

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

A CAREFUL BUYER.

She Wanted Her Books Guaranteed Before She Purchased.

"You—you keep books here?" she asked as she entered a Detroit bookstore and timidly glanced around.

"Yes, we keep books," replied the clerk as he softly rubbed his hands together and wondered if he had sold the last copy of "Bashful Beanie," or the heroine of Harper's Hills.

"I—I want a book," she continued, "but I want to look at the last page before I buy it."

"Certainly, miss, certainly. We have no objection to your looking at all the pages if you wish. Have you bought a book here in which something was wrong with the last page?"

"No, sir, but a friend of mine bought a book in Chicago which ended by advising the reader to try someone's liver purifier, and you don't know how dreadful she feels about it. Have you 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Yes, miss."

"And will you guarantee that it doesn't read 'Paradise Lost'?"

"I can't possibly believe that it does."

"How is Dickens? I wanted his 'Domby and Son,' but I'm afraid he's got in something about corn cures or corn plaster. Are you sure he hasn't?"

"Why, I never heard of such a thing in a standard book."

"No, I'm afraid, Shakespeare wouldn't be apt to have anything in about stomach bitters or headache cures in five minutes, now, would he?"

"I've read him a great deal, and I never came across any such thing. However, you might glance over that and satisfy yourself."

"It would take too long," she sighed, as she glanced at the back of the volume. "I have sometimes thought I would like to read Homer's 'Iliad.' There is such a book I believe?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you can guarantee it?"

"I can, ma'am—positively guarantee that you will find nowhere in that book the slightest reference to germs, microbes, bacteria, consumption, asthma, bronchitis, curvature of the spine, varicose veins or indigestion."

"You can return it and get your money."

She took it and went away smiling and happy.—Detroit Free Press.

Costly Wedding Presents for Sale.

It is a painful item in a story full of pathos that several of the presents originally bought as wedding gifts for the Princess May should now be once more offered to the public, their intended designation leading them to a special charm to a certain class of buyers. One feels additionally touched when one remembers the delight with which the princess is said to have received those which were sent her before her terrible trouble. Yet in a little shop in the Strand, well known to connoisseurs, can be seen the celebrated Tiffany necklace, a rivière of magnificent diamonds, which was bought in New York to present to the popular princess.

Another particular treasure is a sapphire. I was going to say a priceless stone, but I wish to tell it is priced, and its value is \$5,000. It is a perfect stone, without flaw, of exquisite color, two inches long and 1 1/2 inches broad. At present it is set along with fine brilliants and forms a royal looking brooch.

The other day a would be purchaser brought his wife to see the present he proposed to make, but she would have nothing to say to the jewel. "No, thank you," she exclaimed, "I should feel like a church window if I wore that." So the treasure heirloom of an old noble Russian family is still in the market.—London Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Newest Model of Burglary.

The other day a gentleman in a northern suburb found a stranger ascending his staircase, who, without betraying any emotion, said he had come about the repairs. "Oh, yes," replied the owner, "but am in a hurry to keep an engagement just now. Come up with me, and I'll tell you what I want done."

The two walked out together, the householder talking about waterpipes and tanks, and the stranger answering with a glances that showed considerable experience, until they came to a policeman, when the former at once gave the pretended plumber into his custody for being in his house with unlawful intent.

Upon him were found the usual instruments of the burglar's business, and when taken to the police station he was soon identified as an expert crib cracker, who was already wanted on several charges of housebreaking and burglary. People will do well to view with suspicion men who come to their dwellings to do repairs which have never been ordered.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Telephones for Use in Battle.

Particulars of the behavior of the field telephone system in the French autumn maneuvers have now been published. Magneto telephones were used, as no delicate microphone or battery is required with them. The transmitter was held in the hand and the receiver was affixed to the "kepi." Combined receivers and transmitters were also employed. A large tin can, 1 1/2 inches in diameter was unrolled from a drum and laid out of harm's way on hedges, branches, walls and in trenches.

A line twenty-three kilometers long was laid, with the addition of ten posts, in five hours; speech was good, and the whole was taken up again in an hour. During a sham fight a cavalry division passed over a long line without interrupting the communication. A bayonet stuck in the ground made a good earth circuit, so did the body of a cavalry horse if the wire was attached to the bridle.—London Globe.

Russian Discipline.

Much comment has been excited by a recent occurrence at Wilna, in western Russia. The men of one of the batteries of an artillery regiment stationed at Wilna mutiniously refused to salute one of their officers when he came among them. He summoned them more than once to pay him the due sign of respect, but the soldiers paid no attention. The officer, enraged at this behavior, at length drew his revolver and shot two noncommissioned officers, one after the other. He was taking aim at a third when the soldiers, in fear of their lives, at length gave the proper salute. The incident is being hotly discussed in military circles, some officers maintaining that their confederates were justified in his act, while others condemn his extreme conduct.—London Times.

A Cheap Hat Dress.

This is one of the demoralizing little stories that inundates out of the paper and carry home in their letter books with one or two inevitable results—a disgusted wife, who says he is "stingy," and gets up a squabble they are both sorry for, or a horrid, hungry little fellow who will never wear and which represents a couple of days' nervous fussy work.

The heroine entered on a discussion about the prices of gowns, and, having artfully led up to her point, declared that she could make an attractive evening gown under two dollars! Hands were held up in horror, but she declared she would do it, and show them that she was right. "But," said one fair one, "will you promise to wear the thing after you get it done?" "I will," answered the indomitable dame, "and I'll wear it to this—dance, and defy society, and if I don't succeed I'll defy every one of you royally at Delmonico's."

It was agreed, and great was the expectation thereof in several maidenly minds. Well, not to keep you in suspense, she made and wore the gown, which cost her just \$1.90. It was a pale green Japanese cotton crepe, of which she bought nine yards at five cents a yard. Then there was a cambric skirt, five yards at five cents a yard, a yard of waist lining for ten cents and a spool of silk for ten more.

That was all there was to it. It had a little shawl, delicate bodice, with pretty puffed and skirted sleeves, all silk, decorated with a festooned flounce and a queer little pocket suspended from her waist. Of course she had her own dainty gloves and shoes to finish off with, which counts for a good deal in effect. But the gown itself was as graceful as any the other debutante wore. The delicate green became her creamy skin beautifully, and she looked like a bewitching picture, and only the little charmed circle of girls knew the secret, which they kept for a long time.

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Now stories of this kind are absurd. The beauty of a ball or in fact any other toilet depends absolutely on the perfection of the adjuncts, such as shoes, gloves, ribbons, and so on, which cost over so much more than the actual material of the gown, and which are never included in the estimates.—New York Press.

The Treacherous Silk Purse.

The other day quite a commotion was caused in a Walnut street car by what is known as a "silk purse." Not a miser with a purse, you know, but one of those affairs made of silk and beads and given the name because they hold the money so tight. Too tight in this case, for the woman who owned it evidently had her doubts about it as she gave the purse a gentle pull, shaking her head dubiously. Then she pulled hard, then she shook it. By this time the conductor was calling, "Fares, please," and all eyes were turned upon the unfortunate woman. Again the conductor came in. "Fares, madam," getting desperate by this time, he pulled at her, saying, "There, take it."

After he had struggled with it for a time he gave it back to her and numbered something about "trick pocket-books." This brought tears of vexation to her eyes, whereupon American chivalry showed itself by this man offering out to him, saying, "There, take it."

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A MAN'S REPLY.

I stand at the bar of your pure woman's side.

Contented in the same that you speak: My only desire is the simple request that you'll judge me by my own work.

For remember that man's hand is not in the thing formed by the hand from above. He will fall many times, but shall walk in the sunshine of infinite love.

So I'm boldened to answer your question no fair.

And give you "A Man's Reply": That for the prize of a true woman's love I am ready to live or die.

You say that the man who gains your love Must be brave, and true and good; I answer that who wins the heart Must be a type of true womanhood.

You say that you look for "a man and a king."

All things that a man should be; I look for a kind and a generous heart, And not for a quizzical face.

You require "all things that are good and true."

All things that a man should be; I look for a woman, with all that implies, And that is sufficient for me.

You ask for a man without a fault.

To live with you, my dear, is my goal; I look for a woman, faults and all, For by faults I may judge of worth.

I ask for a woman made as of old.

A higher form of man; His conquer and his friend, And in the original plan.

A woman who has an aim in life.

Who finds life the very best for being here, And for others her life is giving.

I will not require all that I have asked in these lines so poor and few; I only pray that you may be all that God can make of you.

For your heart and life and love are sacred things to me, And "I'll stake my life" that I'll be to you Whatever I ought to be.—Good Housekeeping.

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THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

How That Ancient and Conservative Institution is Conducted.

Mrs. Grady has been saying mean things about the Bank of England, but Mrs. Grady seldom gets such an opportunity for venting her tongue as when she is invited to the bank by the recently exposed mismanagement of Cashier May.

"A man they had trusted for 20 years, my dear, and he could have retired on a pension a year ago, but didn't, and now he retires on nothing at all, just because he loaned money to his own son, or to his son's companies, which is the same thing, I am sure, and nobody knows how much the bank will lose, for some say it's only \$20,000 and some say it's \$1,000,000. It's just as if \$20,000 were not enough, and I do hope the directors will have to make a statement, and the government ought to interfere, for things are certainly going to eternal damnation, and much more to the same effect from Mrs. Grady."

The bank certainly has its weak spots about the Old Lady of Threadneedle street, but it is a very strong institution, and its directors are a self-perpetuating body of limited official tenure, and a banker is not eligible to the position, though the governor is, and he is responsible for its solvency, and he would be an expert, according to the directors, in the event of a liquidation of the bank. That it should have been conducted so wisely and successfully

under such a handicap must be attributed to the great conservatism exercised in the choice of its membership. It is not long since Walter Bagehot vouched for the fact that the bank was under an obligation to be "worked" for the benefit of one man or any combination of men.

Remembering that the bank has been a great deal since the year 1826, and that Mr. Bagehot could read more between the lines of its history than any selected series of ordinary men, that statement means a great deal, and it is not surprising that Mr. Bagehot should have been so conservative in his choice of its members.

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THE WEATHER PROPHECY.

Miss Sophia Nichols was a lady of great modesty and of a very retiring disposition, and as she had passed the age of "fair, fat and forty," wasted few glances on men.

She had lately established herself in a suite of rooms on the southeast corner of Laurel street, facing the lovely little Beech park. It was just the place for a quiet spinster who loved nature and retirement, and she enjoyed it with unalloyed quiet for a few days.

Opposite her new abode was a quiet old house with four immense windows, wherein were set tiny panes of glass, to each room. The inhabitants seemed very quiet persons, and she seldom saw them except in the evening.

After she had been domiciled about a week in her new quarters her attention was attracted by a very peculiar action of an old gentleman who lived in the quaint house.

After finishing her 1 o'clock dinner she always established herself cozily with work or book at her front window, and the old gentleman would be regularly appearing in his yard, his eyes fixed on his pocket red bandanna, raise it solemnly high in air! He did not seem to wave it, but it lit up at its own sweet will, or the wind's will.

On moonlight nights, always about 10 o'clock, he repeated his mysterious rite, or whatever it was. His eyes were nearly always turned toward her window, and stared fixedly. Sometimes he did not take the handkerchief at all, but gazed steadfastly at her window.

This performance he kept up every day, and Miss Sophia began to be fairly nervous. She was really afraid, and would draw down the gossip of the neighborhood on her. So she tried in many mild, well bred ways to let the old gentleman understand that she did not like his very open attentions.

She pulled down the blinds, and on popping out to see what effect it had found it had none; he still waved. Or she would retreat to the farthest corner of the room, out of his range of vision, and her mirror told her he still gazed.

Finally her nephew came to make her a week's visit. Every spinster has a favorite niece or nephew, and Jack Brown was Miss Sophia's. She admired his youth (he was only twenty-four), his courage, his well shaped body, and even his impetuous (to put it mildly) temper. He was rather good looking, too, although his hair was auburn and his mustache, such as it was, was undeniably red.

The first day of his visit Miss Sophia kept him engaged by showing him her photograph album, of which she had half a dozen. But she couldn't keep this up a whole week, and the second day Jack remarked as the bandanna and his owner appeared.

"What a queer old chap! What's he doing?"

To which Miss Sophia tremulously replied, "I don't know," which was literally true, for she had her back carefully turned to the window.

The next day Jack observed the same performance and said:

"Confound the old scoundrel! Aunt Sophia, I really believe he's trying to flirt with you, and he's a regular flirt. Jack was a senior at college and had taken his degree in the art of flirting.

The following day Jack's ire reached a climax as the old gentleman appeared as usual, and not only waved the offending red rag (Jack was a fiery Republican), but he waved it with a flourish, Miss Sophia's window for fully five minutes.

He grabbed up his hat and said to his aunt, "I'll know the meaning of his confounded impudence or my name's not Jack Brown."

He dashed down stairs, paying no attention to his aunt's plucking. "Don't, Jack, don't! you will only make matters worse!" She pulled down her curtain and peeped from behind it to see what Jack would do.

He was striding angrily across the street, and in a few moments was at the old gentleman's side. With a wrathful face and sternly determined manner, he said:

"Sir, what is the meaning of your infernal impudence? It is a nice thing that a quiet lady cannot sit at her window without being insulted!"

The old gentleman cleared his throat, wiped his mouth with the offending handkerchief, smiled gently, raised his hand to his ear and said in a soft, mild voice: "Hey! please speak a little louder. I'm quite deaf."