None but Royal

Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

When the Buffalo Disappeared.

In 1876 Fort Benton alone sent 80,000 buffalo hides to market. In 1883 two carloads were shipped from Dickinson, North Dakota. In 1884 Fort Benton sent none at all. In 1879 a little band of the animals were known to be grazing near Fort Totten, on Devil Lake, North Dakota, and it is believed that these animals furnished the two carloads of robes which came eastward to St. Paul from Dickinson in 1883. This was the last year of the buffalo—1883. A herd, numbering perhaps 80,000, crossed the Yellowstone river in that year and went north toward the British line. "They never came back," is the pitiful refrain which one hears from the Indians along the border from Winnipeg in Manitoba to St. Mary's Lakes in Alberta.

No, they never came back while riding with the officers of the Nanadian mounted police through Alberta, they told me the story of this last year of the buffalo, but it was never told twice alike by any two men, for a strange mystery seems to hang over the closing scene of the great crime which annihilated the mighty herds.—Hamlin Russell in Harper's.

The Waiter's Mistake.

He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and getting up he said to the waiter, "I declare if I haven't forgotten my purse!" The waiter fired up and hurled big words at him for fully three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came the stranger continued, "But I have a £5 note here in my waistcoat pocket!" The waiter could not smile to save his life.—London Tit-Bits.

ANTI-FERMENTINE

Is a HARMLESS preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Antifermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-fermentine.

"I'm going West," said Bloggs, "with an invention that will make my name familiar in every—." "What have you invented?" "A new quarrel for Kansas."

THREE TROUBLES.

3 Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS.

3 Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

3 to do are simply these Buy it, try it and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of

"German Syrup"

I simply state that I am Druggist and Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have tried many Cough Syrups but for ten years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my baby for Croup with the most satisfactory results Every mother should have it. J. H. HOBBS, Druggist and Postmaster, Moffat, Texas. We present facts, living facts, of to-day Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute. 6

Brooklyn Hotel

208-212 Bush St., San Francisco.

This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good if not the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco.

Home Comforts! Cuisine Unexcelled!

First-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. *Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.* Board and room per day, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00; board and room per week, $7 to $12; single rooms, 50c to $1. Free coach to and from hotel.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

A HUMAN NIGHTMARE.

Experience of a Drummer With a Woman Who Was Mistaken For a Freak.

"Have you ever had a nightmare in which some fearful danger threatened you and you couldn't move or get out of the way?" asked Hermann Solomon of a crowd of peripatetic story tellers at the Richelieu hotel.

"Several years ago I had several of the nocturnal visitors every night for a week and grew very weary of them, for in spite of my determination not to let them bully me out of my equanimity I would nearly expire every night and awake with cold perspiration breaking out all over me. Toward the last of that interesting week I stopped with a landlord in northern Arkansas and resolved as I went to sleep that come what would I would positively refuse to give in in the least to my imagination.

"Some time past midnight the usual scare came. This time it was a tall and angular woman in white, with a long butcherknife. Mentally, I was congratulating myself that at last I was learning to overcome the foolish fears of nightmares and wondering how it would pass off. I saw the demoniac grin as she flourished the knife in front of my face almost without a tremor, and when she laughed a wild, unearthly laugh I gave a start and found it all real and that I was actually awake.

"Scared? That word can't express it. I dropped on the other side of the bed as she made a slash at me, and as she ran around the bed I crawled under, reached the door and went down the steps about three at a time ahead of her. By the time we reached 'the big road' I think I had gained several feet, as she had more clothing to interfere with her progress than I had just then. I had imagined that a man really scared couldn't move. Well, I will give any odds desired on the proposition that I moved down that road, and I don't think I would need any corroborative testimony to convince any one who saw me that I was scared.

"About a mile down the road I ran into the arms of her husband and sons who were out looking for her. She was a little 'outen her head' at times, they said, and she had evidently entered the open door at my landlord's and reached my room without any one knowing it. As her relatives took her home I sadly retraced my steps and found the whole family aroused. The explanation was satisfactory, and the adventure cured me of nightmares."—Syracuse Herald.

Literary Blunders.

We all make and we all meet with many amusing literary blunders. The worst of it is that we readily forget them. Every one should keep a book of these delightful things, which please us with a sudden sense of superiority. Among misprints is knises. "Some swing on hooks, some run knises through their hands," said an article in The Edinburgh Review. Here every one would emend by knives or krisses—knives was the real reading. In "The Monastery" Scott wrote about "nursing evil passions." This was printed "morsing," and the verb "to morse" was defended by writers in Notes and Queries.

It has lately been pointed out that in the "Surgeon's Daughter" Scott is made to say that the "nautch girls perfume their voluptuous eastern domes," whereas the real reading must be "perform their voluptuous eastern dances." But we are not aware that the coquille has been corrected. In "Pendennis" a boy is said to excel in "running and pumping." This must mean "jumping," though the actual competition would have its merits. There are no ridings in Yorkshire, triding is the right word, but there is a "World Riding" in Mr. Morris' "Heimskringla."—London Saturday Review.

The Right and Left.

The buttons on coats, etc., are placed on the right side and the shed of the hair in boys to the left, evidently to suit manipulation by the right hand. The great philosopher Newton records that at first he confined his astronomical observations to his right eye, but afterward he managed to train his left. But there are persons who could not do this, owing to the unequal strength of their eyes. Strange to say, the Chinese assign the place of honor to the left.

At Kunyenye, in Africa, Cameron relates being introduced to the heir presumptive to the throne, the nails of whose left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length as a sign of high rank, proving that he was never required to perform manual labor, and also providing him with the means of tearing the meat which formed his usual diet.—Chambers' Journal.

New York Oculists Receive Large Fees.

Oculists in New York perform the most delicate surgical operations. There are two or three in the city whose incomes from their profession range above $200,000 a year and who treat thousands of patients every year. They conduct their work with the most absolute disregard of the worldly position of their patients. From many of their patients they receive no fee for their services. Should any man in this profession refuse advice on the ground that a patient was unable to pay a fee, he would be ruined if the fact were to become known.—Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hypnotism In a New Light.

Hypnotism is apparently a distinct Portland fad. A nervous young lady in that city, who was to read a paper before a literary society, got a doctor to hypnotize her so that she shouldn't become rattled, and the result was perfect composure during the ordeal. The literary essay quite often succeeds in hypnotizing the audience into a deliciously devitalized condition, but the idea of putting the reader to sleep is brand new.

THE YELLOW BALL GOWN

Speaking of circumstantial evidence, my dear fellow, let me tell you a curious little instance in my own life. It begins with my wedding day, which was on May 1, 1888, you remember, and it ends just a year ago tonight. Let me pour you out a drop more of this claret cup. No? Very well, then, at least take a fresh cigar. I will put on one more lump of Liverpool and then to my story.

You know that I married Julie Trowe, of course, the sweetest, prettiest, brightest little woman who ever breathed, and that she made the loveliest bride the sun ever shone upon; her trousseau—well, upon my soul, I am not much even now on a woman's garments—but she had the prettiest lot of "things," I believe they call them, that were ever made, and among them was a certain yellow ball gown. You remember it? Is it possible? A filmy, sheeny sort of an affair, over satin, with great trailing wreaths of golden rod trimming—isn't that what they call it?—trimming the corsage and the train, and doing duty for shoulder straps or sleeves, or whatever they are.

I tell you, old fellow, when Julie came down one night after we got home from our wedding tour into this very little cozy library of ours at No. — — avenue, with that gown on, ready to go to one of the Assembly balls, I fairly jumped to my feet with astonishment at her beauty.

I caught sight of her first in the mirror yonder—a perfect vision, a kind of golden glory of womanhood, with her amber hair all piled up on top of her stately little head; those topazes I had given her—you were with me when I bought them, weren't you, during the first week of our engagement?—and her hands and arms encircled in loose, wrinkled gloves of a fainter hue than the gown. My dear sir, she was not, as those artist fellows say, "a symphony in yellow," but a perfect Gloria in gold!

I knew that my bride was a lovely girl, but I had not thought she could be so strikingly queenly and so originally unique, without the least touch of questionable dash in her appearance.

"Julie," I said, putting my arms around her, "you look like some angel come floating down from Paradise on a yellow sunset cloud. Where did you get the idea of this gown? It is a darling thing—a yellow haired girl done up to match."

She laughed and put her two soft arms about my throat in a quaint little fashion of her own.

"Why, Tom, you stupid fellow," she cried: "where did I get the idea from? Indeed, from myself, to be sure! I thought if a yellow girl had been so fortunate," and here the witch made a most sarcastic little grimace, "as to capture the Hon. Tom Marfle, member of congress, perhaps a continuation and expansion of the yellow theory might not prove unsuccessful."

Julie laughed her own musical, ringing laugh as I pressed her still more closely to me in my assurance that I had not in my life seen a woman so beautiful, so entrancing, so captivating as my own little woman in her yellow ball gown.

We presently left for the assembly, and you perhaps recall the sensation she made. Ah! true, I remember, you were east, but you heard of it when you got back. Of course you did.

I shall never forget the impression she created as she entered that big, brilliant room, leaning a little languidly as to the touch of her arm on mine, but with her head so proudly, royally posed.

Every one fell down before her. Even old General Beatty, who growls at the mention of a woman's name, actually asked my darling to dance a quadrille with him—fact. And she did it, too, smiling up at old seventy as if, 'pon my honor! it had been myself.

As we drove home I tried to tell her how vain and proud I had been of her, and all she did was to bury her head on my shoulder and whisper, with a little amused laugh:

"Oh, Tom! it was nothing—nothing in this world but my yellow ball gown. If I had worn blue or pink or green no one would have taken the slightest notice of Mrs. Tom Marfle, but because she had the aplomb to imitate nature in the color of her hair, and get on a gown to match instead of to contrast with it, she has made what society calls a sensation."

"I should think she had, by Jove!" I replied.

Well, as the season wore on it was curious, but whenever the girl wore that gown she made the most stirring success—not that she wasn't admired in blues and greens and reds, you understand, but, somehow or other, whenever that yellow gown was on she simply created wild havoc, and it got to be so that whenever I was anxious to have her make herself specially agreeable to any public man of my acquaintance of my own party—or the other side, either—I used to beg her to wear it.

It was a thorough mascot, and gradually Julie got to believe in it as much as I.

Why, my dear boy, do you know that Senator Manley would never have cast his vote for that iron tariff bill had it not been for that yellow ball gown? Never! That settled the question, sir. Julie had it on when she asked him to vote for it.

I suppose you think I am a fool.

Julie used to call me a dear stupid goose whenever I begged her to wear it, and often added:

"Well, I must say, Mr. Tom Marfle, you are anything but complimentary to your wife's fascinations if you think a wretched yellow dress can overtop them."

And I answered:

"But it is only because my wife wears it that it is so powerful."

And she would laugh and let me kiss her hands—she has such pretty little hands, you know.

Finally, when the season was pretty well over, and we were thinking of getting ready to go to Cresson, I came home one day and found Mrs. Tom Marfle "putting up her winter things," as she expressed it, with the assistance of her maid. I espied my mascot flung carelessly upon the floor among a pile of other rumpled articles.

"Julie," I said under my breath, "I want you to promise me something. Will you dear?"

"What is it?" she answered roguishly, leading me into the adjoining room.

"Promise me," I said, with a feeling of almost unconscious solemnity, which for the life of me I could not have helped, "that you will never give away or destroy or part with that yellow ball gown of yours. Will you, dear one?"

First she laughed as she linked her arms through mine, and then a sweet, tender look crept into her eyes.

"Very well, Tom," she said; "I promise. And when we are old, when you get to be a cabinet minister or embassador to the Court of St. James, or some other mighty thing, I'll lead you up to a wardrobe and show you the dear old yellow faded ball gown hanging on its peg. Yes; I promise."

And I knew she would keep it.

Time went on. We went to Cresson for the months of July and August. I forget now where we spent September, but, as you know, in the early autumn I was obliged to go to New York, and you may be sure I never had a thought of spending a winter in the big city without Julie.

I took a little box of a house on East Forty-fifth street, furnished complete, and in we moved Oct. 1.

I can see Julie now, a few days after we were once safely ensconced; she was lying on a lounge in the back drawing room, when suddenly a gleam of sunshine on her fallen hair—she was tired from unpacking, poor child—made me think of my mascot.

"Julie!" I cried, in a curious sort of apprehension that actually made me laugh at myself, "you haven't left the yellow ball gown at home, have you, or"—

"Oh, you dear old goose of a boy—no, of course I haven't. Didn't I promise you," she added reproachfully, "never to be parted from it? I told Saunders to see it safely packed and to hang it in the guest room closet. She is to be trusted implicitly. You see," cried my little wife, "the fortunes of the house of Marfle are still safe."

Unconsciously I let fall a sigh of relief. I knew Saunders of old; she had been Julie's maid since her childhood, and was reliable, if at times self opinionated, as old servants are apt to be.

Well, old fellow, the election was coming on and I was dashing back and forth between my county seat, New York, and [illegible] anxie[illegible] fascinati[illegible] of it all. Julie could not accompany me always, although I insisted upon having her the most of the time. I couldn't do without her.

Once, however, I was obliged to go to Harrisburg, and the child protested that she could not go with me; that she had too much spring work and spring shopping to attend to. I gave in, promising myself that I would finish my business summarily and be back with her by May Day surely.

"You won't fail, Tom?" she said, as she stood in the hall while the cab waited at the door.

"Nothing shall keep me, Julie," I replied as I broke from her and started on my dreary journey.

But I had counted, so it seemed, without my host, and not only did everything go wrong, but presently I had to write my little girl that I would not be with her at the promised time.

All my affairs were at sixes and sevens. I was nearly beside myself, feeling sure that the bills in which I was so deeply interested would not pass, and that much of the future I had planned would, in consequence, go to pieces.

When, lo and behold!—and how I blessed that yellow ball gown, for I had written to Julie to go up stairs and take a peep at it—things turned around as squarely as possible and I started for New York, being due at the foot of Desbrosses street at a quarter before 10 on the night of April 30, 1889.

The train was on time, and I jumped into a cab, bidding the driver go like thunder and earn a double tip.

He did.

And all the while we rattled up Broadway I was thinking over and planning the joy, the surprise of seeing me unexpectedly would give her. No; I had not had time to write, and had refrained from telegraphing on purpose to have—I am a selfish brute, you know—the bliss of watching the new born gladness waken in my darling's eyes when she should behold me.

Suddenly the cab, in the very midst of its maddest plunge around a corner, came to a dead standstill. I glanced hastily out of the window to find myself involved in a perfect labyrinth of vehicles of all kinds, amid which several policemen were endeavoring to create something like the order of precedence and procession.

"What the devil!" I exclaimed, pushing open the window and so discovering mine one of a hundred carriages in Fifteenth street, all slowly but surely tending to and struggling toward the Academy of Music.

"What in thunder!" I cried, touching my Jehu's arm I fear anything but gently, "are you doing here, may I ask?"

"Sure'n didn't yer honor tell me to drive yez to 109 East Fifteenth street?"

"No, I didn't!" I responded emphatically "I told you 109 East Forty-fifth street. You are an infernal idiot! I'd like to know how soon I can get out of this."

"Keep cool, sir, keep cool!" urged a policeman. "Plenty of time for young fellers to be waltzin between now and mornin. You'll get there soon, sir, all in your turn."

I looked out once more in despair. It was worse than impossible to attempt to alight and get another cab. There was no way of forcing my vehicle out of this procession. Clearly there was but one thing to do, and that was to sit still.

My dear fellow, I sat, but I did not sit still. I twitched and turned this way and that; I used bad words; I panted and fumed, and at last, as the horses began to stamp a bit and the wheels began to move at a snail's pace, I glanced out to see what the prospect of release might be.

As I put my face to the window pane I saw in a flash that another coach was drawn up close to mine. Within it sat a woman—dressed—oh, old fellow! my very heart stood still within me, my breath came and went gasping like a dying man's—she was dressed in the mascot—the yellow ball gown.

It was Julie.

I tried to see her face, but it was hidden by the folds of a black mantle or shawl, or something.

"What," cried I to myself, "can she be doing here, and alone, and evidently bent on entering this public ballroom?"

The wheels turned faster now, and my cab was soon separated from and behind hers. My distracted eyes caught sight, presently, of the flaming red and blue posters before the Academy doors, announcing that this was the night of one of the famous masquerade balls that are annually given there.

I sat stunned, dazed! I could not move, or even think connectedly. I had but one impulse; it was to follow, to keep near, to protect her—to win her back to her home, if I could, without arousing a disturbance or a commotion.

Her carriage drew up before the curb, the door was opened and she sprang lightly out, the train of her gown with its garlands of goldenrod tossed up over her bare, white arm; the lace shawl fell back from her face—it was masked—and she passed in among the throng alone.

I sprang from the cab, paid the man I know not what—nor he either, I fancy, in his astonishment at my change of base—and made for the ticket office, bought a ticket and—old boy, money'll do most anything—of course I wasn't in evening dress or anything like it, but a five dollar bill to the doorkeeper gained me an instant admission.

How I rushed up those stairs, left my overcoat and hat and satchel in the coat-room and then took up my station in the corridor and kept my eyes fixed upon the entrances of the ladies' dressing room.

I had not long to wait.

Not ten minutes after I took up my position she came out and apparently was looking for some one who was not up to time—or, the thought came to me—could it be the man she awaited, knowing me at least by sight, and seeing me there unexpectedly, feared to show himself?

I kept out of her way.

Why?

Because I loved her, and I had the most infinite compassion for her; and even in my agony of shame and pain I wanted to spare her any outburst or humiliation in such a place as that.

But I kept her in sight, although I never let her see me.

She descended the stairs alone. I followed her at a little distance, and as she swept down before me I had time to note my mascot—the fatal yellow ball gown. Julie had freshened the frills and flounces of the skirt, and the great trails of goldenrod looked as natural as ever. A spray of the flowers, too, she had fastened in her bonny hair, and the contrast of all this vivid, sunny color with the black satin of her mask marked her at once as conspicuous—in fact, that gown could never go unremarked anywhere.

I recall that I marveled a little in a dazed way that she should have chosen to wear that dress, but in a moment more I had other thoughts than this.

She passed into the gulf of the ballroom. I followed more nearly now, for the press and surge of the throng was dense with the confines of the glittering, gaudy scene. I raised my eyes for an instant to survey the great circle, and my gaze fell upon the word above the proscenium arch—it was written in electric light, "Welcome!"

Just heaven! a "welcome" here—now; the clock pointed to ten minutes to 12. I shuddered. I staggered and caught myself in time to lean against one of the fluted columns twined with roses as I watched a man approach my darling.

It was no one whom I had ever seen—not a bad looking fellow as to getup and general appearance, but with, it seemed to me, a sinister face, and the complacent air with which he threw his arm about my wife's waist and drew her into the whirl of the dancers on the floor maddened me.

Old fellow, I believe I knew what the tortures of hades were during the next half hour, and heaven alone can tell the tumult of impulses and passions which swayed my soul as I stood there a lookeron in this horrible Gehenna. At one moment my mind was made up to rush out and seize her in my arms and carry her away bodily; at another, to strike to earth the man in whose embrace she leaned so confidingly—and then, thank heaven! a calmer mood succeeded, and I determined to bide my time.

It was not long by clocks and watches, although to me it seemed an eternity, when I beheld them sauntering slowly, his tall, dark head bent low above her, out into the lobbies. I followed; a more animated conversation ensued; she laughed [illegible] bells rang sweetly [illegible] church tower, and [illegible] and said, "It's midnight, dear."

Then she laughed again, and I drew nearer, spellbound as I heard her whisper:

"What will mother say? I must hurry; she would never forgive me. She thinks I am at Cousin ——'s"—and here I lost the thread, as I was compelled by the crowd to make way.

In a few brief moments they both ran hastily up the broad staircase. I followed at a safe distance, and in a short time each emerged from the cloakroom with their wraps on.

I stood aside with bated breath to let them pass, and then with a spring I rushed down after them out into the night.

She entered the first carriage in line, and stooping to press a kiss upon her gloved hand, he shut the door with a snap, and the horses at the sound started off quickly, leaving us both standing on the sidewalk.

He turned back to the ball with a sigh. I jumped into the next coach, and giving the man the address, bade him drive for dear life.

She had a good ten minutes' start of me, but the man drove like the wind, and in what seemed no time at all I was at my own doorstep.

There was not a light in a single window. I put my night key in the latch and then withdrew it. Should I give her warning and ring the bell? No; I unlocked the door, went in, stumbled up the stairs in the darkness, and presently stood at the door of her room. I listened; there was not a sound. I tapped; silence was the only response. Could she not have returned? The mad thought was no sooner on fire in my brain than I knocked loudly and tried the knob. It was locked, but she answered on the spot in a terrified voice:

"Who is it? What is the matter? Who is there?"

"I, Tom," I replied, my voice shaking with a hundred emotions.

"Oh!" I heard the joy in her voice as she sprang up, struck a match and came and unbolted the door.

"Tom, my own boy!" she cried, twining her arms about my neck, "what a surprise, but you know you nearly frightened the life quite out of me!"

I caught up a shawl and threw it about her as I glanced eagerly around the room for signs of the yellow ball gown. She had been cunning—crafty—had thought of her servants' [illegible]. Not a trace of her late escapade lay anywhere in sight.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed as I passed roughly by her and fell into a seat panting and livid.

"The matter?" I repeated, my voice husky with the strain upon me. "Where is that damnable yellow ball gown of yours?"

"Oh, Tom!" Julie sank upon her knees beside me as she spoke.

"Oh, Tom! forgive me, it was not my fault; indeed, indeed it was not. Do believe me; won't you?"

"Believe you!" I cried flinging her from me impetuously, "I'd rather believe my own eyes. Where is it, I say?"

"I don't know—indeed I don't, Tom!"

"You don't know!" I sneered in my fury, catching her by the wrists and holding her as if in a vice. "Isn't it right here somewhere—in this room—hidden away?"

"No, no!" she cried in a terrified tone; "it is not. I only wish it were. Tom, what is the matter with you? Let go of me—you hurt me; you are rude and unkind!" She wrested herself from my grasp as she spoke, and stood in the full flare of the chandelier, a flush of amazement and fright upon her face.

"I want to see that mascot of mine," I exclaimed hotly, and with no abatement of my satirical emphasis, as I began to open the closet doors and to peer into the wardrobe.

"Tom!" my little wife spoke with dignity as she looked at me.

"What is it?" I asked in a dogged way.

"I want to tell you all about it, if you'll listen quietly to me."

"Go on," I responded brutally, standing still with my hand on a door knob.

"I never knew anything about it until today; I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Indeed!" and my lip curled incredulously.

"The mystery to me is how you knew it—you must have felt it—that ball gown was a witch, I do believe."

"A witch wore it," I said cruelly.

"But, Tom, I'll bear all your unkindness because I know you'll forgive me in the end."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"And I know you did think so much of it—I did myself—and when that stupid woman Saunders confessed to me today that she had sold it to the old clothes woman with the rest of my discarded things, I really believe I could have murdered her—oh, Tom, what is the matter now?"

I dashed across the room and caught her to my heart. I laughed wildly, the tears came into my eyes, old fellow; yes, they did, as I rained the eager kisses down upon her sweet, innocent lips.

"I knew you'd forgive me, dear," she whispered; "and really you must forgive poor Saunders, too—she misunderstood me about it; and, after all, I dare say it may have made some poor thing presentable at one of those public balls, or something, where the shop girls go in hired dresses and secondhand finery."

"Very likely," I answered with a terrible sigh of repressed contrition.

She kissed my forehead.

"Look," she said, pointing to the windows where the first faint gleams of daylight were creeping in—"look, it's our May morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, my darling girl; heaven knows you have given me the happiness of my life on this first anniversary of our wedding."

"And you do forgive me, and you don't feel too badly about the loss of the yellow ball gown?"

Her eyes were lifted in loving appeal.

"Forgive you! There is nothing to forgive. I'll buy you another yellow ball gown before you are a week older; but, Julie it never can be the mascot to me that the old one was!"

"I suppose not," she said, a little rue fully.

Did I ever tell her? Well, not yet—stay I fear I have, too; for there comes the little woman now, from her hiding behind those curtains! She must have heard it all—yes, we are going to the Adairs' dance; and, by the way, how do you like Mrs. Marfle in her second edition of "the yellow ball gown?"—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

A Mistake Few Wives Make.

There is a young married woman of my acquaintance whose first wifely experience with the needle resulted in a capital joke on her. She found what appeared to be two immense rips on the inside of the tails of her husband's frock coat, and while he was down town she carefully sewed them up. When the young man came home to lunch his wife met him, coat in hand.

"I've just mended it," she said; "there were two awful rips in the tails of it."

"Let me see," said the husband of the industrious young woman. "I didn't know there was a tear in it."

"Yes, there was; right there."

"But those are the"—

The young man caught the look of innocent doubt on his wife's face and stopped.

"Yes, those were fearful rips. Things were getting in them all the time."

And the young man went down to his office and picked out the threads in order to get at his bank book and a few letters that he had in those tail pockets.—Kansas City Times.

Queen Elizabeth's Gold Covered Book.

A fashion of expensive bindings prevailed for a long time, and great skill was exhibited in bindings ornamented by embroidery and various styles of needlework, as well as in bindings studded with precious stones. Queen Elizabeth used to carry about with her, suspended by a golden chain, a book called "The Golden Manual of Prayer," bound in solid gold. On one side was a representation of "the Judgment of Solomon," on the other the brazen serpent with the wounded Israelites looking at it.—St. Nicholas.

Instances reciting the actions of people while under the somnambulistic control are numerous in early writings on the subject, while the more modern reports are deductions rather than relations of actual occurrences.

WILD ROSE BY THE SEA.

Wild Rose by the stormy sea
Bloomed so fresh and fair,
That the wonder came to me
She was growing there—
Far from home on grassy lea,
On a rock by wind tossed sea,
Blooming bright and sweet was she,
In her beauty rare.

Wild Rose, say, how can it be
Thou dost bloom so fair,
By the cold and cruel sea,
Without fear or care?
Sweet thy home on fragrant lea,
Where soft skies are nursing thee,
But to brave the angry sea,
Wild Rose, canst thou dare?

Nay, said Wild Rose, I must be
Always fresh and fair,
And wherever thou findest me,
God has placed me there;
And I bloom by rock bound sea
Bright as on the flowery lea,
And my sweets I give as free
To the briny air!

—Zitella Cocke in Youth's Companion.

Historical Bets on Horse Races.

It is quite probable that there are just now no men who gamble quite so heavily, except in stocks, as did the "plungers" in the early part of this century. There were in England a dozen men who made $250,000 "books" on the Derby alone, and as late as 1836 a bookmaker bet $500,000 to $5,000 against each of three horses in one race. In 1843 the owner of the Derby favorite backed him publicly to win $750,000, besides the amount of his private bets. The ring of bookmakers paid to one circle of bettors $1,000,000 when Lecturer won the Cesarewitch. The owner of more than one Derby winner collected $500,000 on the next settling day, and in several other years would have pocketed a million if their colts had been "first past the post."

Most men who now have the money and the "nerve" to make such enormous bets have given up horse racing in favor of a game which has still higher possibilities, and instead of wagering $500,000 on a horse and calling it gambling they deposit the same amount as "margin" in a stock speculation and call it business. Although individuals do not lay such heavy wagers as were sometimes made by the "plungers" of old, much more money is wagered now than was risked fifty years ago. The difference is that, while then one man bet $100,000, now ten men each bet $20,000, and the total amount wagered is doubled.—W. B. Curtis in Forum.

Beecher's First Sermon.

I was with an aunt in Northbridge, Mass., resting after a long session of teaching, and Mr. Beecher came there during this visit to teach for the first time through a vacation. And here, where he taught his first school, he also preached his first sermon. Evening service was being held in the little, old school house where he taught, and the villagers had requested Mr. Beecher to take charge of it for that evening. At first he was surprised, but he quickly collected himself and consented to preach.

How well I remember the look of surprise, almost scorn, on some faces when he—this lad of seventeen—rose to address them. Some thought it a farce until he began to speak. Then attention came leveled at him, and for nearly an hour scarcely one in that audience moved in his seat. The sermon was an earnest one—simple, yet eloquent. Not once did he hesitate for a single word. Sentence followed sentence as smoothly as if they were uttered by a minister of long experience. Never did he in Plymouth pulpit or on any other platform hold an audience more fully under his control, so thoroughly spellbound, than in this his first effort.—Mrs. Beecher in Ladies' Home Journal.

When to Use the Drippings.

It is not customary to serve beef, mutton or lamb with a brown gravy made from the dripping in the pan, for there is always a little dripping in the pan even with the best roasting. But a brown gravy should always be prepared from these drippings in order to utilize them, and this may be used for a meat pie or a stew or in various ways when the meat is served up a second time.—New York Tribune.

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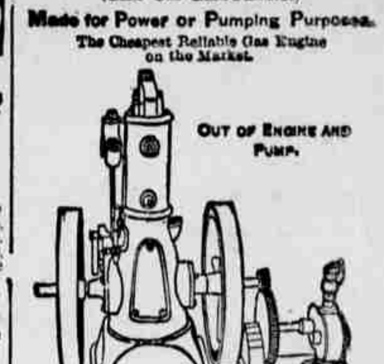

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