

## BAKING POWDER

**ABSOLUTELY PURE.**

All other baking powders leave traces of alkali or acid in the food. Royal is indispensable where finest, most wholesome food is required.

**The Doctor's Sharp Practice.**  
Dr. Parsons got back home Monday from that great duck hunt at Corpus Christi, but didn't bring us the duck as he promised. All the doctor killed was a goose, a hawk and an owl. The good doctor ate the goose and gave us our choice of the hawk and the owl, but he could not tempt us from our straight diet of leason and hoes-socks with that kind of "game."—Kerrville (Tex.) Paper.

**The accumulations of the Dead Letter office** are a constant proof of the lamentable ignorance that prevails relative to the postal laws. The packages of unmailable matter, the documents with short postage, the misdirected letters, the attempts to smuggle goods in the mails, all show how much time, trouble and expense is lost to those who fail to obtain information which can easily be procured.

**A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.**  
Dr. Parker's Sure Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agent, Geo. Dahlbender & Co., Drugists, 314 Kearny street, San Francisco.

**NOTHING LIKE IT.**  
40 YEARS OF PAIN CURED. THE CASE. N. ALBANY ST., ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1882. For over 40 years I have been a victim of rheumatism. I was persuaded to try St. Jacobs Oil. I have used two bottles, and a man more free from rheumatism never walked our streets. My limbs that were once stiff and lame are now as light and limber as in my youth. JOS. EDSSELL.

**AFTER FIVE YEARS.**  
ITHACA, N. Y., July 5, 1887. Suffered many years—injury to hip resulting in rheumatism, muscular weakness and contracted cords. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me so that I now walk about and attend to daily duties at 62. I heartily endorse it. JOS. EDSSELL.

## "German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

Health has its weight. We cannot go far above or below our healthy weight without disturbing health. We cannot keep health and lose our weight.

It is fat that comes and goes. Too much is burdensome; too little is dangerous. Health requires enough fat for daily use and a little more for reserve and comfort. That keeps us plump. The result is beauty—the beauty of health.

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING shows the importance of keeping your healthy weight. We send it free.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER**

The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

The raw material of chewing gum made today comes from the Mexican chiclezapotes. That is the stuff "tutti frutti" is made of. The story runs that a Yankee by the name of Adams imported the Mexican gum to have it take the place of gutta-percha or soft rubber, but the experiment failed. Accidentally he broke off a bit of the stuff and chewed it. That gave him the notion of manufacturing the substance into chewing gum. The business is now housed in a six story building and gives employment to over 250 people.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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"If an accident occurred," mused he, as he removed his coat and waistcoat, "I wonder what would be thought of me for being half undressed in a train!"

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"Excuse me for taking a great liberty, sir, but would you be so kind as to lend my wife your rug?" We started in a hurry and forgot to bring one. As it is not a cold day, perhaps you would not mind obliging us as far as Slough, where I shall be able to buy a rug."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Chucker, stupefied. The request completely staggered him, and he could find no words in which to reply.

"Would you kindly lend this lady your rug?" repeated the gentleman, rather astonished.

"You are limping so," she said, glancing downward at his new and narrow "patent leathers" with pitying eyes, "I'm afraid there is something in your shoes that would be a great help to her, in agonized tones, "It's feet."—Kate Field's Washington.

**CHUCKER'S TROUSERS.**  
How far it is expedient to convert a railway carriage into a dressing room is a question which would be quickly solved in the negative in continental countries, where guards walk along the footboards and collect tickets while the train is in motion.

But in England a passenger who likes to change his attire in a first class compartment is, as a rule, pretty secure from interruption.

At least so thought Mr. Barnaby Chucker, as he alighted from a hansom at Paddington and rushed across the platform, holding a railway rug and a carpet bag, which contained a complete change of garments—to wit, dress clothes.

Mr. Chucker had received an invitation to dine at Windsor, with some friends of influential position, but being a busy man he had not found time to dress at his office in the city or at his chambers at the West End. Stepping into the train he slipped a shilling into the hand of the guard and said:

"Keep this compartment; I want to dress."

"All right, sir," answered the guard, and the next moment the train started.

Mr. Chucker then unlocked his carpet bag and drew out his attire, with other equipments necessary to his bodily adornment.

It must not be supposed that he did this without reluctance, for he was a great stickler about all the proprieties of life. He objected to seeing things out of season. If he had caught his best friend changing his pantaloons in a railway carriage he would have thought meanly of him for being so disorderly in his habits, and so now he judged himself with a candid severity for not having better regulated his own time.

"If an accident occurred," mused he, as he removed his coat and waistcoat, "I wonder what would be thought of me for being half undressed in a train!"

This reflection made him redde. He was a shy, middle aged man, with large red ears and a fat, florid face. The effect of pulling off his boots always sufficed his countenance with crimson, and it did so now, inasmuch that, what with the color that came from physical exertion and that which resulted from a troubled conscience, Mr. Barnaby Chucker looked truly distressed. Having removed his boots, he denuded himself of his trousers. This was a trying moment, for if an accident had happened then!

"Why, why, dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Chucker at this stage of his cogitations, "I think the train—no, it cannot be—is stopping."

The train was stopping in effect, as Mr. Chucker might have foreseen that it would do, since he was not traveling by express; but he had been so enraptured in his self-upbraiding thoughts that he had not even noticed the first slackening of the engine's speed.

He now found himself in the midst of a very disagreeable litter of clothes, and with no time to redress himself before the train stopped.

He had to decide hastily whether he would steam alongside Kaling platform in his shirt sleeves or minus his pantaloons.

He chose wisely in ludding on his coat, which he buttoned up, while he covered his lower man with his railway rug. This done, he collected as many of his belongings as he could into his bag, kicked his boots under a seat and tried to look dignified.

The train had come to a standstill now, and a guard opened the door of the carriage in which our hero was sitting and cried:

"There's room here, sir, for you and this lady."

"Hi, guard!" exclaimed Mr. Chucker, leaning out in terror, "you told me I should have this compartment to myself."

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