You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

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

Lincoln's Foster Mother.

Abraham Lincoln was seven or eight years old when his father, Thomas Lincoln, removed from Kentucky to Indiana, where in a year or two his wife died. The year following her death Mr. Lincoln returned to Elizabethtown to search out, if possible, a former neighbor and friend, Mrs. Sally Johnston, whom, upon inquiry, he found still a widow, and to whom he at once made a proposal of marriage.

On entering Mrs. Johnston's humble dwelling Mr. Lincoln asked if she remembered him.

"Yes," replied she, "I remember you very well, Tommy Lincoln. What has brought you back to old Kentucky?"

"Well," said he, in answer, "my wife Nancy is dead."

"Why, you don't say so!"

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "she died more than a year ago, and I have come back to Kentucky to look for another wife. Do you like me, Mrs. Johnston?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Johnston, "I like you, Tommy Lincoln."

"Do you like me well enough to marry me?"

"Yes," she answered, "I like you, Tommy Lincoln, and I like you well enough to marry you, but I can't marry you now."

"Why not?" said he.

"Because I am in debt, and I could never think of burdening the man I marry with debt; it would not be right."

"What are those debts?" said he.

She told him of the sums, "which," said she, "I have all down here in my account book."

On looking it over, he saw that her debts ranged from fifty cents to a dollar and a quarter, and amounted in the gross to something less than twelve dollars—not a very startling sum even in those days of small things.

He succeeded in putting the little book into his coat pocket without attracting her attention and went out, looked up the various parties and paid off all the little sums according to the memorandum and returned in the afternoon with the acknowledgments of payments in full. On his returning the account book to her, she exclaimed, "Why, Tommy Lincoln, have you gone and paid off all my debts?"

"Yes," he said, "and will you marry me now?"

"Yes," said she, and they were married the next morning at 9 o'clock.—Mr. Haycraft in Christian Union.

An Undutiful Son.

Thomas Talbot, a Baltimore boy, was recently committed to jail for malicious mischief. Thomas decided to reform the other day, so the story goes, and as an evidence of good intentions asked his stepfather, Amos Talbot, to inaugurate at supper time the custom of saying grace before meals. The elder Talbot readily consented. The spirit of young Tom was willing, but the flesh was somewhat weak, as the evidence before the justice proved. The head of the old gentleman was no sooner bowed in thanks for the evening meal, and his hands reverently clasped, than Tom made a wholesale grab at the victuals upon the table, and snatching nearly all ran into the street and in an instant was up to his chin in mischief.

Feeling First Rate.

Tutter (looking out in the front yard)—That dog of yours seems to be very frisky, Miss Clara.

Miss Pinkerly—Yes, he is simply delighted. Just after you came pa took off his muzzle.—Truth.

Similar.

Dinwiddie—Bookkeepers and sleight-of-hand performers have much in common.

Van Braam—How so?

Dinwiddie—They both flourish in the ledger domain.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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THE FLAG

Now generally floats above the school house; and what more appropriate than that the boys should be taught to defend it?—Ex-President Harrison

Bishop Scott Academy,

Portland, Or., is a military school under government control. Scientific, commercial, classical. Catalogue on request. Spring term begins February 6.

Didn't Dare Do It.

A certain popular but extravagant musician was famous not only for his fine voice, but for his almost irresistible manner. At one time when he was deeply in debt a carpenter to whom he owed a large amount called at his house and clamorously demanded his pay.

The musician, who was indisposed at the time, heard the angry voice in the entry below, and going to the head of the stairs asked what was the matter down there.

"Matter enough," cried the carpenter. "I want my money, and I can't get it."

"Don't get in a passion," said the musician soothingly. "Do me the favor to walk up stairs, if you please, and we will talk the business over."

"No, sir," replied the poor carpenter, "not a step will I stir up those stairs! You owe me $100 already, and if I came up goodness knows you'd most likely owe me $200 before I got down again!"—Youth's Companion.

Exciting Wonder.

Helen Hyler—Do you know it is reported we are engaged?

Jack Lever—Has any one congratulated you yet?

Helen Hyler—No, but several people have asked me if I were really going to marry you.—Puck.

More Important.

"Better let us build a house for you out on your property at Installment heights," said Buttress, the architect, to his friend Will Norris.

"I don't want to build. I only bought the lots for a quick turn," replied the latter.

"You might do worse. It's a pretty place."

"I know it, but I shouldn't care to live there."

"You might do worse. You'd better build anyway. You'll be more apt to get a good price for the rest of the lots if you improve some of them."

"Think so?"

"Yes, and you'll save your rent. Let us put up one of our attractive little suburban cottages for you, and before you've been in it six months some one will come along and take the place off your hands at a handsome profit. But you won't want to sell out."

"I will if I get the chance."

"Oh, no, you won't," protested Buttress warmly. "You won't want to sell one of our houses! No one ever does. You'll grow attached to it and marry and settle down there. And you'll have no trouble in getting the girl either. You've no idea what we can do in the building line. I tell you what, old man, we guarantee a wife with every house we put up!"

"Ah, I have no doubt," said young Norris sagely. "But do you guarantee a cook?"—Life.

The Right Spirit.

A traveling salesman for a Detroit drug house was standing on the steps of a little notion store kept by a colored woman in a town in Arkansas when she came out and queried:

"Was yo' a stranger around here, sah?"

"I represent this house," replied the drummer as he handed out a card.

"I see. Does yo' own de bizness yo'self?"

"Oh, no."

"Was yo' de senior pawdner?"

"No."

"De junior?"

"No."

"Was yo' backin de concern wid yo' capital?"

"No."

"Jist sent out to take orders?"

"That's all. Perhaps I can take an order from you?"

"Wall, sah, if dat house has dun sent yo' clean down yere to git an order from me I ain't gwine ter be mean about it. Put me down fur two bits worf of peppermint essence and drap in yere at de eand of 60 days fur yo' money!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Sequence.

"Papa," said Benny Blivens, "New York is called the Empire State, isn't it?"

"Yes, Benny."

"And Pennsylvania is the Keystone State?"

"Yes."

"And Indiana is the Hoosier State?"

"Yes."

"And Ohio is the Buckeye State?"

"It is."

"And if Utah is admitted will it be a Marriage State?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE

It struck Rose that she had not even thanked the man in the same flash that she remembered something dreadful that he had said. She covered her face with her hands and tried to recall herself.

Mrs. Randolph gently tapped her shoulder with a mixture of maternal philosophy and discipline, and continued: "Of course it's an upset, and you're confused still. That's nothing. They say, dear, it's perfectly well known that no two people's recollection of these things ever is the same. It's really ridiculous the contradictory stories one hears. Isn't it, Emile?"

Rose felt that the young man had joined them and was looking at her. In the fear that she should still see some trace of the startled selfish animal in his face she did not dare to raise her eyes to his, but looked at his mother. Mrs. Randolph was standing then, collected but impatient.

"It's all over now," said Emile in his usual voice, "and except the chimneys and some fallen plaster there's really no damage done. But I'm afraid they've caught it pretty badly at the Mission and at San Francisco in those tall, flashy, rattle trap buildings they're putting up. I've just sent off one of the men for news."

Her father was in San Francisco by that time, and she had never once thought of him. In her quick remorse she forgot all else and rose to her feet.

"I must telegraph to my father at once," she said hurriedly; "he is there."

"You had better wait until the messenger returns and hear his news," said Emile. "If the shock was only a slight one in San Francisco your father might not understand you and would be alarmed."

She could see his face now; there was no record of the past expression upon it, but he was watching her eagerly. Mrs. Randolph and Adele had moved away to speak to the servants. Emile drew nearer.

"You surely will not desert us now," he said in a low voice.

"Please don't," she said vaguely; "I'm so worried." And pushing quickly past him she hurriedly rejoined the two women.

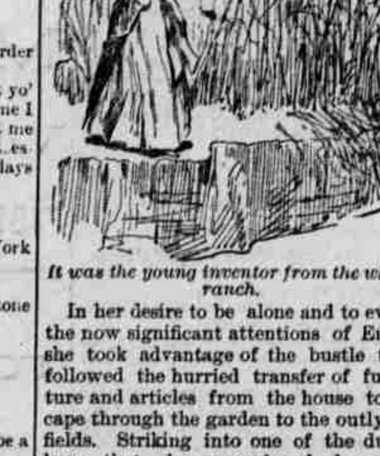
They were superintending the erection of a long tent or marquee in the garden, hastily extemporized from the awnings of the veranda and other cloth. Mrs. Randolph explained that although all danger was over there was the possibility of the recurrence of lighter shocks during the day and night, and that they would all feel much more secure and comfortable to camp out for the next twenty-four hours in the open air.

"Only imagine you're picnicking, and you'll enjoy it as much as most people usually enjoy those horrid al fresco entertainments. I don't believe there's the slightest real necessity for it, but," she added in a lower voice, "the Irish and Chinese servants are so demoralized now they wouldn't stay indoors with us. It's a common practice here, I believe, for a day or two after the shock, and it gives time to put things to right again and clear up. The old one-storied Spanish houses, with walls three feet thick and built round a courtyard or patio were much safer. It's only when the Americans tried to improve upon the old order of things with their pinchbeck shams and stucco that Providence interferes like this to punish them."

It was the fact, however, that Rose was more impressed by what seemed to her the absolute indifference of Providence in the matter, and the cool resumption by nature of her ordinary conditions. The sky above their heads was as rigidly blue as ever and as smilingly monotonous; the distant prospect, with its clear, well known silhouettes, had not changed; the crows swung on heavy, deliberate wings over the grain as before and the trade wind was blowing in its quiet persistency.

And yet she knew that something had happened that would never again make her enjoyment of the prospect the same; that nothing would ever be as it was yesterday. I think at first she referred only to the material and larger phenomena, and did not confound this revelation of the insecurity of the universe with her experience of man. Yet the fact also remained that to the conservative, correct and, as she believed, secure condition to which she had been approximating, all her relations were rudely shaken and upset. It really seemed to this simple minded young woman that the revolutionary disturbance of settled conditions might be something in the style of a "divine right" also.

CHAPTER IV.



It was the young inventor from the wheat ranch.

In her desire to be alone and to evade the now significant attentions of Emile she took advantage of the bustle that followed the hurried transfer of furniture and articles from the house to escape through the garden to the outlying fields. Striking into one of the dusty lanes that she remembered, she wandered on for half an hour until her progress and meditation were suddenly arrested. She had come upon a long chasm or crack in the soil, fully twenty feet wide and as many in depth, crossing her path at right angles. She did not remember having seen it before; the track of wheels went up to its precipitous edge, she could see the track repeated on the other side, but the hiatus remained, unbridged and uncovered. It was not there yesterday. She glanced right and left; the fissure seemed to extend like a moat or ditch from the distant road to the upland between her and the great wheat valley below, from which she was shut off.

An odd sense of being in some way a prisoner confronted her. She drew back with an impatient start, and perhaps her first real sense of indignation. A voice behind her, which she at once recognized, scarcely restored her calmness.

"You can't get across there, miss."

She turned. It was the young inventor from the wheat ranch on horseback and with a clean face. He had just ridden out of the grain on the same side of the chasm as herself.

"But you seem to have got over," she said bluntly.

"Yes, but it was further up the field. I reckoned that the split might be deeper but not so broad in the rock outcrop over there than in the adobe here. I found it so and jumped it."

He looked as if he might—alert, intelligent and self contained. Yet she said nothing. He lingered a moment.

"I'm afraid you must have been badly shaken and a little frightened up there before the chimneys came down."

"No," she was glad to say, briefly and she believed truthfully; "I wasn't frightened. I didn't even know it was an earthquake."

"Ah," he reflected, "that was because you are a stranger. It's odd—they're all like that. I suppose it's because nobody really expects or believes in the unlooked for thing, and yet that's the thing that always happens. And then of course that other affair, which really is serious, startled you the more."

She felt herself ridiculously and angrily blushing. "I don't know what you mean," she said icily. "What other affair?"

"Why, the well."

"The well?" she repeated vacantly.

"Yes, the artesian well has stopped. Didn't the major tell you?"

"No," said the girl. "He was away. I haven't seen him yet."

"Well, the flow of water has ceased completely. That's what I'm here for. The major sent for me, and I've been to examine it."

"And is that stoppage so very important?" she said dubiously.

It was his turn to look at her wonderingly. "If it's lost entirely it means ruin for the rancho," he said seriously. He wheeled his horse, nodded gravely and trotted off.

Maj. Randolph's figure of the "life blood of the rancho" flashed across her suddenly. She knew nothing of irrigation or the costly appliances by which the Californian agriculturist opposed the long summer droughts. She only vaguely guessed that the dreadful earthquake had struck at the prosperity of those people whom only a few hours ago she had been proud to call her friends. The underlying goodness of her nature was touched. Should she let a momentary fault—if it were not really, after all, only a misunderstanding—rise between her and them at such a moment? She turned and hurried quickly toward the house.

Hastening onward she found time, however, to wonder also why these common men—she now included even the young inventor in that category—were all so rude and uncivil to her. She had never before been treated in this way; she had always been rather embarrassed by the admiring attentions of young men—clerks and collegians in her Atlantic home, and of professional men, merchants and stock brokers in San Francisco. It was true they were not as continually devoted to her and to the nice art and etiquette of pleasing as Emile—they had other things to think about, being in business and not being gentlemen, but then they were greatly superior to these clowns, that took no notice of her and rode off without lingering or formal leave taking when their selfish affairs were concluded.

It must be the contact of the vulgar earth—this wretched, cracking, material and yet ungovernable and lawless earth—that so depraved them. She felt she would like to say this to some one—not her father, for he wouldn't listen to her; not to the major, who would laughingly argue with her, but to Mrs. Randolph, who would understand her—and perhaps say it some day in her own sharp, sneering way to those very clowns. With these gentle sentiments irradiating her blue eyes and putting a pink flush upon her fair cheek Rose reached the garden with the intention of rushing sympathetically into Mrs. Randolph's arms.

But it suddenly occurred to her that she would be obliged to state how she became aware of this misfortune, and with it came an instinctive aversion to speak of her meeting with the inventor. She would wait until Mrs. Randolph told her. But although that lady was engaged in a low voiced discussion in French with Emile and Adele which instantly ceased at her approach there was no allusion made to the new calamity.

"You need not telegraph to your father," she said, as Rose approached. "He has already telegraphed to you for news. As you were out, and the messenger was waiting an answer, we opened the dispatch, and sent one telling him that you were all right, and that he need not hurry here on your account. So you are satisfied, I hope." A few hours ago this would have been true, and Rose would have probably seen in the action of her hostess only a flattering motherly supervision. There was, in fact, still a lingering trace of that trust in her mind, yet she was conscious that she would have preferred to answer the dispatch herself and to have let her father come.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Postal Tube Across the English Channel.

The proposed plan for the postal tube between France and England is to suspend two tubes, each about three feet in diameter, by means of steel cables thrown across the channel, 120 feet above the level of the water. These cables are to be fixed to pillars whose foundations will be the rocky bottom of the channel, each pillar 800 yards from his fellow. If the plan as proposed is consummated, miniature trains, each carrying 500 pounds of mail matter, will run through the tubes.—Yankee Blade.

A Hint for the Busy Man.

A large German tramp steamed into port this morning, with the yellow flag flying at the masthead, causing quite a commotion along the city front. She proved to be the Romulus from Hong-Kong. There was no sickness on board in spite of the yellow flag, and the Captain told Dr. Lawlor he only hoisted it to keep the runners away from the ship. His ruse succeeded, for not a runner went within half a mile of the vessel.—San Francisco Examiner.

Johnnie Wasn't Whistling.

The story is told of the incorrigible small boy who, having been warned against whistling, was seen by his mother one day shortly after he had just made acquaintance with some persimmons, "You Johnnie," cried the mother, noting the familiar pucker of her son's lips, "quit that whistling." Whereat Johnnie, in pain and fear, gasped out: "Whis'lin? Huh! I guess I'm poisoned."—New York Evening Sun.

MUSCLE AND VIGOR—A DIFFERENCE

Many muscular men succumb to fatigues borne 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 individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no organic tendency to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak, no less than upon those debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. 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 malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

Lord Forgivus—I can always tell an American by what he drinks. William Ann—But he drinks anything he can get. Lord Forgivus—That's the way I tell.

CAUTION.

Imitations have been put upon the market so closely resembling ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in general appearance as to be well calculated to deceive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they compare with ALLCOCK'S, for they are worse than worthless, inasmuch as they contain deleterious ingredients which are apt to cause serious injury. Remember that ALLCOCK'S are the genuine porous plaster—the best external remedy ever produced; when purchasing plasters do not only ask for, but make sure that you get ALLCOCK'S.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, the best anti-bilious remedy.

There is nothing like bad luck to set a man about making a mental inventory of his friends.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will relieve bronchitis, asthma and throat diseases.

The mystery about "the letter that never came" has been solved. It was never sent.

CUT IN SHOW CASES.

To meet financial situation DIXON, BORGESON & Co. have made special cut good to March 20. Write for catalogue and cut rate. Orders mailed after March 20 not good for cut rate.

$100 REWARD—$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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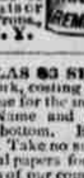

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Cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side.

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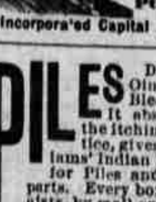

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