

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### MY LITTLE KING.

I met a king this afternoon,  
He had not on a crown indeed,  
A little palm leaf that was all,  
And he was barefoot, I'm afraid.

But sure I am he erasie wore  
Beneath his beled jacket's blue,  
And sure I am the crest he bore  
Within that jacket's pocket too.

For 'twas too stately for an earl—  
A marquis would not go so grand—  
'Twas possibly a czar petite,  
Or something of that kind.

If I must tell you, of a horse  
My frocked monarch held the rein,  
Doubtless an estimable beast,  
But not at all disposed to run.

And such a wagon! While I live  
Dare I presume to see  
Another such a vehicle  
As then transported me!

Two other ragged princes  
His royal estate partook—  
Doubtless the first occasion  
These sovereigns ever took.

I question if the royal coach  
Round which the footmen wait  
Has the significance on high  
Of this barefoot estate!

—Youth's Companion.

### Making Light of His Subject.



—Harper's Bazar.

**Charlie's Proposal.**  
The girl with the purple veil examined her gloves thoughtfully. Then she inquired of her friend, "Kitty, did you ever have a real, genuine proposal?"  
"Why, yes, I suppose so."  
"You suppose so—that's just it. The men are so careful nowadays; they edge up to the subject with such care and ask the question in such a roundabout way that a girl doesn't really know whether she has a right to cut a notch in her parasol handle or not."

"Yes, and if she gives a plump 'No' they wriggle out of it in such a way that she is made to feel as if she had said it without being asked."

"True. Oh, for the good old days when a lover would fall on his knees and say, 'Be mine' without any beating about the bush. Girls really had proposals in those days."

"Did they?" replied the other dubiously, "at any rate they say so."

They looked at each other and laughed. "I never thought of that!" cried the girl with the purple veil, "perhaps we will tell the same thing by and by."

"Very likely. But there is Marie—she really does have proposals!"  
"Heiresses always do."

"Yes. Well, she says that when a man does it too beautifully she suspects that he has done it a dozen before."

"Do you properly must make the trousers bag frantically at the knees," said the girl with the purple veil thoughtfully.

"True, but they could wear the ones they do in church."

"I think that in these days of specialties there ought to be a bureau for teaching young men how to propose."

"That's so. Now, when Charlie—"  
"Oh, Kitty, you never told me!"  
"That's true. I didn't mean to tell anybody yet. Well, he simply said, 'See here, Kitty, everybody is saying that we are engaged—that's right, isn't it?' and I just blushed and said 'Yes' before I thought."

"Oh, you dear thing. When is it to be?"  
"In the latter part of October. He is desperately in love—orchids and candied violets. Well, here's my car."—San Francisco Examiner.

### Retrenchment.

The king of Dahomey was sore distraught. The cares of state were pressing heavily upon him, and his brow was clouded with white clouds of course.

The grand vizier awaited the commands of the sovereign.

"You say," the potentate mused, "that this expenditure is necessary to preserve the autonomy of the realm?"  
"It is, your serene highness."

"And is war not to be avoided?"  
"It is not."

The puissant ruler pondered.  
"There is but one way out!"  
His lips were firmly set when at last he gave speech into his thoughts.

"Of it. We must institute a rigorous retrenchment. Kindly tell the harem that he needn't stop at our house again for a week."

The edict was issued, and the royal seal affixed thereto.—Detroit Tribune.

### Only One Climatic Drawback.

Eastern Newcomer—It looks as if it ought to be healthy around here.

Jumpelaim Jim—The healthy, pardner. There's only one disease that ever proves fatal in these climats.

Eastern Newcomer—What disease is that?  
Jumpelaim Jim (carelessly resting his hand on a belt of six shooters)—Lead poisoning. Et yer system is lucky enough ter scrape that, yer kin live here a hundred years without dyin'.—Buffalo Courier.

### MAMMY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Dream of Her Life Had Vanished with Her Deteriorating Eyesight.

A young physician, who had left his native town in boyhood, returned to practice his profession. He found the people so changed that he felt himself almost among strangers. One day, while walking about the streets, he saw what looked like a familiar face and form in a negro lounging at a street corner. It was Tony, the boy who had been his playmate in childhood. "Is that you, Tony?" he called. "Howdy, Marse Frank!" cried Tony with delight, and a cordial handshake renewed the friendship.

"How is mammy?" was the doctor's first question. "Is she still alive?"  
"Yes, sir. She's on the old plantation, but she's been blind a long time. I see just come back, too, an when I went to see her, the first thing she wanted to know was about you."

It was not many days before the doctor went to see her, and upon examining her eyes, found a strong probability that sight might be restored by means of an operation. He persuaded her to let him try. A few weeks later an interested group was gathered in the doctor's office.

A slender, fair haired man, the doctor, was bending over a chair in which sat an old negro woman, while behind the chair stood Tony, silently worshipping the man who could give eyes to the blind. The doctor was untying a bandage from the woman's eyes.

"Now, mammy," he said, "I am going to uncover your eyes. Who is the first person you would like to see?"

"You, honey," replied the woman, in trembling tones.

"But Tony is here. Don't you want to see him before any one else?"

"No, Marse Frank," repeated the woman. "Let it be him what give me back my sight."

The doctor slowly removed the bandage and stood facing the chair, a look of intense interest on his face. How would the operation result?

"Now, mammy," he said, "open your eyes."

A subdued light filled the room. The woman unclosed her eyes and looked up, her face quivering with emotion, while her hands clutched nervously at her dress.

A look of great disappointment swept over her face. The doctor noted it. "Is it possible that the operation has failed?" he thought.

No. Before her she saw standing a tall, bearded man, not a line of whose face was familiar.

"Please, sir, where is Marse Frank?" she asked politely.

"Not know me? Why, you'll be forgetting Tony next, mammy!" exclaimed the doctor, and she smiled with pleasure.

"That smile! She would have known it the world over. Dropping upon her knees she caught both his hands in her own and sobbed.

"My baby, what I carried in dese ahms, done growed to be a great big man when I 'pected to see a little boy!"

Tony came from behind the chair. "Hyan's Tony, mammy."

He lifted her from the floor to the chair, and she turned to gaze at him.

"Little Tony, too, done growed to be big an' jes' like his daddy! But, oh! I miss my boys, dem two little boys what used to run together into all sorts uv mischief an' foolishness."

The memory of the past almost overcame the joy of the present. Tears were streaming down her withered cheeks.

"There, mammy, you must not do that. You'll spoil all my work. Here, Tony, take her home in the buggy. You must keep quiet, mammy, till I see you again, or you'll give me the name of being a poor doctor."

"Thank you, Marse Frank, an forgive me," she said humbly, and went out.

Poor mammy! The dream of her life had vanished with her returning sight. Her two little boys were gone forever.—Youth's Companion.

### Division of Booty on a Buccaneers.

The customs and regulations most commonly observed on board a buccaneer are worth noting. Every pirate captain, doubtless, had his own set of rules, but there were certain traditional articles that seem to have been generally adopted. The captain had the state cabin, a double vote in elections, a double share of booty. On some vessels it was the captain who decided what direction to sail in, but this and other matters of moment were often settled by a vote of the company, the captain's vote counting for two. The officers had a share and a half, or a share and a quarter, of all plunder, and the sailors one share each. Booty was divided with scrupulous care, and marooning was the penalty of attempting to defraud the general company if only to the amount of a gold piece or a dollar. Every man had a full vote in every affair of importance.

Arms were always to be clean and fit for service, and desertion of the ship or quarters in battle was punished with death.—National Review.

### Electricity in Ships.

In view of the present rapid development of speed in ocean steamers, it is interesting to note the lines on which still greater improvement is looked for. Oberlin Smith has propounded the idea that the ships of the future will probably be driven by electricity by means of a simple rotating armature fixed on the shaft of the screw itself.

The source of the electric current for driving the motors of the prospective three or four day Atlantic liners, Mr. Smith considers, would probably be storage batteries placed in the extreme bottom and along the whole length of the hold, where they will serve as excellent ballast, or else the current will be generated by some direct process from coal or other fuel, either burned or otherwise chemically disorganized during the passage.—Philadelphia Press.

### Mine and Thine.

"What queer notions you do get up!" said one unsympathetic member of the family to another. "Notions, indeed!" said the person addressed. "I don't come out with half the number of startling propositions that you do." "Oh, well," was the serious reply, "mine are ideas."—Youth's Companion.

### THE LYRIC POET'S APOLOGY.

I strive to probe to other hearts and find I do but feel the phantom of mine own, I strain to paint great nature, and my mind But loaves itself in every zone.

The lesson learned, I sing life's woven lay In syllables of self and can no other way.  
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

### A Painted Mother.

"It takes a 14-year-old boy to see through his mother," laughed such a mother the other day. "Last week I planned to take a friend to the theater, and her only free night was Thursday. Now, I often take my boy to see a play, but I make it a rule it shall not be on a night preceding a school day. So on this occasion I explained to my son that he could not go, and as an offset to his disappointment arranged an outing for the Saturday following. He acquiesced most dutifully and beautifully, and the matter rested. Thursday came, and as the afternoon waned, I found that my son was to be all alone part of the evening, and I began to wish that he was going with us. At last I made up my mind, and calling him said:

"I think, after all, you may go tonight. You are going to be alone, and I know you always count upon these trips to the theater. So if you'll study hard till dinner you shall be of the party."

"That's all right, mother," replied the young scamp with a laugh. "I knew you'd weaken at the last, so I've managed my lessons, and I'm all ready. And now I'm alternately deploring my want of strength and wondering how to preserve a semblance of authority with so shrewd a son."—New York Times.

### The Strain on the Eye.

There is no reason why a muscle or muscles of the eye should not fag out just as the muscles elsewhere do. Let one bear a weight all day long, does he not attribute his consequent headache to the heavy burden he has borne? It seems without elaborate thinking we could conceive of the results following upon prolonged use of the eye. Nature has done all she could to protect and prolong the usefulness of the eye.

No earthly architect ever yet planned a structure that would not yield, crumble and fall, and the house human, so exquisitely uplifted in curious and mysterious ways, falls and returns to dust more rapidly and surely than need be, for the reason that we do not realize how much one part is sustained or overthrown by another. One tiny muscle is potent enough to disturb the whole economy, especially if intercurrent diseases exist in addition to "eye strain."—Philadelphia Record.

### The Vibration of Steamers.

The discomfort of the excessive vibration on board the fast-moving ocean steamer has increased so much with the increase in the speed of travel that investigations have been made into the subject with a view of modifying the inconvenience caused to passengers. The usual idea is that this vibration is due to the action of the powerful engines. This is apparently erroneous, for it is now found that the cause consists solely in the union between the number of revolutions of the engines and the number of vibrations of the ship. The smaller the length of the ship the greater is the number per unit of its vibrations, and the longer the steamer the greater is the corresponding time of its vibrations.—New York Telegram.

### Peacocks for Dinner.

What roast swan is to roast goose, such is roast peacock to roast turkey. Many owners of country houses who keep peacocks and let them run wild and nest in their woods and shrubberies take little trouble either to fatten or cook the peacocks. If they did, they would perhaps take more pains to rear these birds for the table. The meat is very white and of exceedingly fine and close grain and has the true game flavor, with none of the stringiness of the common turkey. The American wild turkey is, however, an even finer bird for the table than the peacock.—London Spectator.

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