

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEWS NOTES

A Baker's Union has been established at Astoria.

Court-Sittyside, of the Foresters, has been organized with 25 members.

A new lodge of A. O. U. W. was instituted at Monmouth, Friday evening.

T. W. Bick has been indicted for the larceny of \$6000 school funds at Portland.

The grand jury of Multnomah have reported indictments against 25 men for gambling.

It is rumored that Simon will within 30 days cease to be receiver of the Oregon Improvement Co.

A branch of the Sons of the American Revolution is to be established for Oregon, by Col. T. M. Anderson, U. S. A., Post-Commander Vancouver Barracks.

Mrs. Margaret Marsden, of South Portland, last Tuesday, gave her son \$2,500 to cancel a mortgage. Since then he has not been seen or heard of, but rumor says he left for San Francisco with a pretty girl.

LITERARY NOTES

Two remarkable short stories appear in the March number of Lippincott's Magazine. One is entitled "A Michigan Man," by Ella W. Beattie, and the other "A Mystery Case," by Anna Katharine Green.

Readers of the weekly edition of The St. Louis Republic now get two papers of not less than six pages every week. These papers are issued on Tuesdays and Fridays, and each contains all the news up to the time of publication, yet the price remains only one dollar a year. Sample copies or a premium catalogue sent free on application. Address: The Republic, St. Louis, Mo.

"Fire! Fire!" The sudden cry naturally strikes terror to every heart; but modern appliances for fighting the mercurial flames have been carried to such a degree of perfection that the knowledge of their existence inspires confidence even when in peril from fire. The New York Fire Department is world-renowned for its efficiency, and every one will be interested to know of the methods and appliances for fighting fire in the metropolis, which are most vividly described and splendidly illustrated in the March number of Demorest's Family Magazine, just arrived.

A department devoted to the interests of amateur sports has just been established in Harper's Weekly. The leading object of this department which is in no sense of the word reportorial, is to keep sportsmen in touch with current questions, and furnish them with unbiased and expert criticism and the best literature obtainable in their particular field. It is in charge of Caspar W. Whitney, late editor of The Week's Sport.

The Vote on Senate Bill No. 105.

YEAS—40.
Armstrong, Baker, Barrett, Blundell, Butler, Durham, Dustin, Fox, Furry, Gamble, Hall, Hardy, Hartman, Johnston, Lamson, Leeper, Little, Manning, McAllister, McCall, McCoy, McCracken, Merritt, Monmouth, Miller, Moore, of Benton, Moore, of Wash., Morey, Myer, Reed, Sulder, Starr, Stephenson, Stillwell, Story, Thomas, Tracy, Weel, Welch, Wright.

YEAS—17.
Barnes, Botkin, Coleman, Crook, Hannard, Henry, Holmes, Jennings, Kilham, Minto, Mulkey, Paquet, Richey, Shedd, Thompson, Wilkins, Mr. Speaker.

ABSENT—3.
Garfield, Montgomery, Stewart.
Rep. Thompson changed his vote for the purpose of moving a reconsideration. The house refused to reconsider, by a vote of 20 to 24.

A Clever Regale.

Pilot Rock is a trifle excited over the pleasant little joke played on the people there by a clever stranger who sported the very aristocratic title of Boggs. When Boggs came he at once gained the confidence of the Rock's inhabitants. He had money and property to the amount of \$75,000 in Ohio, he said, and he had lately won \$1500 in Pendleton playing poker, which he gave to a gentleman there to keep for him. He said he had to come back to this city to meet his wife, and that he would like to get a horse; also a new coat so that he could receive his wife in proper attire. On the strength of

this and other assurances he borrowed a horse and a saddle for the ride from James Smith, a gun from a sheepherder, a coat from someone else, Stock Inspector Wynn's only glove, told Landford Johnson to prepare a room in nice style for the reception of his wife, and rode away. He was like the ship in the old song, and the people whom he victimized will trust no more in a stranger. Two or three warrants were sworn out for his arrest, but he rode the borrowed horse safely out of the country.

It since transpires that Boggs stole a horse at Wallula, which he traded at Pendleton for a gold watch. He is an old jail bird, and is just out of the pen. He is described as a fairly well dressed and good-looking man, about forty years old, with light complexion and brownish colored whiskers, weight 180 pounds. He has an indefinite gift of gab, and an easy address.—East Oregonian.

A Catholic Party.

The Catholic Review is being walked upon by its Catholic contemporaries for advocating the formation of a Catholic party in the United States. The idea is absurd, must have crawled into the Review without the knowledge of the editor. We could understand the necessity of a Catholic party in Germany or Italy, but to entertain such thoughts in America causes the serious man to accept the proposition as humorous. The constitution of the United States is broad. It provides for the protection of all. Therefore Catholics need have no fear from the system of government. What they must guard against is the administration of the principles of that government. They must demand justice from the men and party in power. It is against such men as Morgan that the Catholics of the country must protect themselves. It is against a party that upholds such officials in the performance of criminal injustice under the guise of functional economy that the Catholics must exercise their franchise as citizens, but as to the formation of a Catholic party in this country, Oh, no! we are not in it.—Catholic Sentinel.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.—An unaccountable discovery was made yesterday on Eight Mile on the farm of Mr. A. P. Ferguson. A person was going over the farm, when, to his astonishment he saw a new made grave. The discovery caused a sensation in the neighborhood which has called out the people to examine into the mystery. Foul play is suspected.—The Dallas Chronicle.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.
Wm. A. TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shourt, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mount Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 25 lbs. in weight."
Arthur Love, manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Croup, and Cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousands of friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Fry's Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and \$1.00.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Stomach disorders, Liver was affected, appetite fell away, and he was reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles Electric Bitters cured him.
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburgh, Ill., had a running sore on his leg. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had Fever sore on his leg, doctors said incurable. Electric Bitters and Arnica Salve cured him. Sold by Fry Drug Store.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

PORTLAND.
Wheat—Valley, \$1.25 @ 1.26; Walla Walla \$1.25 @ 1.26; Four—standard, \$1.90 @ 1.91; Walla Walla \$1.90 @ 1.91; Outside grades, \$1.85; Oats—White 60 to 65, gray 62 to 64 per bushel.
Millstuffs—Rye 100 lbs; shorts, 22.50; ground barley, 22.50; rye, 22.50; middlings, 22.50 per ton.
Hay—100 lbs 17 per ton.
Butter—Oregon fancy dairy, 37.50; creamery 42.50; do. fair, 35.00; do. choice 37.50.
Eggs—Oregon 24 to 25; Eastern 30 per dozen.
Poultry—Old chickens, 15-20; Potatoes—Great 30c per cwt.
Cheese—Oregon 14 to 15; Cheddar 15 to 16.
Sugar—Golden C, 94c; extra C, 95c; granulated, 95c; molasses, 25c; condensed, 95c per pound.
Beans—Small white, 35c; pink 36c; bayos, 34 1/2c; butter, 35c; lard, 35c per cental.
Dried Fruits.—The market is firm. Quoted: Italian prunes, 12 1/2 to 13c; Raisins, 22 1/2 to 23c; plummer dried pears, 11 to 12 1/2c; evaporated peaches, 3c; Apricots, 3c; California figs, 3c per pound.
Hides—Dry hides, 25 to 30 1/2c; less for cattle green over 25 pounds, 45c; under 25 pounds, 35c; sheep pelts, 20c @ 1.00.
SMOKED MEATS AND LARD.
Eastern hams, 12 1/2 to 14c; breakfast hams, 10 1/2 to 12c; Hensides, a to 12c; lard, 25 to 10c per pound.
SAN FRANCISCO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 18.—Wheat, the week opened on a quiet market. Small white, \$1.15 to \$1.16; choice \$1.17 per cental.
Hops—20c per pound.
Barley—Feed 34c @ 35c; per cental \$1.42; choice \$1.47 to 1.50; export, grade \$1.42 1/2.
Oats—Gray 22 to 24; black 20 to 22 c per cental.
Onions—22 1/2 to 24c.
Potatoes—7c to 8 1/2c.
MISCELLANEOUS MARKETS.
CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Wheat—Oregon 90 to 92c; Valley, 91 to 94c per cental.
Beef Live, 4 to 5c; dressed 5c.
Mutton Live, 4 to 5c; dressed 5c.
Hogs Live, 5 to 6c; dressed 6c.
Veal 7 to 10c per pound.

ENERGY VERSUS LUCK.

The Ignorant Superstition Which Prevails in Regard to the Latter.

"Give a man luck and throw him into the sea," is, perhaps, one of the oldest sayings extant all over the world, for we find its equivalent in every language spoken. It is a pity we are not all gifted with this fortunate grace; if we were we need never trouble at any time. But it happens, however, says the London Standard, that the so-called lucky ones are very few and very far between; and yet, to note the observations of every-day life, one would imagine that the contrary were the case—that is to say, if we may judge from the fact that everybody asserts that every body else is lucky except himself. "I never knew such luck as that man has," says Jones of Brown, and Brown of Jones remarks that "Jones has the very devil's own luck—every thing he does turns out well!" and still they may be both in the same boat struggling against impending adversity, or calmly gazing along the stream of comparative prosperity.

It is merely the outcome of an unfathomable discontent that pervades all, or nearly all, of the human race, and it is the feeling of each other's neighbor that finds lodging in every breast. Now, risking the wrath of the superstitious and the believers in omens and odd numbers, we firmly maintain that there is no such thing as luck at all. Perseverance and circumstance are the secret of all success, and, as nothing succeeds like success, luck is the natural sequence of success. It is mainly the luckless and lazy people who perpetually rave about lack of luck, forgetting that, if there be any virtue in this tantalizing talisman, it is very like the philosopher's stone, and requires a considerable amount of alchemy and aliter to secure it.

Shakespeare gives evidence that he was not free from this peculiar failing. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" he makes that genial and obese old rogue "Falstaff" say to Dame Quickly: "Good luck lies in odd numbers. They say there is a divinity in odd numbers—either in nativity, chance or death!" This idea is, of course, founded on the Pythagorean system. "All nature is a harmony; man is a full chord, and all beyond is Duty; so that nine represents Duty. And thus a major chord consists of a fundamental or tonic, its major third and its just fifth. Seven notes complete the octave, and nine is Duty. The odd numbers being the primary notes of nature, it is easy to see how they came to be considered the great or lucky numbers, but then the luck belongs exclusively to the numbers and not to the application; therefore, as is the popular impression.

But to enter into or properly explain the positions and qualities of odd numbers would paralyze the great Euclid himself. So, to return to our luck. If there be such an ungodly thing here as it is that even science the creation has one man ever been known to credit his success in life to luck? His downfall, yes, to bad luck; his rise and progress, to luck, good, bad, or indifferent? No, no! If any man has the temerity to suggest such a thing, the notion would be scouted as not only preposterous but impious. The answer would be something like this: "My success, sir, which you vulgarly ascribe to luck, has been achieved by sheer hard work and determined effort, and what I have earned I deserve." And in most cases it would be right.

Certainly there are at times fortuitous circumstances that make a man successful, whether he will or not; but then such is not luck, it is pure accident. And as we are all liable to meet with disagreeable accidents, so we are all likely to meet with agreeable ones. Only we never even it, supposing we think so. We go on doing things, and better to be luck, than luck, and yet we are quite incapable of explaining what we exactly mean. In the commercial sense—and it is only in the commercial sense that we think upon the subject of luck—we are rich, we don't want luck; and if we are rich, we are rich. Lord Beaconsfield says in "Venetia": "Luck, he who has neither fortune nor offspring, and who owes neither money nor affection—after all the most difficult to pay of the two." This is cynicism, true, but not a soul believes it.

Faith in the charm of the horse-shoe is held sacred to this day, in town and country. By the way, it is not the horseshoe, but the nail that it is supposed to be. People are freer to turn to superstition than they are to reason, and they absolutely do all over their luck and stay there. Most things come to the man who works, but very few to the man who calmly sits down and waits. Nothing is so common as to see a man who has a certain quality as common sense. There is no such quality as luck, except it be in a very unknown quantity. People have had luck when they cannot take the rough with the smooth; when they were out of the world and forgot that it ever existed. Good luck, in other words, was carried out; and, after all, the only lucky man in the world is he who is lucky enough to get what he deserves.

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The Ignorant Superstition Which Prevails in Regard to the Latter.

"Give a man luck and throw him into the sea," is, perhaps, one of the oldest sayings extant all over the world, for we find its equivalent in every language spoken. It is a pity we are not all gifted with this fortunate grace; if we were we need never trouble at any time. But it happens, however, says the London Standard, that the so-called lucky ones are very few and very far between; and yet, to note the observations of every-day life, one would imagine that the contrary were the case—that is to say, if we may judge from the fact that everybody asserts that every body else is lucky except himself. "I never knew such luck as that man has," says Jones of Brown, and Brown of Jones remarks that "Jones has the very devil's own luck—every thing he does turns out well!" and still they may be both in the same boat struggling against impending adversity, or calmly gazing along the stream of comparative prosperity.

It is merely the outcome of an unfathomable discontent that pervades all, or nearly all, of the human race, and it is the feeling of each other's neighbor that finds lodging in every breast. Now, risking the wrath of the superstitious and the believers in omens and odd numbers, we firmly maintain that there is no such thing as luck at all. Perseverance and circumstance are the secret of all success, and, as nothing succeeds like success, luck is the natural sequence of success. It is mainly the luckless and lazy people who perpetually rave about lack of luck, forgetting that, if there be any virtue in this tantalizing talisman, it is very like the philosopher's stone, and requires a considerable amount of alchemy and aliter to secure it.

Shakespeare gives evidence that he was not free from this peculiar failing. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" he makes that genial and obese old rogue "Falstaff" say to Dame Quickly: "Good luck lies in odd numbers. They say there is a divinity in odd numbers—either in nativity, chance or death!" This idea is, of course, founded on the Pythagorean system. "All nature is a harmony; man is a full chord, and all beyond is Duty; so that nine represents Duty. And thus a major chord consists of a fundamental or tonic, its major third and its just fifth. Seven notes complete the octave, and nine is Duty. The odd numbers being the primary notes of nature, it is easy to see how they came to be considered the great or lucky numbers, but then the luck belongs exclusively to the numbers and not to the application; therefore, as is the popular impression.

But to enter into or properly explain the positions and qualities of odd numbers would paralyze the great Euclid himself. So, to return to our luck. If there be such an ungodly thing here as it is that even science the creation has one man ever been known to credit his success in life to luck? His downfall, yes, to bad luck; his rise and progress, to luck, good, bad, or indifferent? No, no! If any man has the temerity to suggest such a thing, the notion would be scouted as not only preposterous but impious. The answer would be something like this: "My success, sir, which you vulgarly ascribe to luck, has been achieved by sheer hard work and determined effort, and what I have earned I deserve." And in most cases it would be right.

Certainly there are at times fortuitous circumstances that make a man successful, whether he will or not; but then such is not luck, it is pure accident. And as we are all liable to meet with disagreeable accidents, so we are all likely to meet with agreeable ones. Only we never even it, supposing we think so. We go on doing things, and better to be luck, than luck, and yet we are quite incapable of explaining what we exactly mean. In the commercial sense—and it is only in the commercial sense that we think upon the subject of luck—we are rich, we don't want luck; and if we are rich, we are rich. Lord Beaconsfield says in "Venetia": "Luck, he who has neither fortune nor offspring, and who owes neither money nor affection—after all the most difficult to pay of the two." This is cynicism, true, but not a soul believes it.

Faith in the charm of the horse-shoe is held sacred to this day, in town and country. By the way, it is not the horseshoe, but the nail that it is supposed to be. People are freer to turn to superstition than they are to reason, and they absolutely do all over their luck and stay there. Most things come to the man who works, but very few to the man who calmly sits down and waits. Nothing is so common as to see a man who has a certain quality as common sense. There is no such quality as luck, except it be in a very unknown quantity. People have had luck when they cannot take the rough with the smooth; when they were out of the world and forgot that it ever existed. Good luck, in other words, was carried out; and, after all, the only lucky man in the world is he who is lucky enough to get what he deserves.

Flash-light Photography.
A Connecticut Yankee suggests the use of flash-light photography as a means of procuring a picture of a man in a position that it never existed. Good luck, in other words, was carried out; and, after all, the only lucky man in the world is he who is lucky enough to get what he deserves.

The World's Fair.
The facilities of the present day for the production of everything that will conduce to the material welfare and comfort of mankind are almost unlimited. And when Symp of Eggs was first produced the world was enriched with the only perfect laxative known, as it is the only remedy