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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## QUEENS OF HAWAII.

PLAYED PROMINENT PARTS IN THE ISLAND KINGDOM.

**How Queen Kaahumanu Established "Woman's Rights"—Royal Processions, In One of Which a Dowager Wore Seventy-two Yards of Cashmere.**

When the missionaries arrived at Hawaii, March 30, 1820, the condition of woman was that of a slave. She could not eat cocoanuts, bananas, oranges or fish, and one of the curious tabus, or interdictions, forbade her eating any kind of food with men.

Queen Kaahumanu sent for the new king, Liholiho, who was engaged in a drunken orgie out on the ocean in a canoe, and urged him to throw down the idols in the heaiaus, or temples, and to clinch the matter by eating in public with a group of women who were feasting by themselves at a little distance from the royal abode. Staggering over to them, Liholiho, who was a very different character from his famous father, sat down and publicly ate some of their food. The cry went up, "The tabu is broken."

The torch was applied to the idols, and woman's emancipation began. Queen Kaahumanu was a huge, heavy mortal, and like all the chiefs she was proud and cruel. At first she treated the missionaries with disdain, offering only the tip of her little finger in salutation, but she became a zealous convert and remained to the time of her death, in 1832, at the age of 58, a firm and conscientious Christian, beloved by those who intimately knew her and universally respected for her abilities. She had ruled as consort of the great conqueror, as joint sovereign with his son, Liholiho, and as regent during the minority of Kauikeouli.

Kamamalu, the queen of pleasure loving Liholiho, was fond of display. On a state occasion in 1823 she was carried in procession, seated in a whaleboat on a frame of wickerwork borne on the shoulders of 70 men.

The boat and platform, 30 feet long by 12 feet wide, were covered with costly broadcloth relieved by beautiful colored tapas (native bark cloth). The queen's dress was a scarlet silk mantle and a feather coronet. An immense Chinese umbrella, richly gilded and decorated with tassels and fringes of the same gaudy color, supported by a chief wearing a helmet, screened her from the sun.

Chiefs held aloft kahilis, or royal staffs, 30 feet high, the handles surrounded by alternate ivory and tortoise shell rings, beautifully wrought and highly polished, the upper part being arranged so as to form a column or plume of scarlet feathers of 1½ feet in diameter and from 12 to 14 feet long. A more magnificent insignia of rank, conveying at once the ideas of grandeur, state and beauty, as they towered and gracefully nodded above the multitude, was never devised by barbarians.

Another royal lady, Kinau, who afterward shared authority with Kamehameha III (Kauikeouli), her title being Kaahumanu II, appeared in a scarlet pau, a long piece of silk wound round the body and limbs, with two long streamers. The pau is a very graceful costume, especially when worn by a wahine (native woman) on horseback, with the gayly colored streamers afloat in the wind. The two dowager queens appeared in this procession. One of them wore 72 yards of cashmere of double width, one half being orange and the other half scarlet. This was wrapped about her figure till her arms were supported by the mass in a horizontal position, while the remainder, forming an extensive train, was supported by a retinue selected for that purpose.

The richness and variety of the dresses and colors, and the exhibition of the wealth and power of the chiefs, their hereditary symbols of rank, the stately kahilis, splendid cloaks and helmets, and necklaces of feathers, intermingled with the brilliant hues and deep green of the flowers and wreaths from their native forests, rendered the spectacle at once unique and attractive. Groups of singers and dancers, to the number of many hundred, ever and anon met the procession, enthusiastically shouting their adulation in the willing ears of the chiefs.

Queen Kamamalu and Liholiho made a voyage to London in 1823. Before the ship weighed anchor at Honolulu the queen chanted a farewell:

"O heaven! O earth! O mountains! O sea! O my counselors and my subjects, farewell!"

The royal travelers created a sensation in London. Queen Kamamalu exhibited herself in loose trousers and a long bed gown of colored velveteen, but Parisian modistes soon clothed the ladies in all the gear of fashion. Corsets for the first time encircled their ample waists, and the London ladies, in their rage for the new lions, sought patterns of the turban that graced the brow of the queen.

But, alas, the royal pair caught the measles and died in London, poor children of nature that they were, far from the palm groves and bosky bowers of their native isles! The bodies, in lead coffins framed in wood and covered with crimson velvet, were sent to Honolulu in the frigate Blonde in charge of Lord Byron, a cousin of the poet.—Godey's Magazine.

### Took the Train.

Employer—You are late again. Didn't I tell you to take the train because it would bring you much faster than you could walk the distance?

Boy—Yes, sir, and I did.

Employer—Then how do you explain your lateness?

Boy—I had to loaf around the station for half an hour waiting for the train, which was away behind time.—Philadelphia Times.

### Great Feat.

Mr. Grogan (telling the story of the argument)—An I had to sthand there lukin at him, shmoilin th' best Oi cud, an all the toime I was so mad Oi was grittin me teeth behind me boick.—Indianapolis Journal.

### An Oversight.

Conductor (to lady passenger)—Haven't you anything smaller than this dollar, ma'am?

The Lady—Why, of course. How stupid of me! Here is a $5 goldpiece.—Truth.

### Envy.

"Say, Jimmie, did you hear about de streak of luck Slimsey had?"

Jimmie—No; what was it?

"He died from eating too many bananas."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Wanted a Change.

Little Dot—Oh, I'd give anything if I was old enough to have a husband.

Mamma—Mercy me! Why?

Little Dot—I'm so tired of being petted.

## CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT DOGS.

**Eskimos Find the Faithful Animal a Necessity of Their Miserable Existence.**

"Without dogs the larger portion of the great Eskimo family peopling the barren northern coast of America would find it impossible to exist in its chosen home." So writes E. W. Nelson in his "Mammals of Northern Alaska." They are used in the winter for hunting, sledge drawing and the like, but in summer are mostly left to shift for themselves. They receive much hard usage, as well as do much hard work, but are described nevertheless as a rollicking set, full of play, fond of human society and quarrelsome as schoolboys.

Mr. Nelson credits them with a vein of humor and declares that their varying characteristics can be read in their faces. They are worth from $2 to $15 apiece, according to age, size and intelligence. For sledge drawing they are harnessed in teams of either seven or nine—three or four pairs and a leader. The load is from 350 to 700 pounds, and the course is mainly through unbroken snow or over rough ice. With a team of seven dogs and a load of more than 300 pounds Mr. Nelson made a journey of more than 1,200 miles in about two months. The last 60 miles were made over a bad road in a continuous pull of 21 hours. They are much affected by the moon. During full moon half the night is spent by them in howling in chorus.

"During the entire winter at St. Michael's," says Mr. Nelson, "we were invariably given a chorus every moonlight night, and the dogs of two neighboring villages joined in the serenade." He speaks of its "wild, weird harmony" and seems to have found it agreeable rather than otherwise. The influence of the moon is also very apparent when the dogs are traveling. They brighten up as the moon rises, and pricking up their ears start off as if they had forgotten their fatigue. The fur traders take advantage of this fact and sometimes lie over during the day and travel at night. The dogs endure an astonishing degree of cold. Mr. Nelson saw a female with two newly born puppies lying upon the snow near a hut, with no sign of shelter, when the thermometer ranged from 30 to 35 degrees below zero.

### Indian Coronets.

American women who long for coronets should hesitate before accepting Indian ones. The case of an English woman who sued for divorce from her Hindoo husband points a moral. She alleged cruelty as a ground for her suit, and it is claimed that the same plea might be made by nearly all the women who marry orientals and go home with them.

As a usual thing, the oriental gentleman pursuing his studies at an English or American university is a picturesque figure. He is likely to be very clever, and it is taken for granted that he is a prince at least, when he is at home. He is popular with his fellows, and through one of them he meets and marries a pretty, freely brought up girl. Then he takes her home.

She may not meet with unkindness from her husband's family, for the orientals have many amiable and attractive qualities, and they are not cruel. But if the husband has not cut himself adrift from the religion and ties of his childhood his wife must conform to a certain extent to the ordinary life of the native woman. And, inasmuch as she will only do this so far as her love and duty to her husband oblige her, she will certainly fail to satisfy her new relatives and will be looked on with coldness and suspicion by them.—New York World.

### The Sun's Fire.

How was heat originally imparted to our great luminary? Was he "born in fire" and has he been in an active state of combustion since the day of his birth, or was he once "a darksome body, flitting hither and thither and yet going nowhere in particular?"

If once a mighty planet of somber hue, why is he now the torchlight as well as the heating apparatus of a great system of worlds, and, being both, who is equal to the task of calculating even the cycle of time wherein the great change took place? It may have been that there were no worlds in what is now the solar system prior to that time, or, if there were, probably only two.

These two black giants of this darkened portion of the great universe may have collided and coalesced into a vast nebula, from whence the whole of our system has been evolved. If light and heat were thus mechanically produced and still retained to a certain degree in our sun, the largest fragment of the two colliding worlds, is it not altogether likely that the great solar fires will finally burn out and that as a result man and all living creatures will become extinct on all of the inhabited planets?—St. Louis Republic.

### Whited Financial Sepulchers.

With some very few exceptions, which it were invidious to name, but which all in the railway world know as such exceptions, the railway corporations of the United States literally live from hand to mouth and have no working or reserve capital whatever, although their business requires it more than any other. The railways are capitalized for much more than they are worth. Usually the bonded indebtedness, car trust certificates, equipment and terminal securities, taken at par, represent a value in excess of the cost of the road, and upon them fixed interest is compulsorily payable. Hence, whatever the road earns upon actual cost must, unless it exceed, say, 6 per cent, be paid out annually in the shape of interest alone.—Simon Sterne in Forum.

### Used Visiting Cards First.

The Chinese are said to be the originators of visiting cards. So long ago as the period of the Tang dynasty (619-907) visiting cards were known to have been in use in China. From ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are large and of a bright red color.—Chicago Record.

### One Child's Vocabulary.

The statement that a child 5½ years of age would not have more than 150 words in its vocabulary that it was able to use understandingly led a careful mother to note for a month the number of words used by her child. All the parts of speech used were recorded, with the result that in this case the child appeared to have a vocabulary of 1,528 words.—New York Post.

At the winter palace, St. Petersburg, there is a room full of diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. The empress of Russia is allowed to borrow from this room after giving a receipt for what she takes, and generally the grand duchesses are allowed to borrow from it also.

## SOME GOOD STORIES.

IN WHICH VARIOUS PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE ARE SHOWN.

**Senator Vance as a Wit of the First Order. The Parrot That Wanted to Know—Two Tales About Robert Bonner and Dr. McCosh.**

The late Senator Vance used to say that his liveliest campaign for the governorship of North Carolina was that in which Judge Settle ran against him. They stumped the state in joint debate. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and all the colored Republicans to hear Settle. On one occasion Vance was informed that some young ladies desired to testify their devotion to the party by kissing the candidate for governor. Nothing loath, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the young beauties and then paused long enough to turn around toward his competitor and shout: "Settle, I'm kissing my girls! Now you kiss yours!" Kate Field's Washington says of him that when he married the second time he said to his wife on their wedding day: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it, we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please." A newspaper man who was starting for a rather out of the way portion of Vance's own state was asking him one day what kind of accommodation he was likely to find. "They'll give you some of their fried hog and eggs," the senator replied. "That's better than nothing," said the newspaper man. "I don't know—I don't know," the senator answered in a dubious tone: "I've tried both."

A collection of parrot stories that have gone the rounds would, if gathered into book form, make a most respectable volume. One of the best of these is about a certain bird that was in his cage, which hung on the balcony of its owner's house in a southern city.

One day a vender of kindling wood came along, and nearing the house he shouted out in the unvary-way assumed by his craft, "W-o-o-d, w-o-o-d to sell!" When he arrived opposite the house where the parrot was, that bird aroused himself and lustily replied, "Put it down cellar." The dealer, to whom the house was familiar and without stopping to inquire, supposing the voice came through the open window, at once passed round to the side of the house and dumped the load down through the cellar door. A few days later he came around and presented his bill to the owner.

"Why, I didn't order any wood," exclaimed that individual.

"Yes, you did, sah," persisted the wood man. "As I was pawsing by I heerd a voice sayin, 'Put it in de cellar,' and dat's w'at I most certumly dun, sah."

"Oh, you heard a voice, did you?" said the man of the house, and looking up he caught sight of the parrot, who was unconcernedly blinking one eye. "Well, I know who it was. It was that d——d parrot!" and reaching up into the cage he grabbed the unfortunate bird by the tail and swung it around his head and banged it up against the side of the house.

Then he took it in the back yard and gave it a toss over on the ash heap. The parrot, to all intents and purposes dead, lay there all night. The next morning consciousness returned, and slowly gathering himself up he stood upon his feet. Then straightening out one leg and then the other he looked around, and his eyes fell on the carcass of a dead cat that was lying on the other side of the heap. Then he exclaimed as he ruefully gazed on the remains: "Umph! What did you order?"

The peculiar idea of punishment held by some parents has never been better exemplified than in a story told by W. R. le Fanu, the Irish author. Speaking of the factional fights which were such a regular feature of life in the county he once lived in, he goes on to say that just after one of these fights at the fair of Abington, which he witnessed from the opposite bank of the river, he saw an elderly man running after a young fellow of two or three and twenty. Every time he got near he struck him on the head with a blackthorn, and every blow he set the blood streaming from his head. At last the youth got beyond his reach.

"Why," said Mr. le Fanu to a man standing near him, "does that young fellow let that old man beat him in that savage way?"

"Ah, sure, your honor," said he, "that's only his father that's chastising him for fighting."

The progress that woman is making today extends into all spheres, and it is natural that in love matters she should not be exempt. The following incident is vouched for by the Detroit Free Press:

The young fellow was extremely diffident and very much in love with the girl.

He had made half a dozen attempts to offer her his heart and hand, but on each occasion he had fallen short.

To add to the seriousness of the situation, the girl was ready to accept him as soon the proposal was in shape.

Even the mother was willing, but latterly she had grown tired of the dilatory tactics and Fabian policy of the suitor and had kicked on his coming so often and staying so late.

One night, after three hours of struggle on his part and much delicate encouragement on the part of the girl, he had seized her hand convulsively, dropped on his knees impetuously, and was about one-fifth through an impassioned appeal to her to be his'n when the mother's voice sounded clear on the night from the head of the stairs.

The youth stopped short, but held on.

"Mary," came the maternal voice querulously, "is that young man there yet?"

"Not yet, mother," replied Mary, smiling sweetly down on the face of her Romeo, "but he's getting there."

And two weeks later the cards were out.

Robert Bonner went to the New York Herald one day and asked the business manager, Mr. Elliott, if he could have a page of The Herald for next morning. Mr. Elliott said, "Certainly; two if you like." "Then I'll take four," said Mr. Bonner. "All right. You can have four." "Then I'll take eight," was the prompt response of Mr. Bonner. After consultation with Mr. Hudson, the editor, it was arranged that Mr. Bonner was to have eight pages, but no more, as to give him more space would tax the resources of the composing room. "Oh, you won't have much to set up," said Mr. Bonner. "I want only this six line advertisement in small type, set in the center of each column." It was so printed next day. It was the announcement of a new serial blood and thunder story by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The morning the advertisement appeared Mr. Bonner's minister rushed to his office to remonstrate with him on the extravagance and absurdity of paying 48 times for the insertion of the same insignificant announcement. "Now, why did you do it?" the minister asked. "I had two reasons," Mr. Bonner replied. "I was not going to be bluffed by Joe Elliott, and I wanted to find out if you read The Herald. I see you do."

Ex-President McCosh of Princeton, who recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday, is working on his autobiography, which is not to be published until after his death. A story is told of him to illustrate his continued interest in students. According to the Philadelphia Press, a freshman, on his way to the college library, was accosted by Dr. McCosh.

"And how do you do, sir? I think I know you, sir, but cannot recall your name, sir."

The freshman gave his name and added that his father was an alumnus of the college.

"Very well, sir. I think I know him, sir, but cannot recall his name. And is your father well?"

"He has been dead for several years," replied the student.

This terminated the interview until Dr. McCosh had secured his mail from the postoffice and had met the same freshmen returning from the library.

"I know you. I know you, and how are you, and what is your name?" The information was given.

"How is your father?"

"Still dead sir," replied the freshman.

It is said to be an old story, this of a man named Doherty, who was drilling with his squad of recruits in London. Doherty was 6 feet 2 in height, and at that time the sergeant major was a man whose height was only 5 feet 4. On this day he approached the squad looking sharply about him for some fault to find.

All the men squared up except Doherty, and the sergeant major at once accosted him.

"Head up there, man!" called he. Doherty raised his head slightly.

"Up higher, sir!" The head was raised again. Then the sergeant major managed, by standing on his toes, to reach Doherty's chin, and he poked it higher, with the remark:

"That's better. Don't let me see your head down again."

By this time everybody was interested at seeing Doherty staring away above the sergeant major's head, when a voice from above said in a rich brogue:

"Am I always to be like this, sergeant major?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll say goodby to ye, sergeant major, for I'll niversee yez again."

### UNKIND.

**But Mrs. Niblets Declares She Will Get Even With Them.**

"It is surprising how unkind one's friends can be on occasions," remarked young Mrs. Niblets. "It seems as if they really exercised wonderful ingenuity to make themselves disagreeable at times, and weddings seem to bring them out in full force."

A murmur of sympathy was heard from the other ladies, who were drinking tea in Mrs. Jenkins' cozy little parlor yesterday afternoon. Some of them looked as if they, too, had many grievances of the sort if they cared to tell of them, but Mrs. Niblets had the floor and proceeded:

"Mr. Niblets, as some of you know, is a very shy man, and so afraid were we of being recognized as a newly married couple that we neither of us wore any new clothes when we started off on our wedding journey. Even our gloves were old, and I am convinced now that we rather overacted the indifference of old married folks.

"We were married at noon and started off on an afternoon train bound for New York. The parlor car was crowded, and Mr. Niblets congratulated himself on having secured seats in advance. Just as the train was about to start the porter brought in to me a rather large box of flowers. I knew it contained flowers, for the florist's name was on the lid. I put the box down beside me—not for the world would I have worn flowers on that occasion, for they might have attracted attention, you know. By and by I began to wonder who it was who had been so attentive and decided that I would untie the ribbon with which the box was fastened and just peep inside. I wanted to see the card inclosed.

"I took the box on my lap and undid the ribbon. I had no chance to do more, for the cover was jerked from my hand, and out jumped a Cupid about 12 inches high, holding an arrow which pierced two large red hearts! You can imagine our horror! The whole car guffawed as with one accord, and all eyes were immediately fixed upon us. To add to the unpleasantness the box was filled with orange blossoms, which fell on all sides.

"How was it arranged? Oh, very simply. The little god of love was attached to a strong wire spring, such as is used for an ordinary 'jack in the box.' The ribbon loosened, of course he jumped out. Just think of the trouble and ingenuity displayed in arranging it! Poor Mr. Niblets turned perfectly crimson, and I blushed up to the roots of my hair. The whole car was so much amused that both men and women stared at us continuously. We stood it until we reached Baltimore, because we had to. It was an express train. At Baltimore we got out and postponed our visit to New York until the next day. Who sent it? Why, it was to my brother and to a wicked cousin of mine that I was indebted for that little surprise. But let them beware—I shall get even with them somehow when their turn comes."—Exchange.

### Circumstances Alter Cases.

A farmer hired a man to help work the farm. One summer day when labor was very scarce the two were mowing in the field, and several larks flew up.

"Look at those big cranes," said the hired man.

"Those are not cranes. They are only larks," replied the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"If you don't say they are cranes, I'll knock off work right now," said the hired man.

As the farmer could get nobody at that time to take the hired man's place, he was obliged to yield to the whim of the menial.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I see now that they are cranes, but they are not big cranes. They are only half grown cranes."

The hired man was satisfied with this concession. Some months afterward, the hired man still being in the employment of the farmer, the latter said at dinner one day as he poured out a glass of water:

"Here is some very fine beer."

"That's no beer. That's only water," replied the hired man.

"If you don't say it is beer, you can tender your resignation, for I don't want any offensive partisans about the place."

The hired man knew very well that he couldn't get another situation at the time of the year, so he tasted the water and cheerfully indorsed the administration, saying:

"Of course it's beer, but it hasn't got much body to it."

Having thus convinced the president that he was sound on the goose question, the hired man was allowed to retain his position.—Texas Siftings.

## SMITH WAS A BAD MAN.

**And He Had Learned One Game of Which He Could Boast.**

"But speaking of train robberies," put in the colonel, "reminds me of a man I met when I was in command of Fort D. A. Russell at Cheyenne. He was an express messenger named Smith, and his run was on what they called out there the 'high line' of the B. and M. railroad. Smith ain't much of a man to look at, but he was great in action, as you'll agree.

"I'd heard of Smith before I met him. He'd killed two men down in western Kansas, and they were saying around Cheyenne that he was 'bad.' So I was curious to get him to tell me the story, and after awhile he did.

"He used to have a run on the Santa Fe down where it crossed into Colorado. All the messengers, you know, carried guns in those days—they do yet, for that matter—but Smith understood the use of a six shooter better than some of his mates. Things had been so smooth on his run for so long that he got a bit careless at last and used to leave the door of his car unlocked so that the brakemen could come in and talk with him whenever they liked without his having to go to the end of the car to unlock the door.

"Smith had one game, though, which was all his own. He told me that he had practiced it a good deal so that he could shoot within a fraction of a second after hearing any one say, 'Put up your hands.' All the train men on his run knew that. You know those fellows are great in skylarking, and Smith had warned them never to try to play that joke on him, because, he said, the first man who came into his car and took him unawares with that remark would be likely to die.

"One day he was sitting behind his little square iron safe checking off his money packages. He had the safe in a corner of the car facing one end. He always sat with his back against the front end of the car. The front door was always barred. When he raised the lid of the little trunklike safe the messengers used then, he always put his two big six shooters on the corners of the safe in front of the lid. Any one approaching him from the rear end of the car couldn't see the guns, but they were ready for instant use.

"Well, on this day I'm telling you about, as he was checking off the packages, he heard the car door open and some one come in. He took it for granted that the visitor was the brakeman whom he was expecting, and without looking up went on with his work. He checked two or three more packages and was almost finished when he heard the sharp command, 'Put up your hands!'

"He looked up on the instant and saw two men, not in the least disguised, covering him with six shooters. His own hands were behind the lid of his safe. 'All right, boys,' he said. 'Don't shoot. They're up.'

"They went up, that was true, but as they came over the lid of the safe there was a six shooter in each one. Both six shooters cracked the instant their muzzles came above the safe lid, and both bullets killed. The robbers fired, but they didn't pull until after they had been hit, and their bullets went wild.

"It was all done so quickly that there was no outcry or noise, and when the brakeman went into the car a few minutes afterward he found Smith washing up the blood from the floor. The dead men were on a blanket in a corner. That was how Smith got his reputation for being 'bad.'"—New York Sun.

### Painstaking Forgers.

"Men try in every way possible," said a prominent bank president, "to obtain the signatures of New York bankers.

"Their object is evidently to use them in committing forgeries. At least we suspect so, and for that reason try to be as careful as possible in signing letters.

"In this bank we have many letters from the west of such a trivial nature that we suspect an ulterior motive upon the part of the writers, and if we answer them at all do so by typewriter, even to the signature.

"One forger or counterfeiter in Indiana is exceedingly systematic and persistent in his efforts to obtain the signatures of our officers. As regularly as the year comes around he writes, inclosing a $10 bill, and requests us to send him one of our new $10 bank notes in exchange.

"He always gives the same reason for the request—that he wants it for 'his collection.' Of course that is nonsense. We believe that he wants a new bill so that he may discover if we have changed our officers and get their signatures.

"He never does get them though. We always return his bill with a typewritten letter on paper containing no names, excusing ourselves on the ground that we have no circulation outstanding."—New York Herald.

### Woodpeckers That Look Ahead.

There is a species of the bird known as the woodpecker in the far west that has an unusual amount of reasoning faculty. It is much tamer than the species of that bird found farther east and frequents the towns rather than the woods. They make holes along the eaves of the dwellings, and in these holes they place acorns, not for the purpose of eating them, as the birds do not eat the acorns at all, but for the purpose of devouring the grubs that germinate in the acorn. This indicates a continuous train of thought, looking forward to the time of the creation of the worm and its desirability as food.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A Curious Fatality.

A curious fatality seems to have attached itself to the family of Captain Wilson, the African fighter. All the members of it that have died have been the victims of accident or violence, except his mother, who succumbed to an attack of paralysis. The husbands of two of Captain Wilson's sisters were drowned, as were two brothers in South Africa. There remains now the eldest son, Dr. George Wilson, a pioneer of sanitary science and a lover of fox hunting.—New York Ledger.

### Rapid.

They had met amid the madding throng.

Commerce, with its winged feet, was on all sides of them, and industry jostled over the pavements with dissonant clamor.

"By the way," he observed, "have you any engagement for this evening?"

She started violently. "Wilfred"——

That was his first name, although they had seen each other but once before.

——"I account myself pretty swift in these matters, but I must acknowledge that this is certainly sudden."

Taking his arm, they proceeded on their way in silence.—Detroit Tribune.

### The Man For the Place.

Editor—You wish a position as proof reader?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?

"Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistakes in the paper, just blame 'em on me, and I'll never say a word."—New York Weekly.

### Sarcasm.

"Mistah," said an urchin to the man who was driving a very poor horse, "does you want me to hol 'im?"

"No; this horse won't run away."

"I didn't mean hol 'im fas', so's he won' run away. I meant hol 'im up, so's he won' drap."—Washington Star.

## A $15,000 PICK UP.

A WELL KNOWN DALTONIAN MAKES A BIG HAUL

**From the Honduras National Lottery Drawing—Mr. W. H. Pruden of Dalton Buys a Ticket for His Wife and Makes a $15,000 Drawing.**

DALTON, Ga., June 18.—[Special.]—In a plain, unpretentious one-story brick building, on one of the side streets of Dalton, Ga., Pruden & Lyle, insurance agents, have their office. Pruden, of the firm, is a remarkable man. He is perhaps fifty years old, with gray mustache and beard, and looks at you with a pair of eyes almost keen enough to read one's soul. He has the reputation of being the best financier in Dalton, and has for a number of years been Alderman and Chairman of the Finance Committee, both of which offices he now holds. He is held in high esteem by all who know him, and has never been beaten for an office within the gift of Dalton's citizens. Among other honors conferred upon him he was for quite awhile Mayor. Many a man who had been less successful in life, if suddenly thrown into possession of one-fifth of the capital prize of the Honduras National Lottery (Louisiana State Lottery) would have informed the whole town of his good luck before night, but not so with W. H. Pruden.

Outside of the cashier of Dalton's bank not a man in town knows that he is $15,000 richer today than he was a month ago. The local papers tried to run down the rumor of a capital prize having been drawn by some one in the town, but failed signally.

The Constitution's correspondent, therefore, had small hopes of getting much information when he asked Mr. Pruden if he really had gotten $15,000. He replied:

"No, sir; I did not get it. I wish I had."

"But we have absolute proof that you drew the money from the New Orleans National Bank."

"I do not deny that, but I got it for some one else and not myself. I simply acted as agent in the matter."

"Who really drew the money then?"

"I do not care to say."

"Does the party reside in Dalton?"

"That, sir, does not concern you. I wrote the lottery people and told them that I did not want my name used at all. The lottery people know that I got the money, and that is sufficient. I do not mind telling you personally about it. I bought for $1 one-fifth of ticket No. 48,617, which drew $15,000 in the May drawing, for my wife, and after it drew the money ($15,000) I collected it for her, and she has it now."

"What will your wife do with it?"

"I do not know. I suppose she will invest it in some way, but it is hers and I shall leave that matter entirely to her."

"Has she been buying tickets long?"

"Off and on for perhaps two or three years. I always secured them for her, sending the money direct to the company."

"How did she receive the news of her good luck?"

"She was delighted; who wouldn't be?"

Mr. Pruden said he did not consider buying lottery tickets worse than dealing in futures, and concluded by saying that the only thing he regretted about the matter was the probable publicity, which, being a very retiring man, he did not relish.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, June 19.*

### Crests.

"You will not find one woman in a hundred who is familiar with the rules of heraldry," said a fashionable stationer. "Ladies insist on having crests embossed on their writing paper, even when I tell them that they are permitted by the usages of centuries to use only the arms. A handsome woman came in the store one day and said, 'Mr. B——, I wish you would put a crest and arms on my paper.' I knew it would be useless to argue about the crest, and so I asked her, 'Have you any crest with you?' 'Oh, no! I haven't any,' she answered. 'You can make a nice one, can't you?' I learned that her husband was a grain dealer, so for a crest I designed a sheaf of wheat. For the arms I designed some hawk heads on a shield, and she was delighted."

Women who are interested in these things should observe the regulations set down for the use of spinsters, married women and widows. A specified frame for the arms should be used by each. The spinster is required to put her family arms into a diamond frame, with very simple adornment. When a woman marries, the arms of her family must be put on the same shield with the arms of her husband. The shield is impaled, the wife's arms occupying one position and the husband's the other. If she becomes a widow, the frame for her arms again assumes the form of a diamond, symbolizing her unmarried state, while her arms and the arms of her deceased husband remain impaled as formerly.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### In Duplicate.

Gus de Smith came down Harlem avenue with his chin cut in several places, so that it looked as if a drunken barber had been practicing on it.

"Merciful heaven, Gus!" exclaimed Pete Amsterdam. "What did you do to the barber? You ought to have murdered him. That was the least you could have done."

"I didn't do anything of the kind. After he was through shaving I invited him across the street and treated him to a cocktail and a cigar."

"Well, you are a fool."

"No, I ain't such a fool, after all," responded Gus, "for you see I shave myself."

"Oh, that's a different thing. You are a kind of a double barreled fool."—Texas Siftings.

### The First Telegraph.

The first actual communication through an electrical circuit was made in 1787, when Lamond, a French philosopher, placed two electrical machines in different rooms in his house and connected them by a wire. He agreed with his wife that the movements of little pith balls should be understood to mean certain letters, and in this manner carried on regular conversation.—Exchange.

### BRACE THE NERVES.

Sedatives and opiates won't do it. These nervines do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this, fall short of producing the essential of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme cases and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by tracing, toning, strengthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Bitters by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions promotes throughout the whole system a vigor in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

When a man is asked to foot a bill how can he be blamed for "kicking?"

*IT GIVES WARNING* that there's trouble ahead—if you're getting thin. It shows that your blood is impoverished, and your organs deranged, so that whatever you eat fails to properly nourish you. And just as long as you remain in this condition, Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases are likely to fasten upon you. You should build yourself up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Purify and enrich the blood, rouse every organ into natural action, and build up healthy, wholesome, necessary flesh.

*Ocean Port, N. J.*

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—We have used your "G.M.D." in our family and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pneumonia, and one lung become consolidated, but by the use of the "Discovery" she has entirely recovered, and is now in good health.

Ruth A. Sickles

### THE BEST OF REASONS.

The reason why ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are popular is that they may be relied on to cure:

1. Lame back, sciatica, stiffness or twitching of the muscles.
2. Chest troubles, such as pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption.
3. Indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney complaint.

The success, however, will depend upon the genuineness of the plaster used. The popularity of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS has been so great that multitudes of imitations have sprung up on every hand. The only sure cure is to get the genuine ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS improve the digestion.

"Things seem to be going against me," said the tragedian, dodging hastily behind the scenes when the fusillade of frozen potatoes began.

### $100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Anagreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

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