

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Storm on Pike's Peak.

It's no fun to be on top of Pike's peak in a storm. It is an experience that few care to have. I won't forget mine of two years ago. A party left Manitou for the peak one sunny day in July, when a storm was the last thing that would suggest itself. We took a carriage at Cascade and started for the summit. The vehicle was strong enough to have carried a 10-ton gun, and was slung on strong leather straps like a stagecoach. We all enjoyed the superb scenery, and reached the signal service station on the summit in good order. Before we had been there an hour a thunderstorm broke over the mountain. The women took refuge in the station, and we men threw ourselves flat on the huge granite boulders.

The rain came down in torrents, but it was not in it with lightning. I can laugh now, but I did not then. The lightning struck the summit time and time again until the whole thing seemed to be a mass of blue fire that sprang from boulder to boulder and enveloped the place. It blinded me. Every moment I expected to be struck, and I was afraid to yell to my friends for fear that the fluid had killed them. My hair stood on end, horrible sensations chased themselves up and down my spine at each clap of thunder, and they came at the rate of a million a minute.

Unless you have been through it yourself, you cannot imagine my feelings as I lay there nearly drowned, awaiting to be electrocuted. When the storm ceased it took me fully ten minutes to realize that I was alive. No one was killed, but six mules had been struck by the fire from heaven.—Interview in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Worthy Judge's Dilemma.

Judge I. W. Bonjware, of Fulton, is one of the best known criminal lawyers in Missouri, but has forgotten many of the good things he learned at Sunday school. His granddaughter, four years old, came to pay him a visit the other day. She arrived in care of the conductor about 11 o'clock in the evening, tired and sleepy from an all day's journey. Her grandfather awkwardly but successfully prepared her for her couch, and with an attendant sent her to bed, while he settled himself to study. Presently he heard noise from the child's bedroom, and entering asked in grandfatherly tones what was the matter. "Grandpa, I've forgot my prayer."

"Well, never mind the prayer tonight, go to bed and go to sleep." "But," persisted the little miss, "mamma and papa will not let me go to bed without saying my prayer, and I've forgot it," and she sobbed again. "Well, daughter, never mind tonight; tomorrow night you may say it twice," replied the kind hearted grandfather.

Still the sobbing lips replied: "No, no; I must say it. You start it, grandpa, and I'll remember it." A great silence fell upon the household; great beads of cold sweat started out upon the perplexed brow of the head of the house. He couldn't think, his mind was chaos. Finally, with heroic effort, he began: "Mary had a little lamb." "No, no, grandpa; that isn't it," protested the troubled little appealer. Then frantically the judge began again: "Hick-a-by baby in the tree top!" "No, no-o-o," came from the child, and the next moment she was fast asleep on her knees.—Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune.

Lighting as a Photographer.

On examining the field glasses used at the observatory on Mount Aris, situated near the summer resorts, West Baden and French Lick, it was found that one of the field glasses had an impression of flowers in both lenses, like a negative. It must have been caused by lightning, as the glass was left on the upper platform of the observatory and the impression is of such flowers as are growing on Mount Aris. The quality of the glass is not impaired at all, though, the impression seems to go clear through the lenses. Mr. Bierk, the proprietor of the observatory, cannot account for this freak of lightning otherwise than the electric action on the flowers and lenses.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Most Astonishing Escape.

An absent minded doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been for some time ailing, put a toe into the patient's hand and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man. He was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill and the patient getting better.—London Tit-Bits.

Floppy Lighthouse Keepers.

In February, 1891, the Sharp's island lighthouse was carried away by ice in Chesapeake bay. The keepers tended the lamp to the last and clung to the structure when it was swept from its foundation, finally saving not only themselves, but a great part of the valuable apparatus.—Washington Star.

The largest town clock in the world is in the tower of the Glasgow university at Glasgow. The clock weighs about a ton and a half and has a pendulum weighing 300 pounds.

It is well enough for the politician to be an early bird, but it is a good thing to be careful and not come across the worm at its proverbial turning point.

The city of London proper is only one mile square, but so valuable is its real estate that it produces a rental of \$7,000,000 a year.

Candolle, the investigator, says that the health of dark eyed persons is much superior to that of the light or the blue eyed ones.

Two Jays.

Much confusion has arisen from confounding the common laurel (Laurus cerasus, or laurel cherry) with the famous laurel of the ancients (L. nobilis). The former was not introduced into Europe until 1526. Its leaves contain the potent poison, prussic acid, whereas the leaves of L. nobilis contain a fragrant aromatic oil used in confectionery. It is to this, the true laurel, that we apply the term bay, and we use it as a poetical term for an honorary crown or garland bestowed as a prize for any kind of victory or excellence. Beneath his reign shall Euden war the bays.

We apparently got the word bay through the Latin lauro, a berry from the French bayre, or, as Holland's "Pline" has it, "The hales or berries (Bacca) that it (the Rollall laurel) beareth." Hence also the term "bachelor" is supposed by some to be derived from the ancient practice of crowning candidates for honors with bay leaves and berries, whence the term baccalarius and laureate. Those who were found worthy of the honor obtained the laurel of bachelor or the laurel of doctor (Laurea baccalareatus, Laurea doctoratus). In the Scotch universities the act of conferring degrees is, or was, styled "laureation," and a chaplet was used in some of them. In the ages of chivalry the bay chevaliers, or men below the degree of knight, were admitted to serve by being crowned with a chaplet of laurel berries, and were hence called baccalaurei.—Notes and Queries.

Ancient Swiss Families.

From the very nature of the case all Swiss nobility is more or less ancient, and is, therefore, still venerable in a republic which has not yet cast off all reference for historic tradition. The Valais, for instance, contains a very ancient noblesse, some of whom, as the De Sepibus and the De Cocatrix, bear Latin names, whether or not they claim a Roman descent. And a Roman descent assuredly is claimed by the Bernese family of Lullulus, who affiliate themselves to that most illustrious house of the Gens Cornelia.

In a conglomerate nation like the Swiss the fountains of honor have been numerous. Some of the nobility owe their distinctions to the empire or to the dukes of Austria; some to the dukes of Zähringen, the founders of Berne and Fribourg; some to the dukes of Burgundy; some, who were Huguenots, to the kings of France, and some of the more modern ones even to the kings of Prussia.—Temple Bar.

Stone Coricose Cutter.

An ingenious instrument is used in Italy for the cutting of stone coricose, moldings, balustrades, etc. The general features of the machine are very similar to those of the ordinary metal planing machine. The stone to be operated upon is firmly clamped on the bed, to which a reciprocating motion is imparted by suitable mechanism.

The cutting tools are carried on a saddle plate capable of horizontal movement upon a slide by means of a screw and handle. The slide is, in turn, capable of vertical adjustment on slide pillars by means of barrel gearing and screws. The machine turns out sixteen feet of cornice, well finished, in twenty minutes.—New York Telegram.

Clockwork in a Lighthouse.

A first order lamp in a lighthouse consumes two and a half gallons of oil in a long winter night. The oil is fed to it by clockwork, and the flash is controlled by similar mechanism. An opaque pane in the cylinder of glass revolving about the light makes a dark interval and a red pane produces a red flash. The lens of a first order light is six feet in diameter, and the light has four concentric wicks, the biggest being four inches in diameter.—Washington Star.

Notable Famines in History.

Famines were formerly much more common than during the last half century, and many notable calamities of this nature are mentioned by historians. Not including the seven years' famine in Egypt mentioned in the Old Testament, the first great famine noted in history was in Italy, B. C. 456. Thousands of persons, driven mad by want, threw themselves into the sea and rivers to escape from further suffering. In A. D. 41 there was a great famine in Egypt, and another in Rome and the vicinity in A. D. 302. In 272 famine prevailed in the British islands, and people ate grass, roots and the bark of trees; thousands died in Scotland from privation in A. D. 850, and over 40,000 perished in Britain four years later.—Providence Journal.

An Apt Statement.

When the late bishop of Carlisle was once preaching in aid of hospitals in the abbey, he upset a glass of water placed for him on the pulpit before he had begun to speak. The water trickled down the neck of an unfortunate young man sitting below and the bishop, who was quite unconscious of the mishap, began his sermon, strange to say, with the words, "Accidents will happen!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

For Aboriginal Efforts.

As an indication of advancing civilization among the red men, it is announced that the Yuma Indians of California are about to build a theater of their own. It will be devoted, doubtless, to Yamarona entertainments.—Boston Herald.

A Reminder.

A man had a donkey for sale and, hearing that a friend wanted to buy one, he sent him the following, written on a postcard: "Dear D—, if you are looking for an A1 donkey, don't forget me. Yours, etc. F—."—London Tit-Bits.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

With what a glory comes and goes the year! The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers of sunny days and cloudless times, enjoy life's business and earth's garniture spread out; And when the silver habit of the clouds Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with A sober gladness the old year takes up His bright inheritance of golden fruits, A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene. —Longfellow.

Kipling's Story of an Interview.

An Australian paper said very humorously, "Rodney Kipling landed on this island at 12 o'clock and at 12:15 he had formulated an Australian policy."

"Yes, that is very funny," said Kipling, but it is not true. This is how it was: A young reporter cornered me just after I had landed. I treated him kindly, but I said firmly that I was not to be interviewed.

"I have no thought of interviewing you," replied the reporter with a touch of sadness in his voice. "I ask a much greater favor than that."

It turned out that the reporter was a man with a theory who had been persistently sat down upon by his superiors on the press. He had an Australian policy that he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the young novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you."

"All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead."

So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country.

"I never read the article," continued Kipling, "but there must have been some amazing theories in it, from the storm it raised. I hope that young man realizes my forbearance in standing all the unmerited abuse heaped upon me for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Now or Never.

There is hardly anything so bad that a wise person cannot get some good out of it. Indeed, it is one of the principal marks of a philosopher that he reaps an advantage even from misfortune.

A little Boston girl had for some time wanted a dog. Finally she was taken very ill with pneumonia. One day, when she had begun to get better, she told her mamma how very much she wanted a dog, and begged her to ask grandpa to buy her one.

Mamma answered that grandpa did not like dogs and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said: "Wait till you get well, my dear; then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her a little wisdom, "the sicker I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."—Boston Herald.

A Plucky Greyhound.

A circumstance which I should say was an uncommon one in the annals of shikar happened the other day. A gentleman while out shooting in the Eastern Dun in a canebrake started a leopard and a cub. Among his dogs which were beating was a powerful English greyhound. This dog drove off the leopard and killed the cub. This same dog also killed a very powerful lungoor (gray monkey), one of the largest size, standing fully 3 feet 9 inches or 4 feet.

One of the spaniels had cut this lungoor off from the tree for which it was making, and it turned upon the dog and bit it in the neck very severely, its tusks being as large as a small leopard's. It then tried to strangle the dog, when the greyhound came to the rescue. It caught the lungoor by the nape of the neck and with one crunch killed it.—Asian.

A Humorous Snake.

In Marianna North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" is a description of a tame snake.

Its mistress would sometimes twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore around her head, and once threatened to go down thus decorated to a dinner party of rather stiff people.

But one of the snake's own eccentricities served to distinguish it among all other reptiles of a similar nature which have served as pets.

It was as fond of glittering things as its mistress herself, and when she took off her many rings and placed them on different parts of the table it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body. Then it would tie itself in a knot, so that the rings could not be taken off until it was pleased to untie itself again.

Taming Leopards in India.

The cheetah is tamed in all directions, principally from a thick grummet of rope around his loins, while a hood fitted over his head effectually blinds him. He is fastened on a strong cot bedstead and the keepers and their wives and families reduce him to submission by starving him and keeping him awake. His head is made to face the village street, and for an hour at a time several times a day his keepers make pretended rushes at him and wave cloths, staves and other articles in his face. He is talked to continually, and women's tongues are believed to be the most effective antiposiforics. No created being could resist the effects of hunger, want of sleep and feminine scolding, and the poor cheetah becomes piteously, abjectly tame.—"Beast and Man in India."

Only One Clean Thing.

When Jones was at Oxford he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag Brown went into his room, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly and dirty state of everything, said: "Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad; the only clean thing in your room is the towel!"—London Tit-Bits.

Suspicious.

Doctor—I believe you have some sort of poison in your system.

Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?—Exchange.

Mathematics in Medicine.

He was a doctor of the advanced school. He laid his finger on my pulse, and with his watch in hand gave it a fair start and observed it carefully all the way around. "Strong 74," he said in a moment. Then he consulted a card that was covered with figures and continued, "That equals 63," and he played that number on a slate. "Put out your tongue. Good! That is 14," he said.

"Inches?" I asked.

"How is your appetite?" he inquired, ignoring my question.

"Equal to the supply."

"That makes 34," he replied.

"Can't you reduce it a little?" I asked, but failed to get his attention.

"Cold feet?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Three," he said.

"No, two," I replied, to correct him.

He set the three under the other figures. He then placed a thermometer in my mouth, which he afterward consulted in connection with the card. "A good 106," he said.

"Impossible!" I suggested mildly.

He wrote down the 106 and asked if I had headaches.

"Sometimes in the morning, after being kept late at the office," I answered.

"Four," he said.

"Isn't that rather low?" I asked.

"Do you smoke?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Ten," he replied.

"No, two for ten," I said.

He put down the ten.

"Do you sleep well?" he asked.

"That depends upon the baby," I answered.

"We won't consider that," he said.

"You had better call it 980," I suggested.

He added together the figures that he had placed on the slate. "That makes 406," he said.

"Is that the amount of the bill?" I asked.

"Bill!" he replied. That is the number of the prescription. I want you to know that medicine with me is no longer an experiment, for I have reduced it to a mathematical certainty. Every symptom has its number, and the sum of these numbers indicates the medicine that is needed. I have worked for fifteen years in formulating my prescriptions and perfecting the treatment, but I have it now. Your bill is ten dollars."

I understood that number, and left the office feeling relieved and deeply impressed by the doctor's learning.—Harry C. Fulton in Harper's Bazar.

Salt in the Lake of Aala Paakai.

The famous salt lake of Aala Paakai, near Honolulu, occupies the crater of an immense tuff cone, whose ejecta covers several square miles, and are especially remarkable for containing numerous aggregations of crystalline grains of pure olivine. The lake is just at mean sea level, and is scarcely a mile distant from the ocean, but there is evidently no free communication with the waters of the sea. During the dry months crusts of salt are deposited, sometimes six inches or more in thickness, on the bottom of the lake, and the salt has at times been taken out for use. In the rainy season the salt is wholly redissolved. The crust of salt is at the present time from one to three inches thick, and the water is, of course, a saturated brine.

It is interesting to note, however, that it does not correspond in composition with the waters from the ocean. Like the Dead Sea, the lake contains an excessive quantity of calcium salt. The interior of the crater basin is crusted in many places with deposits of carbonate of calcium, proving that it was at one time occupied by a highly calcareous water, probably of high temperature. I have given in connection with the results of my analysis, which extends only to the constituents present in large amount, an analysis of concentrated sea water from the salt works of Kakaako, and an average of a number of analyses that have been made of the waters of the Dead Sea.

These latter sometimes contain a larger proportion of solids than the average figure, but in no analysis that I have seen has the quantity been as large as that found in the water of Aala Paakai.—Cor. Nature.

Tall Girls Responsive.

"Put two extra lifts on the heel," accompanied an order to a shoemaker.

"Tally another victim of the tall girl," the shoemaker remarked.

"How is that?"

"Why, there are so many tall girls nowadays that the average height of men must be raised. Up to a few years ago the lowest heel was the rage, but now the heel is decidedly higher—I figure it between half and three-quarters of an inch. It is all the growth of recent years. It isn't the fashion, either, for you'll not find the high heel among tall men. It's only among the little fellows who try to add to their height by ever so little. But even half an inch counts in a man's height. A few years ago a man of 5 feet 6 was seldom overtopped by a lady. Now the man of 5 feet 8 is not infrequently looked down on. I don't suppose any city in the world can show so many tall girls as are to be seen in Broadway, Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets these days. They are not this girls either, but well proportioned and solidly built, which makes their height all the more exasperating to an undersized man. You see, by adding a little to his heels and to his hat, a man just under the average can lift himself up to it."—New York Sun.

Benefits from Running.

Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement. It gives muscular development, strong heart action and free lung play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made the Greek figures. The more active tribes of American Indians have been runners from time immemorial, and from the chest to the heels they are much more beautifully built than the average of white men. Running people have usually the firm but elastic texture which is the beauty of flesh.—London Tit-Bits.

As to the number of persons speaking the western languages, it is estimated that over 100,000,000 people now speak the English language, over 60,000,000 the German, 41,000,000 the French, 41,000,000 the Spanish and 30,000,000 the Italian language.

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