

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

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

Interview With a Belle.

"I beg to be excused, I don't belong to this roundup. I'm off my reservation."

"That was the peculiar reply a very stylish and remarkably handsome young woman made when a society reporter struck her for a description of gowns, which must have been 'fetching' indeed with that girl's splendid brunette beauty inside of them."

"Oh, well, most everybody is strange here now," was the society reporter's cheerful response. "We are very anxious to have all the notable people."

"That's it. I'm not a 'notable,'" said the brisk young woman. "Dad's not an official here, nor an officer, either. He's just a plain, everyday cattle baron, and we're not in it this trip. We're stampered."

"Stampered!"

"Si, we don't feed with these kind of cattle, you know. Our crowd is all these people all belong to the 'D' dash range, and they've turned off the water, burned all the grass, cut all our fences and stampered us in great shape. Four years from now if you happen to be around here you will find the national range in the hands of the old boss again, and I'll have no objection to giving you a description of my harness. Just now I'm a stray or object to being bunched with this outfit."

"The objections must have been intelligible to the society reporter, for they were accepted, and the daughter of the 'plain, everyday cattle baron' was excused from being 'bunched' as mixing with a breed of political 'cattle' by which she declared she had been 'stampered.'—Washington Star.

A Judge or One.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the author of countless tales of romance and adventure, was a printer by trade, and on one occasion especially his printer's rule served him a good turn. At 17 years of age he had entered the navy, where his duties were arduous and monotonous. He was serving on the sloop of war Fairfield when it was cruising along the African coast, and one day, desperately tired of his duties, he stood leaning against a gun, his old composing rule in his hand.

"What's that?" asked an abrupt voice, and turning with a start young Cobb saw that the captain was watching him.

"It's a printer's rule, sir," was the reply.

"Are you a printer?"

"That's my profession, sir."

"Do you know anything about proof-reading? Could you take a manuscript and punctuate and arrange it so that a printer would know just how to put it in type?"

"I could once, sir, and I think I have not forgotten."

"What are you doing now?"

"I am on duty here, in charge of your cabin, sir, and of the ship's time."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Dodd," he called to the officer of the deck, "will you have this man relieved? As soon as you have this man relieved?" he added, addressing the young man, "report to me in my cabin."

The youth did so and was given a mass of notes referring to various voyages and travels in foreign lands to be sorted and arranged for the printer. This work occupied him during the entire voyage. Thus he had found, thanks to his printer's rule, the easiest berth on board the ship.—Youth's Companion.

The Milk of One Bore Cow.

Robert Hansborough of Chillicothe, O., is the owner of the "eighty wonder of the world," a cow that gives coal black milk. The cow is a mixture of Jersey and Durham and was raised on the Hansborough farm, as was also her mother and many sisters, none of whom exhibited any peculiarity in the color of their milk. Mollie, as this phenomenal creature is called, has raised five or six calves, all of which have lived and grown fat on the black milk.

The milk produces a fair amount of cream. This cream is a trifle lighter in color than the milk itself, and when churned makes a kind of butter that resembles a thick mixture of coal tar. Paraffin, it may seem, this butter is as palatable as though of a golden yellow, and it is said to be highly relished by the whole Hansborough family.

At first, when the peculiar color of Mollie's milk was discovered by the person to whom was allotted the task of raising the cow in the family, he was afraid to use it in any way. When they saw that the calf was waxing fat on the liquid tar, the younger members of the family overcame their prejudices, and within a few days the milk was being used just the same as if it had been of the regulation color.

Chemists of New York, Washington and Richmond have analyzed both the milk and the butter, but declare that they can detect nothing that in any way accounts for its color.—Cor. Chicago Mail.

Willing to Pay.

When the subject of doctors' fees is mentioned, a well known physician likes to tell the story of a young man who was very ill and very poor, to whom he gave unremitted care and finally nursed back to health.

Before he had recovered his strength he begged his doctor to let the doctor's fee and endeavored to express his gratitude, which was not greater than his grief that he had nothing but thanks with which to repay the debt.

"What is your way?" inquired the doctor with some amusement.

"I am a musician by profession," replied the young man. "I teach the flute, and I should like to give you some lessons upon it."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor thoughtfully, "so you are a flute player. I'll tell you, he said whimsically, 'I am too busy a man to take lessons on the flute, but suppose you make yourself comfortable here in the office while I go my rounds and blow out the amount you think you owe me.'"

The young man, who appears to have been of a liberal turn of mind, actually took his beloved flute from his bag and was about to begin the payment when he caught the doctor's eye and saw that the suggestion was made in joke.

"I seemed so oppressed with gratitude and anxious to do something," says the doctor, in telling the story, "that I let him play for me. He played for some time, but he did not play after, and if flute playing has any value he certainly blew out the entire amount of his indebtedness on that occasion. He will be greatly relieved."—Youth's Companion.

Gold Discovery by Magnet.

"I was once out to discover gold in the Embur district of New South Wales," said Harold Meyer, a wealthy citizen of Australia, who is stopping at the Lindell Hotel in New York City. "I was out there until I was nearly driven mad by the discovery by staking my claim and beginning operations. My discovery was purely accidental. It was rather interesting also, you'll agree, I own a magnetic needle in the Embur district, a very fertile territory, to say the least. For my own accommodation I dug a well, and some nine feet down struck quite a small stream, that fed the well most excellently. One day, some two months after the well had been finished, I accidentally dropped a magnet into it. I tried to get it out, but it was fastened to the magnet, and to my surprise, I finally got the matter up in disgust. Some three weeks later I visited Sydney, and while there I was thinking of the magnet."

"When I reached home, I immediately prepared to recover the old one. I lowered my pump, fastened to a cord, down into the well, and in a few minutes I had secured three-quarters of an hour of such desultory fishing I felt that I had a double load of something and pulled up. It was my magnet, but apparently I was not aware that it was covered completely with shining particles that I could not immediately explain. Upon examination I found that they were gold. I repeated the experiment, and in three hours the magnet had quite a showing. Of course I began investigating various portions of the land and soon found that I had a rich tract."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A BOY'S BRIEF RECORD.

It is Black Enough to Blight His Whole Life.

A YOUNG NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

Success Turned His Head, and He Went In For Speculation, Forgery, Arson, Hobbery and Even Attempted Murder and Train Wrecking.

A home and the life of a beautiful young girl wrecked, his own father driven to insanity, an attempt to slaughter a railroad of passengers, nine incendiary fires, involving a loss of close on \$100,000, three cold blooded plots to murder three different men of high standing in the community, an astonishingly bold attempt to break into the safe of a bank, forgeries and the utterance of worthless checks so many in number that the returns are not even now all in—this is the wake of desolation and villainy which Edward R. Folsom has left behind him in the town of Hammondsport, N. Y., where he was born and reared.

The elder Folsom, who, according to a correspondent of the New York World, had been worried and driven out of his mind by his son's villainy, lived all his life on a farm close in touch with Hammondsport, and the boy Edward had more than the ordinary educational advantages of a farmer's son. He not only went to the Hammondsport public schools, but his father also sent him for a time to an excellent college down near Penn Yan. In the village of Hammondsport the doors of the best families were open to him. A year ago last December, in company with another young man, Benjamin, Folsom opened his share of the money through the kindness of his father. The old gentleman, who had boundless confidence in him, made over to him a little place the old man owned. With that in his possession Edward mortgaged it and so raised the money to start the grocery business. The grocery business thrived. The firm made money from the start. The sanguine Folsom in particular was enthusiastic. He had a handsome person, and his first use of the unwanted flow of money into his pockets was to devote a large portion to the purchase of a fine horse and a pair of harness, which he became quite a dandy in the village streets.

He went in for horses and bought and exchanged them with a regularity that was an enterprise that he was going to put through. He clearly had gathered the impression that he was a Napoleon of finance. To put it in a word, the ill-fated success made at the start in the grocery business quite turned the boy's head and filled it with what knows what fantastic visions of oriental splendor.

He captured the heart of Sarah Koster, one of the prettiest girls of the village, and eloped with her after her father had forbidden her to receive his attentions. Then began a career of crime the enormity of which was only revealed a short time ago when William J. Daniels, an accomplice, was arrested. It seems that young Folsom had made a large number of notes several times over, had forged numerous notes and had committed arson, and even attempted murder in order to cover his tracks.

Daniels broke down under arrest, and in his formal deposition charged Folsom with having planned with Daniels the assassination of J. C. Downing, a lawyer. It was arranged that Daniels should go to Sebring in the night, tell him that Folsom was in trouble and wanted him. On the way to Folsom's house Daniels and Koster were to take the keys from his pockets, go to his office, secure the papers that Folsom wanted destroyed and set fire to the building, which also would burn the clerk's office, in which were the other documents Folsom wanted destroyed.

Daniels also deposed that Folsom had planned with him to waylay H. C. Ainsworth, the banker, on his way home, his pocket of the bank keys and then go to the bank, take the money, and when his heart had failed him in this, as it had in the case of Sebring, and that he had gone and warned Mr. Ainsworth of the plot to murder him.

Still another plot to which Daniels deposed was one to waylay and murder Mr. Hunt, the justice of the peace, whose office was in that of Sebring, take from him the keys and set the papers Folsom was so anxious to destroy.

On another occasion, Daniels testified, as was planned to lure Sebring to Folsom's warehouse and murder him. Sebring, as a matter of fact, went to the warehouse, in accordance with the plot, and was led by Folsom to a remote part of the building, but neither Daniels nor Hazard would attack him.

As to the train wrecking, Daniels swore that Folsom had gone to Corning on purpose to come back on the train with a heavy accident insurance ticket in his pocket; that Daniels and Hazard were to throw the train from the track, and that shortly after the accident had occurred when all the people of the town were away on the scene, the Halsey block was to be fired and those records which Folsom so much wanted out of the way at last destroyed. Extraordinary as this story may be, it was fully confirmed in important particulars by other witnesses.

When Folsom was arrested, he tried to cut his throat, but the wound was not serious. He now resides in the county jail at Bath, while his heartbroken wife has returned to her wronged and indignant father.

Flowers For the Hair.

Natural flowers are so delighted to think, and again the most fashionable ornament for the hair. There can indeed be nothing more charming in every way than a fresh, sweet flower for the adornment of any woman's dress. One thing only in connection with this graceful fashion strikes one as preposterous. Whenever the attention is directed to what "fresh flowers are coming in again," one also reads that such and such flowers are most fashionable. What nonsense this is, to be sure!

You see these flowers, and, above all, flowers which you intend to wear in your hair or on your dress, chiefly for the sake of their shape and color—and indeed you are independent enough and sufficiently sentimental to choose the flower which for some reason or other is dearer to you than all the others. For instance, pansies may or may not be numbered among the select few which are "fashionable," but there is not a flower that looks more lovely in light brown hair than a pansy of purplish velvet, or in auburn hair that pansy of various shades of burnished gold which has become so popular of late.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

IDEAL LIFE IN A CLUB.

What Membership In a Metropolitan Social Organization Means.

By union of financial and social forces, club conditions have been created that to individuals would be absolutely impossible. All one has to do is to see that he gets fullness in his particular case to pay his dues and observe the few simple rules that underlie his peace. By his choice of a club it is assumed that the conditions there are those he most desires. If he finds himself mistaken, he is at liberty to shake off all shackles of a small cost and try over again elsewhere.

After admission, which secures to him congenial environment, he takes his own pace and forms his own associations. All that he has to do is to see that he is in possession of a perfect moral. One in possession of a perfect moral, an astonishingly bold attempt to break into the safe of a bank, forgeries and the utterance of worthless checks so many in number that the returns are not even now all in—this is the wake of desolation and villainy which Edward R. Folsom has left behind him in the town of Hammondsport, N. Y., where he was born and reared.

The whole management is so arranged that it runs as if by clockwork. Cleaning, sweeping, and done under the supervision of all. All appliances are first class and of the best description. Nothing is ever out of repair, there is no dust or dirt anywhere, and the atmosphere is not generally known, but it may be set down as among the most dreared of all fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear, but it is a long, narrow scum. In some lights it is quite plain, then again it is hardly to be seen. When its owner was an up-country lawyer, he had to prosecute a well known man in the same town who had been indicted on charges of wrong doing. Mr. Hill's attention, it aroused his wrath as well as his professional zeal. During the trial he scored the offender most unmercifully and after an especially scathing speech went to his office. The enraged juror followed him, entered the office and before the lawyer could even turn had slashed him vigorously with a knife, making the scar, which the senator will carry to his grave.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Race on Stilts.

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Among the racers was the Archaon Baker, Silvain Dornon, who traveled on stilts for ten months in his journey from Paris to Moscow. A quarter of an hour after the stilt racers had set out from Bordeaux a party of 18 women and young girls, also mounted on stilts, left Bordeaux for Corana, having undertaken to run there and back, a distance of 50 miles, in the day.—Cor. London News.

A Suggestion About an Innovation.

The old French chateaux are serving as models for some of the beautiful country palaces of rich Americans. One not far from New York has, in true proportion to the style of the chateaux, the long range of buildings which widens at the other into a noble banqueting hall.

"All of which may be very 'old French,'" said a woman recently a guest there, "and there is no evidence of the old French style in the establishment, but I could not help feeling that there was a chance, speaking broadly, of the fly in the dining room having very recently left the stails of the horses."—New York Times.

HAUNTED!

A haunted house in these practical and unromantic days is something of a rarity, but an instance of the kind is reported from the town of Walsby, in Lincolnshire, England. It is a large and comfortable house, but it is haunted by a spirit who is reported to be a man in a white coat, who is seen in the garden at night, and who is reported to be a man in a white coat, who is seen in the garden at night, and who is reported to be a man in a white coat, who is seen in the garden at night.

Troussens was aware that he was the victim of a plot to murder him, which he was determined to avenge.

He went on, however, though eaten up by the thought of the murder, to his duties cheerfully, seeing his patients in the morning and receiving his guests in the evening and saying nothing of his disease. When forced to take to his bed, he could receive visitors, to whom he confided in the tone of one suffering from slight indisposition. When racked with pain, he would say to the professional brethren who called on him, "Let me have a little intellectual gymnastics," and would straightway start a discussion on some medical subject.

Of the very last acts of his life he was told by a friend who was present at the funeral. He was lying in bed, and he was told by a friend who was present at the funeral. He was lying in bed, and he was told by a friend who was present at the funeral.

Palate Deformity and Mentality.

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It appeared that this subject, which has heretofore been the study of specialists largely, is one worthy of wider investigation; that deformity in the palate may usually be taken as an indication of mental development of the brain or skull.

Statistics were read showing that palatal deformity of this sort exists in about 8 per cent of healthy, mentally normal persons, in 43 per cent of insane, in 93 per cent of each of drinkers and in 98 per cent of 50 per cent of blind and of 62 per cent and 75 per cent of criminals in prison.—Hartford Post.

Her Charitable View of It.

Mamma Church is an old negroess who washes for a living, and who in the delivery of her patrons' goods has a good deal of holding around to do in all sorts of weather. The last winter overtook her patience, and the climax of her complaints was reached on Washington's birthday, when the tremendous storm of that day evoked the exclamation: "Nebber be like de winter since I was born!" It is reported that she was a good deal of a girl, and that she was a good deal of a girl, and that she was a good deal of a girl.

Laying Brick in Cold Weather.

"Never saw them lay hot brick in hot mortar with the thermometer 10 degrees below zero?" said a prominent New York lawyer at Willard's. "It was revelation to me too. On my way home from a western trip I stopped at Duluth. The thermometer registered the figure I have named, but it was not so cold as the same day in a dozen brick buildings, one of which was an office building to cost \$300,000. In the east we shut up shop in the building line in freezing weather because frozen mortar loses its temper and is worthless. But out there it remains below the freezing point. As they use it it sets before freezing and partly quenched with the next day. The bricklayers on a building work as close together as possible, wearing protection on their hands. Beside them are little furnaces and metal mortar tubs that keep the bricks and mortar from getting too cold. The bricks and mortar are heated hot and laid. A brick you know will retain heat for a long while."—Washington Star.

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DEEKS OF THE DEEP SEA.

The Swordfish is a Very True-Trustful Fellow.

ALWAYS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

He is a Veritable Privateer and Wields a Tremendous Blade—Can Stab a Whale or Scuttle a Ship With Equal Ease—Fearless in Battle.

A short time ago the attention of the passengers on a steamer off the southern California coast was attracted by what was evidently a fight between two sea monsters. What appeared to be a mountain of foam first caught their attention. Then an enormous tail was seen to rise from the air. Then the monster breached and rolled over and over, beating the water into foam with resounding blows that could be heard a mile or more with the wind. Nothing but the great black mass could be seen, and for 30 minutes the nature of the combat was the wonderment of the voyagers. If the steamer could have approached they would have witnessed a most unequal struggle between a whale and a foe of insignificant size. Beneath the water several swordfish were literally prodding the large animal to death, running their sharp swords into its newly formed tail. The creature was in a perfect fury and could only fling its huge tail about in impotent rage.

Such incidents are by no means rare on the coast of California. The swordfish, but in nine cases out of ten it is the offender, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. The unrelenting and ferocious nature of the creature is not generally known, but it may be set down as among the most dreared of all fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear, but it is a long, narrow scum. In some lights it is quite plain, then again it is hardly to be seen. When its owner was an up-country lawyer, he had to prosecute a well known man in the same town who had been indicted on charges of wrong doing. Mr. Hill's attention, it aroused his wrath as well as his professional zeal. During the trial he scored the offender most unmercifully and after an especially scathing speech went to his office. The enraged juror followed him, entered the office and before the lawyer could even turn had slashed him vigorously with a knife, making the scar, which the senator will carry to his grave.—Kate Field's Washington.

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HARD TIMES.

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A Suggestion About an Innovation.

The old French chateaux are serving as models for some of the beautiful country palaces of rich Americans. One not far from New York has, in true proportion to the style of the chateaux, the long range of buildings which widens at the other into a noble banqueting hall.

"All of which may be very 'old French,'" said a woman recently a guest there, "and there is no evidence of the old French style in the establishment, but I could not help feeling that there was a chance, speaking broadly, of the fly in the dining room having very recently left the stails of the horses."—New York Times.

HAUNTED!

A haunted house in these practical and unromantic days is something of a rarity, but an instance of the kind is reported from the town of Walsby, in Lincolnshire, England. It is a large and comfortable house, but it is haunted by a spirit who is reported to be a man in a white coat, who is seen in the garden at night, and who is reported to be a man in a white coat, who is seen in the garden at night.

Troussens was aware that he was the victim of a plot to murder him, which he was determined to avenge.

He went on, however, though eaten up by the thought of the murder, to his duties cheerfully, seeing his patients in the morning and receiving his guests in the evening and saying nothing of his disease. When forced to take to his bed, he could receive visitors, to whom he confided in the tone of one suffering from slight indisposition. When racked with pain, he would say to the professional brethren who called on him, "Let me have a little intellectual gymnastics," and would straightway start a discussion on some medical subject.

Of the very last acts of his life he was told by a friend who was present at the funeral. He was lying in bed, and he was told by a friend who was present at the funeral. He was lying in bed, and he was told by a friend who was present at the funeral.

Palate Deformity and Mentality.

At the meeting of the City Medical society a highly interesting and profitable discussion was had on the subject of "The Diagnostic Value of Deformed Palate Arches." Under this formidable title is concealed a subject of deep popular interest. The plain English of it is after this sort, "How far may deformity in the palate arch be regarded as an indication of mental deformity?"

It appeared that this subject, which has heretofore been the study of specialists largely, is one worthy of wider investigation; that deformity in the palate may usually be taken as an indication of mental development of the brain or skull.

Statistics were read showing that palatal deformity of this sort exists in about 8 per cent of healthy, mentally normal persons, in 43 per cent of insane, in 93 per cent of each of drinkers and in 98 per cent of 50 per cent of blind and of 62 per cent and 75 per cent of criminals in prison.—Hartford Post.

Her Charitable View of It.

Mamma Church is an old negroess who washes for a living, and who in the delivery of her patrons' goods has a good deal of holding around to do in all sorts of weather. The last winter overtook her patience, and the climax of her complaints was reached on Washington's birthday, when the tremendous storm of that day evoked the exclamation: "Nebber be like de winter since I was born!" It is reported that she was a good deal of a girl, and that she was a good deal of a girl, and that she was a good deal of a girl.

Laying Brick in Cold Weather.

"Never saw them lay hot brick in hot mortar with the thermometer 10 degrees below zero?" said a prominent New York lawyer at Willard's. "It was revelation to me too. On my way home from a western trip I stopped at Duluth. The thermometer registered the figure I have named, but it was not so cold as the same day in a dozen brick buildings, one of which was an office building to cost \$300,000. In the east we shut up shop in the building line in freezing weather because frozen mortar loses its temper and is worthless. But out there it remains below the freezing point. As they use it it sets before freezing and partly quenched with the next day. The bricklayers on a building work as close together as possible, wearing protection on their hands. Beside