As Japan was the first nation to have her exhibit completed for the World's fair, Major Handy says that that country is the most advanced, businesslike and newspaper sort of nation in the world.

Celluloid is becoming quite popular for numerous fancy articles. It comes in several shades of the delicate colors and is an inexpensive material. The thin transparent sheets are the prettiest.

Alabama boasts a woman who was struck by lightning seven years ago, has never spoken since, and whose eyes glow luridly brilliant at the approach of a thunder storm.

In portions of the south the old time negro still lingers, preserving toward the white race the exact relations of 40 years ago, so far as outward deference goes.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not sheltered by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.

Her eyes were soft and dark as night,
Her seven tresses vying,
I took a seat beside my love,
And soon I fell to sighing,
She placed her hand within my own—
What thrills began to quiver
About my heart! Said she, "Dear John,
What is it makes you shiver?"

I scarcely knew, and so I said,
"I'm warmer than a clover,"
And then a daring thought occurred—
Pray, what was there to hinder?
I bent above her ruby lips
To steal the tempting blisses,
"Oh, no!" said she, "It cannot be:
I draw the line at kisses."

Ah, who can tell the royal way
To manage pretty misses?
Just when you think they love you most
They draw the line at kisses.

The years may come; the years may go;
I'll ne'er forget our meeting,
Upon her cheeks a pretty glow—
The moments all too fleeting,
And oft my heart doth dream anew
Of aromatic blisses,
As when, her little hand in mine,
She drew the line at kisses.

—Chicago Dispatch.

Mrs. Sleuth, or, The Lady Detective.

"Ha!"

"You will not give me a million dollars?"

"No."

"I am your wife?"

"Yes."

"Therefore you are my husband?"

"It is so."

"And you will not put your property in my name?"

"Woman, what takest thou me for?"

"We will see."

"Annette!"

"Yes, madam."

"Buy all the disguises in New York."

"As good as done."

"I may need one."

"Ha!"

"Put them in a Fifth avenue stage."

"I begin to comprehend."

"They will reach the Union League club by tomorrow evening."

"With industry—but it is quite four blocks."

"Attach my diamond revolver to my watch chain."

"Ha! the adventure is indeed hazardous."

"And put my knitting needle in its scabbard."

"I obey."

It is a small room in the club.
Two men are playing cards.
The stakes are a million dollars.
They are not two men.
Nay, they are a man and a boy.
The man holds four kings.
The boy holds two aces.
But they look to the man like four.
He stammers from the table.
"I am ruined!"

"It was I who won your million dollars."

"What, you, my wife?"

"Yes, I! Is my hat on straight?"—Truth.

A Sweet Samaritan.



Small Boy—Oh, mamma, this poor old gentleman says he hasn't had a thing to eat for eight months, so I've invited him home to lunch with us.—Harper's Bazar.

Druidish Ruins in England.

The Stonehenge, one of the most remarkable of the ancient monuments on the British Isles, is situated on the Salisbury plain about three miles from the village of Amesbury. It lies at the junction of two roads, surrounded by a bank and ditch, and is as much of a puzzle for the antiquarians of today as it was for those who carefully surveyed and examined it a thousand years ago. When perfect, it consisted of 30 huge upright stones varying in size and form, those at the entrance being 18 feet high and some of the others 18 feet. They all average 10 feet in height, the majority of them being 6 feet square.

These upright stones were joined together by others at the top, these last lying horizontally, like the lintels of a doorway, and each about 12 feet long. The whole made a huge circular cage, the use of which can only be conjectured. At exactly 8.3 feet from this circle of large stones is an inner circle composed of 40 stones standing on end, but much smaller than those of the outer ring. It is supposed that this structure was a Druidish temple.—St. Louis Republic.

Sacred Hymns of a Youngster.

If only we could recognize that children do not mean to be irreverent! Little Lewis was really as devout as could be expected from a 4-year-old and sang with great fervor Sunday school hymns innumerable, sometimes revising them after his own fashion or jumbling them up with scraps of other songs in a style less shocking than comical. Whether he sat on the porch steps by the hour blithely warbling forth to the passersby the somewhat alarming assurance that

I will guide thee with my knife,
or announcing with lusty shout,
Holy forks, for I am coming,
whose original I need not remind those who live within avoiding distance of a mediocrity was the widely known hymn, "Hold the Fort," his intentions were of the best.—Washington News.

His Choice.

"Did he marry the girl who could paint things on crockery ware?"

"No; he married one who could cook things to put into crockery ware."—New York Press.

Progressive.

"We charge \$5 a dozen; \$10 for three dozen; \$15 for six dozen, and so on."

"I suppose as a man tuk enough av um yes 'ud let um go for nothin'!"—Harper's Bazar.

One Way of Securing a Costly Book.

An amusing story of how a confirmed old bachelor who combined with his bachelorhood the qualities of the bibliomaniac came finally to marry is told by an English newspaper. It appears that the lonely old bookworm employed an old servant to take care of his rooms. Upon her fell the task of arranging and dusting the library, and she soon came to be smitten with a taste for reading. She began to spend all her earnings in buying books, and, strange to say, they were old books that she bought and read. One afternoon she came in with a parcel of volumes picked up from the bookstalls. Out of curiosity the master turned over the leaves of her treasures, and we can well imagine the more or less supercilious smile that played upon his countenance as he thought of the humorous phase of this old woman turned bibliophile. Suddenly his face lighted up.

"How much did you give for this?" said he, picking up a volume with great eagerness.

"Fifteen pence," was the answer.

"Fifteen pence? Why, this work is worth £1,000," cried the collector. He reflected, when too late, how stupid he had been to speak, and in vain tried to recall his words. "I will give you 50 shillings for it," said he.

"Sir, you have just told me it was worth £1,000!"

The old creature was not to be cheated, and the bookworm at last offered £100. It was a first edition, extremely rare, of Montaigne. He was a good buyer, but his servant would not take a fraction less than £1,000, which sum was more than he could afford. That night the connoisseur dreamed of Montaigne. At last he could resist no longer. At any price he must have the old book. "This woman takes good care of me. She appears to be smitten with the same passion for old books," said he to himself next. "Why should I not marry her? I should then have my Montaigne." So he went to her the following day and "popped the question." She accepted him, and they were married.

The clever old dame brought him the book as a dowry.

No Time to Do Anything.

"It makes me mad," said the old engineer, "to hear people ask why a man don't do so and so when his engine strikes. It all comes like a stroke of lightning. When we piled 'em up in the Whitesville cut and killed eight, I was sittin' in my window that night lookin' ahead as careful as any one could. We had started on the curve, and she was goin' as fast as the wheels could turn, 40 minutes behind time and the deuce to pay if we didn't make it up by mornin'. Jimmy Hartsell was feedin' 'er every minute.

"I thought I saw a glimmer of light on the bank ahead. It was the flash from the headlight around the other bend of the curve. Between the time I caught that flash and when I saw the headlight swing around the cut as big as a tub it couldn't have been a hundredth part of a second. We were nose to nose before I realized—no, I don't think I realized—but I put on the air with one yank, yelled to Jimmy and fell out of the window. When they threw water in my face, I 'posed I was cut all up. The wreck was on fire, and people was holdin' underneath. I had there feelin' of myself, expectin' every minute to find a soft place, but I was all right, and three days afterward I went to Jimmy's funeral. After that I don't want no man to tell me what you ought to do."—National Car and Locomotive Builder.

Sapphires of the East.

Ceylon has always been famous for its sapphires, as well as for other gems, and even the energetic capacity of the old Roman adventurers failed to exhaust its riches. Of all the brilliant gems extracted from the soil of this richly endowed island, hardly any was more highly esteemed by them than the sapphire. Its exquisite tint recalled to the oxiled Roman the clear, cloudless azure of the heavens over the seven hills of the city. The treasures and regalia of Europe possess sapphires of very large size. In the green vaults of Dresden are several of remarkable size and beauty. In the Russian treasury are some of an enormous size, among them one of a light blue tint. The engraving of sapphires was hardly known before the days of the Roman empire, and probably the most celebrated of all engraved sapphires is the great signet of the Emperor Constantine, which weighs 53 carats.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Arts of Oratory.

At the council of the ministers of the church of the New Jerusalem recently held in Brooklyn, the clergyman who was first heard by the council took occasion to condemn those of his brethren who make use of the "arts of oratory" in their preaching, and went so far as to say that pulpit eloquence is an enemy of gospel truth. He is in the wrong. What are the arts of oratory? Merely those arts by which the ideas and the language of a discourse are so ordered as to be most impressive and effective. How can eloquence be an enemy of the truth when it is but the best and most powerful method of presenting the truth? Swedenborg himself, the apostle of the Church of the New Jerusalem, was a man who paid great respect to the arts of presentation, and many of his works are of a very high order of eloquence and in very choice language.—New York Sun.

Bound to Get Out of It.

Mrs. Blinks (after breakfast)—My dear, I wish you'd stop into Biggs Store & Co.'s and order seven-eighths of a yard more of that cloth I got yesterday and three-quarters—

Mr. Blinks—I'm afraid I'll forget if you give me the items now. Just speak to me over the telephone this afternoon.

Office Boy (in the afternoon)—Please, sir, Mrs. Blinks is at the phone and wants to talk to you.

Mr. Blinks (hurriedly)—Say—er—tell her I'm drunk.—New York Weekly.

The Greatness of Chicago.

Chicago has demonstrated herself to be the matchless mistress of the world. She will yet be the commercial center of the world. Chicago will be the admiration and wonder of the world, and from henceforth will stand first among American cities, and therefore first among the world's cities. Chicago will be the solar and focal point of the universe. She has a wonderful career before her.—Flaming Sword.

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