

SHOULD be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal Baking Powder, through the action of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired. It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**BY THE PRAYER OF FAITH.**

How a St. Louis Woman Runs Three Charitable Institutions.

Mrs. Roger Hayne, now of St. Louis, but a native of Ireland, reared and educated in Chicago, has had a most remarkable experience, and if the half that is told about her be true she has had some striking examples of answer to prayer. In her case, or rather in the case of the institutions she has founded, there appears to be continuous answer to almost continuous application, for it often happens that there are no provisions on hand for even one more meal, and yet somebody always sends in some before the next meal is due.

When a young married woman, Mrs. Hayne moved to St. Louis and soon became active in the charitable work organized by the ladies there. In her visits among the poor she saw the need of a home for working women who had grown tired to support themselves by labor and yet had no friends to rely on. She prayed and talked to her friends, and so Bethesda, as the home is called, was provided for and was opened June 8, 1880. Mrs. Hayne had but \$160 to start on, so the home was furnished with extreme plainness, but life there was made so pleasant that it was soon full. An annex for foundlings was soon added, and to that a sort of maternity institution.

The place rented for the old ladies was an old homestead, and a very agreeable one, and two buildings have been added for the other purposes. Many hundreds have been aided in various ways. Friendless and destitute children have been provided with good homes in the country, young mothers in distressed circumstances have received succor till they could again work for a living, and many old ladies have received a permanent home. Yet there is no formal organization, no large gifts have been received, and Bethesda numbers no very wealthy people among its patrons. Every child who goes out thence to a home and does well is a sort of unconscious missionary in aid of Bethesda, and every mother helped there stirs up some one to encourage the enterprise.

The old ladies' home is a curiosity in its way, there being no rules whatever except the law of peace. The homes are entirely free. The Bethesda Herald, a monthly devoted to the interests of foundlings, old people and destitute mothers, is published by Mrs. Hayne in connection with her work and gives a history of the daily life at the homes. Mrs. Hayne has many other pleasant qualities besides charity, as she is a delightful conversationalist, with a sweet, earnest manner and generally attractive appearance. No doubt her personal qualities have much to do with the success of Bethesda, but she insists that it is run by faith. She does her work and prays for support, not doubting that it will come, and so far it has not failed to come.

**The Scientific Side.**

Young Lady—Why do I get so nervous when I play before an audience?

Professor von Thump—Sympathy and magnetism, my dear young lady. Mind acting on mind, you know.

"I don't see how."

"Let see very simple of explanation. Do nervousness and restlessness and weariness off de company affects yourselfs."—New York Weekly.

**Corrected.**

Napoleon one day searching for a book in the library at Malmaison discovered it at last on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marchal Monecy, one of the tallest men in the army, who chanced to be present, stepped forward, saying: "Allow me, sire. I am higher than your majesty." "Longer, longer, you mean, marchal," said the emperor, with a frown.—Revue de Famille.

**Proof Positive.**

"Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me," said little Emily, coming home from a visit with her aunt.

"How do you know he likes you?" her mother asked.

"'Cause he tasted of me!" answered the little girl.—Youth's Companion.

**Why They Liked It.**

"You are on your wedding trip, you say, madame?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You have friends in the south, then?"

"Oh, no, monsieur; we took this route, on mari and I, because of the tunnels"—on the French.

**TWO WOMEN EXPERTS.**

Uncle Sam Employs Them at the Patent Office.

Many women are employed as clerks in the patent office at Washington, and there are several who take high rank as experts in one or another of the various departments. Mrs. Sarah J. Noyes and Mrs. Frances R. Lybrand are two of these. The former is second assistant examiner in the electrical division and the latter second assistant examiner in the division of civil engineering.

Mrs. Noyes was formerly a Connecticut schoolteacher. She was employed in the horology division of the patent office at first and became very expert in the examination of timepieces. She could walk along a line of cases where the various parts of a watch were kept, and picking up a wheel from



SARAH J. NOYES. FRANCES R. LYBRAND, one and a spring from another put a watch together in a great deal shorter time than the average watchmaker. She has been in the electrical division for more than 12 years and possesses a remarkable general and technical knowledge of all the inventions of the world that touch on electricity.

Mrs. Lybrand is an Ohio woman and a daughter of the late Judge Hanney. She has been on the examiner's corps for about 10 years. Railways is her division, and she has the annual task of passing upon about 8,000 alleged inventions, of which a dozen may perhaps be practicable. Nevertheless she likes the work and says it is fascinating and that not a day passes but her knowledge is broadened and her mind improved. She is a majestic looking woman, with a force of character that would enable her to construct a railroad, if need were, and she has the knowledge to do it.

**Duelling in Italy.**

According to the figures of a statistician there is little likelihood that dueling will be discontinued in Italy for a long time to come. The lover of figures has discovered that during the last decade 2,459 affairs of honor were settled by recourse to the sabre, ninety by appeal to the broadsword and 179 by use of pistols. Newspaper attacks, the statistician declares, were responsible for the majority of the duels.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**For Centuries Man Ate with His Fingers.**

"From the creation of the world to the beginning of the Seventeenth century," says a French writer on the history of table customs and manners, "man ate with his fingers." And to think that the sentiment of neatness, which was the principal cause of the invention of the implements and dishes used in serving food and in eating should have been so slow of development!—San Francisco Chronicle.

**The Best Time to Wind a Watch.**

A dealer in watches of thirty years' experience says that he has known many men who have tried to wind their watches every morning instead of at night, but he has never known one to succeed. There are men who wind their watches at a fixed hour every day, but men in general are accustomed to wind them just before going to bed, and they seem unable to change that habit.—New York Sun.

**Cynical.**

A man who was well known to be fond of sounding his own praises met a friend on the street one day, and began to abuse a common acquaintance for saying something in his own behalf.

"I can stand anything but a boaster," said he. "I hate a braggart!"

"Then," said the other, "you can't be accused of egotism, eh?"—Exchange.

A hospital and dispensary for women and children are to be opened at Seoul, the capital of Korea, in connection with the mission there. Both will be in charge of Miss L. B. Cooke, an Englishwoman holding high medical diplomas.

**A GOOD SCHEME.**

**Farmer Wiggins' Splendid Idea About Keeping a Diary.**

"Well, mother," said Farmer Wiggins on Saturday morning, with his diary opened before him, "what did I do last Monday?"

"Dear me, John," answered Mrs. Wiggins, "I do wish to goodness you'd write in your diary every night! Now we've got to go thinkin' and thinkin' agin, as we alwuz do. There ain't no need of puttin' things off so. Let's see. In the mornin' you went to Lanesboro and bought the new heifer of Johnson, didn't ye? Or wuz that the mornin' you went to the village to git the potato seed you sent down to Maine for?"

"I—don't—know," said Mr. Wiggins, dejectedly scratching his head. Then he brightened a little and exclaimed, "But I know I went somewhere that mornin', 'cause when I wuz hitchin' Molly I see a rip in my pants leg and come in for you to sew it, and you wuz washin'."

"Well, a posse you say you went for that seed that mornin'," said Mrs. Wiggins. "It'll be near enough."

"Well, what else did I do Monday?" asked Mr. Wiggins in a helpless tone. And so the dialogue went on.

One evening James Sidney and his daughter Mary called on the Wigginses.

"I wuz settin' in the house alone," began Mr. Sidney, "me and Mary, and as the chores wuz done and I'd writ in the diary for three days ahead!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Wiggins.

The old man turned his beaming face to his daughter, as though asking her permission to explain. She seemed a little troubled, but said:

"You see, to begin with, father never kept a diary and doesn't care much about it, but I was anxious for him to do so, thinking he would find it a pleasure. So he does, and yet he also seems to look upon it as so much work, and in spite of all I can say he often persists in writing ahead!"

"But how kin he when things ain't happened?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

"Oh, I jest kinder think of what I'm goin' to do, and write it down if I'd done it," said Mr. Sidney. "And if I don't do it, I write across the leaf, 'Didn't do it,' or something like that."

When the visitors had gone, Mr. Wiggins said, with a little chuckle:

"Say, mother, why ain't that a good idee, writin' ahead? It 'ud save lots of bother for you, and I guess I'd git things about as near right as I do now."

"Well, I guess you ain't a-goin' to try any sich notion as that, John Henry! You keep right along just as you alwuz hev, and I'll never say another word 'f I hev to think all night what you done a week behind."—Youth's Companion.

**The Fabulous Basilisk.**

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of medieval folklore. According to the popular notion it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl! In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basilisco, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers, Pliny, Bascho and others, say that its bite was mortal in every case; that its breath was suffocating, and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used, suspended in bellies, to prevent swallows from building there.—St. Louis Republic.

**The Turn of the Sheet.**

Two lord chancellors of England have made the turning over of a sheet of note paper a device for executing their neatest joke. Lord Chancellor Eldon, having been asked by a clerical friend to give him a certain living, wrote on one side of a sheet of paper:

DEAR FISHER—I cannot today give you the preference for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend.

TURN OVER.

(On the other side) I gave it to you yesterday.

**Most Likely.**

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs, "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years is married. They meet at a ball. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo upon her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—Tit-Bits.

**Could Not Leave the Old Home.**

We have a dog story that is worthy of being put on record. On the third day of last month Mr. William Banker of this place sent a dog to his daughter, Mrs. Delos Stebbins, of Sherman, N. Y. He was put in a crate, provided for the trip and shipped on a noon train at Williamsfield station. He changed cars at Ashtabula, Brockton and Mayville, leaving the train at Sherman and being driven, still in his crate, seven miles up the country. When released he seemed to take kindly to his surroundings, but on the tenth day of the month at noon he walked into his old home, coming from the east. He looked hale and hearty and to all appearances had enjoyed the trip and found friends by the way. Evidently he tramped his way home, as he carried no purse to pay traveling expenses.



Mr. Mulcahey returned the other day after an absence of six months. His appearance, which was quite unexpected, caused Mrs. M. to turn pale.—Truth.

**Speculated on Death.**

During a recent typhoid fever epidemic in San Francisco a firm of florists sought to secure a corner in the moss used for mortuary floral pieces. They accordingly sent to Oregon and secured a large supply. But out of all the cases of typhoid fever the deaths have numbered less than 20, and the firm has no more on hand for several years.

OUR BUSINESS IS selling Groceries at wholesale prices direct to the consumer. All we want to say is this: If you really want to buy your GROCERIES as they should be bought, send for our price list. Same will be mailed free of charge on application.

TRY US. TRY US.

**COOPER & LEVY,**  
Seattle, Wash.

**Better Times**

ARE DEAD at hand, with greater activity in business than has ever been known, because of the prolonged depression in all lines. Those who attend the PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE, now, will be prepared for good positions when this coming wave of prosperity sweeps over the land. Send for catalogue. Address A. F. ARMSTRONG, Principal, Portland, Oregon.

**HAVE YOU GOT PILES**

STOPPING PILES known by medicine like perspiration, ozone inhaled (aching when warm). This form and BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES. FLY TO OCHO TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs toxins, Alleviates, and effecting a permanent cure. Price \$100. Druggists everywhere. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

**How Gordon Settled It.**

The artillery evinced in their disgust at their removal to Quinson by refusing to fall in, and in a proclamation they threatened to blow the Chinese authorities away with the small guns and the Europeans with the big guns. Their noncommissioned officers, as usual, all paraded, and were sent for by Major Gordon, who asked them the reason why the men did not fall in, and who wrote the proclamation. They of course did not know; and on Major Gordon telling them he would be obliged to shoot one in every five, they evinced their objection to this proceeding by a groan. The most prominent in this was a corporal, who was dragged out, and a couple of infantry who were standing by were ordered to load, and directed to shoot the mutineer, which one did without the slightest hesitation.

The remainder were marched back and locked up for an hour, with the threat that if the name of the writer of this proclamation was not given, and if the men did not fall in before an hour had elapsed, the arrangement of shooting one in five would be carried out. At the expiration of an hour the men all fell in, and the name of the culprit, who had run away, was given up.

After that time we had no trouble, the men were thoroughly cowed and the noncommissioned officers—the real offenders—dared no longer foster sedition. It is to be regretted, however, that one life should have been sacrificed, but this saved many others which must have been lost if a stop had not been put to the independent way of the men.—Gordon's "Taping Rebellion."

**Valued Indorsement**

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

**Scott's Emulsion**

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER**

The BEST Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMELE SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle, however of iron. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

**Brooklyn Hotel**

208-212 Bush St., San Francisco.

This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good if not the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco.

**Home Comforts! Cuisine Unexcelled!**

First-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort. Board and room per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00; board and room per week, \$7 to \$12; single rooms 50c to \$1. Free coach to and from hotel.

**SPORTSMAN, ATTENTION!**

We have just issued an elegant 104-page illustrated catalogue of

**FIREARMS AND SPORTING GOODS.**

If you are in need of anything in this line, send us your name and we will send you one by return mail. Address

**THE H. T. HUDSON ARMS CO.,**  
93 First Street, Portland, Or.

**MASQUERADES, PARADES, ANATEM THEATRICAL.**

Every thing in the above line. Costumes, Wigs, Jewelry, Properties, Opera and Play Books, etc., furnished at greatly reduced rates and in superior quality by the oldest, largest, best renowned and therefore most reliable Theatrical Supply House on the Pacific Coast. Correspondence solicited. GOLDSTEIN & CO., 25, 27 and 30 O'Farrell Street, also 822 Market Street, San Francisco. We supply all Theaters on the Coast, to whom we respectfully refer.

**DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP**

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

**GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.**

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitutes for this. There's nothing so good.

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE**

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

FRANK WOOLLEY, Agent, Portland, Or.

**EOCENE.**

Is a Special brand of Burning Oil, which we manufacture expressly for FAMILY USE. IT IS A PERFECT ILLUMINATOR. IT IS HIGH PIRE TEST. IT IS OF UNIFORM QUALITY. We guarantee it to be the HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE OF ILLUMINATING OIL. Ask for it.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY.**

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pico's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

**CONSUMPTION.**

**DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY**

STOPPING PILES known by medicine like perspiration, ozone inhaled (aching when warm). This form and BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES. FLY TO OCHO TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs toxins, Alleviates, and effecting a permanent cure. Price \$100. Druggists everywhere. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.