Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TYLER'S FRUIT PALACE.

It Is Just Now One of the Lone Star State's Great Attractions.

The great Texas fruit palace which is now being inspected by thousands of visitors to Tyler is a building well worth the attention of a tourist in the Lone Star State. The interior walls and columns are covered with green moss and paneled with German millet and stalks of sugar cane. The corners are bracketed with sheaves of wheat, and the great arches are festooned with the various products of the fields of Texas. During the past few years Tyler has become the center of a great fruit growing district, and the main feature of the exposition is an exhibit of fruits and flowers. It is said that the fruits and vegetables grown in the vicinity of Tyler are not even surpassed by those raised in the wonderful valleys of California.

Outside the palace the talent of the landscape gardener has transformed a virgin forest of gigantic oaks into a park

FRUIT PALACE, TYLER, TEX.

that is adorned with flowers, electric fountains and rustic bridges, and an artificial lake of great beauty is also one of its attractions. What is said to be the finest bicycle track in the state has been constructed around the entire grounds of the exposition, and cycle races are of daily occurrence. The Dixie guards of Little Rock, a company composed exclusively of pretty women, gives exhibitions each day of a military character, and there are numerous other ingenious amusement schemes to attract and entertain visitors.

Tyler is the county seat of Smith county, is located in the northeastern part of the great state and is a railroad center of considerable importance. In 1890 the population was nearly 7,000, but Tyler has grown rapidly since then and is one of the flourishing cities of the Lone Star State.

Didn't Understand Twins.

A festival in the family drew homeward the scattered kindred. The boys, twins, had been long parted, and meanwhile one had married and in his widowerhood reared his little son, now 7 years old. To him, by name Bobby, newly arrived in the house, enters the uncle whom he had never seen, so perfect a corroboration of his father that Bobby runs to him at once, clings to him and hugs his knees. A moment later, when his father really came and the laughing company were on the brink of comment and explanation, the poor little man, giving him one mortally shocked glance, fell to the floor, sobbing, "Don't want—two—papas!"

The resident puppy, familiar with the bachelor brother, had almost as disturbing an experience. He stared and stared at Bobby's father, upon their introduction, sniffed at his garments, wavered and stared again. Then he leaped upon his own friend and next upon the image and echo of him bewildered, and finally backed into the corner, after making a brave stand against the supernatural, his insulted eye upon both men, barking and growling and indulging generally in the doggerel for thunder.—Chap Book.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

In all governments there must of necessity be both the law and the sword.—Colton.

Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—Bacon.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—Shenstone.

When will love die? Not till the stars die; not till the heavens fall; love will outlast them all.—Anon.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee doing.—Quarles.

A surface judgment is a daring one indeed if it presumes to be other than a pleasant one.—Miss Mulock.

It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—Emerson.

Neatness and Health.

Cleanliness is the safeguard of health. People who are not clean catch all manner of unpleasant things. The history of plagues is the history of unsanitary conditions. When the cholera shows its hideous claws, the authorities begin at once to clean up the foul neighborhoods. Mortality is frail, but its preservation is neatness.—New York World.

The Way They Talk.

Bing—How do parrots talk?

Bang—In pollysyllables, of course.—San Francisco Post.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, by the use of these little "Pellets" they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases. The "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks and kindred derangements of liver, stomach and bowels.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Whatever a Man May Do She Is Said to Insist Upon Doing.

The new woman is popularly supposed to be a woman of liberal education and advanced ideas, a woman prepared to maintain her rights and claim her privileges, and make and keep a fair standing ground for herself in whatever field she chooses to exploit her convictions or exert her abilities. She is supposed to look with a certain disfavor on domesticity, to go about with a chip on her shoulder among old-fashioned people who fancy that a woman's natural sphere is in the narrow world of home. The new woman, we learn incidently, cares little for marriage, regarding it as an incident in life, but proudly holding herself above the old stupid notion that love and matrimony are cardinal points in the destiny of her sex. She is said to be opposed to be sacrificing herself on the altar of childhood, and to look with pitiful scorn on the mother of a half-dozen boys and girls. Whatever a man may do, this product of the fin de siecle fancy is said to insist upon doing, setting her feet firmly down on the antiquated myths which once obtained—the myth of the weaker to protection by the stronger, of the adoration of the mother as the most blessed of all women on the earth, of the queenly dignity of her who rules the home and keeps alight the fire on the hearth.

Our question is where to find this personage so glibly described and discussed, but so elusive when she is sought? She is absent from our drawing rooms, where today, as in former years, gracious matrons and fascinating maidens impart to society the ease, the flavor, the sweetness, which make the intercourse of well-bred people with one another equally reposeful and stimulating.

She is not to be discovered in the innumerable professions and trades which women have made their own, from the pulpit to the printing-office. The woman doctor, albeit an excellent physician, is as womanly as our mother Eve, and one seeks in vain for novelty in the woman professor, artist, minister, clerk, type-writer, journalist or women engaged in any avocation known to the utility of the hour. Purely womanly under the student's cap or gown, or under the frills and flutings of the beautifully arrayed debutante, our women of the hour are just what their mothers and grandmothers were—sincere, single-hearted, straightforward, impulsive, emotional, self-denying lovable, tenderly loving beings. "God Almighty made them to match the men," and until he unmakes them they are unlikely to change in any very important particular.—Harper's Bazar.

SUNLIGHT MADE TO ORDER.

It Is a Prismatic Experiment, in General Terms, Applied to Electricity.

Telsa, says an article quoted in Current Literature, had two big undertakings on hand when his laboratory caught on fire and was destroyed in New York. The more important of these, from his point of view, was the production of light by the vibration of the atmosphere. According to the inventor, the light of the sun is the result of vibrations in 94,000,000 miles of either, which separate us from the center of the solar system of which we are a part. Telsa's idea is to produce here on earth vibrations similar to those which cause sunlight, and thus give us a light as intense as that of the sun, with no danger of obstruction from the clouds. The inventor has already done something towards accomplishing this end when the fire occurred. It is understood that he has again taken the subject up in a way. To illustrate his principle it is only necessary to take a long bar of glass and note the brilliancy of the light it produces through vibration alone. It is a prismatic experiment, in general terms, applied to electricity. Telsa can compute vibrations as readily as most people count they would like to have. He can tell you the number of vibrations produced by a fly in action and draw intersting comparisons therefrom. For example, this young man from Smiljan will tell you that a certain kind of fly peculiar to the swamps of Central America moves his wings about 25,000 times to the second. You may doubt the accuracy of this statement in your own mind, but if you hunger for details Tesla will sit down and convince you with figures adduced from a scientific contemplation of the problem.

"All I have to do," he said recently, "is to duplicate the number of vibrations required to light up the sun, and the practicability of my theory will have been demonstrated. It is difficult for me to give you an idea that you will readily grasp about this question of vibration. In ordinary life our minds do not deal with the figures that come up in such investigations. I have come to the conclusion that the sunlight is produced by five hundred trillion vibrations of the atmosphere per second. In order to manufacture the same kind of light it will be necessary to produce an equal number of vibrations by machinery. I have succeeded to a certain point, but am still at work on the task."

Striped crepons are very fashionable. Many of the silk and satin crepons show flowered grounds and lace stripes. These goods are made up over taffeta silk.

Black and white is more fashionable than it has ever been before. Black and white lightweight silks, very narrowly striped, are among the season's most popular fabrics.

This is a season of box plaits. They are often made of passementerie and of rows of overlapping ribbon, which begin on the shoulder, cross the bust diagonally and end at the waist line.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

If you'd be happy all the day,
Never have wrinkles, never grow gray,
Feel like your work was nothing but play,
Be sure that comfort had come to stay,
Just let the women have their way,
Just let the women have their say.
—Detroit Free Press.

CATCHING A TARTAR

A sunny morning in June. The platform crowded—cheap trippers for Southsea, heavy swells and swelles for the links at Hayling island, with bags of golf sticks. The yachting man, strongly in evidence, sunburnt and puffing a cigarette vigorously. If he is a new hand—a Dickey Sam—he wears a cloth peaked cap with the club burgee, a well cut coat of serge or pilot cloth bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel continuations and white shoes. No man was ever so much a seadog as the yachting tyro looks.

The older sailing men, those to the manner born—"swagger squadron men," who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean, frock coats, loose trousers turned up, pointed boots, immaculate collars and glossy hats—the aim of the man who has lived is to look as much like a stockbroker as possible. Of course, down at the Castle or on Ryde pier they will blossom into a seasonable crop of buttons and burgees and display remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deep—the sailing master—if the water looks a bit choppy.

Two people attracted a lot of attention by their palpable efforts at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak, with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton white hair and mustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.

Each box and bag was blazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and then told one another guardedly and under promises of profound secrecy "that was Prince Paul Demtoff, the owner of the new 100 rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girllike. A neat, natty blue serge Redfern frock; a sunburnt straw nat, with a dark blue ribbon; tiny tanned boots; a white shirt, with a turndown collar, and flowing tie completed her costume, saving a thick gossamer veil that completely hid her face, and but for the whiteness and purity of her neck it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement. It was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a birdlike quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelless, twitched nervously round the handle of the morocco monogrammed case she carried. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked toward her with the easy, firm self assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.

He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said in perfect English, with the mere scent of an accent: "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now his hat was off he appeared a prematurely white haired man of 45 or 50, with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.

"Thank you very much," came in a soft sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not only lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and"—with a little shrug—"I am afraid that pile of luggage is yours."

"That is mine, madame. I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going? To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train? Pardon, do not trouble. I will see that all is arranged."

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backsheesh, and the missing bag with a dainty monogram and small crest was placed carefully on the rack of the first class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collusion and a lavish tip, for, though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty until the train started, and they found themselves alone, securely locked in.

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly, "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"

He was desolated. Of course she missed her maid, but he was afraid not for some hours.

"Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"

"Yes, madame is glad. She does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, titled, rich, but horrid. No mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azuregore, in Guernsey.

Yes, she was Lady Constance Azuregore. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. That was why she trusted him so implicitly on the platform, of course. But if she was veiled, why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? "Come, now," anxiously, "a lady? An elopement?"

No, no, and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demtoff and had fallen between two stools—had incurred the enmity of the imperial court through coquetting with the nihilists. That meant the Alexiefsky Ravelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg, and, on the other hand, finding the "party of progress" going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag.

"You must pardon me, prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know I half thought you were a detective?"

By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced deftly a table cloth, plates, knives, forks and servilettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken. Their mutual confessions had lessened embarrassment, and the lady, after making a little mone, said that she was so hungry and so glad to eat, etc.

They chatted and laughed as the train sped through the beautiful country, and by the time Southampton was thought of she had smoked half a mild cigarette and he had kissed her hand.

She readjusted her veil, and he assumed his big cloak with a sigh as the whistle of the train signaled the station.

"The Guernsey boat does not leave till midnight. What are you going to do? Where will you put up?"

"I don't know. I will never be taken back alive. And you, you are hunted. What will you do?"

"Go on board my yacht. She is lying off here, and the gig waits for this train at the landing steps. I must hail them, as none of them know me. My agent has engaged an entirely new crew, skipper included, all English. I want no nihilists on board." And he looked moodily out of the window.

She made a sudden movement, as if about to speak, but drew back. Again she leaned forward, and the repetiton roused him from his thoughts. He looked up and saw her eyes glistening even through the thick veil. She was crying!

"What is the matter? You are frightened. Can I help you?"

"I hardly dare ask you. You may think badly of me, but I will not be forced into this detestable marriage. Can you—may I"——

He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes—in all honor, yes." And he held out both his hands, and with a sob almost hysterical she placed her tiny gloves in them as the train stopped.

They left the station by a side door unnoticed, and walking down the broad graveled road with the soft sward and the old time cannon passed the crumbling walls and found the boat manned by six bronzed typical yachtsmen, the skipper, a fine looking old man, sitting motionless in the stern sheets holding the yoke lines.

"Do you know a respectable woman who can look after this lady until the mail boat starts?" asked the prince as he handed her carefully on board and passed her portmanteau. She carried the morocco case herself.

"Well, surr, I've took the libbaty of invitin my old woman on board today. She's been a stewardess, surr."

"Capital, captain. Now, lads, give way!"

The boat soon shot alongside a beautiful schooner yacht. The crew manned the gangway as the prince and Lady Constance came on board, and a motherly, sunburned woman courtesied her through an exquisitely furnished saloon cabin into a bijou boudoir with a lace curtained bunk and a host of feminine fripperies.

"I may sail tonight. Is all ready? Right. Take the boat and go ashore, bring off my luggage and anything we may want from the ship's stores. And, Johnson, keep the men afloat, but you just find out if there is any hue and cry about a lady eloping."

Captain Johnson, an old merchant captain, slowly winked and looked very knowing. "H'm!" he said to himself, "I half s'spected as much. That's the sort of owner I likes to sail with. Lots o' yellow boys kickin about this voyage, I lay."

In about an hour he returned, and doffing his peaked cap said mysteriously, "I spoke to my cousin, the pleeceman, an he says there's a lot o' cockney detectives down a-watchin the station an the Guernsey packet for some young 'ooman."

Her ladyship had washed all travel stains away and changed her frock. She looked like a fresh rosebud, but her face grew deathly pale, her eyes dilated, and the nerve lines deepened into marks of agony when he told her the captain's story. He thought she was going to faint and made as though to catch her. With a supreme effort she regained her self possession and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Oh, save me! Take me to Guernsey in your yacht, or I will jump overboard!"

He turned on his heel without replying and went up the companionway on deck.

"Johnson, your wife doesn't mind a trip to sea?"

"Lor bless yer royal 'ighness, she's dying for a sniff of the ocean!"

"Get under weigh at once."

"Aye, aye, sir! All hands on deck! Tumble up, my hearties!"

Her face flushed deeply when she heard the clank of the chain pump and the flapping of the foresail, and she thanked him with both hands and a sweet smile.

Under a good southwesterly breeze the yacht spun along merrily, throwing the foam in long, beautiful, featherlike curves from her clipper stern.

The lady stood leaning dreamily against the side ropes, and the prince, an experienced sailor evidently, took the tiller and threaded the way carefully through the crowd of craft. For a time neither spoke; then, abruptly giving the management to the appreciatively critical skipper, he beckoned her into the cabin.

"I will land you at Guernsey tomorrow morning," he said, "but I have been deceiving you. I am not Prince Paul Demtoff. I am his valet. I have robbed him of 1,000,000 rubles and am now going to the Argentine in his yacht," and he stood up rigidly and faced her.

She smiled and said calmly: "Very good! Take me with you. I am not Lady Constance Azuregore. I am her maid, but I've got her jewel case."—Million.

The Most Horrible Poison.

"It is a strange fact," said a physician, "that six out of ten would be suicides now resort to that most horrible of all deadly doses, carbolic acid. It causes more pain, more genuine, lingering agony, than any deadly dose I can mention. Yet its popularity continues to increase, especially among the unfortunate members of the half world who have become weary of life and seek the comforts of the grave. The antidote? Oh, an antidote after the acid has been swallowed is of little avail. A mixture of flour and water should be given; also mucilaginous drinks. I once had a patient recover after taking a small quantity of the acid, and she said she thought she was swallowing molten lead. It is a horrible life destroyer."

Unmoved by a Death Sentence.

Wilfred Flowers, the Notts cricketer, who has been allotted a benefit in the coming season by the County club, was present at Notts assizes to hear the trial of Edmund Kesteven, professional cricketer of Sutton-in-Ashfield, for murder, says the London Telegraph. The jury found the accused guilty, and Mr. Justice Hawkins had just passed sentence of death, when Kesteven, who was quite unmoved, looked up at the gallery where Flowers was standing and shouted, "A good benefit to ye, Flowers!"

Polar Ballooning.

One cannot but hope that some one of the expeditions sent out to explore the Arctic will reach the North Pole, make endless photographs of it, and secure volumes of detail about its magnetic currents and topographical peculiarities, and set at rest the fever that has raged among the adventurous for explorations in regions which have proved only fatal to humanity. It seems as if the new expedition were simply courting death in a new way, for it is very doubtful whether, since the idea of a northwest passage from Europe to Asia was abandoned, the actual discovery of the Polte would add enough to our knowledge to do more than satisfy general curiosity. The position of the Pole is a geographical certainty, and it is doubtless bleak and forbidding beyond description, yet men are insatiable in their efforts to attain the possible, and will doubtless persevere until a means has been found of reaching it. Mr. Andree, the Swedish engineer, is about to seek the North Pole by balloon, and his project is seconded by men noted in the scientific world. The balloon is to be built in Paris at a cost of $10,000, and will be so constructed as to be capable of being filled with gas at any point in the Polar regions whither gas in cylinders will have been transported. The aeronaut expects to cruise from a central point over the entire Polar basin, to explore it and secure such full details concerning its peculiarities that the curiosity of meteorologists and explorers and learned scientific bodies in general shall be completely satisfied. How many lives will have to be sacrificed in this new way cannot be foretold, but ballooning in other latitudes is extra hazardous. In the Polar regions it seems foolhardy.—Current Literature.

Angling for Human Fish.

A novelty in the way of sport, says an article quoted in Current Literature, was inaugurated the other day at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, when a series of curious angling contests was begun in the swimming annex. Fishermen of reputation demonstrated their skill with cord and line in attempts to bring to land human fish, who, having been duly hooked, cleverly imitated salmon in their efforts to regain freedom. The result was always entertaining, and frequently very exciting, especially when the angler and the "fish" were fairly matched. In the first competition, although Mr. Hardy, of Ainwick, with a seven-ounce trout rod and line, essayed three times to overcome Ives, a strong swimmer of 196 pounds weight, the latter on one occasion succeeded in breaking the line. Miss Burnett, whose weight is 154 pounds, proved an excellent fish; and Mr. Slater, of Newark, who angled in the Nottingham style, with a green-heart rod and a spinning undressed line, had not succeeded in landing her when time was called after ten minutes' hard fighting. Another lady, Miss Sylvia, of slighter build, however, gave in to the angling of Mr. Ogden, of Cheltenham, in eight minutes.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

Make great endings sometimes. Ailments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atrocious maladies, dangerous in themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Edith—So you prefer a long engagement! Well, I wouldn't, Blanche—If you liked theaters as well as I do you would.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Visitor—What do you think, Miss Jennie? I dreamt last night that I saw you in your coffin. Jennie—You don't say so? What kind of a dress did I have on?

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

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Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price, 25 cents.

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and aches of an annoying nature, a torturous nature, a dangerous nature, can be quickly and surely cured with Pain-Killer. As no one is proof against pain, no one should be without Pain-Killer. This good old remedy kept at hand, will save much suffering and many calls on the doctor. For all summer complaints of grown folks or children it has stood without an equal for over half a century. No time like the present to get a bottle of

Pain-Killer

Sold everywhere. The quantity has been doubled but the price remains the same, 25c. Look out for worthless imitations. Buy only the genuine, bearing the name—PERRY DAVIS & SON.

SHEEP-DIP LITTLE'S POWDER DIP---THE BEST MADE! Mixes with cold water. Reliable and safe. JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Portland, Or. Gen. Agt's for Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Dakota & Montana.

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Preserves all kinds of Fruit without cooking, and retains their natural flavor.

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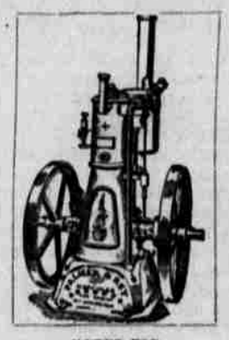

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