

**THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others**

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

**THE WILSON MASSACRE.**

It resembles the Disaster at Isandhlwana and the slaughter of Custer.

The massacre by Matabeleland of Captain Wilson and his little band of brave followers is only an incident in the history of the struggle for white supremacy in Africa. Rivers of blood have flowed in Matabeleland since Cecil Rhodes decided to fight it out with Lobengula and place his company of English adventurers in possession of the rich gold fields of the north-western and white man's gold spilled at Isandhlwana is only a drop in the bucket by comparison. During this cruel war over 3,000 white men have been slaughtered, while only half a hundred whites were killed.

Like the disaster at Isandhlwana, in Zululand, and the slaughter of Custer at Little Horn, the Wilson massacre ought not to have happened. The whites were in the

each case outnumbered by their savage foes. Captain Wilson with the advance guard pressed on in hot pursuit of King Lobengula when it would have been more prudent to halt for re-enforcements from the main body, from which he had been separated by a river swollen by a sudden rainfall. General Custer's own impetuosity and contempt for a savage foe were reproached with the same disastrous consequences.

The Matabele threw Captain Wilson off his guard by conducting a disorderly retreat and thereby encouraging him to believe that they would not fight, but would scatter in the bush. Then when his 34 troops were in pursuit of the main body, and the capture of the king seemed a matter of only a few hours of hard riding, forces of savages concealed on the right and the left closed in upon them and cut off retreat.

When the troops were fairly entrapped, the king's warriors faced about and made a determined stand upon high ground. Captain Wilson's followers, surrounded by swarms of savages, perished like Genoese soldiers in the "Cannons of St. Elmo." They used their carbines as long as they had a cartridge left, and then fought bravely, but gallantly, with revolver and saber. Close beside the onset, until every weapon was broken and horribly mutilated.

Knows what a drug store is for. A modest Chicagoan who asks for what he wants.

The popular belief that a drug store is a sort of house of call for the miscellaneous accommodation of the public seems to obtain in the World's fair city as generally as elsewhere if we may believe this little incident related in the Chicago Record. One day a man went into a drug store on Ogden avenue and began to look anxiously about him. "Got a package?" he asked.

The druggist pointed to a corner behind the prescription case, and the man stepped over to ring the bell. He had some trouble in getting change, so he complained several times in a loud tone and asked if the phone was in order. The druggist said it was.

Finally the man found his number. He leaned against the phone and had the following one-sided conversation: "Hello, is that your name on Ogden avenue?" "Say, how about that matter?" "You know what I told you yesterday—I can't do it; there are some people standing around here." (The druggist moved up to

HE CUT THE NAME OUT. ward the front door, as though ashamed of listening to a private conversation.) "Huh? Tonight?" "All right." The man then walked back to the stove and warmed himself. "Where's your directory?" he asked. The druggist pointed to a showcase where the book lay. Before the man opened the book he looked at the back and said, "Humph! 32," as though some one had imposed on him. For a few minutes he turned the leaves. Then he found what he wanted. "Have you got a name?" he asked. The druggist pulled out a pearl handled knife, opened it and gave it to him. "I never could remember that party's name," he remarked in a patronizing way. Thereupon he cut the name out of the directory, returned the knife without closing it and made a quick dash for the door, for just then he heard the approaching jingle of a horse car. And the druggist, as he replaced the knife, merely smiled—the tired, weary smile of a man who has trouble of his own. Had the man at the phone ever seen the druggist before? No. He simply took it for granted that every drug store was a bureau of public comfort.

Work to Come. Mr. Subb Erlan—You need not mind Fowler. His bark is worse than his bite. Mr. Towley (who has just been bitten)—Great Scott! I hope he won't bark.—Puck.

Early Seen Through. Witness—Was my testimony clear? Counsel—Transparent. Boston Transcript.

Extraneous Administration. Coquetry is the forerunner of the missionary cause to greet. "I really think, kind sir," she said, "that you are size enough to eat."—Washington Star.

### THE ROSE OF CHATHAM.

By MAURICE THOMPSON

Mr. Fenwick, then one of the wealthiest citizens, and perhaps the very most influential one in Savannah, was known to the British authorities as a staunch and uncompromising friend to the home government, a man upon whom they could safely rely for both sympathy and material aid in any scheme to advance their interests. Of course there were other Tories in the city, all of them well known to Mr. Fenwick, and the first thing Maynard did was to influence Fenwick to call a secret meeting of those at his house.

The readers will now quickly understand why Rose favored her lover from the house, for at that very time the Tory meeting was in session in a back room. The girl's good sense told her that if Lieut. Prescott should discover her father's connection with a treasonable transaction it would be the young man's duty to have him arrested forthwith, and the result might be terrible, for just at that particular point in the progress of the revolutionary struggle the bitterest hatred of the Tories was nursed by the American soldiers.

Maynard disclosed to the little knot of Tories huddled in that closely blind back room the secret which Lieut. Archibald Campbell was then on his way from Sandy Hook with a fleet bearing an army sent by Sir Henry Clinton to take and occupy Savannah. Accidentally Rose overheard this, and became aware of what was going on.

The mansion had been darkened to prevent visitors from dropping in, and all the proceedings of the conspirators were conducted with the utmost caution. Knowing that Lieut. Prescott was absent on picket or outpost duty, Rose had not dreamed of his coming, and only his rap rap resounded on the door. One thought—that of preventing the young man from discovering her father's connection with a plot for delivering the city over to the enemy—drove every other thing else from her head.

When he was gone she stood just inside the door, her heart beating wildly and her brain reeling with the excitement of the occasion. At heart she was an earnest rebel, thoroughly in sympathy with the struggle for independence; but she loved her father, and could not bear the thought of having him arrested as a Tory and a traitor. Now that he was safe for the time, the strain of the situation relaxed, and she paused there for a few minutes he came back, and bidding her follow led the way to a small house surrounded by tents. Col. Huger, who had just risen and hastily dressed himself, received her in a small, plainly furnished room. A big crowd was gathered with the fumes of tobacco. He was very polite and kind in his manner, but at first did not recognize her.

"It is because I could not help it that I have come here," she hurriedly began. "There is a plot to betray the city into the hands of the British. I am ready on the way here from Sandy Hook, and there is now in Savannah an emissary of the British going about among the Tories."

The colonel recognized her while she was speaking, and the slightest shade of perplexity came into his eyes. She was beautiful, and her embarrassment heightened the effect of her face. "You are Miss Fenwick, I believe," he said, with grave courtesy. She nodded and the color slipped out of her cheeks.

"How have you learned what you tell me?" he inquired, fixing his eyes steadily upon her. She stammered and looked down, but presently she raised her eyes and said, "I returned his gaze steadily with clear innocent eyes, while the rosy flush came slowly up into her face again."

"You must not insist upon that question," she answered; "for I cannot tell you. You may be sure that I have it in my mind to tell you, but I am not to be betrayed, and her gates opened to the British."

Maynard had left the house but a few minutes before Lieut. Prescott knocked. Indeed it had seemed to Rose that the former must have been at the gate when the latter entered, and she was already weeping, and if the lieutenant would suspect what had been going on. One by one the conspirators left the house and went their way. What they had determined upon is not known, save that some plan was agreed to which Maynard regarded as of probable success. Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell's project for taking the city.

All were gone, and the Fenwick household were on the point of retiring when Maynard suddenly returned gashed and bleeding from a long deep wound across the side of his handsome face. "A confounded rebel officer," he said, "ran against me just out yonder. Fetch a surgeon as soon as possible or I shall bleed to death."

Servants were called. "Be careful in this matter," Maynard managed to murmur before he reeled into a chair. "Remember that there is danger if I am suspected—danger for you all. Don't get a—rebel—rebel surgeon," he gasped, "but be—be quick!"

The blood was flowing freely, saturating his clothes. He was as white as a dead man. The household was alarmed in two ways, for Maynard appeared about to die, and that of itself was terrible. Beyond this lay the danger of having a British spy in the house, which was the greatest of all crimes just then. There was no time for hesitation, however. A servant went posthaste in search of a surgeon, while others bore Maynard up to a secluded room and put him to bed with a bandage round his face.

The wound proved not so bad after all. "He will be himself again in less than a fortnight," said the surgeon, after dressing the gash. "Duel, I presume," he heaved, sotto voce, to Mr. Fenwick at the door on taking his leave. "These young men are such idiots."

"To be sure," responded the old man, glad to clutch at such an explanation. "To be sure, and I suppose they always will. We were young once, doctor."

CHAPTER III.

She slept none that night. Indeed she scarcely closed her eyes. Her lover was brought to high tension and her whole nature was absorbed in the consideration of a plan for halting Maynard and his allies. Strange that it should have been nearly the last hour of the night before a thought, which might have been of great importance, was suggested at once by Maynard's remark, came upon her mind with almost stunning suddenness.

The wounded man upon entering the house had said that he had been hurt by a rebel officer. Why had she not thought of Prescott? It was so plain now that it was he who cut that gash. They must have met in the street and fought there. Instantly the dreadful question arose, Was Lieut. Prescott hurt? Then she remembered that she had heard two pistol shots ring out clear and keen through the foggy night air. Her heart stopped short for awhile, to presently leap into her throat with almost suffocating throbs. With that swift and vivid readiness common to young and imaginative spirits, her fancy pictured her lover lying with his upturned face in the moonlight. A cold chill crept over her and her limbs shook as with an ague. Lord and clear the cocks! In the back court of the house of the Fenwicks, she sprang up, threw on her clothes and passed out into the street. As if by some unerring intuition she went directly to the spot where Prescott and Maynard had fought. There were deep marks of the struggle in the sand, and some streaks and dashes of blood were visible in the gray chill morning glimmer. She looked about, her eyes scanning as best they could the surrounding space; then came a great relief—a sense of escape from a burden of horrible dread. A drum rolled out the morning call at the little American camp.

The drum was a strong, clear, and ringing swiftly on in the direction of the sound, and was soon face to face with the sentinel in front of the officers' quarters. "I wish to see Gen. Howe," she said abruptly.

The sentinel called the officer of the guard a corporal, who came forward in a moment. "Well, madam," he demanded, doffing his well worn cap, "what is it you wish?" "I must see Gen. Howe."

"Then could I see the next officer in charge?" "Col. Huger is here, madam."

"Tell him I have something important to say to him."

She followed her with the sentinel the corporal turned about and walked away. In a few minutes he came back, and bidding her follow led the way to a small house surrounded by tents. Col. Huger, who had just risen and hastily dressed himself, received her in a small, plainly furnished room. A big crowd was gathered with the fumes of tobacco. He was very polite and kind in his manner, but at first did not recognize her.

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NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. Calderwood's Rheumatism Cure is a new discovery entirely. It never fails to cure sciatica, lumbago, gout, chronic, muscular or inflammatory cases, whether of long or short duration. It is very pleasant to take.

It is quick to act and always effects a permanent cure. Secretly packed in wooden boxes and shipped anywhere on receipt of the money. Three bottles for \$5. Send money by express, draft, postal note or registered letter to Calderwood's Rheumatism Cure, Market Street, corner of Fourth, San Francisco, Cal.

Directions on every bottle. Circulars and testimonials in every package. When ordering state your nearest express office, and always give your post-office address and full name.

Old Lawyer—It won't pay you to try to collect that debt. Young Lawyer—But it is valid, and the debt is really old lawyer—but the creditor has nothing.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. The failure of the nerves of the stomach to perform their functions is the cause of nervous dyspepsia, a most exhausting form of disease. Alcock's Peppor Plasters are an excellent remedy. Senator James F. Pierce of New York writes:

For the past two years I have suffered very much from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia. I have resorted to various remedial agents, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mine suggested the use of Alcock's Peppor Plasters. Following the suggestions, I have been using the same with the happiest effect. My nerves are now restored to their normal condition, and I am able to resume my usual work.

WATER MOTOR. One Tuerk Water Motor, now that will develop from 10 to 15-horse power; can be had at a sacrifice by adding \$1.00. PALMER & REY, Portland, Or.

ONE ENJOYS. Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will promptly comply for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

Do You Cough? It is a sure sign of weakness. You need more than a tonic. You need Scott's Emulsion. the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. Physicians, the world over, endorse it. Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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Free by Mail Golden West Baking Powder. The Admiral Cigarettes are the best.

Invalid 3 Years, Cured by Hood's Cough Cure. Hood's Cough Cure is a new discovery entirely. It never fails to cure cough, croup, whooping cough, and all other forms of pulmonary disease.

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BEARS LIKE TURTLE EGGS. In the spring the female logheadhog comes ashore and scoops out a pit with her hind legs in the sand on the south side of a shoal. Then she lays from 100 to 200 eggs in a row, and covers them with sand, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Bears are very fond of turtle eggs of all sorts, and they dig for them in the mud when they can find them, gobbling amazing quantities.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY. It is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it strikes us, is its tenacious grasp, in the most insidious manner, and its deadly effects, are often fatal. It is the most dangerous enemy we have, and its insidious attacks, can only be effectively repelled by the use of Quinine. It is the most dangerous enemy we have, and its insidious attacks, can only be effectively repelled by the use of Quinine.

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