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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.

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Heads That Tilt Turn.

In London society float about many funny stories of people whose heads are turned by the acquisition of a small title bestowed by royalty in the progress of some official function. One is told of the wife of a city magnate who bought a country place and was finally knighted. The lady was of very humble origin, and her elevation was too much for her. The clergyman of the village—a scion of noble family—called upon the new knight to congratulate him and was kept waiting in the drawing room for some 20 minutes. Then the door was flung open by a powdered squire, who, ushering in the fat and florid mistress of the house, bowed out at the top of his voice. "The Lady Jones!"

Not long ago the wife of another new-made knight was greatly aggrieved at the coming on the very day this dignity was conferred a letter naturally enough addressed to "Mrs. So-and-so." She proceeded to indite a scathing answer to her innocent correspondent—an epistle written throughout in the third person and beginning: "Lady So-and-so begs to point out that a mistake has been made in the address of the letter sent to her. Lady So-and-so requests that in future," etc.—London Letter.

A Woman's Work for the Brooklyn Bridge.

It is singular how much of woman's work is lost or unappreciated. When the great Brooklyn bridge was in process of construction, Roebling, the engineer, fell ill, and after an acute attack of some form of disease became a hopeless invalid. In this emergency his wife took hold of the work. She was something of a civil engineer herself, having rendered assistance in his work before, but when his illness came on she became a positive quantity. She finished the plans he had outlined, made the abstruse calculations he had planned, supervised the work in his stead and carried it forward to a successful conclusion. Yet only to a few persons was her connection with the bridge ever known, and the only reward she ever received for it was the empty honor of driving the first team across the completed structure.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHE IS FOND OF CATS.

Therefore Mrs. Edwards Kills Those She Cannot Make Comfortable.

A peculiar mission in life is that adopted by Mrs. Sarah J. Edwards, a New York widow, who devotes her time, money and sympathy to making things pleasant for cats. Mrs. Edwards is not rich, but what money she has is cheerfully spent in philanthropic work among members of the feline race, particularly those of the vagrant variety. Formerly Mrs. Edwards lived in a comfortable house in the upper part of the city, where she established an asylum for unfortunate cats, which made such serious inroads on her income that she was compelled to give it up and move to a down town flat. Here she still maintains in comfortable security a dozen or so of her favorite animals and further exhibits her fondness for them in the pictures on the walls of her rooms, which are nearly all of cats. Mrs. Edwards is the founder of the Mid night Band of Mercy, recently made famous by the newspapers of the metropolis. This is an association of women who de-



MRS. SARAH J. EDWARDS.

voted themselves to catching stray cats in the city streets after nightfall and putting them to a painless death with chloroform. This Mrs. Edwards declares, was done to prevent their suffering from cold, hunger, thirst and the multifarious indignities so often inflicted by the ubiquitous small boy, the belated pedestrian, worrisome dogs and other brutes. The band has sometimes thus relieved as many as 50 cats in one night, and Mrs. Edwards was most zealous in the work, which she considers one of great humanity and necessity.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals disapproved of her, however, and charged that she was simply gratifying a mania for slaughter. They found a justice of the court, special sessions to agree with them, and Mrs. Edwards was arrested, fined \$10 and ordered to refrain from further works of mercy of that peculiar stripe. The anomaly is thus presented of a society organized for the special purpose of preventing cruelty prosecuting and punishing a woman who claimed to be doing the best she knew how in the same direction.

Mrs. Edwards says that she and her band of Mercy will refrain from further administration of the deadly chloroform within the jurisdiction of the court, but that they will continue their work in the suburbs of the city and at the summer watering places, where thousands of wretched, suffering felines are to be found. In the meantime, she says, they will agitate for the establishment of a public pound for cats, similar to that now maintained by the city for dogs, with the difference that they will try to have women and girls appointed to the office of cat catchers, as men and boys would be too apt to abuse the suffering animals.

Two Ways of Saying a Thing.

The ancient Greeks had a phrase which they used in salutation—"Act successfully." So much of our speech is commonplace or severely practical that we welcome any innovation that redeems it from monotony. It is a long step from the classic Greek to the descendant of a Virginia field hand as represented by my colored washwoman.

"I used to know some colored folks," she said, "who went to Chicago to live. They were good people when they got there, but they may be worse yet."

Now this, told in her roundabout way, was as clear to an intelligent mind as the two crisp words of our Greek friends, who and in their day a habit of fanning people for saying in three words what they could have expressed in two. In each case it is the departure from a common form that lends interest to the words.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

Men in Petticoats.

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII the dress of the English was so fantastic and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V appears a "petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.—Exchange.

Partly New. Visitor—That painting is by an old master, I see. Mrs. McShoddie (apologetically)—Yes, but the frame is new.—New York Y.-k-s.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCOIS BRET HARTE

It was here that Mrs. Randolph, late relict of the late Scipion L'Hommadien, devoted herself to bringing up her children after the extreme of French methods and in resuscitating a "de" from her own family to give a distinct and aristocratic character to their name. The "de Fontanges L'Hommadiens" were, however, only known to their neighbors after the western fashion, by their stepfather's name, when they were known at all, which was seldom. For the boy was unappreciated as a precocious workman and the girl as unappreciated as a country place and was pleasantly complacent in her role of heiress. The household was completely dominated by Mrs. Randolph. A punctilious Catholic, she attended all the functions of the adjacent mission, and the shadow of a black soutine at twilight gliding through the wild oat fields behind the ranche had often been mistaken for a coyote. The peace loving major did not object to a piety which, while it left his own conscience free, imparted a respectable religious air to his household and kept him from the equally distasteful approaches of the Puritanism of his neighbors, and was blissfully unconscious that he was strengthening the antagonistic foreign element in his family with an alien church.

Meantime, as the repaired buggy was slowly making its way toward his house, Maj. Randolph entered his wife's boudoir with a letter which the San Francisco post had just brought him. A look of embarrassment on his good humored face straightened the hard lines of hers, she felt some momentary weakness of her natural enemy and prepared to give battle.

"I'm afraid here's something of a muddle, Josephine," he began with a deprecating smile. "Mallory, who was coming down here with his daughter, you know—"

"This is the first intimation I have had that anything has been settled upon," interrupted the lady with appalling deliberation.

"However, my dear, you know I told you last week that he thought of bringing her here while he was west on his business. You know, being a widower, he has no one to leave her with."

"And I suppose it is the American fashion to intrust one's daughters to any old boon companion?" interrupted the major impatiently. "He knows I'm married, and although he has never seen you he is quite willing to leave his daughter here."

"Thank you!" "Come, you know what I mean. The man naturally believes that my wife will be a proper chaperon for his daughter. But that is not the present question. He intended to call here; I expected to take you over to San Jose to see her and all that you know, but the fact of it is—that is—it is called away sooner than he expected, and that—well—hang it! The girl is actually on her way here now."

"Alone?" "I suppose so. You know one thinks nothing of that here."

"Or any other propriety for that matter."

"For heaven's sake, Josephine, don't be ridiculous! Of course it's stupid her coming in this way, and Mallory ought to have brought her, but she's coming and we must receive her. By Jove! Here she is now!" he added, starting up after a hurried glance through the window. "But what kind of a d—d turn out is that, anyhow?"

It certainly was an odd looking conveyance that had entered the gates and was now slowly coming up the drive toward the house: A large draught horse, harnessed to a dust covered buggy, whose strained forelegs, bent by the last mile of heavy road, had slanted the tops of the forewheels toward each other at an alarming angle. The light, graceful dress and elegant parcel of the young girl who occupied half of its single seat looked ludicrously pronounced by the side of the slouching figure and grimy duster of the driver, who occupied the other half.

Mrs. Randolph gave a gritty laugh. "I thought you said she was alone. Is that an escort she has picked up, American fashion on the road?"

"That's her hired driver, no doubt. Hang it! she can't drive here by herself," retorted the major, impatiently, hurrying to the door and down the staircase. But he was instantly followed by his wife. She had no idea of permitting her possible understanding to be exchanged in their first greeting. The late M. L'Hommadien had been able to impart a whole plan of intrigue in a single word and glance.

Happily Rose Mallory, already in the hall, in a few words detailed the accident that had befallen her to the honest sympathy of the major and the coldly polite concern of Mrs. Randolph, who in deliberately chosen sentences managed to convey to the young girl the conviction that accidents of any kind to young ladies were to be regarded as only a shade removed from indiscretion. Rose was impressed and even flattered by the fastidiousness of this foreign appearing woman, and after the respect due to recognized authority. When to this authority, which was evident, she added a depreciation of the major, I fear that some common instinct of feminine tyranny responded in Rose's heart, and that on the very threshold of the honest soldier's home she tacitly agreed with the wife to look down upon him. Mrs. Randolph departed to inform her son and daughter of their guest's arrival. As a matter of fact, however, they had already observed her approach to the house through the slits of their drawn window blinds and those even narrower windows which looked out from the porch, and their comprehension of their education had fostered. The young man, who had grasped the fact that Rose had come to their house in fine clothes, alone with a man in a broken down vehicle, and was moved to easy mirth and righteous wonder. The young man, Emile, had agreed with her, with the mental reservation that the guest was pretty and must eventually fall in love with him. They both, however, welcomed her with a trained politeness and a superficial attention that, while the indifference of her own countrymen in the wheat field was still fresh in her recollection, struck her with grateful contrast. The major's quiet and unobtrusive kindness naturally made no impression, or was accepted as a matter of course.

"Well," said the major, cheerfully but

tentatively, to his wife, when they were alone again, "she seems a nice girl, after all. And a good deal of pluck and character, by Jove, to push on in that broken buggy, rather than linger or come in a farm cart, eh?"

"She was alone in that wheat field," said Mrs. Randolph with grim deliberation, "for half an hour—she confesses it herself—talking with a young man!"

"Yes, but the others had gone for the buggy. And in the name of heaven, what would you have her do? Hide herself in the grain?" said the major, desperately. "Besides," he added with a recklessness he afterward regretted, "that mechanical chap they've got there is really intelligent and worth talking to."

"I have no doubt she thought so," said Mrs. Randolph, with a mirthless smile; "in fact I observe that the American freedom generally means doing what you want to do. Indeed I wonder she didn't bring him with her! Only, I beg major, that you will not again in the presence of my daughter—and I may even say of my son—talk lightly of the solitary meetings of young ladies with mechanics, even though their faces were smutty and their clothes covered with oil."

The major here muttered something about there being less danger in a young lady listening to the intelligence of a coarsely dressed laborer than to the complacency of a roostered fop, but Mrs. Randolph walked out of the room before he finished the evident platitude.

That night Rose Mallory retired to her room in a state of self satisfaction that she even felt was to a certain extent a virtue. She was delighted with her reception and with her hostess and family. It was strange her father had not spoken more of Mrs. Randolph, who was clearly the superior of his old friend. What fine manners they all had, so different from other people she had known. There was quite an Old World civilization about them: really it was like going abroad! She would make the most of her opportunity and profit by her visit. She would begin by improving her French—they spoke it perfectly and with such a pure accent. She would correct certain errors she was conscious of in her own manners, and copy Mrs. Randolph as much as possible. Certainly there was a great deal to be said of Mrs. Randolph's way of looking at things. Now she thought of it calmly, there was too much informality and freedom in American ways! There was not enough respect due to position and circumstances! Take those men in the wheat field for example—yet here she found it difficult to formulate an indictment against them for "freedom." She would like to see some day with the Randolphs and let them see what company manners would make of her. She was convinced now that her father had done wrong in sending her alone; it certainly was most disrespectful to them and careless of him (she had quite forgotten that she had herself proposed to her father to go alone rather than wait at the hotel), and she must have looked very ridiculous in her fine clothes and the broken down buggy. When her trunk came by express to-morrow she would look out something more sober. She must remember that she was in a Catholic and religious household now. Ah yes! how very fine it was to see that priest at dinner in his soutane, sitting down like one of the family and making them all seem like pictures of some historical and aristocratic romance! And then they were actually "de Fontanges L'Hommadien." How different he was from that shabby Methodist minister who used to come to see her father in a black cravat with a hideous bow. Really there was something to say for a religion that contained so much picturesque refinement—and for her part—but that will do. I beg to say that I am not writing of any particular snob nor feminine monstrosity, but of a very charming creature who was quite able to say her prayers afterward like a good girl, and lay her pretty cheek upon her pillow without a blush.

"She opened her window and looked out. The moon, a great silver dome, was uplifting itself from a bluish gray level which the knew was the distant plain of wheat. Somewhere in its midst appeared a dull star, at times brightening as if blown upon or drawn upward in a comet like trail. By some odd instinct the felt that it was the solitary forge of the young inventor, and pictured him standing before it with his abstracted hazel eyes and a face more begrimed in the moonlight than ever. When did he wash himself? Perhaps not until Sunday. How lonely it must be out there! She slightly shivered and turned from the window. As she did so it seemed to her that something knocked against her door from without. Opening it quickly she was almost certain to find the sound of a rustling skirt treated alone the sound of a rustling skirt—perhaps she had disturbed the house by shutting her window. No doubt it was the motherly intent of Mrs. Randolph that impelled her to softly come and look after her. And for once her simple surmises were correct. For not only the inspecting eyes of her hostess, but the anxious glances of the youthful Emile had been fastened upon her window until the light disappeared, and even the Holy Mission Church of San Jose had assured itself of the dear child's safety with a large and supple ear at her keyhole.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Horsehoes Without Nails.

The tests that have been made by a street car company of Paris of a new form of nailless horsehoes have been so successful that the company has decided to employ this shoe exclusively in the future. The new shoe is made of Bessemer steel, and in appearance is similar to the ordinary iron shoe, except that it has a bent lever that attaches itself half way up the rear of the hoof without in any way compressing it.

A clamp incloses the hoof, parting the two heels of the shoe, and is supported on the top of the lever, which wholly contains it, and thereby prevents compression of any part of the hoof. The shoe is also fitted with three small interior clamps, which penetrate the horn of the hoof and prevent displacement of the shoe without the preliminary raising of the clamp. A number of private firms in Paris have also tested the shoe with success. It is considered by many that this form of shoe will sooner or later revolutionize the farrier's industry.—Philadelphia Record.

No More Mad Men After This.

A herb is said to have been discovered in Yucatan which is a specific for insanity.—New York Journal.

MUSCLE AND VIGOR—A DIFFERENCE.

Many more men stoic than fatigued boys with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average vigorous man. Vigor is the result of a healthy digestion and sleep are unimpeded, whereas the athlete, who has no organic tendency to disease, these requisites of vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak, who are debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic and restorer, and recommended by physicians of prominence. It will not endow you with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions. It averts and cures malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

"Money talks," remarked the business man who was ruefully contemplating a lot of idle capital; "but it doesn't talk in its sleep."

PROOF OF MERIT.

The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used ALCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLER during the past thirty years are unimpeachable evidence of its superiority, and should convince the most skeptical. Self-praise is no recommendation, but certificates from those who have used them are.

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLER, and be not persuaded to accept a substitute.

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Sudden changes of the weather often cause pulmonary, bronchial and asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Trochee" will allay the irritation which induces coughing, giving immediate relief.

Until a man is finally dead he should try to look alive.

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Don't Lose Heart.