

By Authority of Congress.

U. S. Gov't Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

LEAVENING GAS.	
Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06 . . . 160.6
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively,	
12.58 . . . 151.1	
11.13 . . . 133.6	
10.26 . . . 123.3	
9.53 . . . 114.	
9.29 . . . 111.6	
8.03 . . . 96.5	
7.28 . . . 87.4	

These tests, made in the Gov't Laboratory, by impartial and unprejudiced official chemists, furnish the highest evidence that the "Royal" is the best baking powder.

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

A REFORMED GAMBLER.

Devotes His Time to Missionary Work Among Victims of the Gaming Habit.

A slightly built, nervous man, with dark mustache and beard, has for months been an active worker among the various city missions of New York. Little is known of him. He rarely talks of himself, yet his ready sympathy and his earnestness have made him a successful mission worker.

Night after night this man has lingered about the doors of the up town clubs and saloons in which gambling is carried on. Many a young man having a little "game of draw" has been approached by a stranger, whose manner has soon won his confidence. Probably before the night is over that stranger has told him the story of one gambler's life and under its influence secured a promise from him never to touch cards again. To rescue young men from the evils of gambling is the work to which Henry Meyer is devoting his life.

Meyer is a traveling salesman for a New York city, where his father was a prosperous business man. He gave his oldest son every advantage which money could give and at 13 sent him to Germany to complete his education. He remained there four years, then returning west "on the road" as a traveling salesman for five years. In 1883 he bought out a prosperous stationery business in Pittsburgh and settled down. Young, well educated and with plenty of capital, his prospects were of the brightest.

Up to this time he had never touched cards, and his first introduction to the fascinating pastime was in progressive euchre at a social party in March, 1884. From this he found the way easy to a social game of "draw" and then to the regular gambling houses.

He played all the big cities on the continent. Phenomenal success attended him, but he saved nothing. "The gambler is not a bad fellow at heart," he says. "He rarely sees one in want without extending aid, and getting his money easily parts with it without too close inquiry as to how it goes."

It was in Naples that he played one famous game. He had been persistently followed by a titled gentleman, who insisted on playing with him. But the stake on the gambler's part was to be his life. The Italian was willing to stake his entire fortune against that. His bet was intended. It appeared later that two of his best friends had been ruined by Meyer, and nothing but the latter's life would satisfy him. At last, in desperation, Meyer accepted his challenge and his terms.

If the Italian won, the gambler was to blow out his brains at the time designated by the winner. But the Italian did not win. Meyer's luck remained with him, and his opponent rose from the table a ruined man. His wife on the following

COMMODORE MONTGOMERY SICARD.

Forty-three Years in the Navy and Many Times Under Fire.

Montgomery Sicard, the new commander of the Brooklyn navy yard, has been in the United States navy for 43 years and has been under fire in numerous engagements. He was born in New York city 68 years ago and was appointed a cadet at the Naval academy when he was but 13 years of age. At the beginning of hostilities between the north and south he was commissioned lieutenant and assigned to the steamship Decatur. In 1862 he was on the Onondaga during the hot engagement that resulted in Farragut's capture of Fort Jackson and St. Philip after some 18,800 shells had been poured into them by Porter's mortar boats and after the United States fleet had run past them and routed the Confederate naval force.

He also assisted in the capture of the Chalmette batteries and in the destruction of the Confederate flotilla and transport on April 24, 1862. In June of the same year he was at the passage of the Vicksburg batteries and a month later was in the engagement with the formidable ram Arkansas. He received his com-



COMMODORE MONTGOMERY SICARD

mission as lieutenant commander in July of the same year and was with the Tennessee in the south Atlantic blockading squadron during 1864 and 1865. He participated in two attacks upon Fort Fisher in December, 1864, and January, 1865, and took part in the bombardment of Fort Anderson in February of the same year.

He was commissioned a commander in 1870 and was assigned to ordnance duty in New York and Washington until 1876. In 1878 he was placed in command of the Swatara and in 1880 was in charge of the Boston navy yard. A year later he was promoted to captain and was chief of the bureau of ordnance from 1881 to 1890. For a year he was president of the steel board, and then he was placed in command of the modern monitor Miantonomah, in some respects the most formidable ship of the new navy. He was made a commodore not long ago, and upon the retirement of Rear Admiral Gherard was placed in command of the Brooklyn navy yard.

The United States are not singular. There was a time in the history of these United States when there was a good deal of heated discussion as to whether they were singular or plural. To a good many critical minded gentlemen it seemed that the whole question whether we are a nation or a mere confederation of states hanging on the decision of that point, and being ardent advocates of the national theory they were very strenuous in insisting on the singular form. In their eyes it was a little less than treasonable to use the collective noun with the plural form of the verb, to say the United States "are" instead of the United States "is."

As the point was not deemed by anybody else worth quarreling over those who based their claim of nationality on the assertion of singularity had it all their own way; but the question has been decided by an international tribunal against the singularists. In a case recently argued before the supreme court of the United States, Justice Field referred with emphasis and approval to the fact that the United States in the constitution are spoken of in the plural, citing the third section of article 3, where it is declared that treason against the United States shall consist in levying war against "them," or in adhering to "their" enemies, etc. He cites also as a still later authority in point of time the declaration in the thirteenth amendment, that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall exist in the United States, or in any place subject to "their" jurisdiction.—Detroit Free Press.

SCROFULOUS TAINTS
Lurk in the blood of almost everyone. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunces, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing scrofula, the blood disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing their cause—impurities in the blood.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, etc.

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The Best CURE for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.
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If you use the Petaluma Incubator & Brooder, you will find it has saved others are waiting time by old processes. Catalogue sent free. Illustrated and describes every article needed for the poultry business.

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The Cream of Cod-liver Oil, is the life of the blood, the maker of sound flesh, solid bones and lung tissue, and the very essence of nourishment. Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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Consumption and Asthma, who have weak lungs or people, should use Pissa's Cure for Consumption. It has saved thousands. It has not injured anybody. It is the best cough cure. Sold everywhere, 50c.

How to Save Money.
Buy your GROCERIES and PROVISIONS of us, and we will save you money. We handle the best goods and deliver them on trains or boats. We buy and sell for spot cash, and sell goods cheaper than any other firm in the country. Send us your name and address, and we will mail you our new price list, which will be out soon. We offer to-day: Climax tobacco, 40 cents per pound. Dry cranberry sugar, 10c per pound. Best brand of flour per barrel. Best coal oil per case. Best brand of sugar per barrel. Best brand of coffee per pound. Best brand of tea per pound. Best brand of rice per pound. Best brand of macaroni per pound. Best brand of spaghetti per pound. Best brand of vermicelli per pound. Best brand of macaroni shells per pound. Best brand of macaroni tubes per pound. Best brand of macaroni bows per pound. Best brand of macaroni shells per pound. Best brand of macaroni tubes per pound. Best brand of macaroni bows per pound.

MARK L. COHN & CO., 148 Front Street, Portland, Or.

ALL THE SAME.

"Many days you have lingered about my cabin door; hard times, hard times come again no more." All the same Merry Christmas and Happy New Year passed as though the land was flowing with milk and honey. Some bought one thing and some bought another, but one of the best investments for a small sum paid well. It was not for a Christmas bush, but thousands got it and thousands who had suffered long and hard in being cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It leaves no trace behind, and all the same, the harder times will come no more to him. The luxury of health is worth a fortune.

Jewels in Great Profusion.
At the last drawing room of Queen Victoria there was a carnival of jewels. One reckless woman, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, was arrayed in a wide skirt whose many seams were outlined with diamonds and emeralds. The Duchess of Devonshire was a blaze of gems, and so was the Duchess of Buccleuch.

The marchioness seems to have been the only one who sewed up the seams of her skirt, so to speak, with jewels, but there was quite a goodly number whose bodice seams were outlined with diamonds. One lady wore a long string of diamonds across her breast, like an order. Jeweled hooks upon which to hang their fans were worn by most of the guests.

A quaint and beautiful fancy was the placing of a diamond in the heart of a rose worn in the hair or on the bodice. There it nestled like a great dewdrop, provided it was not lost in the crush. Necklaces in profusion were worn, and such was the passion for display that these were often supplemented by a band of velvet studded with stars. Birds, butterflies and flowers of jewels were quite common, and the veils were kept in place by long earrings formed into pins, but with the pendants free to flash out kaleidoscopic prismatic colors. The bodices were fastened at the back with diamonds, and one waist had a fringe of diamonds across the front. Jeweled girdles were also worn. The turquoise was represented whenever it would harmonize with the color of the gown. Emeralds were much worn, and the present supremacy of mauve or heliotrope had brought the amethyst out in force.—London Letter.

A Princess of the Royal Blood.
Eulalie is all right. She is one of us. We have given a hearty republican welcome, and she has made herself entirely at home with us. We have greeted her with the booming of cannon and the shrill whistles of our ferryboats. She was at first a little confused by the noise, but on being assured that it was intended as a compliment she declared that her head didn't ache and that she rather liked it.

The whole country is in love with her. She is a charming young woman, and the normal school girls do well to rave. When she said to them: "Well, young ladies, I am very much pleased at the manner in which you have received me. I am quite proud to be entertained by you," they thought her a fairy in disguise and clapped their hands in applause, but when she cried out impulsively, "I wish I were sitting on the benches with you girls," they could hardly contain themselves.

If any other princesses ever come to America, we shall judge them by the standard which Eulalie has furnished, for though an aristocrat in the historic sense she is as good a democrat as any of us.—New York Telegram.

BEFORE A FULL HEAD OF STEAM
is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, set on the break with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, biliousness, dizziness, and acute cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the harmful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure to wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits and other influences which tend to result in a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and hastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh-wasting diseases.

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Consumption and Asthma, who have weak lungs or people, should use Pissa's Cure for Consumption. It has saved thousands. It has not injured anybody. It is the best cough cure. Sold everywhere, 50c.

How to Save Money.
Buy your GROCERIES and PROVISIONS of us, and we will save you money. We handle the best goods and deliver them on trains or boats. We buy and sell for spot cash, and sell goods cheaper than any other firm in the country. Send us your name and address, and we will mail you our new price list, which will be out soon. We offer to-day: Climax tobacco, 40 cents per pound. Dry cranberry sugar, 10c per pound. Best brand of flour per barrel. Best coal oil per case. Best brand of sugar per barrel. Best brand of coffee per pound. Best brand of tea per pound. Best brand of rice per pound. Best brand of macaroni per pound. Best brand of spaghetti per pound. Best brand of vermicelli per pound. Best brand of macaroni shells per pound. Best brand of macaroni tubes per pound. Best brand of macaroni bows per pound. Best brand of macaroni shells per pound. Best brand of macaroni tubes per pound. Best brand of macaroni bows per pound.

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From High Government Authority.

No authority of greater experience on food products exists than Dr. Henry A. Mott, of New York. Dr. Mott's wide experience as Government Chemist for the Indian Department, gave him exceptional opportunities to acquaint himself with the qualities and constituent parts of baking powders. He understands thoroughly the comparative value of every brand in the market, and has from time to time expressed his opinion thereof. On a recent careful re-examination and analysis he finds

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

superior to all others in strength, purity, and efficiency. Dr. Mott writes:—

"New York, March 10th, 1894.

I find Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder to be superior to all others, for the following reasons:—

1st. It liberates the greatest amount of leavening gas and is consequently more efficient.

2nd. The ingredients used in its preparation are of the purest character.

3rd. Its keeping qualities are excellent.

4th. On account of the purity of the materials and their relative proportions, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder must be considered the acme of perfection as regards wholesomeness and efficiency, and I say this having in mind certificates I have given several years ago respecting two other baking powders.

The reasons for the change in my opinion are based on the above facts and the new method adopted to prevent your baking powder from caking and deteriorating in strength.

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph. D., L. L. D."

FIVE CONSONANTS IN A ROW.

A Polish Name That Sounds a Good Deal Like Two Successes.

A subscriber to the Milwaukee Sentinel is curious to know the correct pronunciation of the Polish name Brzezinski. He came across it in an account of an affair which took place on Sobieski street, that city, and evinced a desire to master its pronunciation. On investigation it was found that the name, if really spelled as indicated, must be pronounced Brzezinski, the "r" being sounded about as the English "sh," and the "cz" as the "ch" in "hitching."

Some of the Poles in Milwaukee are in favor of a reform in the spelling of their names. As a matter of fact, the letters in the Polish alphabet do not represent the same sounds as the letters in the Latin or English alphabet. For instance, the Polish "w" is equivalent to the English "v," and the "s" sometimes assumes the sound of "sh," the "z" that of the English "z" in azure. The Polish tongue contains a great many more sounds than the old Latin did, and in order to express the additional sounds in Latin characters it was found necessary to combine different consonants. The result is that a person familiar only with the English language regards the Polish names as jawbreakers and despairs over their pronunciation.

A reform in the spelling of Polish names similar to the reform adopted by Mrs. Modjeska in the spelling of her name would be a great relief to hundreds of people. Modjeska's name in Polish is spelled Modrzewska, in a manner in which no Englishman or American living would be able to pronounce it. Czerninski would sound the same way as Czerninski, only everybody would be able to read it.

NO DEBT.
It is not merely pain that people dread in sickness. Many a man will bear the pain unflinchingly who utterly breaks down in view of the heavy expense involved, often increased by his being incapacitated for work and thus deprived of his income.

To such persons ALCOCK'S FORNIX PLASTER are an unpayable boon. They are within the reach of every one. They are genuine, too. Notwithstanding the innumerable counterfeits and imitations it is always easy for anybody to make sure of getting the real thing at a low price.

Any one suffering from weakness of the chest, throat, stomach, kidneys, liver or from lame back will find them a cheap and sure remedy.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are a good corrective. Tammany's arithmetic as brought down to date: Addition, division and silence; subtraction, investigation, incarceration.

TRY GERMA for breakfast.

Use Khameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

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ANTICIPATING FAME.

BESANT'S PATHETIC STORY OF "PAUL THE WANDERER."

The Quiet Dignity of a Man Who Was Living For Posterity—A Pretty Little Skit Written in the English Novelist's Inimitable Style.

I knew him for several years before his death. When I first made his acquaintance, he was already an old man. He was also, as was evident from the first, a very poor man. He went about shabbily dressed. He carried biscuits in his pocket to the reading room on which he lunched or took snacks at intervals during the day. Perhaps he had dinner afterward, but I always suspected his dinner to be an uncertain and a movable feast. It was understood that I got to know him by sitting next to him day after day. We exchanged the amenities of the reading room, apologized for crowding each other with books, abused the talkers, remarked on the impudence of those who go to the room in order to flirt and so forth. When I got to know him better, I made little discoveries about him, as, for instance, that he liked a glass of beer in the middle of the day and that he could not afford the twopenny. I may say, not boastfully, that I was able to offer him this little luxury. We used to go out together for the purpose. He was good enough to take an interest in my work. He proved to have a considerable knowledge of books and gave me considerable help in this way.

One Sunday I met him in the street. We stopped to speak. He lamented the closing of the museum on Sunday. For his own part, he said, he would have the reading room open every day in the week. Why close the avenues of knowledge? Why damn the fountains and springs of wisdom? So we walked and talked. He was perfectly dignified in his manner, though his great coat was so thin and shabby that one might be ashamed to be seen with him. He stopped presently at the door of a house in High Street, Holborn.

"I lodge here," he said. "Will you come up stairs and see my hermitage?" I remember that he called it grandly his hermitage. He led the way; the stairs were dark and dirty; he took me to the fifth, or fifty-fifth, floor. He lived in the back attic.

"This," he said, "is the coil of the recluse. I live here quite retired. There are other lodgers, I believe, but I do not know them. I live here with my library in simplicity. The air is wholesome at this height."

He threw open the window and sniffed the fragrance of the neighboring chimneys. The room was clean; the furniture was scanty; there was no fire in the grate; on a shelf were about 25 books—his library. The man looked perfectly contented with his hermitage. There were no papers on the table, nothing to show that he was a writer.

I do not know how he lived—certainly he did not work at the museum—but he never borrowed. In one corner stood a wooden chest. He lifted the lid and nodded and laughed.

"Aha!" he said, "now I am going to reveal a secret. You didn't know, nobody at the museum knows, the people in the house don't know, that I am—what do you think?—a poet. It is 20 years since I paid for the publication of my collected poetical works. Yes, sir, and I am going not only to communicate this secret to your honor—in safe keeping—but to present you with a copy. There, my young friend!" He produced a thin volume. "I am Paul the Wanderer." In fact, the title page bore the legend, "Collected Poetical Work of Paul the Wanderer."

"Thirty years," he repeated. "There were 500 copies. The press received 50, the public bought four; there remained 448. I have now given you one. There now remain 445. I have bequeathed these to the public libraries of the nation. Sir, you are young. You will yourself perhaps publish your poems. Remember for your comfort that it takes 50 years, or, two generations, for the noblest poets to take their proper place. Greatness—true, stable, solid greatness, not the empty applause given to an ephemeral favorite—requires 50 years at least. Go, sir! Take the book I have given you, and in after years, when I am gone, tell the world that you knew—Paul the Wanderer!"

I wrong his hand in silence and left him. More than 50 years have passed since he published that work. No one has yet spoken to me of Paul the Wanderer, his self respect and his content. He was anticipating and enjoying his future fame. He was living for posterity. Present poverty and neglect were nothing.—Walter Besant in London Queen.



HENRY MEYER

day appealed to the winner, and after she had promised to keep her husband from gambling again Meyer returned to her all the money her husband had lost.

"It was the one good act of my professional career," he said in telling his story to a New York Recorder reporter, "and that counts for but little."

After he had become a professional gambler his people had cast him off, and during all the time he was abroad he had not heard from home. One day in March, 1893, he was in Hamburg and intended to sail next day for New York. He was approached on the street by a boyish-looking young fellow, who said:

"Excuse me, but you have been pointed out to me as a man who has phenomenal success at cards. I should be glad to test your luck myself."

Meyer agreed readily and entered a gambling house. The two men soon seated at a table, with an understanding that they should play until one was "broke." Luck ran Meyer's way almost from the start. His young opponent was plucky, though, and seemed to have plenty of money. From 9 o'clock to 4 the game went on, and then the young man's money was gone. He had lost \$12,000.

"I can get more and demand another chance," he said.

"Very well," replied Meyer.

The young fellow borrowed \$5,000 from another habitue of the place, and this, too, was soon added to Meyer's pile. Without a word his opponent got up from the table and walked into an adjoining room. Meyer, thinking he had gone to get more money, waited. Then came the report of a pistol.

"I realized who had been done," said Meyer in telling his story, "and with an attendant rushed into the garden. There lay my young opponent, a pistol beside him. I bent over him to loosen his collar, and as I did so some letters and a photograph fell from his pocket.

"The picture was that of a woman, and as I picked it up I saw looking into my face the eyes of my own mother. Then and then only I recognized in the features of the dead man the likeness of my younger brother, whom I had not seen since I left home 14 years before. The letters bore his name. It was my brother's murderer—yes, his murderer as much as if my hand and not his held the fatal pistol."

From the letters found in his brother's pocket Meyer learned that his parents were at that time in France. They were on their way to visit their son. Meyer notified his parents of his brother's murder and on their arrival met them. But the story was known, and their greetings were curses upon the outcast, who had not only disgraced them, but driven their other son to suicide.

"You are his murderer—yes, his murderer," cried the heartbroken mother. The affliction dethroned her reason, and she lay today in an insane asylum, while Meyer devotes all his spare time to missionary work among thoughtless victims of the gaming habit.

Recording the Losses.
In primitive times, when men went into the fight, it is hardly supposable that anything like a roster was kept, nor any bulletin printed. "Dead, Missing, Wounded." According to tradition, the method employed to record the losses in battle was simple. Before going into the fight every man took a stone and deposited it in a heap. After the battle the survivors took away each one a stone. Nothing was easier than to count those stones which were uncalled for. The remainder showed the loss of life.

—Walter Besant in London Queen.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the "Invalide" Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., compounded this medicine of vegetable ingredients which had an especial effect upon the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with pure blood, they will do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or perlin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called elixirs mixture, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings, are completely cured by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the whole system.

Mrs. K. HENKE, of No. 866 North Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I regard my improvement as simply wonderful. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his Pleasant Pellets I have gained weight and strength, particularly in back and stomach. My liver was dreadfully enlarged and I suffered greatly from dyspepsia. No physician could give relief."

Now, after two months I am entirely relieved of my disease. My appetite is excellent, my food well digested, bowels regular and sleep much improved.

WORLD'S FAIR! HIGHEST AWARD!
"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE!"

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Savior of Invalids and the Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, and a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach