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AN AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE.

Possibility That Is Even a Probability in the Not Distant Future.

More than 10 years ago John Swinton made the somewhat notable prophecy, "The nineteenth century will witness an American billionaire." At that time the richest man in the nation was credited with being worth \$60,000,000 in hard cash. When young William H. Vanderbilt died he was said to be the prospective heir to \$130,000,000.

There have been some interesting computations of the prospective wealth of this great family, allowing its investments to continue as substantial as they now are, and substitute for the enormous revenues now returned from its great railway properties at the modest rate of 5 per cent. Two years ago the wealth of the Vanderbilt family was thus summarized:

Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	\$110,000,000
William H. Vanderbilt.....	60,000,000
Frederick W. Vanderbilt.....	16,000,000
George W. Vanderbilt.....	13,000,000
Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard.....	12,000,000
Mrs. W. D. Sillars.....	12,000,000
Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly....	12,000,000
Mrs. W. Seward Webb.....	12,000,000
Total.....	\$274,000,000

That this wealth has since grown to be \$300,000,000 is stating it very conservatively. The estimated income is \$15,000,000. At current rates of interest this fortune, if kept intact, will in 25 years have grown to be nearly \$1,000,000,000. The enormous pile of money comprised in \$1,000,000,000 is hardly to be realized by most people. What a figure a billionaire would be may perhaps be best understood by saying that such a man, if his wealth were all concentrated in Minneapolis, would hold a clear title to the whole of the Twin Cities and all their suburbs—meaning all the lands and buildings as they stand, and a considerable portion of the state besides.

It is therefore by no means certain that John Swinton's prophecy will not materialize before the century closes. The interest on the Vanderbilt wealth, at 5 per cent, would make it at the end of 5 years, \$340,000,000; in 10 years, \$448,000,000; in 25 years, \$941,000,000; in 50 years, \$3,000,000,000.

But 5 per cent is only a conventional trifle in the face of the figures of profit on the great Vanderbilt roads. And as the Vanderbilts, along with the Astors, have adopted a policy in bequeathing property, which amounts in practice to English primogeniture, it is by no means improbable that they may bring forth a billionaire before the dawn of the twentieth century.

These are facts which may well set all classes of men interested in the general welfare to thinking. The fabled wealth of the Caesars was paltry beside the prospective mountains whose broadening shadows hang over millions of honest toilers struggling for a decent competence.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Narrow Escape For a Bald Head.

"It has always been a mystery to me," said a prominent society young man of the west end, "how people can be so absentminded. I have heard good stories about absentminded people, but none better than an incident which I know to be a fact. There is in society circles in our section a young married man whose cranium is not prone to an overproduction of hair, but it would seem that what his head lacks his face makes up for. The young man aforesaid is not partial to barbers nor barbers and acts as his own tonsorial artist. The other day he made all arrangements for a comfortable shave and had taken his position before the glass, razor in hand. Now, in his toilet room there are two large mirrors placed opposite each other, and as the young man stood with his back toward one the reflection of his bald head shone as a secondary image in the mirror which he was facing.

"As absentminded people are accustomed to look rather into the distance, the young man overlooked his face and saw only the secondary image of his bald head. Without thought and with a dexterity that seemed born of practice the young artist began lathering the back of his head with a good coat. He was just about to proceed to use the razor when his wife stepped into the room and by her ejaculation of surprise aroused the husband to a sense of the ludicrous position he was in. He tells the story himself with a great deal of gusto."—St. Louis Republic.

The French Tricolor.

Red and blue, the old colors of Paris, linked by Lafayette with Henry IV's royal white, made the tricolor. A man's dress showed his party. The patriots wore light coats with black waistcoat and trousers. The royalists dressed all in black with a white stock, or else in the livery of Artois green coat with rose colored collar.—Washington Star.

SELLING A SECONDHAND STOVE.

Experiences of a Man Who Decided to Give Up His Flat.

"Did you ever try to sell your heating stove when you gave up your flat to send your missus out into the country?" pathetically inquired a married man. "Well, if you're any way proud or stuck up, it will be good for you. You go to the stove dealer to whom you paid \$5 for 20 cents' worth of Russia iron pipe and half an hour's work. You say you guess you'll move into a steam heated flat in the fall, and you don't care about storing the stove. He knows it's a good stove, because he told you so when he and you got the landlord to put a jack on the chimney.

"Oh, I never buy a secondhand stove," he says. You try other dealers. They want to know where you got the stove and look at you as if they thought you stole it. It's been a lesson to me. I'll never steal a stove, hot or cold, no matter how hard up I get. Too hard to get rid of it.

"So I went to a secondhand store. Dusty old place. Things in it nobody would ever buy. Old man in there varnishing up a child's high chair. Told him I wanted to sell a heating stove. He never said a word for five minutes. I went on and described the stove so that a total stranger would recognize it if he met it on Broadway. Old man said nothing. I waited. Finally he looked up and asked: 'Well, what it is? What you ask for that stove?' I told him I didn't know exactly. I'd sell it cheap.

"Old man said nothing. I gave him my address. I waited.

"Well," said the old man, "some day I got nothings else to do I go on that place. I got me no time to tell other peoples their business." That's all he said to me. I can't begin to tell you how insulting his manner was. The more I thought about it the madder I got. Half an hour later I went back and said to him in as bitterly sweet tones as I could get up: 'Although we may be unable to strike a bargain, I want to thank you for your gentlemanly treatment. I should like to meet you socially.'

"Did it freeze him?"
"Course not. 'Oh, that's all right,' he said and nodded his head patronizingly and went on varnishing the baby's high chair."—New York World.

Resuscitating the Apparently Drowned.

A new method, the general principle of which is indicated by its name, "the traction of the tongue," has been introduced by Professor J. V. Laborde to revive those who have been rescued from a watery grave. It is exceedingly simple and has been attended with striking results. In a person who has been long immersed in water or otherwise asphyxiated it suffices to seize the tip of the tongue and pull upon the tongue rhythmically so as to cause rhythmic traction in imitation of the respiratory rhythm. The process should be kept up for a long time. If it is successful, the person gives a deep sigh, and sometimes vomiting occurs, and after that, if the traction be continued, respiration is usually speedily restored.

Professor Laborde has had occasion to employ the process, and with almost invariable success, in cases of apparent death from drowning, and Dr. Billet has obtained excellent results in testing its efficacy in cases of sewer gas poisoning. The process has been used by Professor Laborde for some time in cases of apparent death under the action of chloroform in the case of animals operated on in the laboratory.—New York Telegram.

The Poet and the Fishmonger.

I was in Grimaby not long ago, and went into one of the few fishmongers' shops in that capital of fishmongers on gro. The worthy shopkeeper was in a talkative mood, and among other things told me that he was under orders to send a small hamper of fish daily to Lord Tennyson. In support of this statement he produced a letter from the poet laureate's residence, and in handing it to me he said: "It's not from the lord 'imself. It's from his son, Master 'Allam. 'Im wot's doing the poetry now. And," he added confidentially, "they do say as 'ow it isn't a patch on the old man's." I thought the worthy fishmonger's idea that as a matter of course Lord Tennyson's son, on his father's accession to other duties, would take over the poetry business just as in due time his own son would succeed him in the fishmongering line, sufficiently amusing to be chronicled.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Five Living Grandfathers.

A little Caribon girl a short time ago had five grandfathers living on her father's side of the family. Maine can furnish some good illustrations of remarkable families.—Bangor Commercial.

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The Formation of the Teeth.

An eminent dentist is authority for the following interesting explanation:

It would take too long to describe the formation of the teeth, but it may interest you to know that the enamel is derived in the first place from the epithelium or scarf skin, and is, in fact, modified skin, while the dentine, of which the bulk of the teeth is composed, is derived from the mucous layer below the epithelium.

Lime salts are slowly deposited, and the tooth pulp or nerve is the last remains of what was once a pulpy mass of the shape of the future tooth, and even the tooth pulp in the old people sometimes gets quite obliterated by calcareous deposits. The 32 permanent teeth are preceded by 20 temporary deciduous or milk teeth.

These are fully erupted at about 2 or 2½ years old, and at about 5 years of age a wonderful process of absorption sets in by which the roots of the temporary teeth are removed to make room for the advancing permanent ones. The crowns of the former having no support become loose and fall away.

One would naturally suppose that the advancing permanent tooth was a powerful factor in the absorption of its temporary predecessor, but we have many facts to prove that it has no influence whatever. Indeed the interesting phenomena of the eruption and succession of the teeth are very little understood.

What the Duke May Have Said.

The correspondent of a country paper had been loitering around the Waldorf hotel several days trying to get an interview with the Spanish duke. One morning he encountered his excellency as he was going out for a drive. That was his chance. He hastily produced his writing pad and pencil and started in for business.

"You have recently returned from Chicago, I believe?"

"You believe what you like," replied the duke tartly, as if his breakfast had disagreed with him.

"And you saw our falls of Niagara on your way?" continued the reporter, determined not to be bluffed.

"I have no time to talk."

"But the readers of the Blokeville Banner would like to know what your excellency thinks of these two great national curiosities."

"Tell them," said the duke as he made a bolt for his carriage, "that I think Niagara is a cataract of water and Chicago a cataract of beer."—New York Times.

Magnetic Effects of Lightning.

The magnetic effects produced by lightning are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks and other cutlery was not many years ago, struck in the house of a Wakefield tradesman and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago, in his "Meteorological Essays," speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance. "He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pinchers and knife from his nails, needles and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench.

The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning among the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing toward the north, when, as a matter of fact, he was steering due south.

This Is a Sagacious Dog.

There is a prominent business man in Washington who is something of a dog fancier and takes pride in a pair of English setters that have held a prominent place in several bench shows in the country. Some months ago one of them developed an incipient case of ophthalmia and was taken to an oculist for treatment, just as naturally as would have been any other member of the family. The treatment, which consisted of drops to be put in the patient's eye, proved quite successful and relieved the trouble for a time, but after awhile it came on again, and a second expedition was planned to the doctor's.

Flin Flam seemed to know where he was going, for on entering the square where the oculist had his office he raced ahead of his master and got up the steps where he had been but once before, and on the door being opened bolted straight for the treatment room, instead of waiting his turn down stairs as two legged patients learn to do to their sorrow and impatience. This time the treatment was a zinc solution that was very severe and brought the water in streams from the patient's eyes, but he took it with his nose in the air, never wincing, and the only sign of feeling he made was to hold out one paw pathetically for his master's hand.—Washington Post.

Two Wealthy New York Women.

Mrs. Russell Sage is a graduate of Mrs. Willard's school at Troy. She taught school herself for some years before her marriage in what is now the Ogontz school, near Philadelphia. She speaks in a clear, well bred voice, exquisitely modulated, but full of dignity and decision. She is president of the Emma Willard Alumnae Association of New York, and shows with affectionate pride a large photographic portrait of her preceptress taken from the only engraved one that ever came near to doing that eminent lady justice. There is a warm friendship between Mrs. Sage and Miss Helen Gould, the daughter of Jay Gould, who in her own youthful way is every whit as admirable as the elder lady.

Miss Gould has one of those delicate, appealing faces that instantly arouse the instinct of chivalrous courtesy in all beholders. She, too, has that excellent thing in a woman, a voice soft, gentle and low. The railroad magnate's daughter is averse to newspaper mention of herself, and says so with such gentle dignity as to silence any interviewer who has even the ghost of a conscience.—New York Epoch.

When Days Were Three Hours Long.

Away in the distant, when the earth was very young, it went around so fast that the day was only three hours long. The whole globe was liquid then, and as it spun around and around at that frightful speed it finally burst into two parts. The smaller of the parts became the moon, which has been sailing around the earth ever since at an ever increasing distance. These curious points are not given on the "suppose so" theories of an ignorant, but are the well matured deductions of Dr. Ball, the astronomer royal of Ireland.—Philadelphia Press.

Paper Wheels on Palace Cars.

Every wheel on a Pullman car is made of paper. You do not see the paper, because it is covered with iron and steel. The body of the wheel is a block of paper about 4 inches thick. Around this is a rim of steel measuring from two to three inches. It is this steel rim, of course, which comes in contact with the rails. The sides are covered with circular iron plates bolted on.—Exchange.